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# The Confederate Veteran Magazine

1921

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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIX. JANUARY, 1921 NO. 1

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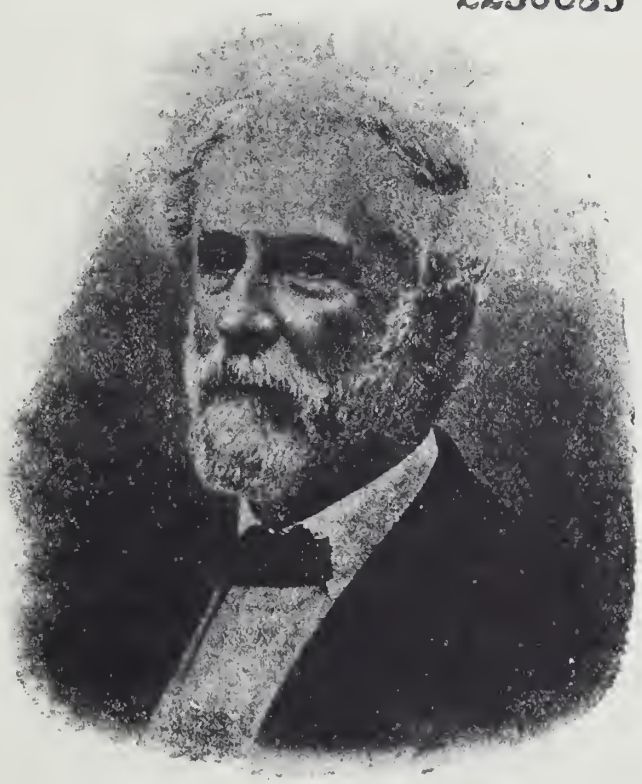

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John E. McCarthy, 64 Highland Avenue, Cambridge, Mass., wants to get from some member of the 10th Arkansas Infantry an account of the battle of Desert Station, near Manchack, on the Jackson and Mississippi Railroad, in Louisiana, December 10, 1862, with the 31st Massachusetts Regiment. He was wounded in that battle, taken prisoner, and paroled. He heard the Confederate surgeon say that the wound was fatal, but is still here at the age of seventy-six, and attributes his recovery from that wound to the kindly care given him when captured.

A. J. Bishop, 630 West Park Street, Paragould, Ark., wants to hear from any survivors of Company D, 5th Alabama Battalion, Ham Carpenter, captain. The testimony of comrades will enable him to get a pension.

*OLD BOOKS.*

Methodist Pulpit, South. A Collection of sermons from the leading men of the Church, 1859. Bound in morocco ..... $2 50
War Poetry of the South. By William Gilmore Simms ..... 2 50
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Drake's Annals of Tennessee, Volume I, April-December, 1878 ..... 1 50
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Battles and Sketches of the Army of Tennessee. By B. L. Ridley ..... 2 00
Confederate War Papers. By Gustavus W. Smith ..... 1 25

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Joseph R. Haw, of Hampton, Va., wants our veterans to write more of their reminiscences, which he enjoys more than anything else now.

*LEE—AN EPIC.*

Send to Mrs. Flora Ellice Stevens, 2824 Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo., for a copy of her beautiful poem on General Lee, the epic of the South. Every home should have a copy. Price, one dollar.

Mrs. J. C. Allen, 2107 Ringo Street, Little Rock, Ark., makes inquiry for any survivors of Company B, of the 19th Tennessee, which was Captain Buchanan's company of General Bell's command.

A Correction.—The notice in the December Veteran asking for some information of M. P. Stevenson was incorrect in the name, which should have been M. P. Stewman, member of the 4th or 5th Alabama Regiment, badly wounded at Seven Pines. The inquiry comes from Judge J. F. Stewman, of Lancaster, S. C.

Books Wanted.—Who has a copy of Mrs. Pryor's "Reminiscences of a Long Life" or Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Recollections Grave and Gay" for sale? Also "The Women of the Debatable Land," by Alexander Hunter? A patron of the Veteran makes the inquiry. Give condition of book and price asked.

# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. | VOL. XXIX. NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1921. No. 1. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

## *SALUTE TO THE STARRY CROSS.*

BY EVALYN CASTLEBERRY COOK.

Still unsurrendered in its might,
The starry cross from heaven's staff unfurled
Across the jeweled span of night—
The highest masted flag in all the world!

---

## *GENERAL LEE'S INVESTMENT.*

When General Lee, amid the wreck and ruin of 1865, sought to reinvest his life for the benefit of his stricken land, he refused offers of wealth and high position at home and abroad and the headship of Church and State institutions and accepted the presidency of war-wrecked Washington College in the Valley of Virginia. His great kinsman, being rich, had endowed the college with his money. General Lee, having no money, gave himself to the institution, and thus enriched it forever.

With consummate ability and ceaseless labor he gathered students, teachers, buildings, and endowments on Washington's foundation, saturated the institution with his spirit, fixed for all time its ideals and traditions, and then, worn out by his sacrificial labors, fell at his post and bequeathed to it his sacred dust and his incomparable name.

General Lee's investment of himself has brought dividends which even his wisdom could not have foreseen or imagined, and the amazing fruitfulness of his institution as a nursery of American leadership has recently awakened the whole South to a fresh realization of his many-sided greatness and a widespread desire to honor his memory and carry on his work.

### THE LEE MEMORIAL FUND.

This long-delayed tribute is taking the form of a Lee Memorial Fund for the following and kindred objects:

1. The raising of an endowment which shall maintain a suitable custodian of the Lee Mausoleum and Chapel, which are visited by a constant and ever-increasing stream of reverent pilgrims. The Virginia Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy has claimed this privilege, installed one of their leaders as custodian, and is already at work raising the permanent endowment.

2. The reconstruction of the western half of the chapel without changing the mausoleum, statue, rostrum, or General Lee's office. The chapel is now not only too small for university assemblies, but is in constant danger from fire. The reconstruction will remove this risk, enlarge its capacity, and make it more worthy of the hero whose memory it enshrines and of the stately Washington Building, just opposite. This is the special task which the Memorial Fund Committee is undertaking with the help of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

3. The equipment and endowment of the Robert E. Lee Memorial School of Civil and Highway Engineering. This school was founded by General Lee, himself an accomplished engineer, as the first act of his administration, but has never been provided with building, endowment, or adequate equipment. The United Confederate Veterans, with the help of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, have, by the unanimous action of their conventions, begun the work of raising a half million dollars for this purpose as their last tribute to their great commander. A pamphlet describing this movement will be sent by the university to any one interested.

4. The endowment of the Robert E. Lee Chair of Journalism as a memorial of the fact that in 1869 General Lee introduced fully worked out college courses in journalism, the first in the world, with part-time "laboratory work" in a regular newspaper office required of all students, thus anticipating educational progress by a half century and making him the founder of this most modern department of university work.

Every donor to the Lee Memorial Fund, therefore, will not only honor his memory and help perpetuate his fame and influence, but will become an active partner in the great work to which he dedicated his ripened powers and the last years of his eventful life.

Through the generosity of one of General Lee's admirers a handsome illustrated Lee booklet will be presented to every donor to the fund, that the present generation may become better acquainted with the ideals and traditions of the Old South as exemplified in the matchless purity, dignity, and moral elevation of his character.—*Washington and Lee University Bulletin.*

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

## *THE CHRISTIAN CAVALIER.*

(Dedicated to the Boston Chapter, U. D. C.)

1870—Robert Edward Lee—1920.

"Numbered with the saints in glory everlasting."

Thy warfare o'er, thy faithful heart at rest,
Thou farest forth, the champion of the right;
They welcome thee, the saints in splendor bright,
To guide thee to the realm of thy brave quest.

Content thy soul save only with the best;
Thy standard, high, the pure unsullied white;
Thy shining blade, the symbol of the Might
Of thy fair Land. Thy Comrades greet thee, blest!

Thy noble spirit scornéd place and power;
Ambition's 'lurements thou didst, meek, resign;
The weak thou servedst, as thou didst the strong.

When cloud and black defeat didst o'er thee lower,
Thou sought'dst the leading of the light divine.
Hail him, Hosts Eternal, with the Victor's Song!

A. W. Littlefield.

Middleborough, Mass.

## *STATUE OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.*

A late communication from William T. Rigby, Chairman of the Vicksburg National Military Park Commission, states that the War Department has authorized the placing of a portrait statue of Jefferson Davis for the Vicksburg National Military Park and that the commission hopes to secure this statue for the park by contributions from citizens of the States that were represented in the Vicksburg campaign and defense. The statue will be placed on the inside of Confederate Avenue and directly opposite the center of the memorial arch.

The following inscription for the statue has been approved:

"Jefferson Davis,
Commander in Chief
Confederate States Armies.

Cadet U. S. Military Academy, 1824.
2d Lt. 1st U. S. Infan., July 1, 1828.
1st Lieut. Dragoons, March 4, 1833.
Adjt., Aug. 30, 1833, to Feb. 5, 1834.
Resigned June 30, 1835.
Col. 1st Miss. Rifles, July 18, 1846.
Hon. mustered out July 12, 1847.
Sec. of War Mar. 7, 1853, to Mar. 6, 1857.

In Honor of the Defenders of Vicksburg."

## *LOSSES IN BATTLE.*

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

The heaviest loss in any battle was that of Chickamauga, where the Confederates lost twenty-five per cent and the Union army thirty per cent, or a combined loss of twenty-seven per cent of those engaged.

The heaviest Confederate loss was at Gettysburg, where twenty-six per cent were put out of business before we had had enough, and the lightest was at Cold Harbor, as we lost only three per cent in holding Grant at bay. In the first instance we were the attacking party, and in the latter we picked them off as long as the "Butcher" could force them up to our trenches.

The heaviest Union loss was at Chickamauga, where the "Rock Of" (Thomas) lost thirty per cent after "Old Rosy" had retired to hunt a new standing place, and the lightest was at Bull Run, where a five per cent loss only was sufficient to run the "Tarriers" home.

The greatest discrepancy between the losses was at Cedar. or, as far as the Yankees were concerned, well called "Slaughter" Mountain, for there Banks lost twenty per cent, while Stonewall was losing five per cent.

At Second Manassas Lee and Pope had the same percentage of loss, and at Missionary Ridge Bragg and Grant broke even, although in both instances one side was "licked out of their boots."

In nearly every instance the attacking side got the worst of it, but at Sharpsburg and Chickamauga both defenders had the heavier losses.

Sharpsburg is said to have been the bloodiest one-day fight on this continent, as Lee lost twenty-three per cent in that time, while it took two days to run Rosecrans up to thirty per cent at Chickamauga.

However, these statistics, as compared to those of other than American wars, show up in a very favorable light, for, with the exception of the British, whose middle name is "Stand Fast," we did then and can now stand the "gaff" as well or better than any of them.

References: Col. F. R. Henderson, of the British army, author of the "Life of Stonewall Jackson"; Col. M. F. Steele, United States army, from Alabama; Col. E. P. Alexander, Confederate States army.

## *FEDERAL PENSIONS.*

Pension disbursements for the fiscal year 1920 aggregated $213,295,314, Commissioner Saltzgaber, of the Pension Bureau, says in his annual report.

Pension figures showed a decrease of about $9,000,000 from 1919 totals, and the report recorded the deaths in the year of 27,871 Civil War pensioners, leaving 243,520 soldiers of that war on the pension roll, in addition to 290,100 Civil War widows.

While no survivors of the War of 1812 were shown, seventy-one widows of soldiers in that war are receiving pensions. Only 148 Mexican War survivors were reported and 2,423 Mexican War widows.

Survivors of the World War do not show on the roll. Their dependents alone are carried, such as invalids, widows, minor children, and mothers and fathers of regular army soldiers for the period prior to application of war risk insurance legislation.—*New York Evening Mail.*

## *BLOODY FRANKLIN.*

BY DR. J. H. M'NEILLY, IN NASHVILLE BANNER.

Fifty-six years ago, on the 30th of November, 1864, Nashville was listening to the roar of one of the bloodiest battles of the War between the States, as on the historic field of Franklin the Confederate army of General Hood sought to sweep away the Federal forces that barred the way to the capital of Tennessee and to the fair fields of Dixie beyond. Though that effort was futile, yet the day marked the high tide of courage and devotion of the Confederate soldier to the cause for which he had pledged his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor. To us who passed through that fiery ordeal that day will ever be "the reddest day in history."

It may be that some of my surviving comrades will be interested if I recall some of the scenes and incidents of that terrible conflict in which our bond of fellowship was sealed in blood.

All day long on the 29th General Forrest fought around Spring Hill to conceal the movements of our army, and that night General Hood, leaving Gen. S. D. Lee's corps in front of the enemy at Columbia, had placed two corps, Stewart's and Cheatham's, alongside of the road by which the Federal forces must retreat. By some strange blunder they were permitted to march past us, hurrying to their strong works at Franklin. I stood near General Forrest as General Walthall rode up to him, and I heard the great cavalryman in a tone of indignation and grief express his sense of our loss: "O, General, if they had given me one of your brigades, just one, to have flung across this road, I could have taken the whole shebang!" But it was useless to make idle moan, and we were soon in hot pursuit of the enemy, who by this time were in their fortifications, ready to receive us.

When we reached the hills on the Columbia road overlooking the plain on which Franklin is situated, we had a view of the heavy task before us. It was a beautiful day, soft as a day in May, and the blue grass pastures invited to a picnic of peace rather than the fierce combat impending. At once Stewart's Corps was sent east to the right toward the Lewisburg pike, while Cheatham's Corps was mainly on the right, west of the Columbia Pike, and by four o'clock, a little before sundown, we were drawn up in line of battle, ready for the charge. I think every one of us realized the desperateness of our undertaking and the impending harvest of death. Many of the men came to me, both officers and privates, asking me to take charge of souvenirs, letters, pictures, jewelry, watches. But I had to decline, for I was going in with them and was to be exposed to the same danger. There lay just before our division (Walthall's) a large body of woodland, separating us from the open field across which we were to charge. That field, extending from the railroad to the Federal works, was for several hundred yards bare of trees or shrubs, giving full sweep to the enemy's guns, musketry and artillery. We had no artillery, only musket and bayonet. While we were standing in line a shell burst over us and wounded two or three men. Then came the wild charge we made.

It has always seemed strange to me that General Schofield did not come out of his works and attack us, considering the disparity of forces. I have seen statements from the Federal commanders that they had in the fight 23,000 men, including a strong force of artillery. On our side the main charge was made by Cheatham's and Stewart's Corps, one division of Lee's Corps coming up toward the last of the fighting. Now, just before we started on this campaign there was a review of our army at Lovejoy's Station, Ga. The number of infantry reported was about 8,000 in each corps. And that was about the extent of our force, say 16,000 in the two corps. Our artillery took no part in the action. Some Yankee authorities put Hood's force at 70,000.

There were two central points about which the battle raged most fiercely. On the west of the Columbia Pike, on the Carter premises, was a locust grove that was almost destroyed by the fierceness of the firing, and on the east of the Columbia Pike was a ginhouse inside the Federal works. About these two points the battle raged, and there the dead were thickest—the trenches filled with the bodies and flowing with the blood of the slain. Near the ginhouse General Cleburne was killed.

We had just started across the open field when my men began to fall so fast that I had to stop and look after them, for I directed the litter corps of my regiment.

The next morning as I went to get the body of my brother near the ginhouse I had to pick my way to keep from stepping on dead men. The estimate I heard from those in charge of the field was that there were fifteen hundred dead in the space of a hundred acres. In my brigade (Quarles's) the highest commissioned officer was a lieutenant. In my regiment, the 49th Tennessee, of one hundred and twenty-eight men, twenty-six were killed and sixty-six wounded, and the proportion was the same in other commands. One major general and five brigadiers were killed and several wounded. Our losses in killed and wounded must have reached 5,000. It was Sunday, the fourth day after the battle, before I got my wounded safely housed.

It was in my attempt to provide for the comfort of my men that I realized the value of good clothes. I was like most of our boys, ragged and nearly barefoot. I found a place where some ladies, angels of mercy, were gathering supplies for the wounded. Without thinking of my disreputable appearance, I went in. They were directed by an old lady of commanding appearance and positive speech. She asked what I wanted. I told her that I had a number of wounded men and wished to get such delicacies as they needed.

She said: "Yes, you look like you could enjoy some of the nice things."

I said: "No, I only want them for my men."

Then she came back with: "How am I to know that your men will ever get them?"

I said: "Madam, I am the chaplain of Quarles's Brigade, and I can assure you that my men will get what you give."

"Yes," said she, "some of you boys would claim to be major generals if you could make anything by it."

I was at the end of my row, the ladies were tittering, and I was embarrassed. I was about to withdraw in confusion when I happened to put my hand on my breast and felt my commission as chaplain, only recently received. I at once said to her: "Madam, I am sorry that you can't believe me, and I will leave you, but before I go I can convince you that I am telling you the truth."

So I drew out my commission with the great seal of the War Department signed "James Seddon, Secretary." At once her manner changed; she gave me a basket loaded with good things and was profuse in her apologies. As she followed me to the door her last words were in a whisper that could be heard across the street: "Preacher, you must excuse me; for if I had been asked to select a preacher, you are the very last man I would have picked."

I thought so too.

Then off for Nashville with its disastrous battle and then

the terrible experiences of the rear guard—fight all day and retreat all night. Yet here I am, nearly eighty-three years old, hale and hearty.

---

## *ROBERT E. LEE.*

### A Retrospect and an Appreciation.

BY H. GERALD SMYTHE, HASTINGS, ENGLAND.

"To the glorious and immortal memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Unsurpassed as a warrior, he was no less conspicuous as a complete and perfect model of a true gentleman. His name will endure forever in the memory of all who respect and admire true nobility of character. This wreath is placed here on the centenary of his birthday in loving and respectful homage to the memory of a truly good and great man."

So runs the inscription on the brass plate which, affixed to an oaken tablet and within a bronze wreath of oak and laurel leaves, reposes by the side of the marble cenotaph that supports the recumbent effigy of the General in the memorial chapel on the campus of the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.

On this day, October 12, it has seemed fitting to recall to the memories of those who, in their late boyhood or early manhood, still have some recollection of the events in the War between the States and to place before those of a later generation to whom that great drama is perhaps not even a name, a picture, imperfect though it be, of the noblest figure of all those who took part in it. It is then just fifty years ago, October 12, 1870, since there passed from this earth the man who, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge in those matters, was the greatest English-speaking general since Marlborough, a title which assuredly no one has since arisen to dispute. Indeed, it may be fairly claimed that, considering the means at his disposal for accomplising the task which was set him, Lee ranks high among the first twelve of the world's greatest commanders.

In spite of the numerous lives and memoirs of him which have appeared in his own country—the present writer possesses not less than fifteen of these—no adequate history of his military career has yet appeared. The task of compiling such a work had been intrusted to the brilliant biographer of Stonewall Jackson, the late Lieut. Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C.B., but, unhappily, he was not spared to accomplish it. In such a brief sketch as the present it is not possible to do more than call attention to a few salient points in that career.

The greater part of Lee's service in the United States army before the war had been passed in the engineer corps, and this might predispose people to think of him rather as a scientific than a fighting officer. Nevertheless, he displayed as a general in the Confederate States army an audacity which has seldom, if ever, been surpassed. Take, for example, his determination to hold his ground during the day succeeding the battle of Sharpsburg, a determination which amazed even Stonewall Jackson. He had fought what was, in proportion to the numbers engaged, the bloodiest battle of the war, the odds being 35,000 Confederates as against 87,000 Federals. His men were scantily fed and clothed; and, although at the end of the day the enemy had been repulsed at all points, it was at a severe cost both in men and material, and he had a river in his rear. Yet Lee actually contemplated the possibility of taking the offensive, and it was only on the night of the day following the battle that he withdrew his army to the south side of the Potomac, making the crossing without further loss or molestation.

Take again his crowning glory, Chancellorsville. Here Lee, with a total available force of all arms amounting to somewhere about 57,000, was opposed to "the finest army on the planet," numbering close upon 134,000. Of these, 37,673 were placed under the command of Sedgwick, who was to carry the heights of Fredricksburg then held by Early with some 9,000 men, and operate upon Lee's right rear; while Hooker, who as commander in chief, with 73,124 men undertook a movement against Lee's left flank and center. In the face of these apparently overwhelming odds Lee preserved his equipoise and took measures to anticipate the blow which was about to fall upon him. Early's detachment left him some 40,000 infantry to cope with Hooker's nearly double strength. Notwithstanding this vast disparity of numbers, he did not hesitate to divide his forces in the presence of the enemy, and, retaining two divisions, 14,000 strong in the aggregate, to face Hooker, he dispatched Jackson with the remaining 26,000 to make that famous flank march which, while it resulted in the complete rout of Hooker, deprived him of his "right hand," wanting which he failed to win the battle of Gettysburg. Lee emphatically asserted after the war that if Jackson had been with him there he would have won that battle and the war.

After Gettysburg, his one defeat in the open field, Lee displayed the same tenacity and audacity as after Sharpsburg. For the whole of the 4th of July, the day after the closing of that three days' fight, he maintained a bold face to the foe, so much so that they were somewhat apprehensive lest he should resume the offensive; and, notwithstanding that his retreat was heavily cumbered by the numerous wounded and atrocious weather conditions, he brought off his forces across the swollen rivers in his path with comparatively slight loss, the enemy deeming it too hazardous to risk a close pursuit.

Lee's defensive campaign in the Wilderness in the spring and early summer of 1864 has probably only been surpassed by Napoleon's marvelous fighting in Champagne nearly fifty years earlier. In connection with it the following anecdotes, which were told to the present writer during a visit to Virginia in 1909, may find a fitting place here.

There was a famous Confederate scout, Stringfellow by name, who on the 4th of May, 1864, the eve of the opening of that campaign, reported himself to Lee, when the following colloquy took place:

"Well, Captain Stringfellow, where do you come from?"

"From Washington, General."

"What number of men has General Grant, and what is he doing?"

"He has 140,000 men in front of you and is about to move on you."

Without a moment's hesitation Lee said: "I have 54,000 men up, and as soon as he crosses the river I will strike him."

Grant crossed the Rapidan on the following day, and as soon as he was entangled in the Wilderness Lee struck him a staggering blow.

In the course of the same campaign Grant had gotten hold of a resident in that part of the country and had pressed him into his service as a guide. This person was in Grant's tent one day when the General, with his corps commanders and staff around him, was poring over a map of the surrounding country, tracing out with his finger the various roads and clearings. Presently he arose and, stretching himself, said: "Well, gentlemen, if we don't hear his guns in five minutes, I've got him at last." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a most terrific cannonading broke forth. Grant

slapped his hand down on the table and exclaimed: "By God, he's got me again!" And it is a fact that whenever and wherever he made a move in that campaign there he found Lee facing him. In the four weeks' campaign ending with Grant's bloody repulse at Cold Harbor on June 2, which not only definitely knocked on the head his expressed intention "to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," but was also within an ace of bringing the war to a triumphant conclusion for the South. Lee had put as many of Grant's men out of action as he himself had under his command during the entire campaign—viz., 64,000.

To Lee belongs probably the unique distinction of being the only general who ever carried through a long war with "kid gloves." The wanton destruction of enemy property was not only strictly prohibited by him, but his injunctions in that respect were rigorously carried out. His orders with regard to such matters, issued on the occasion of his invasion of Pennsylvania, stand out in startling contrast to those given by Sherman on setting out on his great march and those given by Grant to Sheridan for the devastation of the Shenandoah Valley. So much for Lee the soldier.

If humility, combined with a proper sense of what was due to his position, generosity, modesty, self-abnegation, a profound consideration for the feelings of others, gentleness toward all men, enemies as well as friends, deference toward those in authority over him, tenderness of heart, especially to the young and feeble, are the true marks of a gentleman, then Lee, who possssed all these qualities in abundance and showed them forth through all his career from childhood to the grave, was indeed the "complete and perfect model of a true gentleman." This is not, however, to say that his character was perfectly flawless. Lee had a high temper, and when occasion called for it he could express himself with considerable severity. On the other hand, his self-control was almost abnormal. Of this a notable instance was recounted by the late Col. Walter H. Taylor, his adjutant general. On one of Lee's "bad days" that officer had to lay some papers before him which required his attention. Lee showed some irritation, accompanied by a certain harshness of manner. Taylor showed anger on his side and threw the papers down. Then in a perfectly calm and measured tone of voice Lee said: "Colonel Taylor, when I lose my temper, don't you let it make you angry." In a somewhat similar strain was Lee's answer to a student at Washington College, Lexington, Va., later, and now, known as the Washington and Lee University, of which institution he was President from October, 1865, until his death. Lee had occasion to warn the young man that only patience and industry would prevent the failure that would otherwise inevitably mar his career. "But, General, you failed," was the reply. "I hope that you may be more fortunate," said Lee.

Lee had, as was told to the present writer by one of his officers, "a pretty gift of sarcasm," and his reproofs would at times assume that form. Of one of the students he reported: "He is entirely too careful of the health of his father's son. We do not want our students to injure their health by studying, but we want them to come as near to it as it is possible to miss. This young gentleman, you see, is a long way from the 'danger line.'" To another student who had been called up to account for his absence without leave Lee remarked with a smile: "Mr. ——, I am glad to see you better." "But, General, I have not been sick." "Then I am glad you have better news from home." "But, General, I have had no bad news." "Ah," said Lee "I took it for granted that nothing less than sickness or distressing news from home could have kept you from your duty."

Of Lee's extraordinary influence over children two instances must suffice. In one of his rides near Lexington he was encounterd by his goddaughter, Virginia Lee Letcher, a little girl six years old, who could not induce her younger sister to come home. As Lee rode up Jennie made her appeal: "General Lee, won't you please make this child go home to her mother?" Lee at once leaned over and, picking up the small delinquent, rode off home with her. When Mrs. Letcher inquired why she had given General Lee so much trouble, Jennie replied: "I couldn't make Fan go home, and I thought *he* could do anything." More than thirty years after his death a Richmond lady was telling her little girl about the Chinese practice of crushing children's feet into shoes which were far too small for them. "General Lee wouldn't have allowed that," promptly said the child.

After the war Lee used his great influence by precept and example to reconcile the South to her position. He never spoke bitterly of his late antagonists and invariably discouraged the use of such language by others. Nevertheless, the iron of the evil days of Reconstruction entered deeply into his soul, and his grief for the sufferings of his country was indubitably a contributory cause of his death. In 1869 he was passing through Richmond on his return to Lexington from a visit to the graves of his father and daughter and called upon Major Talcott, a former member of his staff. This gentleman remarked how ill and depressed he was looking. "Yes," the General replied, "I am not only somewhat apprehensive on account of my own health, but the sufferings of our people have deeply affected me. Major, if I could have foreseen the way in which those people—his usual way of speaking of the Yankees—would treat them, I would never have surrendered my army." "Well, General," said Major Talcott, "you have only to blow the bugle." But the General said, "It is too late now," and shook his head sadly. It may not be generally known that, although Lee by way of example had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States government and had applied for pardon, no notice was taken of his application, and his actual status at the time of his death was that of a prisoner of war on parole.

But Lee and the cause for which he sacrificed everything but honor have come to their own. In a speech made at the Lee Centennial, January 19, 1907, at Lexington the Hon. C. F. Adams, son of the American Ambassador to Great Britain at the time of the War between the States, who had served in the Army of the Potomac and was then President of the Historical Society of Massachusetts, "a typical bred-in-the-bone Yankee," as he styled himself, after stating that during the war no event could have given him greater pleasure than the death of Lee at the hands of the command in which he served, proceeded to state that "as the result of much patient study and most mature reflection under the circumstances I would myself have done exactly what Lee did. In fact, I do not see how I, placed as he was, could have done otherwise." Again within the last ten years there was a very strongly expressed desire on the part of the survivors of the Army of the Potomac to erect a statue to Lee in New York. This was abandoned in deference to the wish of the General's surviving daughter, who thought that the time had not come for such a commemoration. On the 8th of June, 1917, there was dedicated on the field of Gettysburg a memorial to the Army of Northern Virginia, the crowning feature of which was an equestrian statue in heroic proportions of R. E. Lee. The

ceremony was attended by vast crowds, among whom were numbered a multitude of Northerners, who included in their ranks many of those whose sentiments had coincided with the war-time feelings of Mr. C. F. Adams. To come down to recent times. On the 19th of January, 1917, the commander of a brigade of Pennsylvania troops, quartered at Petersburg, Va., said that he proposed when the 80th Division, to which this brigade belonged, had proved itself worthy of the honor to ask that it might bear the name of the "Lee Division." And General Pershing, another Northerner, in addressing the State Legislature of Virginia in the spring of the present year, after referring in terms of the greatest admiration to General Lee, stated that in the recent war the record of the Virginia troops was worthy of the fame of the Army of Northern Virginia.

We hear a good deal nowadays of the right of peoples to self-determination with regard to their form of government. That was the right for which Lee and his people contended. They failed, but will any one dare now to assert that they were in the wrong?

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### Explanatory.

Many years ago I was passing by steamer up the Thames, and in skirting Putney, a suburb of London, I was very much astonished to observe a large Confederate flag flying in the grounds of one of the villas belonging to that town. I gazed at it, I must confess, very much as Balboa did at the Pacific when he caught his first sight of that sea from the "peak in Darien"—that is to say, with a "wild surmise" which it was not possible then to satisfy. Some years later I met Capt. Robert E. Lee, Jr., at the White Sulphur Springs; and as he knew that I had been recently in England, he asked me in his hearty way: "Did you by any chance while in London make the acquaintance of my old friend, Gerald Smythe? He is the best Confederate I know." "I wonder," I replied, "if he is the man who flies that flag in Putney?" "The very man," said Captain Lee, "and he thinks as much of it as he does of the British standard."

A few years later I happened to be in England again, and I made it a point to meet Mr. Smythe, who, I found, was also personally known to Col. Gordon McCabe—indeed, was an intimate friend and correspondent of that most charming and accomplished of men and most devoted of Confederates. Mr. Smythe had removed to Tunbridge Wells, and it was in his home there that I visited him. His house was situated on the confines of that intersting town, just at the border of a common, then overflowing with masses of yellow-blossoming gorse. Only a stone's throw from his door was the famous well which had made Tunbridge a center of fashion and frivolity in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As I approached the house I descried an enormous new Confederate flag flying from a tall staff firmly planted upon the green lawn.

As I entered the porch the sound of the familiar Confederate airs, played in snatches one after another, struck harmoniously upon my ear—"Bonnie Blue Flag," "Dixie," "Maryland, My Maryland," and the like. It was Mr. Smythe at the piano in the drawing-room. In the hall he gave me a hearty greeting, not only as a friend of Captain Lee and Colonel McCabe, but as a Virginian, a Southerner, and the author of a "Life of Robert E. Lee." He took me at once to his library, which I found packed with books relating to the Confederacy. Not a volume had ever been written about Lee which was not to be discovered on his shelves, and this was almost equally true of all the other heroes of the Confederacy. Seated in a comfortable chair, he gave me a most interesting account of his only visit to Virginia and the South—his stay with Captain and Mrs. Lee at Romancoke, his association in Richmond with that gallant and sturdy old Confederate, George L. Christian, his reception by the Confederate Camp in that city, his visit to Maj. Channing M. Bolton in Charlottesville, his sojourn in Lexington, his stay in Charleston, S. C., there as everywhere else an object of attention on account of his devotion to the Southern cause and, I may add, of his own winning personal qualities. In Lexington he deposited an exquisite bronze wreath at the foot of the effigy of Lee in the chapel as an expression of his profound reverence for the character of that great man and admiration for his military achievements.

But to return to Mr. Smythe's own house. Before luncheon was announced, he took me to his drawing-room and dining room and showed me the numerous Confederate souvenirs which he had collected—portraits, pictures, letters, and what not. It was especially rich in objects associated with the Lees. When we sat down to luncheon, I found the table decorated with flowers, the tints of which represented the Confederate colors. Our conversation during the meal turned on Confederate history, and I soon saw that he had been a profound student of that subject in all its manifold phases. When I left the house, I must admit that I had a lump in my throat. There was something so indescribably beautiful in the devotion of this high-minded and cultured English gentleman, a man who had passed his seventieth year, to the memories of the Southern cause. The World War was then in progress. There were thousands of British troops marching about Tunbridge. One could almost hear the muffled roar of the guns at Ypres. And yet the impression which my friend had of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville, Shiloh and Chickamauga was quite as vivid as his impression of the battles which the newspapers were daily announcing. Was it surprising that when I came to dedicate my volume on the brave deeds of Confederate soldiers his name should be the very first to leap to my mind as one especially entitled to such a distinction from the author of a Confederate book?

Philip Alexander Bruce.

University of Virginia.

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### *ARGONNE WOOD.*

(Inscribed to the Southern boys who are sleeping there.)

Ah, yes! In Flanders' fields, where poppies blow,
Brave Gallic sons are resting, "row on row!"
Fond Gallic hearts are thrilled by poet's song
That glorified that dauntless martyr throng!
Some time ere long our loyal hearts have prayed
Our peerless host who met fate unafraid
And sleep in Argonne Wood, too long unsung,
Will have Fame's fadeless wreath on each mound hung.

Such glorious theme will urge true poet's soul
To epic flight, a matchless, deathless scroll,
Whose tragic tale will temper vain regret,
Hold us entranced by scenes time can't forget!
Some time-inspired bard of our homeland
Will consecrate our absent Argonne band!

—*Hugh Gaylord Barclay, in Montgomery Advertiser.*

## *PELHAM, OF ALABAMA.*

BY FRED R. MARTIN, ANNISTON, ALA.

Interest in the story of the "Gallant John Pelham," probably the most dashing of the boy heroes of the Confederacy, seems never to abate. Therefore, in writing of his boyhood and youth in Alabama and later at West Point, together with a brief sketch of his ancestry, I feel that I am supplying the readers of the VETERAN a story of interest.

The first known ancestor of Maj. John Pelham was Peter Pelham, an engraver of Chicester, England. His son, Peter Pelham, came to Boston in 1726, thereby becoming the first American ancestor of Major Pelham. This Peter Pelham was also an engraver and painter of considerable note, being a competitor of Paul Revere in the engraving trade. His portrait of Cotton Mather, painted and engraved in 1727, is preserved as probably the best likeness of that eminent colonial American. Others of Mr. Pelham's portraits and engravings of his contemporaries are also preserved and treasured in New England. As stepfather to the celebrated painter, John Singleton Copely, Mr. Pelham was further enabled to make his impress upon early American art.

A third Peter Pelham, son of the above and great-grandfather of Major Pelham, removed from Boston to Williamsburg, Va., when a very young man and became one of the earliest and best-known musicians of the metropolis of colonial Virginia. Under his directions there was installed in Bruton Parish Church a pipe organ, believed to have been the first installed in America. He continued as organist of the church for nearly half a century, and George Washington and Martha were attendants there when in Williamsburg. George Washington in his diary mentions attending a theatrical performance at which "Mr. Pelham dispensed sweet music."

Peter Pelham's eldest son, Charles, grandfather of John Pelham, was born in July, 1748, probably in Boston shortly before his father's removal to Virginia. Charles Pelham served with distinction in the Continental Army and reached the position of major. Soon after the Revolution he removed to the vicinity of what later became Marysville, Ky., though at that time a portion of Virginia. Maj. Charles Pelham died on August 29, 1829, and is buried in the cemetery at Marysville.

Dr. Atkinson Pelham, father of Maj. John Pelham, was born near Marysville on November 21, 1797, growing to young manhood there. He attended and graduated from Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia. He first practiced his profession in Pearson County, N. C., where he married Miss Martha McGee in the early thirties. In 1837 or early 1838 Dr. Pelham and his family removed to Benton (now Calhoun) County, Ala., and his third son, John Pelham, was born near Alexandria on September 14, 1838.

Dr. Pelham died on July 7, 1880, his wife having died in 1876. The final resting place of this devoted couple is near their illustrious son in the cemetery at Jacksonville, Ala.

John Pelham spent a very happy and venturesome boyhood in the family home at Alexandria, and when a little more than seventeen years old, in 1856, he was appointed to a cadetship in the West Point Military Academy by his Congressman, the Hon. Sampson W. Harris, supposedly at the request of the late Senator John T. Morgan, a family friend. Young Pelham entered the academy on July 1, 1856, and became a member of the only five-year class ever organized at the academy, which accounts for his presence there in 1861.

At the academy Cadet Pelham was assigned to Company D, composed chiefly of Southern men, though Custer was a notable exception, and there were several other Northern men who achieved more or less fame fighting on the Union side. Life at West Point at this time was in no wise monotonous because of the intense interest taken by opposing factions in the series of events and issues immediately preceding the War between the States. However, the soldierly bearing and consideration of the cadets prevented more than a very few physical clashes between Southerners and Northerners.

The late Morris Schaff, a classmate and companymate of Pelham's, himself a Union soldier, graphically describes life at West Point during this period in his "Spirit of Old West Point," and of Pelham he says: "The other day I saw the name of Pelham, and at once West Point flashes upon my sight, and I saw him as if he were alive, walking across the area, and then I saw myself riding across the field near Brandy Station, where he was mortally wounded. Of all the men in West Point in my day, either as cadets or officers, his name will possibly outlast all save Cushing's, and I have sometimes thought that at the last the dew will sparkle brighter on Pelham's memory."

Then again: "The 'Gallant Pelham,' and that from Lee, was worth more than any rank in any army, more valuable than any title of nobility or badge of any order."

Another member of Pelham's class, Maj. Gen. Adelbert Ames, who faced Pelham's guns at Bull Run and in McClellan's Peninsular Campaign, writes very interestingly of Pelham at West Point in part as follows:

"It is a pleasure to recall his memory. He was a general favorite in the corps of cadets and, I think I am safe in saying, the most popular man in our class.

"He was a gentleman in the highest sense of the term. A discourteous act was wholly foreign to his nature. His kindly heart, sweet voice, and genial smile carried sunshine with him always.

"In those days, on the eve of the Civil War, sectional feeling ran high at West Point, as elsewhere. Cadets of the two sections were drawn more closely together. As a rule, political convictions were mutually respected, as were religious principles. Issues were too grave to discuss except in the most general and dispassionate way, if at all. No one's bearing under such circumstances was more wise, more discreet than John Pelham's. What he instinctively claimed for himself he graciously conceded to others.

"When we separated in the spring of 1861 none took with him more affectionate regard than he.

"I am not disloyal when I tell you we heard with secret pride of his gallant deeds on the field of battle. It was what we had a right to expect of him. He was our classmate for years; he was one of the best of us. Who should win honor and glory if not he? And we were deeply grieved when we heard of his death. He died as others of us died, in the heyday of hope and youth fighting each for his right.

"I recall one instance when as a young cadet he was trying to get on the color guard. Success depended upon military bearing, cleanliness of gun, condition of dress and accouterments, etc., including every possible detail. Half a dozen classmates surrounded him eager to prepare him for the adjutant's critical inspection. One brought him a bayonet and scabbard better varnished than his own, another a waist belt better than the one he had on, a third was wiping his gun with his handkerchief to remove any possible neglected particle of dust, etc., time, effort, and interest they would hardly give themselves for themselves. He all the while was pro-

testing that they were too kind and acknowledging his appreciation with merry laugh and twinkling eyes. He made the color guard."

Col. Henry A. DuPont, of the Union army, another classmate of Pelham's, is also very frank in his admiration for the gallant Southerner, as quotation from a personal letter will show:

"John Pelham, of Alabama, entered the military academy with me in June, 1856. He was of medium height, very straight, and with a remarkably well proportioned figure. His complexion was not very fair, although his eyes were blue and his hair decidedly blonde. Altogether he was a very handsome youth, with attractive manners which lent an additional charm to his open and engaging countenance.

"Although his natural abilities were good, he could not have been called clever and did not stand very high in his class, my recollection being that he did not apply himself particularly to his studies. He was, however, a young man of high tone and decided character, and his proficiency in military exercises and in all that pertained to a soldier's life made him a cadet noncommissioned officer and a cadet officer.

"In the years immediately prior to the war of the rebellion sectional spirit ran very high through the country and was reflected in the corps of cadets at West Point, with the results that social relations between Northerners and Southerners were not close as a rule, the term "Southerner" being applied to all those coming from slave States. Pelham, while preserving his sectional affiliations, was popular with everybody, his manly deportment and pleasant manners making him universally liked.

"It was my fortune to have been on most intimate terms with him during the four and a half years that we were together at West Point, and I was tenderly attached to him. During the autumn of 1860 I had a personal difficulty in the line of military duty with two of my classmates from New England, the root of the trouble being jealousy about my class standing, accentuated by the sectional feeling above mentioned. I turned at once to John Pelham, who was my second in a pugilistic encounter of twenty-one minutes, from which I emerged victorious, for cadets in those days settled all the difficulties by stand-up fist fights.

"After a very sorrowful parting, he left the military academy for the South early in 1861, and I never saw him again."

Another classmate and intimate friend, the intrepid Custer, who lost his life in the service of our united country, sent Pelham the following message, congratulatory upon his advancement in the Confederate service: "We rejoice, dear Pelham, at your success."

Any mention of Pelham's classmates at West Point without notice of that other "boy hero of the Confederacy," Thomas L. Rosser, would leave something lacking. Rosser and Pelham were close, intimate friends and were often dance partners at the "stag" dances of the cadets. However, Rosser lived to serve a reunited Union in the Spanish-American War, then having the rank of brigadier general. He achieved the rank of major general in the Confederate service.

Pelham, Rosser, and several other cadets from other Southern States resigned from the Academy to enter the service of their respective States upon the outbreak of the war. Pelham had already passed his final examinations for graduation, and had he remained only a few days longer would have received his diploma. However, he was most impatient for service in the field in behalf of "the land we love."

His deeds upon many a bloody field will live in history, story, and song. His memory is enshrined in the hearts of many men and women who followed and loved the Stars and Bars, and his fame will last as long as deeds of bravery and daring are related.

[An article on Pelham's career in the Confederate army by the same writer will appear later.—Ed.]

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## *THE UNLUCKY NUMBER—13.*

BY J. W. BROUGHTON, HALLWOOD, VA.

I remember well my first baptism of Yankee fire; the impression has been indelible. It occurred near Gloucester Point, Va., in 1862. After the evacuation of this garrison and Yorktown, the Yankees had kept a considerable force, and their cavalry made frequent raids into Gloucester and Matthews.

The cavalry company of which I was a member had been organized as Partisan Rangers. The only arms we had, in addition to the Confederate-made sabers, were old fowling pieces a few of which were double-barreled, but a large proportion of them were single-barreled and flintlocks. There were also a few small pistols and a number of the antequated horse pistols, also the flint-and-steel variety with those who had no guns. One thing we did have was splendid horses.

We had frequently endeavored to get up with the Yankee cavalry, but to no purpose; our traps were widely avoided. This state of affairs continued until the early fall, when our captain, J. K. Littleton, and First Lieut. R. T. Sears, with fifteen or twenty men, went to Gloucester C. H. one afternoon and remained there until late into the night, when we moved off in the direction of Gloucester Point, distant about ten miles. When within a mile of the Point we were halted at a small rivulet which crossed the road, and Captain Littleton stated in low tones that we were within two or three hundred yards of the Yankee outpost infantry picket, stationed at what was known as Hook Store. He said it was the intention, if possible, to capture them without creating an alarm, then to ride to the Point and do all the damage possible and make our escape. We were strictly enjoined not to fire a gun or pistol unless we were first fired upon. We were ordered to draw saber and use it only.

We moved up the inclined road to the level, with open ground on each side. We could see by the bright starlight the Yankee sentinal directly in front of the storehouse and in the center of the road. When within about sixty yards he challenged us to halt, then very leisurely demanded: "What troop is that?" From the time that we were ordered to halt Yankees were running from in front of the storehouse and formed a line across the road. Then one of them at one end of their line, who proved to be a lieutenant, again demanded what troop. Captain Littleton had learned from some one that part of the 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry was at the Point. It began to look rather serious for us, so much so that our first set of fours, realizing that we were not going to capture them with the saber and without alarm, dropped their sabers and brought their double-barreled guns ready to give a shower of ball and buckshot. Our captain had become, as we say, "rattled" and, replying to the Yankee lieutenant, said, "'103d Pennsylvania." The Yankee lieutenant's response was: "Fix bayonets! We have no such troop. Make ready! Aim, fire!"

Realizing the gravity of the situation, and not waiting for

Captain Littleton, Lieutenant Sears, at the same instant that the Yankees were ordered to fire, gave the command: "Charge, boys!" Our first fours emptied their guns at the same time the Yankees fired. I don't know how many Yankees were killed outright from our guns. We were on them in an instant with pistol and saber. The Yankee lieutenant jumped over the fence near the store and was ordered to halt, but did not obey and was shot down. Not one escaped. When we counted them, we found eleven dead and two prisoners. Our casualties were nothing, not a man or horse even wounded.

We did not, like the Yanks, have the hoodoo number, thirteen.

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## *A CHOSEN PEOPLE.*

Historical Evening Address at Asheville Convention, U. D. C., by Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Historian General.

*Madam President, Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Fellow Citizens:* We are assembled here for our annual voyage to the land of memory, the Confederate States of America. We will sail on the good ship Retrospect, which never lost a passenger. Matthew Fontaine Maury is our commodore, the Alabama, commanded by Admiral Raphael Semmes, is our convoy, followed by the ironclad Virginia and a flotilla manned by men as brave as ever sailed the Seven Seas.

These are all enchanted ships. They come when we signal them and bear us instantly to the harbor of long ago, which is the chief port of the land of memory. There are the battle fields fought over by the blue and the gray; there "to the sessions of sweet, silent thought we summon up remembrance of things past" and ponder why this fair land is seen only by looking backward.

There was once a city which gave the title to the first and still the greatest of epic poems. Many walls have fallen and many kings have been exiled since Homer sang of Troy, but cold is the heart that has never thrilled at the name of Hector or Achilles; and so, I fancy, throughout all time the names of Lee and Jackson shall shine with supernal glory, lighting the souls of men to noble deeds.

Why did the South fail with a righteous cause with such leaders, with an army that never quailed at danger, with a womanhood whose heroism was an inspiration to her men? "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, roughhew them how we will." Back in some remote antiquity our finite minds cannot fathom God ordained the discovery of America, so that the New World and the new conceptions of religion might be coördained, the one affording a refuge to the other. In a peculiar sense we have been a chosen people, heirs of the promise to those who honor the great Ruler of the universe.

Let us trace a few of the manifestations of a great Hand guiding and protecting us. Remembering that it is the same Hand which wrote upon a banquet hall the doom of Babylon, which touched the feet of clay and the Roman empire crumbled, may we not reverently say the same Hand which turned back the Hun in the race to the sea and the march to Paris?

Back in the year 1755 there was no anticipation whatever of the cordial relations now existing with France. In fact, so far from our adopting French orphans, the French were very diligently making American orphans, assisted by their Indian allies.

We were sheltered at that time by a royal standard, on which the heraldic animals were a lion and a unicorn supporting a crown. Even then killing British subjects was a pastime in which other nations engaged at their peril. A punitive expedition was sent out under General Braddock, and it is possible that the way it was managed subsequently encouraged the belief that he and Lord Cornwallis used the same book on military tactics. Straight into an Indian ambush marched the regulars against a foe which did not observe the etiquette of battle practiced by the best continental armies. Under the withering fire of unseen rifles Braddock fell mortally wounded, and the redcoats gave way. But look! There comes a young colonel, defying the hail of bullets, rallying the regulars, saving the retreat from becoming a massacre. How does he escape when so many are slain? A power called Providence guards him, for his name is to be written in the hearts of a mighty people and is to be a beacon, filling the whole world with its splendor, for this is George Washington, the Father of his Country.

The closest presidential election ever held in the United States was in February, 1801. Jefferson and Burr each received seventy-three votes, and the House of Representatives was to decide the election. Alexander Hamilton, not that he hated Jefferson less, but Burr more, used his influence to elect Jefferson. Two years later occurred an event which ranks next to the Revolution and the War between the States as the greatest in our history—the Louisiana Purchase. It added one million square miles, at a cost of fifteen million dollars, to our area. Nine magnificent commonwealths and parts of four others were carved out of this domain. Was this wonderful real estate bargain received with universal approval? Alas, no! There was then, as now, in Washington a body known as the United States Senate. It viewed the Louisiana Purchase with the same alarm subsequently bestowed upon the admission of Texas, the League of Nations, a remarkable case of senatorial heredity, and Massachusetts led the opposition in each instance. Providence, however, was preparing to extend the republic from ocean to ocean, from Canada to the Rio Grande, and Jefferson was the man of vision used to accomplish this great purpose.

In 1860 another presidential election was held. Let us throw the mantle of charity over the folly of Northern and Southern Democrats each naming a candidate, for did not the party which profited so greatly by this mistake commit its counterpart eight years ago, and can we doubt that the same Providence which chose Wilson also chose Lincoln or that it was written in the eternal decrees that one flag, and one only, should float over one great republic? How else can we explain the strange and unforeseen fatalities which baffled the calculations of able strategists and rendered unavailing the valor of matchless soldiers?

See First Manassas, with its opportunity to capture Washington and secure foreign recognition, become a barren triumph for the South, an incentive to greater effort to the North. See victory slip from the dying grasp of Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh and Grant begin that onward march, oftentimes halted, but at last reaching Appomattox. Recall the captured order detailing the plan of the Maryland campaign, with the result that Sharpsburg became a drawn battle instead of a decision for the South. So down the road at Chancellorsville Stonewall Jackson must ride to be fired on by his own men; and so, after four years, swords are sheathed and banners furled, for the conflict is over.

Nothing in martyred Belgium surpassed the desolation of the South, and in the blazing track of armies and the ashes of burned cities *no hand was held out in pity to our starving people or in sympathy with their broken hearts.* The cessation of hostilities brought the more cruel days of Reconstruc-

tion, when an alien race was maintained by bayonets in the legislative halls of imperial commonwealths, and President Davis languished in prison until it was finally conceded that no court had jurisdiction in his case. The one service we can still render to those who suffered supremely for home and country is to keep their record clear. The fiction that secession was rebellion was originated for the purpose of obscuring the real issue of State rights. When New York, Rhode Island, and Virginia adopted the Federal Constitution with the proviso that they could withdraw from it, they certainly thought it was a voluntary union, in which the high contracting parties could reserve the right of withdrawal.

When the New England delegates met in the Hartford Convention such was their belief also. The close of the War of 1812 removed the cause of their dissatisfaction, but the assertion of the right of secession was none the less definite. Exercising what they believed to be their right, seven Southern States seceded, and, meeting at Montgomery in February, 1861, they adopted a constitution, elected a President, and sent commissioners to Washington to arrange amicably the question of the defenses at Charleston and the forts on the Florida coast, which were the only Federal property not already taken possession of by the seceding States.

President Buchanan sent a vessel with supplies and soldiers to strengthen Fort Sumter. It was fired on by the batteries of Charleston, and the attempt was abandoned. The North was angered, but there was no call for troops "to suppress combinations in the seceded States too powerful for the law to contend with," which was the pretext alleged by President Lincoln when Fort Sumter was captured as the result of a second effort to reënforce it. The call for troops was in effect a declaration of war, and all that remained was the choice of sides on which to fight. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas aligned themselves with their Southern brethren. Those who speak so loudly in high places at the present hour would do well to recollect that in this great crisis Congress was not in session, nor was it summoned in extra session. The representatives of the people had no part in the decision which plunged us in a fratricidal strife. The Maryland Legislature was prevented by military force from assembling, the *habeas corpus* act was suspended, and the blockade of Southern ports declared. For these usurpations the President requested the retroactive sanction of Congress. It was literally a case of forestalling judgment and formulating action, asking merely for approval. The Emancipation Proclamation was another astute measure by which foreign nations were favorably impressed and not a slave set free. It applied only to the Confederate States over which Federal authority did not extend until the territory was conquered by invasion. The border States, where it could have been promptly enforced, were exempt from its provisions and enjoyed slavery unmolested until the Thirteenth Amendment was adopted in December, 1865. These are the undeniable facts of history. There is a persistent effort to evade them, but the Southern schools and colleges which permit unfair and prejudiced distortions of the truth are guilty of a base betrayal of their birthright and are disloyal to their dead.

The War between the States, tragic and terrible, was, like Washington in the Revolution and Jefferson in our formative period, an agent in a vast design slowly unfolding. Viewed in the glare of blazing Europe, may not this divine purpose have been that the United States should throw one sword into the scale and thus save civilization and those spiritual intangibles which are our chief treasures? Descendants of veterans, both blue and gray, fought on sea and land and sky that liberty might not perish from the earth. Thousands of them sleep in the land of Lafayette, paying with their young lives the bloody price of victory. Dear lads in khaki, may they rest in peace eternal, and may their surviving comrades be our bulwark against all future foes! On this anniversary of Armistice Day let us pause to recall our joy and gratitude when the Hun surrendered and the greatest menace which ever threatened the world was averted.

A new day is dawning. Let us summon our phantom ships and bid farewell to the land of memory.

The passage of the Susan B. Anthony amendment ushers in an epoch in our civil life. Paraphrasing Shakespeare, some women were born to the ballot, some achieved the ballot, and some had the ballot thrust upon them. In the final analysis both political parties believed that votes for women really meant votes for men, and each hoped to win through the enlarged electorate. You have enfranchised us, and we must accept the solemn responsibility. We come to it with more confidence than we had dared to hope, for there is a moral inertia throughout our land which is ominous. We need to learn that righteousness exalts a nation, and in the frantic search for riches we should realize that godliness with contentment is great gain. The star of empire is attaining its zenith in our Western firmament. Shall it shine down upon a people corrupted by wealth, deaf to the voice of God in history and revelation, or shall we return to the pure ideals and simple faith which made Robert E. Lee the noblest type of manhood our race has produced?

If woman has come unto her kingdom, like Esther, for such a time as this, may it be our mission to arouse this nation from the lethargy and materialism which presage decadence and decay by a spiritual regeneration which shall enable us to fulfill our destiny as a chosen people.

The motto of the Daughters of the Confederacy is "Lest we forget." Never was there such a list of heroes to remember in the annals of a brief era or one which has so challenged the admiration of posterity.

The Daughters of the Confederacy restored to Cabin John Bridge the name of Jefferson Davis, which had been erased. We hope yet to write upon Arlington amphitheater the names of Southern patriots, that Confederate veterans and Southern soldiers of the American Legion may honor their comrades on future Memorial Days with the proud consciousness that we have kept faith with our immortal dead. May we be worthy of our glorious heritage and of the priceless oblation of blood and tears which consecrated the fields of Dixie and made them forever sacred!

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Yea, build your walls of stone or sand,
  But know when all is builded—then
The proper breastworks of the land
  Are in a race of freeborn men!
The sons of sires who knew in life
  That, of all virtues, manhood first,
Still nursing peace, yet arms for strife,
  And braves for liberty the worst!

. . . . . .

Let not your sons in future days,
  The children now that bear your name,
Exulting in a grandsire's praise,
  Droop o'er a father's grave in shame!

—*Ballad.*

*"GOING SOUTH" IN 1861.*

[The writer of the following letter was a Marylander who served in the Army of Northern Virginia from the Magruder campaign in the Peninsular to Appomattox and as captain of a battery from the region of Bedford, Va., in Longstreet's Corps from its formation to the end, receiving deserved commendation throughout. He is still living at an advanced age. "Going South" was the usual term applied to men leaving Maryland to serve in the Confederate army, and the hardships endured by those Southern patriots in getting through the lines show the love and loyalty to the South and the principles for which it was fighting.]

RICHMOND, 13 January, 1862.

The first person in Baltimore whom I had consulted about how to go South told me that the brig Frances Jane, belonging to Kirkland, Chase & Co., would sail within a few days for Rio Janeiro and that the captain had agreed to let some young men hide themselves in the hold of the vessel and to put them ashore in Virginia at the mouth of the Potomac. I rejected this plan, fearing it might get the owners into trouble.

Another plan proposed to me, and which I accepted, was to join several persons who had arranged to sail in an open boat from the head of Marly Creek to the south side of the Potomac. Our rendezvous was the woods in the rear of the little church on the Annapolis road, about three miles south of Brooklyn. Passing after dark without interruption the guard at the ferry bar end of the Light Street Bridge, I found myself at the appointed spot at the appointed hour, meeting there my seven fellow passengers. One of them was a young lady who was understood to be the fiancée of one of the gentlemen. Two of the party were blockade runners, arriving in a wagon loaded with goods in canvas bags. Our boat proved to be the race yacht Bianca, thirty-five feet long, sloop-rigged, half-decked over, and with a tarpaulin stretched over the stern sheets. The wind was aft going down the river and quarterly down the bay. It was all the boat could stand without reefing. Sunrise showed that we had made good progress on our voyage. Fearing, however, to approach the Virginia shore by daylight, we lay at anchor for the day under the lee of Sharp's Island. After dark we got under way with reefed sails, purposing to make the Smith's Point Lighthouse and land in Little Wycomico River. Our captain had an interst in the cargo of blockade goods and desired to find some suitable place for getting it ashore.

The lights from numerous vessels began to cause us anxiety. A steamer passing quite close seemed to exchange signals, and we supposed our boat had been observed. Altering our course, we made several tacks to windward. In consequence, our captain seemed to become confused as to our position. He had never before been so far down the bay and was trusting only to his compass and chart. It was considered hazardous to light a lamp for consulting them. At length the lighthouse was made out, and we kept on a few miles, looking out for the Little Wycomico. Not finding the inlet, it was decided to land the cargo and our baggage on the open beach, using for the purpose the little flat-bottomed boat that we had in tow. That accomplished, the captain started back for Baltimore.

Three of us then went in search of some habitation where we could secure transportation inland and in the direction of Fredericksburg for ourselves, our baggage, and the cargo. Coming across some negro quarters, we learned after some conversation with one of the negroes—and you can imagine with what consternation—that we were not in Virginia, but in St. Mary's County, Md., and about four miles above the Point Lookout Lighthouse. The captain had inadvertently gotten into the Potomac River, supposing he was still in the bay, and had mistaken the land on his right hand for the Virginia shore. Picture to yourself the dismay of our comrades on receiving our report! Without a word of comment, the two blockade runners left us. Rousing up the proprietors of two plantations, we tried in vain to induce them to assist us in getting across the river. The whole country was occupied by Federal troops and the river banks patrolled to prevent intercourse with Confederates. Making inquiries about boats, I at last found a large dugout canoe that had come over a few days before from Virginia and had been kept in concealment. I paid a negro for it, for launching it, and for hunting up a couple of paddles. The large trunk belonging to the lady was left in one of the cabins to be kept until called for.

I started in the canoe with two men of our party. The little rowboat that had brought us ashore and had been left behind took in the lady and the other two men. Fortunately, one of the men was a sailor and had served as mate of a vessel. Taking all our baggage with us, the boats were much overloaded. The wind had nearly gone down. The stars were shining, and the negro gave us one of them to steer by. It was Sirius. I shall ever hereafter associate it with this night on the Potamac. The river is here seven miles wide in a southwesterly direction to the mouth of Coan River. We represented the risks to the lady, but she was willing to take them. Our canoe was the faster, but I had agreed with the sailor to keep together. After a while the skies became overcast, and Sirius was lost to view, the direction of the wind being the only thing to guide us. Our progress was slow and laborious, and I began to have some apprehensions about the result. We were perhaps a fourth of the way across when a call came from the sailor to come back to him, as his boat was swamping. We put back at once and transferred its occupants and their effects to our canoe. It was not long before we saw that it was in not much better condition. The overload caused it to settle down below an open lengthwise seam near the gunwale. It was then decided to throw overboard every bit of baggage, to turn back, and to head for a light that we took to be Point Lockout Lighthouse. This was done. Two of us paddled, and the others bailed out the water with their hats. But little headway was made. Our fear now was lest the tide might be on the ebb and that we might be carried out into the open bay. After a while the light began to lift, and we were cheered by this sign of our approach to it. It was now nearing daybreak, and we could at length discern that the light was from a vessel. Slowly drawing near, we could see that it was at anchor, and presently the sailor recognized it as the brig Frances Jane. Meanwhile its crew had heard our shouts and were about launching a boat to pick us up when we came alongside. We were hauled up by a rope passed under the arms. This was the brig of which I told you in the beginning of this letter. Its captain, coming to anchor in Cornfield Harbor, had not only put ashore the five young men concealed in the hold, but had himself gone with them, deserting his ship and leaving her in charge of the pilot. We were well taken care of on board and every attention and comfort freely given us. Around the breakfast table in the cabin that morning were assembled six very cheerful persons none the worse for the adventures of the night. The lady had with admirable courage and self-

possession gone through the discomforts and perils of five hours on a December night in an open, sinking boat.

The pilot, considering that the vessel was compromised by all that had occurred, decided to put back to Baltimore. Accordingly on the following morning the brig started in the face of a violent head wind. Making poor progress, she turned in at the mouth of the Patuxent and anchored under Drum Point. Here our party, thinking it right to leave the vessel, went ashore in Calvert County. Several oyster pungies had come in for refuge from the storm. In vain we tried to induce them to convey us to Virginia, but were able to arrange with one of them to take the lady to Baltimore. I sent by her a short note to father, and I have every reason to hope that he has before this received it.

That evening the rest of our shipwrecked party started to walk the sixteen miles to St. Leonard and arrived at one o'clock in the night. We got a place to sleep on the floor before a fire until morning. We then walked eight miles across to the Patuxent to beg the assistance of Dr. Mackall, whose services in helping men to "go South" were well known to us. He was absent, and his family were evidently disconcerted by our visit, fearing very properly that it might get the Doctor into trouble. It was becoming evident to me that such a large party as ours could not move about without attracting suspicion. For that and some other reasons, I decided to separate myself from the others. That afternoon I walked to Prince Frederick. There I slept on a bed for the first time for four nights, had "square meals," and could venture to take the hotel keeper into my confidence. After considering various schemes, I decided to cross the Patuxent lower down at Benedict. That night I rode on horseback with a guide across Charles County to Allens Fresh. Thinking the road leading into the village might be picketed, we passed the latter half of the night in a pine thicket, built a fire, slept upon a pile of cedar and pine boughs, rode into the village after sunrise, and put up at the tavern. A blacksmith to whom I had been referred was able, after some delay, to offer me a little skiff, sharp at both ends, such as is used for paddling upon ducks at night and big enough for two persons. A start was arranged for the first favorable night. How I watched the weather!

One day a man came to the tavern who, as I could easily perceive, was bent on the same business as mine. He had walked all the way from Annapolis, was a brickmaker in Baltimore, wanted to serve with his brother in a Virginia regiment, and was only too glad to join me. We managed to elude the observation of squads of soldiers passing occasionally through the village on their way between the camps at Port Tobacco and St. Mary's.

One Friday night we took our skiff from the cellar, where it was concealed, placed it on an oxcart, and with the blacksmith driving, the brickmaker and I silently following, it was hauled some miles to Pope's Creek, near the junction with the Potomac. The night was cold and foggy, no stars were visible, but a slight breeze was astir, and our good friend the blacksmith bade us let it blow just on our backs and that would keep us on the best course across to Matthias Point, two miles distant. This time we had no baggage. We paddled in silence, taking care not to let the paddles strike the side of the boat. The fog and calm were all we could desire, and for aught I know we may have passed within a hundred yards of the gunboat Pawnee. The first I knew of being so nearly over was the touch of the paddle against the bottom, and at last, after all my mishaps, I was in Virginia.

A path was struck leading up the bank. It brought us, groping in the dark, among outhouses and negro cabins. Presently we came to a large mansion in the midst of grass plats, garden walks, and lattice work covered with vines and rosebushes. All was deserted and still as death. Doors were open everywhere. We entered and, striking a match every few minutes, groped about from story to story and from room to room. The house was riddled from roof to basement, from side to side, by shot and shell. All furniture was gone. The effect of the whole scene was indescribably saddening. We built a fire in the overseer's house and stretched ourselves before it. Something glided past my leg. It was a cat, black, gaunt, and hungry. She shared our repast of gingerbread. A gentleman in Allens Fresh had intrusted me with a heavy overcoat to be delivered to a friend in Richmond, and its pockets were filled with gingercakes.

At daybreak we took to our skiff and after proceeding a few miles downstream observed smoke rising from a cabin on the shore. There we got some sort of a breakfast and were directed how to get to the nearest camp. On the way we met an old gentleman on horseback, who introduced himself to me as Dr. Hooe and who knew our people in Baltimore. He took us to his house, where we dined and passed the night. The next day we fell in with the outposts of Capt. John Tayloe's company of cavalry, and I was entertained with marked kindness at his headquarters until Monday morning. You may have heard of this gentleman as the proprietor of a handsome plantation on the Rappahannock called "Chatterton." On Sunday afternoon the Rev. Mr. Scott, of the Episcopal Church, held the services in camp, nearly the whole company being present. I was struck with the devout demeanour of these stout troopers. This first impression of the Confederate soldier was highly favorable. These were a fine, manly set of fellows, well clad in drab homespun, well armed and well mounted.

On Monday Captain Tayloe sent me in the commissary wagon to Fredericksburg, and on the following day the railroad brought me to Richmond and to the end of my adventure in "going South."

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## *JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

### The Sublime Martyr of All the Ages.

BY MRS. M. H. HOUSTON, MERIDIAN, MISS.

The object of this discussion is to bring before our people of to-day in living colors the character and achievements of the great hero of our Southland and to show that he touched human experience in so many ways that we cannot go far in any direction without meeting something that should remind us of him, and it would if we paid attention to the trend and activities of his wonderful life. Travelers tell us of Andreas Hofer, the idol of the people of the Tyrol, who led them in their uprising against the conquering forces of Napoleon. Their attempt came to naught; their leader was taken and executed, but Andreas Hofer to this day is still their hero. His portrait is in every shop window, and memorials of him are seen in many places. So let it be with us as we remember him who gave his long life to the service of his country and suffered more than death for us, his own, "my people," as he affectionately referred to our forefathers of the Southland. When he was imprisoned and the fetters cut deep into his flesh, did he exclaim, "O I cannot endure this; I cannot live and suffer so"? No, verily. He accepted all, not as personal to himself, but because he stood for the millions of the dear ones who so loved him and had chosen him to set the

glorious example he has placed before the world. On the Sabbath morning in 1865 when he was summoned from church because it was learned that the Confederate armies were to withdraw from Richmond, he met many persons who left their houses to speak with him. They expressed sympathy and assured him that if the good of their great cause required that Richmond should be given up to the enemy they were content and willing.

Mr. Davis afterwards wrote that "the confidence and affection of that noble people in the hour of disaster were more distressing than complaints and unjust censure would have been."

At a recent fair in Mississippi there was shown under glass a private letter written in 1861. The printed heading showed a verse in which occurred the couplet:

"We will trust in God and Davis
And keep our powder dry."

A typical village newspaper, most intelligently edited, when discussing certain movements of the Confederate armies, used this language: "Jeff Davis knows about it, and that makes it all right." In regard to perplexing problems which arose, the same editor wrote: "Our people *will* trust Jeff Davis." The name Jeff Davis was an expression of endearment. To his soldiers and his constituents he was "Colonel Jeff," to his young relatives "Uncle Jeff," to his servants "Marse Jeff." A lady who was at the same hotel with him during the first few weeks in Montgomery as President writes of him as "the almost idolized man" and of the imposing scene as he sat at a table with the eminent men of his Cabinet around him. Truly it was not without cause that the hearts of his people so confidently trusted in him. His courageous soul, itself a stranger to fear, was always and everywhere an inspiration to others. When five years old, going to school with his sister, the beloved Polly, they saw something in the woods that looked frightful. He held her firmly by the hand, saying, "We will not run, Polly." After he became a great orator, a distinguished Mississippian said: "His glorious voice might tremble with generous emotion, but never faltered from craven fear." Gen. G. W. Jones, Senator from Iowa, who knew Jefferson Davis at the university, also in the Indian wars and in the United States Senate, records that "he was considered the bravest and handsomest of all the college boys," and the development of his noble, gracious, and graceful manhood justified the promise of his youth.

For the family history, it may be said that three Davis brothers came from Wales to America before the Revolutionary War. One of them, Evan Davis, settled in Georgia, where he married a widow whose maiden name was Emory. The couple had one son, Samuel Emory Davis, who was the father of Jefferson Davis. When but a stripling Samuel Emory Davis enlisted in the Revolutionary army, then fighting at Savannah. Later he raised a company for the service. He was physically strong and handsome, most intelligent and faithful, and his associates soon learned to repose the utmost confidence in him. The liberty bell was at one time brought from Philadelphia to North Carolina to prevent its being captured by the British, and Capt. Samuel E. Davis was in command of the guard which had charge of the venerable relic. After the war Captain Davis married Miss Jane Cook, a beautiful young lady of strong character and amiable disposition, whom he had met in South Carolina during the war. She was of Scotch-Irish descent. They resided in Georgia, near Augusta, for several years, he being county clerk. They then removed to the Green River country of Kentucky, where he became a prosperous planter, having a reputation for his many fine horses. Mrs. Samuel Davis was known as "Aunt Winnie" and kept a "wayfarer's rest" in her home for the sick and weary travelers in that wild, unsettled region. There were ten children born into the family, the youngest, Jefferson, claiming as his natal day June 3, 1808. Before he was three years of age his parents, leaving Kentucky, made their home near Woodville, Miss. Thus the future soldier, statesman, and savant was planted upon the soil of the great commonwealth to which he gave the devoted service of a long and illustrious life.

Little Jefferson Davis at the age of five years attended the country school near his home, then was sent to St. Thomas's school, in Kentucky, riding the entire distance on his pony with a party in charge of the renowed Major Hinds. After two years he returned and went to the county acadamy school and to Jefferson College, Natchez; thence he departed again from Mississippi to Transylvania University, at Frankfort, Ky., and then to the West Point Military Academy, where he was graduated with the rank of second lieutenant of infantry when he was twenty years of age.

Jefferson Davis was twice married, first, in 1835, to Miss Sarah Knox Taylor, daughter of Gen. (later President) Zachary Taylor, who survived only three months after marriage. Ten years later he was married to Miss Varina Howell, of the prominent Natchez family of that name. She proved a most loyal and in every way worthy companion through all the remaining years of his extraordinary life. After the war she wrote to his dictation with her pen the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," his great history. Mrs. Davis also wrote a fine memoir of her husband, which every one should read, as without it no one in this day and time can understand his life.

Six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Davis. Three sons died early; one, Jefferson, lived to maturity and was a sorrowful sacrifice to yellow fever in Memphis in 1878. The eldest daughter, Margaret, called the "Daughter of the South," and Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," are well remembered.

Retiring from the United States army in 1835, after seven years of hardship and distinguished service, Jefferson Davis was for many years a successful planter at his home, Briarfield, near Vicksburg, "a country gentleman with a full library and broad acres." Entering public life, his rise was rapid. In 1843 he was presidential elector, then a Congressman, then hero of the Mexican War, immediately afterwards a Senator, then Secretary of War, again in the Senate, where he remained until 1861. His written life during these years would be a history of the country for that time.

Several years ago Gen. Clement A. Evans, then Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, with the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, sent out a request that December 6, anniversary of Mr. Davis's death, he observed in the schools by memorials of him and the study of his life, since so many of the schools are closed before June 3. Birthdays are proper seasons of rejoicing, and his natal day should be made the occasion for appropriate exercises, while our hearts are lifted in gratitude to the All-Wise Creator, who gave to the world the glorious character of Jefferson Davis. Let us plant roses, remembering that the lovely rose, "the glory of France," grew "near the garden gate at Briarfield."

## *THE OLD SOUTH IN PEACE AND WAR—CONFISCATION OF PLANTATIONS.*

BY CHARLES H. GOFFE, IN SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS.

There was an Old South of glorious memory which passed away more than half a century ago, but which still lingers in tender and cherished recollection in the hearts of the loyal remnant who have survived the long stretch of years and the inexorable ravages of time. Then there is a New South, which rose from the débris of the old—the strenuous civilization of to-day, unlike the former in all the attributes which appeal to the more unassuming ideals of domestic simplicity and modesty of social amenities. The people of the Old South were as orthodox in deportment and modes of living as they were in religious profession and practice. As I knew them sixty years ago, before the days of secession, the people of the "slave States" were intensely loyal, law abiding, and hospitable.

It is to the Old South that my heart and pen delight to revert. The theme is rich and redolent by fascinating reminiscenses, and as I gaze across the divide of the centuries which separate the new from the old régime I seem to catch a vision of that glorious South that my earlier manhood knew so well. In the dream tide years of adolescence and of buoyant youth it was the ideal of the poet's Acadia, the land of pastoral beauty and of agricultural excellence, where real peace and contentment dwelt and comforts had their domicile. That ideal was "Dixie Land," which lives in poetry and song and in fading memories in the hearts of men.

The present generation, even though natives of the South and descendants of those heroic sires who held for four trying years the Confederate battle lines, does not seem to have a full measure of realization of the beauties and glories of the land of their nativity as their progenitors knew it.

Radical were the changes wrought by the terrible war, followed as they were by the red ordeal of "Bolshevik" Reconstruction, which overturned all surviving conditions that could be obliterated, and by carpetbaggers and scalawags. I wonder that historical societies in this Southland do not awaken to the responsibility of taking up the urgent task of resurrecting, codifying, and editing the verities of Southern history and publish to the world to be transmitted to generations yet unborn the wonderful story of the Old South as it was when in its prime.

The scheme of Southern history should be undertaken and pushed with vigor while there are sources of truth yet to draw from, before fiction and fireside tales shall be canonized as truth. There are tangles of historic annals which ought to be straightened out, and facts which have been warped and twisted by sectional prejudices and by publicists and politicians to be corrected.

### Grant's Canal.

It is said that the great Mississippi expedition under General Grant, convoyed and aided by the powerful fleets of Admirals Porter and Farragut, was the conception of Major General McClernand, of Illinois, whose idea was to cut the Confederacy in two. The War Department adopted the scheme, but chose General Grant to lead it.

The Providence "Crevasse," or "Grant's Canal," as then termed, was to open a passage for their fleet and transports through Lake Providence and thence by way of Tensas, Wichita, and Red Rivers in order to circumvent the Confederate batteries on the heights of Vicksburg. The enterprise proved abortive and ended in utter failure. It accomplished, however, what General McPherson had predicted—the drowning out of the homes of the people, both white and black, in the region known as the "Swan Lake country."

The valley of the great river was like the valley of the Nile—a vast alluvial bottom. It was covered on either side of the Mississippi by magnificent cotton estates. This region was thickly populated, and tens of thousands of negro slaves had made the valley blossom as the rose.

It now was the crucial period of the war. Discouragement filled the Northern press and people with forebodings; a great effort must be made to recover declining prestige. Two hundred preachers had called in a body upon the President to urge the issuing of a proclamation of emancipation and confiscation. Mr. Lincoln had told them that "I propose to save the Union with slavery if I can, without slavery if I must."

On July 16, 1862, Congress passed the bill, still hoping that the "erring sister States" would return to the fold. It was always the belief that Mr. Lincoln was in favor of compensating the slave owners for their negroes. He had little patience with the New England abolitionists. On the 25th of July, 1862, the President issued a proclamation of warning, as follows:

"A Proclamation by the President of the United States of America.

"In pursuance of the sixth section of the act of Congress entitled 'An Act to Suppress Insurrection, to Punish Treason and Rebellion, to Seize and Confiscate the Property of Rebels, and for other purposes,' approved July 16, 1862, and which act and the joint resolution explanatory thereof are herewith published, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim to and warn all persons within the contemplation of said sixth section to cease participating in, aiding, countenancing, or abetting the existing rebellion, or any rebellion, against the government of the United States and to return to their proper allegiance to the United States, on pain of the forfeitures and seizures as within and by said sixth section provided.

"In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington this 25th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh. Abraham Lincoln, *President.*

"William H. Seward, *Secretary of State.*"

Section 6 of the Confiscation Act, referred to in the above, reads as follows: "And be it further enacted that if any person within any State or territory of the United States, other than those named aforesaid after the passage of this act, being engaged in armed rebellion against the government of the United States, or aiding or abetting such rebellion, shall not within sixty days after public warning and proclamation duly given and made by the President of the United States, cease to aid, countenance, and abet such rebellion and return to his allegiance to the United States, all the estates and property, moneys, stocks, and credits of such person shall be liable to seizure as aforesaid and it shall be the duty of the President to seize and use them as aforesaid or the proceeds thereof. And all sales transfers, or conveyances of any such property after the expiration of the said sixty days from the date of such warning and proclamation shall be null and void, and it shall be a sufficient bar to any suit brought by such person for the possession or the use of such property or any of it to allege and prove that he is one of the persons described in this section."

Soon after the expiration of the sixty days of grace the great expedition of invasion began to assemble. Throughout the North every activity was put in motion to follow in the wake of opportunities so alluring. It was a time of business depression in the North, and many men of enterprise and love of adventure could understand that the rear of a conquering army was the chance of a lifetime. The masses of the Northern people had been imbued with the idea that the cotton and sugar planters were all rolling in wealth and living in princely luxury from their ill-gotten gains of a monstrous iniquity. And so many adventurers joined in the rush for loot.

In the meantime Congress, in order to profit probably from the confiscation feature, inaugurated or established a bureau at Washington called the "Bureau of Freedmen and Abandoned Lands," and an army of "agents" were sent into the "occupied" regions to take over the custody of the lands of the "disloyalists" and also the new-made "wards" of the government.

From Lake Providence to Milligan's Bend, where General Grant's headquarters were located, over a stretch of sixty miles in length, and from the river's border to the swamps, lay undoubtedly what was the most highly tilled cotton region of the South. Here were homes of luxury and as highly cultured a people as could be found in the most favored sections of the world. And this was the people and this the country condemned to ruthless exploitation by men of the same lineage and race and speaking the same mother tongue. Rightful owners were dispossessed under the leases issued by the government and bearing the covenant seal of Uncle Sam. What became of all the "bric-a-brac" and household treasures and appurtenances of the planters' homes none have cared to trace. Sufficient to believe they were not destroyed.

At Skipwith's, in Mississippi, nearly opposite to the part of country we have been considering, the head office of the Bureau of Freedmen and Abandoned Lands was established. Here was the naval station where several warships were to be seen at all times in the period of the war. The chief of this agency of the Bureau of Freedmen and Abandoned Lands was Col. A. McFarland, who represented the United States Treasury. He was a worthy gentleman and soon discovered that adventurers of every type were inspecting the properties of the planters and filing applications for "leases." I had made his acquaintance and informed him of the new responsibilities which had called me to take charge of my deceased uncle's home and family. He advised me to lose no time and secure a "lease" from the government for Gossyppia, that being the name by which the family estate was then known and by which it is well known at this day, though it long since passed into other hands.

I obtained a government "lease" at once in my own name, and well that I did so, as shortly afterwards a prominent colonel of the army came to the plantation and informed me that he was about to lease it as "abandoned." He was much chagrined to learn that his purpose was anticipated.

At Goodrich, fifteen miles south of Providence, was a colony of New England people who had come to this teeming valley many years before the war and had been successful in acquiring great wealth, but most of them had left their homes and belongings in the care of trusted servants and sought safer and more peaceful quarters. The trusted caretakers and family servants were driven out under the lease system.

Among the affluent investors in the new order was ex-Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, who had recently resigned as a major general in the Eastern Army. He was many times a millionaire and the son-in-law of Chief Justice Chase. It created a sensation when it was known that he had leased several "abandoned" estates and was about to demonstrate that cotton could be cultivated successfully with "free labor."

Governor Sprague brought into the neighborhood a "barrel of money," and for the first time introduced the "pay roll" into the South. He also brought a shipment of mules and horses, the latter of the heavy Norman stock, unfitted for the climate or the work, and vast consignments of stores, harness, and implements in liberal abundance. I met with him, talked with him, and made up my opinion that he would last only until the high water went down in the swamps and the Confederate scouts had a chance to sample and inspect his belongings. Before the year had gone Governor Sprague returned home, a wiser man, but with less money. His experience was similar to that of many others lured to disaster by the illusive cotton bug under the "lease system" of 1862.

Following the proclamation of emancipation, the government turned its attention to organizing the newly freed negroes into regiments. The camps and region of occupation were overrun with ex-slaves, or "freedmen," as they were called, all drawing rations from "Marse Linkum's" commissary. They were coralled, nolens volens, and uniformed in regulation habilaments and mustered into service. All the commissioned officers for these negro units were detailed and promoted from the white troops. But this caused great dissatisfaction in most instances, even though the bait was a commission and an officer's pay. Many private soldiers were raised from the ranks to be captains and lieutenants. General Townsend, chief of staff and adjutant general of the United States army, came from Washington to direct this innovation and subdue any insubordination growing out of his orders. White soldiers and veterans, who had seen service at Shiloh and other hard-fought fields, resented and revolted against being brigaded with negroes. But General Townsend was obdurate, and ordered Colonel Tennison, of a Kansas regiment, to take command of the negro brigade. The Colonel indignantly refused, threw down his saber, tore off his eagles, and defied the General. He was ordered to report at Camp Alton for court-martial.

On the day of the occurrence as given above I was seated on the veranda at Gossyppia when I observed a well-mounted officer in blue uniform riding across the lawn toward the house. As he came nearer I recognized him as the commander of the 1st Kansas Infantry; but as he now was wearing no eagles on his shoulders and was minus a sword, it struck me as quite peculiar. I called him by name and asked him what he was doing so far from his command and alone. He smiled without enlightening me fully, only to say that there was probably a detachment of cavalry on his trail, and requested me to tell them when they should arrive that he (Colonel Tennison) could be found at the Confederate headquarters of Gen. Kirby Smith hereafter.

Less than an hour later a squadron of cavalry rode hurriedly up to the house and made inquiry for the Kansas colonel. I gave them the message as stated, and, after expressing indignation, they galloped away, disappearing in the rear of the plantation; but they had the discretion to turn back before coming in contact with General Smith's scouts.

In an affair of this character, of a young, handsome, and spirited officer of rank, with bright prospects ahead and a general's commission not far away, it is reasonable to sur-

mise that the Kansas colonel had some other purpose in view. some other provocation to spur him to so desperate a course as to turn his back on his flag and tender his services to the Confederacy. There was indeed a lady in the case, one of those attractive and vivacious belles of the South, whose charms had smitten the heart of the gallant Kansan; but she had assured him that it was impossible for her to think of marrying any man who was an enemy to her beloved South. We afterwards learned that General Smith gave the colonel a captain's rank and made him a drill officer in the Confederate army.

The lady above referred to is yet living in one of the cities of Eastern Texas, a widow of more than threescore and ten, whose several stalwart sons are the solace of her passing years, and they are justly proud of the mother, who fifty-seven years ago was one of the belles of the delightful region known as Bunch's Bend and whose home was one of the most palatial mansions of the days of the olden time.

### Investment of Vicksburg.

By the end of the first week in April, 1863, the great army of 70,000 men had struck their tents and moved farther south to invest the fortified stronghold of Vicksburg, leaving a few regiments to protect the cotton-planting interests, which had been encouraged by the government; and as the main forces had gone and the swamps were now passable ,the agricultural industries were exposed to the enterprising incursions of "guerillas," or independent scouts, who swarmed through the great forests.

With the subsiding of the high water the problem of the canals was solved, and General Grant was enabled to march his troops around the menacing fortifications and approach Vicksburg from the rear. For four or five months siege guns, mortars, and heavy field artillery poured thousands of hot shot and shells upon the defiant fortresses and the devastated city, with little effect. Night after night I lay and listened to the deep thunder of the heavy artillery, which at a distance of sixy-five miles vibrated and shook the windows of my home. The great battleships of Farragut, Porter's river flotilla, were all prodigal in wanton waste of shot and shell. It was not until July 3, 1863, that the city lowered her flag, and then only because the mule meat was exhausted and women and children were suffering starvation.

On the 4th General Grant entered the city, which for six months had been deluged by projectiles, and yet few had been the casualties within the walls, though tons of solid shot and exploded shells could be picked up on every tract of ground, and the shingle roofs of homes were everywhere chucked with lead of spent Minie balls. Providence seemed to have thrown a mantle of protection over Vicksburg during that long siege.

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Secession of Missouri.—By the recognized universal law of all the earth, war dissolves all political compacts. Our forefathers gave as one of their grounds for asserting their independence that the king of Great Britain had "abdicated government here by declaring us out of his protection and waging war upon us." The people and the government of the Northern States of the late Union have acted in the same manner toward Missouri and have dissolved by war the connection heretofore existing between her and them.—*Gov. C. F. Jackson.*

## *IN DEFENSE OF SOUTHERN POETS.*

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

The "Cambridge American Literature," which is the evoking cause of this article, is the logical sequel to the "Cambridge English Literature," issued under the auspices of that renowned and ancient university, among whose master lights are Spenser, Milton, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Macaulay, and Tennyson. The scope of the present review has reference to that part of the work devoted to the "Southern Poets of the Civil War," Dr. Edwin Mims, of Vanderbilt University, being the special editor to whom are committed the four eventful and historic years embraced within this period, 1861-65. A glaring and incomprehensible blunder (for which Dr. Mims is in no wise accountable) confronts the reader at the outset, the birth of Sidney Lanier being assigned to February 3, 1846, instead of 1842, the variation from accuracy destroying the chronological harmony and unity of the poet's life from its first to its final stage, 1842-81.

Passing over without comment or criticism the literature preceding the coming of our national conflict, I concentrate both space and energy upon the "Poets of the Civil War." Save an incidental or explanatory reference to Poe, Hayne, Webster, the charity of an inviolate silence will characterize my attitude with regard to the era in our literary development which draws to its bodeful close in 1860.

In Chapter III, Part II, page 289, Dr. Mims proceeds at once in the language made famous by Burke to draw "an indictment against a whole people" and to arraign before the august tribunals, in which preside the avenging angels of historic retribution, the spirit, the ideals, the achievement, intellectual, constitutional, æsthetic, of the brilliant and heroic race with whom it pleased an infinite wisdom to cast his lot. Let him that is inclined to demur or dissent peruse diligently page 289 of this notable chapter in which Dr. Mims in one untempered and all-embracing impeachment summons to judgment his kinsmen according to the flesh and by a single remorseless blast from his critical trumpet proclaims their peerless record a delusion wrought in the dream world of romantic fantasy, visions, or reflections, it may be adumbrations, of a type illustrated in Launcelot, Galahad, Percival, and Arthur, assuming an attitude of both voluntary humiliation and gratuitous self-abasement in his frenzied prostration at the feet of a triumphant power. Spontaneously there springs to memory the characterization of Macaulay, "the ferocious vices which tyranny generates in those who struggle against it, the abject vices which it generates in those who submit to it." Let the literary oracles who are associated with the colleges and universities of the South determine for themselves to which of these categories they should rationally and logically be assigned.

I proceed to review as concisely as a proper regard for perspicuity renders possible the claims, merits, distinctive characteristics of the several poets whose rank in the foremost files as lyric masters is justly accorded by the author of this special chapter, Dr. Mims. They are Timrod, Randall, Ticknor, and to the same elect company admission might be sought for Father Tabb, in whose bounteous grace and charm there comes to our secularized modern world the echo, if not the very voice, of Richard Crashaw. Not so, however, of his friend Lanier, who, with all his subtle faculty and gift of critical divination, was not endowed with the golden lyric vein revealed in Timrod, Randall, Ticknor; nor do I conceive it possible that in any development of our literature he

will find recognition in the fellowship or circle of popular poets. Rich in suggestion, affluent in stimulating, quickening power, his verse assumes the form of poetized prose, thrilled only in rare instances by the vitalizing, passionate energy of "Carolina" or "Carmen Triumphale." In the judgment of the writer, the method of interpretation or exegesis applied to Timrod and Randall displays a singular lack of critical penetration in regard to the evolution of rhythmical types and their susceptibility of adaption to the requirements or conditions of the poet as they vary from age to age in different environments, novel associations, influences that imply demands upon the resources of our language in the sphere of metrical art.

It is only too evident that Dr. Mims has never made a historical or comparative study of any contemporary literature, even English or American. A concrete and impressive illustration presents itself in the "Carmen Triumphale" of Timrod, which may justly claim preëminence as the most impassioned of his lyric creations, tracing its origin and inspiration to the War between the States. The "In Memoriam" stanza, which is the vesture of the poem, originates at least as an English metrical combination during the Elizabethan era the version of the thirty-seventh Psalm executed by Sir Philip Sidney in 1580 and Elegy No. 39 in the "Underwoods" of Ben Jonson, these two being among the earliest definitely ascertained examples of its employment or adoption in our luxuriant and richly assimilative Shakespearean period. At a later time it asserts a renewed and graceful energy in the purest poetical conception of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who died in 1648. After a prolonged period of almost complete decadence, it is in 1850 revitalized by the consummate art of Tennyson's peerless elegy, the ethereal charm of Rossetti's "My Sister's Sleep," as well as the plaintive note of Gerald Massey in "Babe Cristabel" and the fervid strain of Arthur Clough vibrating in every line of "Peschiera" and "Alteram Partem." In nearly all of these earlier illustrations of beauty and art revealed in metric power the dominant spirit is introspective, meditative, subjective, every element and every diversity of thought tending toward the sphere of the elegy. By a transforming touch of genius in the hands of the Southern lyrist the pensive melody of Herbert, Rosetti's brother and sister, Massey

> "Became a trumpet, whence he blew
> Soul-animating strains, alas! too few."

While he was musing the fire burned, "the viewless arrows of his thought were headed and winged with flame," and there came a new song into his mouth.

Singularly enough in the affluent catalogue of omissions, whose name is legion, there is revealed no trace or suggestion of Timrod's "Dreams," "Second Love," "Katie," and the "Ode Delivered upon the Opening of the New Theater in Richmond." The first of these was pronounced by Lord Bryce, a most cultured and discriminating critic, in a letter to the writer, "that wonderful poem." The "Ode" is a delicate blending of luxuriant grace with the rarest gift of devination and penetration in his interpretation of the art and the philosophy of the Shakespearean drama. When a lad in my teens, arrayed in the gray dress of a Confederate soldier, I attended a representation of "Romeo and Juliet" in this historic playhouse, as our capital was compassed about with armies, and the hosts of the aliens had been only recently turned to flight.

Not illogically the "note of provinciality" which Dr. Mims is prone to attribute to the literature of the South more than once obtrudes itself in his comments or elucidations with reference to the writers of his native section. Two illustrations of the tendency I deplore will avail for my present purpose drawn from the poles of literary contrast, Edgar A. Poe and Robert Y. Hayne. An elaborate tribute from the hand of Mr. Lodge is bestowed upon Mr. Webster, while the brilliant and dauntless champion of the South is passed over with a rigid and ungracious acknowledgment of his sovereign and resistless eloquence as cold and petrific in tone and form as the marble obelisk designating his place of rest in St. Michael's churchyard. Yet upon whom in the annals of American oratory has the spirit of Burke, above all and master of all, descended in so bounteous and golden a measure? Again, the generative or potential power immanent in the creations of Poe is dimly grasped and crudely portrayed distinctively in the evolution of "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde" from its prototype, "William Wilson," and the relation sustained in "The Raven" by that ethereal fantasy of Rosetti's "The Blessed Damozel."

James Ryder Randall and Dr. Ticknor alone remain as subjects of critical inquiry within the scope contemplated by this article, their memory forever linked with the supreme grapple and the surpassing agony of the South we falsely term the "dead," for in this instance "death makes no conquest of his conqueror." The relation sustained by Randall to his peerless ode suggests the comment of Southey originating in the attitude of St. Thomas Aquinas with regard to "the man of one book." For more than half a century Randall has been preëminently a man of one poem, and its marvelous blending of rhythmic charm, historic grasp, power of appeal has tended to occult, if not to eclipse, the grace, pathos, and dramatic vigor reflected in "Pelham" and "At Arlington." The latter of these, tracing its origin and inspiration to a wanton indignity inflicted in 1869 upon our hallowed dead resting within this cemetery, Randall himself was disposed to regard as his loftiest and noblest flight, and on more than one occasion in the home of his friend the writer, not long ere he passed from us, he vindicated its claim to the primacy in the sphere of his art. Each of these consummate flowers in our Southerin anthology is consigned to tranquil silence or to dumb forgetfulness.

In the judgment of Gen. D. H. Hill, himself a critic endowed with a literary intuition finely touched to the finest issues, the foremost place in our poetic calendar should be accorded to Ticknor. Without acquiescing in the comprehensive and exclusive character of this estimate, it may be asserted without a trace of overwrought eulogy that "The Virginians of the Valley" and "Little Giffen of Tennessee," each in its special province, has never been excelled in any era of American poetry.

As we approach the bodeful year 1860, the herald and harbinger of the ripening storm, the veil of our literary temple seems rent in hopeless twain. All that we reverenced, idealized, hallowed in the South of our fathers—civic, social, constitutional—is revealed to our world of to-day and to the coming race as an illusion, a ghastly unreality begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

Such is the moral havoc and chaos wrought by Southern authors in the universities of the South! I write this in no spirit of vindictiveness and far more in sorrow than in anger. It is, however, "a sorrow's crown of sorrow" to contemplate the images of intellectual desolation and self-abasement standing in our holy places, while those who reared idols to Baal upon our altars are animated by no apparent consciousness of their own abysmal and all-enshrouding shame.

## *DAHLGREN'S RAID ON RICHMOND.*

BY COL. JOHN M'ANERNY, COMMANDER LOCAL DEFENSE TROOPS

It is now more than fifty years since the eventful day that Dahlgren and Kilpatrick threatened the city of Richmond, the capital of the Confederate States, with destruction and desolation.

After the secession of Virginia and the establishment of the Confederate government at Richmond, that city became the objective point of all the military operations of the Federal Army of the Potomac. Its capture or destruction seemed necessary to the Washington government, and the practically continuous siege and repeated raids kept the city in constant alarm. The great battles fought in the vicinity had filled the hospitals and private houses with sick and wounded soldiers, and refugees flocked to Richmond, taxing its exhausted citizens with further demands upon their hospitality.

Even the success of the Confederate forces increased the strained conditions by filling Belle Isle and the great tobacco warehouses with Federal prisoners, many of them sick and wounded, until their number, according to estimates, increased to nearly thirty-five thousand before the Confederate government could establish other points for these rapidly increasing prisoners.

All these conditions made a frightful drain upon the overtaxed people of Richmond, and yet in this depleted state its generous and patriotic people continued their care for the sick, wounded, and destitute cheerfully to the end of the war, even the Federal prisoners being visited and helped as far as possible. In addition to these conditions about Richmond, three years of bitter hostility had reduced not only the sources of food supplies, but the means of transportation, and in this exhausted state it was merely a question of time when the Confederacy would be forced to abandon the struggle against the ever-increasing armies of the North.

All writers agree that the Federal authorities believed this the opportune time to seize and destroy the Confederate capital. Custer, Kilpatrick, and Dahlgren, with picked bodies of cavalry, were selected for the work. I have never understood why General Custer abandoned his part of the plan. Dahlgren and Kilpatrick succeeded in entering the Confederate lines; and had General Kilpatrick been endowed with the courage of the dashing Dahlgren, Richmond would undoubtedly have been entered, the thirty-five thousand organized prisoners released, the city destroyed, and its people thrown at the mercy of a mob of desperate and enraged Federal prisoners. The probable consequences of their success is too horrible to contemplate.

Fortunately, after the early raids by General Stoneman and others, the Confederate Congress passed an act organizing all government employees into companies, battalions, and regiments under the title of "Local Defense Troops." These organizations differed from the State militia, as they were enlisted for the war, uniformed and equipped by the government, and commissioned and controlled by the War Department. It was certainly an intelligent body of men, all skilled in necessary department work, which included all the mechanical and chemical arts, as Richmond had become of necessity the Confederate citadel from which the war was conducted. Many of these men were soldiers who had been detailed from the army for service at Richmond because of the necessary skill they possessed.

The service of the local defense troops seemed easy when first organized, but it soon proved otherwise. Richmond was kept in constant alarm from the movements of Grant, Sheridan, Butler, and other Federal commanders who constantly tested the strength of the city's defense. Our troops were kept in constant motion from one point to another with great discomfort, because the commissary and quartermaster's departments found it difficult to provide food and transportation on account of the constant and shifting urgent demands made upon them. President Davis was frequently obliged to interfere in behalf of our troops and force the departments to make necessary provision for us. Even then the service was rendered so poorly that our sufferings were not always relieved. At the second battle of Cold Harbor my own regiment held Deep Bottom under a heavy fire of Federal batteries. It was expected that General Grant would try to cross at this point after his defeat, but he continued his march to the James and toward Petersburg. When General Grant decided to again extend his lines before Richmond, his advance was believed to be a force of marines from the Federal fleet that had assembled in the James River. Our regiment accompanied General Gary with his South Carolina troops. After discovering our mistake and undergoing a heavy shelling from the fleet, we returned to the fortifications to remain the whole winter and during the spring until the evacuation of Richmond. We spent our time digging rifle pits and bombproofs, planting lines of palisading and abatis, and otherwise strengthening ourselves against the commanding position occupied by the Federal troops after they had captured Fort Harrison. Thus the local defense troops worked side by side with the troops from North Carolina and Georgia, who occupied the lines to the right and left of us. General Ewell was in command, and at the evacuation of Richmond he marched our troops away with the others, with the exception of a small detail made by General Breckinridge, Secretary of War, to protect the Confederate archives and bridges in the retreat. Most of my command were at the battle of Sailor's Creek and in the final retreat and surrender.

Now I have recited the foregoing simply to remove the false impression that the local defense troops were merely an emergency militia command.

The 1st of March, 1864, was a raw and disagreeable day. From early morning the citizens of Richmond had been kept greatly excited and alarmed over the various reports that reached the city regarding the movements of the raiders. Federal cavalry were said to be approaching the city from all directions, ruthlessly destroying everything in their path. In the afternoon fear and apprehension were increased by the ringing of the alarm bell in the Capitol grounds and the arrival of excited people from the raided districts with frightful and exaggerated reports of the number and deeds of the raiding troops. The people, whites and blacks, filled the streets around the public buildings, and the excitement was greatly intensified by several mounted officers and couriers dashing wildly about in search of methods of defense. Col. Charles Talcott, of the Danville road, told me that he was prepared to move the government officials from the city.

In this state of excitement our command formed in front of the War Department and began its march up Franklin Street. It was now evident that the local defense troops must be relied upon for the defense of the city, as there were no other troops near Richmond. Many army officers, who were in the city on business or passing through to their commands, joined with us and became mere privates for the occasion. Among them were General Brent, the adjutant general of Beauregard's army, several officers from my old regiment, the 3d Alabama, and numerous others. No man with a heart could resist the anxious and appealing looks of the people.

Women flocked to the streets to cheer and encourage us. When we reached the edge of the city, we met the command of Colonel Scruggs, and, after comparing dates of our commissions, I assumed command of the forces and marched on to Green's Farm, and here we decided to halt and make a stand against the invaders.

Major Ford, said to have been an experienced English officer, had preceded us with his battalion. Dahlgren had quickly surrounded him and captured and scattered his command. The road was filled with excited farmers fleeing with their wagons and cattle from the approaching raiders.

Our troops were promptly deployed in the field and two companies of Scruggs's command placed across the road, which Dahlgren evidently mistook for a battery of artillery and left the road for the fields. The remaining companies of Scruggs's command were held in reserve.

It was growing dark, with rain and sleet falling heavily. We could hear the guns of the advancing troops, and, thinking to delay them for better preparation, I sent Captain Babcock with about fifty men to a rail fence at the lower corner of the field with instructions to fire one round as Dahlgren approached him, then fall back to our main line. This order was executed in a most creditable manner, and the men were swiftly and safely returned to our line.

According to Captain Bement, of Maryland, an artillery officer of General Lee's army, who had been captured by Dahlgren and forced to ride with him during the raid, the movement of Captain Babcock was taken to be a final stand made by the remnants of Ford's Battalion. When Babcock suddenly withdrew, Dahlgren was confirmed in this opinion.

While Babcock was executing his orders, I had caused our troops to lie down and personally passed along the whole line begging the men to reserve their fire until they heard the command. When Dahlgren reached the center of the field he seemed suspicious of danger. He halted his command, then moved slowly forward and halted again. He was now within easy range of us and evidently discovered our line of battle, gave the order to charge, and I gave the order to fire. On they came like maddened fiends, but our splendid volley was too much for them. Many of the troopers turned and fled, others charged our line with drawn sabers and wounded several of our men. According to Captain Bement, Dahlgren was surprised and dismayed by our first well-directed volley. He believed he had encountered a large body of fresh troops, sounded the "retreat," and followed his fleeing troopers, leaving his dead and wounded on the field, together with several prisoners and horses. The backbone of this celebrated raid was broken.

It was useless for us to pursue the retreating troopers, as they were well mounted and our line had become irregular in the excitement. We fell back about two hundred yards, reformed our lines, and awaited further events. As the enemy did not appear again, we encamped for the night.

The next day the retreating remnant of cavalry encountered a small body of Confederate soldiers, and Dahlgren was killed in the engagement. Thus ended the famous Dahlgren raid.

During our engagement with Dahlgren General Kilpatrick was on the other side of the city with some two thousand men and opposed by a small company of heavy artillerymen under the direction of Colonel Stevens. Had Kilpatrick known the situation and possessed the daring courage of Dahlgren, he could easily have dashed through the city, released the prisoners, and completed the intended destruction of the hated capital of the Confederacy.

One of the most interesting features of the night's work was the splendid action of a large number of the younger sons of the best families of Richmond, who, on account of their youth, were not permitted to enter the army and, chafing under the restraint, joined my command and were in the thickest of the fight. Many of them received saber cuts and other injuries. These young men afterwards organized the famous Company G, under Captain Guy, and were regularly attached to our regiment, doing valiant service and undergoing all hardships to the close of the war. Many of them are now the leading bankers, merchants, and professional men of Richmond, and I will always remember the courage and fortitude they displayed until the close of the war.

As our men were lying down when Dahlgren made his fierce assault, only one man (dear old Captain Ellery) was killed and a small number wounded.

I have frequently been urged by friends, newspapers, and magazines to write an account of this engagement, but I have always declined, as I believed that after the people of Richmond had recovered from the distress caused by the war they would make their own record of the events and give proper recognition of the service rendered on that eventful day. As the ravages of war were passing, the good and patriotic people of Richmond began making their record of the war by erecting monuments in honor of men and events, but the Dahlgren event has been entirely overlooked and neglected. This statement may seem to indicate that I seek self-glorification, which is not the case. I happened to be in command, but my success was accidental. While I had been in the army from the capture of the forts at Pensacola, through the battles about Richmond until I was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, I had commanded only a company in the 3d Alabama Regiment and was hardly qualified by military experience or genius to command the Confederate forces in the Dahlgren raid. It was simply my good luck, for which I claim no recognition or distinction. In fact, I did not recognize the importance of the event until told by President Davis, General Preston, and the adjutant of Gen. Custis Lee that we had saved Richmond and its people from ruin and destruction. No, the success was not achieved by the military skill or inspiring presence and personality of the officer in command, but by the men who confronted Dahlgren. They fully understood and appreciated the perilous situation and met it with cool, determined, patriotic action.

More than fifty years have now passed since that event, and yet I have grown firmer in my conviction that some impersonal monument or tablet should record and perpetuate the honor due to the gallant men who saved Richmond from the threatened horrors of that eventful day.

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In sending a copy of this article to the Veteran, E. D. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., writes: "Colonel McAnerney was promoted on the field from captain to colonel by Gen. Custis Lee, then in command of the Troops of Local Defense. As I was a member of the boys' company that took part in this engagement, I prevailed on Colonel McAnerney to write the article. I am living just across the road from where the engagement took place. My company took a very active part in it."

*A BOY SOLDIER OF ALABAMA.*

[This bit of war history was dictated by Smith Powell, of Tyler, Tex., to his wife before he became an invalid. Doubtless it will reach the eyes of many of his comrades who will recall the gallant young soldier. He is now in the hospital at Rush, Tex., and would be glad to hear from them.]

While attending school at the Southern University, Greensboro, Ala., at the sound of the tocsin of war, I bade a final adieu to my collegiate education, though only sixteen years of age, to enlist as a soldier in the Southern army. At Mobile, Ala., I was mustered into service with Company C, 36th Alabama Regiment, Robert H. Smith, of Mobile, having been made colonel, and L. T. Woodruff, also of Mobile, former captain of the Mobile Rifles, which took prizes for the best-drilled company in the United States prior to the war, was elected lieutenant colonel by the regiment. Thomas H. Herndon of Eutaw, Ala., was major, and Lieutenant Hatch, of the Tuscaloosa Cadets, son of Rev. Mr. Hatch, of Greensboro, was made adjutant of the regiment. The following were the company officers: J. A. Wemyss, captain; Alfred H. Hutchinson, first lieutenant; D. H. Britton, second lieutenant; W. N. Knight, of Greensboro, third lieutenant. Lieutenant Knight was in command until the surrender at Cuba Station, near Demopolis, and is the only commissioned officer of Company C now surviving.

Without any knowledge of war tactics, mere boys you might say, wholly ignorant of all that pertains to war, and little dreaming of the great issue pending before us, we were ordered into a camp of instruction at Hall's Mill, near Mobile. Here we spent nearly a year, drilling and being toughened for the hardships of war. From this camp we were sent to Mount Vernon, Ala., the old United States arsenal, which had been converted into a kind of hospital, and here I was a victim of whooping cough, mumps, and measles.

From this place the company was sent to Oven Bluff, on the Tombigbee River, to build a fort. I remember it was there that I first met General Beauregard. When the work was finished we were sent back to Mobile to the regimental camp of instruction and were then ordered to Tullahoma, Tenn., in the summer of 1863 during the memorable raid of General Streight, whom Forrest captured with only a few of his cavalry. The campaign in Tennessee now opened up in full blast. Our first great battle was that of Chickamauga. Company C was engaged in Saturday's fight. All night we slept on our arms on the battle field, and Sunday morning we were ordered farther up on the right into a charge under a terrific cannonade fire. In this charge I was wounded by grape shot and was sent to the field hospital. I went to Atlanta very much crippled, but for greater attention and security I was instructed to go as far south as I could, even if it was to Montgomery. There I was placed in a hospital and given surgical attention. Through the kindness of the assistant surgeon, Dr. Cole, I was granted a furlough for fifteen days, spending the time in Greensboro.

When I returned to the army I found Bragg, with the Tennessee Army, around Chattanooga. Our brigade was ordered up Lookout Mountain by night, and Company C, at the left of the regiment, was under "Pulpit Rock." We went down the mountain, crossed the valley over to Missionary Ridge about sunrise, and there we formed a line of battle. We were ordered to the extreme left of our army to meet General Hooker's corps, by which we were soon almost surrounded. Hooker was endeavoring to get in our rear, but in this he was checked. This engagement was simply a skirmish, yet we either had to take to our heels or be captured. General Breckinridge, on the extreme left, yelled: "Boys, get away the best you can!" Every man was for himself in a helter-skelter race down Missionary Ridge. Everything I had was shot off of me—canteen, haversack, cartridge box. This stopped my shooting at my friends in blue, who gave me a close chase. Breaking my old Springfield against a tree, I trusted to my feet and came out unhurt. My old comrade and good friend, Scott McCall, and I remained together until we reached our regiment. We risked everything rather than to be captured. In this engagement Bragg expected to sacrifice our brigade to save the rest of the army., and he did not think a single man would come out alive. Many surrendered, many were killed, and many were wounded, but our brigade, as a whole, made a mysterious escape from the arms of Hooker.

We now went into winter quarters at Dalton, Ga., where Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was placed in command of the Army of Tennessee. We were engaged in every battle of the spring campaign to Atlanta. During this time I was wounded in the foot, though not seriously, yet was forced to go to the field hospital. Leaving Atlanta, we were soon engaged in the Jonesboro fight, Hood having superseded Johnston at Atlanta.

President Davis reviewed the troops during our camp at Gadsden, Ala. Hood then began his march back to Tennessee. At Florence the army crossed the Tennessee River on a pontoon bridge. I was one of several who crossed in rowboats to see the condition of things. Our command was too late for the battle of Franklin. On we went with Hood to Nashville, where we camped and made ready for another great battle, in which we were outnumbered. During the hottest of the fight our color bearer, Joe Tillinghast, was wounded. I took up the colors, thinking the fight was ended, hoisted the flag on high, and leaped over the breastworks, calling to the "boys" to "come on and go to Nashville." I also picked up the memorable and famous flag with the inscription, "13th United States Colored Infantry, presented by the colored ladies of Murfreesboro." I turned this flag over to the command. Soon followed a most terrific stampede in getting away from Nashville, and through slush, snow, and ice we tramped. I was unfortunate in losing the soles of my new $150 boots, consequently had to go barefooted from Nashville.

Before we reached Pulaski General Clayton, in the kindness of his heart, gave me a mule to ride, which was greatly appreciated. The camp equipment of the company was placed with me on the mule, and when we came to Shoal Creek the mule plunged in right behind General Clayton and his staff. Jokingly I asked the "boys" if they did not wish they were staff officers. No sooner than said the mule plunged down in the swift current, and everything in the way of equipment was washed down the stream. The boys came to my rescue, helping me across, supposing that the mule was drowned; but instead, when we crossed over, we found the gentle creature browsing on the bank of the stream.

This notable event occurred on Christmas Day, 1864. The first thing that demanded my attention was to find a fire to dry my clothing. We finally made our way on and came up with the cavalry camp on our way to Iuka. At Tupelo I got a pair of shoes, my feet being tied up in rags all this time. From Tupelo we were ordered to Mobile, Ala., where our first colonel, Robert Smith, met us at the depot. We were a sight to behold, black, begrimed with smoke and dust from the box cars and from fires in the cars made out of pine plank. Our colonel rode in front of the column, stopping at a large

warehouse, where barbecued meats were provided, all at his own expense. At no other time did I enjoy a bath and clean apparel so much.

Our next move was over to Blakely in camp. I had been granted a furlough, but it was revoked, as we were expecting an attack at any time. Later the furlough was given me, so I went to my boyhood home, Columbus, Miss., and afterwards visited Greensboro, Ala. While there General Forrest came along, and I thought for a while of joining him, but found I could make the trip to Demopolis and get to Mobile. From there I crossed over to Spanish Fort on a blockade runner and got there safely with some firing from the gunboats. In the fight I was knocked down by the explosion of a shell. To avoid being captured from Spanish Fort I waded through a deep marsh to get to Blakely.

About this time news of General Lee's surrender reached us; then we were ordered to Mobile, from there to Cuba Station, and finally to Demopolis, where we surrendered.

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## *THE MUCHLY MARRIED MISS MARY BOOZER.*

BY R. DE T. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

While I was not personally acquainted with the young lady in question, I saw her frequently while a student at the South Carolina College as she took her customary pleasure drives in the afternoons. I cannot vouch for all of the statements in the following short narrative of her career, yet, though they appear more like fiction than facts, they were currently reported and accepted as true by all who were interested in the history of Miss Boozer from their knowledge of her early life. A general account of it was published in a Savannah, Ga., newspaper soon after the War between the States, and a pamphlet giving a fuller account of her life is said to have been written by one Julian Selby. So, strange as is the story here given, it may be accepted as in the main true.

In the years immediately preceding the war of 1861-65 there lived in Columbia, S. C., a retail merchant named Feaster with his wife and stepdaughter, Mary Boozer. She took the surname of Boozer, it is said, from an uncle who bequeathed his property to her on condition that she assume his name; so she was always known as Mary Boozer. Thus the family were enabled to occupy a comparatively pretentious home, while Miss Boozer herself had a handsome equipage, termed by the young lads at the time the "beauty box," its glass frame being well calculated to display the charms of its fair occupant, who, excepting the negro driver, was always alone on her afternoon trips; and it happened that she was always on the street at the time the students were released from their classes and other duties for the day. Of course with such attractions many of the young men sought introduction to the fair occupant of the well-furnished house; and while some reported her as only a pretty doll, with no conversational powers, others, and these from subsequent events would appear to be the more correct, regarded her as possessed of the "chic" and attractiveness of a Cleopatra and became her frequent visitors. When one of the latter, a member of a distinguished family, was killed in battle, Miss Boozer reported that she was engaged to him, which, though possibly true, was not recognized by his family.

Under the Confederate régime and until Sherman entered Columbia Miss Boozer was a good Rebel, but she was too vain and sensible of her attractiveness to allow a matter of patriotism to interfere with her ambition to attract admiration; so she soon numbered her visitors from the ranks of the men whom a short time before she had regarded as enemies. Upon the withdrawal of the Federal army from Columbia one of her newly-acquired friends secured for herself and mother passage via Port Royal to the North with a letter of introduction to the family with which she was to make her home. Either from suspicion or feminine curiosity she opened and read the sealed letter to find that she was to become a maid in the family. Whether this part of the story be true or not, Miss Boozer arrived in Philadelphia and, posing as the beautiful daughter of an aristocratic Southern family, became the wife of a wealthy oil merchant, from whom she is said to have gotten considerable money. After a short married life and now the possessor of abundant means, she naturally planned a trip to Europe, and in a short time she found herself a member of the smart set of gay Paris. Here she attracted the special attention of a Frenchman, to whom she was married. But life as a member of the smart set of Paris was not conducive to a long married life, so again she was a divorcee.

Again free to follow her own volition and filled with the spirit of adventure, she traveled to China, where she soon captured a Chinaman of rank. But the free and easy feminine ways of America and France did not find congenial soil in China, and she was soon released from her marital relationship. Her residence in China prepared her for the somewhat similar customs and language of Japan, which was the next country she visited and where through intrigue she made her last conquest.

Arriving in Japan, with her bewitching powers she soon artfully secured the admiration of a Japanese gentleman of high rank, a member of the emperor's cabinet, if the report is correct.

Fifty years ago, the time of Miss Boozer's visit, the rule in Japan for the seclusion of women was very strict. So Miss Boozer's intrigues in that land had a different outcome from her previous experiences. To quote a person who remembers her in her youthful days, "the Japanese proved more than her equal and upon some proceeding peculiar to that country had her tried and beheaded."

Thus ended the romantic career of Mary Boozer, a woman from whose intrigues no one could escape if she esteemed him of sufficient importance to warrant her attack. What became of her stepfather after she left Columbia or of her mother after she left Philadelphia no one seemed to have thought of sufficient interest to report, so wonderful was the short life and tragic end of their daughter.

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There is a reference to this Miss Mary Boozer in the book on "Women of the South in War Times," given in an extract from the diary of Mrs. Poppenheim. She writes that she and a friend were waiting to see one of the Federal generals to ask for protection, and "while waiting for the Yankees to pass and looking on their fine horses and hundreds of stolen cattle, the refugees from Columbia who followed Sherman's army began to pass. Among them I recognized Mary Boozer and her mother in a carriage, she in a lively conversation with a gay-looking officer riding by the carriage. The scene is so sickening I beg Mrs. Brown to let us go; waiting for the general won't pay." (See page 254.)

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A Tribute.—To the women of the Confederacy, whose faith has never faltered, whose zeal has never grown cold, even though men have proved recreant to the cause.—*Henry E. Shepherd.*

## *WHEN RUNNING WAS GOOD.*

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

The following extracts, taken from the "Official Records," and all from the pens of Union writers, go to show that the Yankees in nearly every battle of the war were at one time in quite a panicky condition, although in some cases in the end victorious:

*Bull Run.*—From General McDowell: "The volunteers are now pouring through here in a state of utter disorganization and are no more than a confused and demoralized mob."

*Shiloh.*—Col. Jacob Ammen: "When we arrived opposite Pittsburg Landing the shore between the top of the bank and the river was crowded with about ten to fifteen thousand demoralized men. On our way they told us their regiments were cut to pieces and we would meet the same fate, and we could see men and officers making their way over on logs. Such looks of terror, such confusion I never saw before and do not wish to again."

*Peninsula Campaign.*—Col. S. H. Starr: "The road and fields were thronged with flying regiments from the battle field, distant some two or three miles, through whose routed and disorderly masses I was compelled to force my way with bayonet and saber." Lieutenant Colonel Rice: "At this time the enemy had turned our entire right, and the commanding officer of the 44th New York, with the left wing of the regiment, commenced to retreat and at length to fly toward the Chickahominy."

*Winchester.*—Capt. C. H. T. Collis: "On the retreat from the battle field my men marched one hundred and forty-one mines in forty-seven hours, which was about three miles per hour and, believe me, some marching."

*Cedar Mountain.*—Gen. R. H. Milroy: "The enemy's fire had been directed on the remnants of Banks's Corps, and the result was a general stampede—cavalry, artillery, and infantry a terrified mass in a headlong retreat."

*Second Manassas.*—Gen. W. B. Franklin: "I arrived on the field at six o'clock. I found the road filled with fleeing men, artillery, and wagons, all leaving the field in a panic. It was a scene of terrible confusion, and I attempted to stop and form them, but it was impossible."

*Corinth.*—General Davies: "Sullivan's Brigade, on our right, gave way, and the limbers and caissons of his artillery came down the road on a full jump, presenting rather an alarming appearance. My artillery horses became frightened, floundered about, broke away, and joined in the race, and all of them running through my reserve. This communicated a stampede to the ammunition wagons in the rear, and they too started off in a run."

*Murfreesboro.*—Col. Joseph W. Banks: "About one o'clock a squadron of frightened negroes came charging at a full gallop toward us. This was the advance of what seemed to me the whole army. Cavalry with jaded horses, artillery and infantry soldiers, breathless and holding on to wagons, relating the most incredible defeat and annihilation of the army, came streaming down the road and pouring through the woods on their way to safety."

*Chancellorsville.*—Capt. T. W. Osborn: "As we passed General Hooker's headquarters a scene burst upon us which, God grant, may never again be seen in the Federal army of the United States. The 11th Corps had been routed and were fleeing like scared sheep. The men and artillery filled the road, its sides, and the skirts of the field, and it appeared that no two of any company could be found together. Aghast and terror-stricken, heads bare and panting for breath, they pleaded like infants at the mother's breast that we would let them pass to the rear unhindered."

*Richmond, Ky.*—Gen. Charles Crufts: "The enemy came upon us as soon as our line was formed. The attack was stoutly resisted for a few moments, when the whole line broke in wild confusion. A general stampede ensued. Both officers and men became reckless of all restraint and command and rushed pell-mell to the rear, amidst a mingled mass of horses, wagons, artillery, etc., in an utter rout."

*Chickamauga.*—General Negley: "Artillery to my right was dashing past at full speed. Infantry from my front and right was also in full retreat." Col. J. M. Connels: "Before my brigade gave way a large portion of the division which had passed to my rear without firing a shot or making an effort to assist me and without being under direct fire fled panic-stricken from the field."

*Ringgold.*—Col. J. A. Williams: "While I was gaining the position three regiments came up on my left (Hooker's soldiers); and although they were cautioned not to go forward, they replied that they would teach Western troops a lesson and advanced a short distance farther, when the enemy opened a terrific fire on them. They stood manfully for a minute or two, when they gave way and came down like an avalanche, carrying everything before them and to some extent propagating the panic amongst my regiments."

*Wilson's Creek, Mo.*—Gen. Frederick Steele: "In regard to what has been called Sigel's masterly retreat it might easily be shown that it more resembled a crowd of refugees than an army of organized troops. The column was broken by crowds of refugees, wagons, horses, mules, cows, who were so mixed up with the troops that it would have been difficult to have made any disposition for battle."

*Moscow, Tenn.*—Col. F. A. Kendrick: "Very shortly after the firing began the cavalry, which had crossed the bridge, retreated in much disorder. The bridge soon became obstructed with artillery and wagons, which had got over, and a great number of the retreating cavalry plunged headlong into the river, and many men and horses were thus lost."

*The Wilderness.*—Col. Robert McAllister: "In a short time Colonel Frank came with a few troops and wished to pass through my line to the front, as he had orders to find the enemy and whip him. I refused to let him pass, so he moved around my left, advanced, and soon engaged the enemy. But very little firing took place before all of his troops came tearing back. I had my men stop them and refused to let them through until Colonel Frank told me they wanted to go away back to the rear to get ammunition, and that was the last I saw of that unit.

*Berry's Ford, Va.*—Gen. George Crook: "The enemy made assaults on my line, being repulsed with heavy slaughter, notwithstanding the greater portion of dismounted cavalry that composed a part of my command fled ingloriously across the river at the first assault of the enemy."

*Atlanta.*—Col. Ario Pardee, Jr.: "The line of battle of the enemy had pressed forward with so much vigor as to drive back all the regiments on my right. So slight was the effort to resist them that I was not aware that there was any severe fighting in that direction, but the disorganized masses of men as they rushed by the right of my line told a fearful tale. The men seemed panic-stricken, and it was impossible to stop any organized body of them."

*Brice's Crossroads.*—Maj. Gen. C. C. Washburn: "The expedition left the railway terminus on the 2d of June and reached the battle field on the 10th, and those who escaped

from Forrest returned in one day and two nights." Maj. A. R. Pierce: "The general in command was leading the retreat so rapidly that I was obliged to leave hundreds every mile who couldn't keep up."

*Petersburg.*—Gen. S. S. Griffin: "A few minuutes later the enemy made a desperate assault. A panic seized the colored troops, and they came pouring through and over our men, plunging into the pits with fixed bayonets in frightful confusion." Col. Lewis Bell: "At this moment all the colored troops in my front broke and came back, dashing through my men with bayonets fixed, and the brigade was disorganized by the large number of fugitives passing through it."

*Sabine Crossroads.*—General Emory: "When within three miles of the field of battle the head of my column was met by a cloud of fugitive negroes on horseback, followed soon after by masses of cavalry, wagons, and ambulances in the utmost confusion." General Dwight: "When my command reached the top of the hill it met that portion of the army which had preceded it, in utter route and panic, flying before the enemy, who were in hot pursuit."

*Winchester, Va.*, 1864.—General Dwight: "The whole line of the 2d was shaken and that portion in front of me flying in a panic. I endeavored to rally them, but it was a hopeless task."

*Franklin, Tenn.*—Col. Emerson Opdycke: "While thus moving a horrible stampede of our front troops came surging and rushing back."

*Nashville.*—Col. C. H. Grosvenor: "But the troops were mostly new conscripts, convalescents, and bounty jumpers, and on this occasion, with but few exceptions, behaved in the most cowardly and disgraceful manner. In vain the officers tried to rally them; the line broke, and nearly all the men fled from the field."

*Hatcher's Run, Va.*—Col. Fred T. Locke: "Very many of our men fired almost perpendicularly in the air. Then they broke and ran panic-stricken to the rear, and nothing could stop the flight of the fugitives."

*Thompson's Station, Tenn.*—Col. William L. Utley: "During the engagement my lieutenant colonel from his safe place annoyed me by sending word to retreat, but I would not; and while in the midst of complimenting my men I cast my eye to the right wing and saw it in full retreat, headed by the lieutenant colonel. I immediately gave them orders to halt, which did not seem to be heard. I immediately started to head them off, which made things very much worse, as my men when they saw me run all broke and followed. I overtook the right wing, halted and formed them up, and then stepped to the right to form the regiment. While thus engaged I cast my eyes to the left and saw a portion of the regiment again in full retreat at the double-quick, with the lieutenant colonel at their head, and this time I could not overtake him."

*Hampton Roads, Second Appearance of the Merrimac.*—C. C. Fulton: "About seven o'clock a signal gun from the Minnesota turned all eyes toward Sewell's Point and coming out from under the land the Merrimac was seen. There was instantaneous activity among the transports and other vessels to get out of the way. Steam tugs were whistling and screaming about, towing strings of vessels, whilst sloops, schooners, and brigs got up sail and moved out of harm's way, and in the course of an hour the appearance of the Roads was greatly altered. For an hour the Rebel fleet kept changing position, and the bold impudence of maneuvering continued, while the apparent apathy of our fleet excited surprise and indignation."

Now, I will have to admit that on some occasions our men "also ran," but as compared to the above instances it would verify the old adage that "comparisons are odious," and I will let some Yankee tell about it.

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## *LAST SPEECH OF GENERAL FORREST.*

The general idea of Gen. N. B. Forrest is that he was illiterate—at least, that he had little acquaintance with his native language in its purity—and his fame has been disparaged by some Northerners, who classed him as a "butcher" for some of his methods of warfare. A strong contradiction of all this is found in a speech he made on the occasion of a reunion of his troops at Covington, Tenn., in 1876.

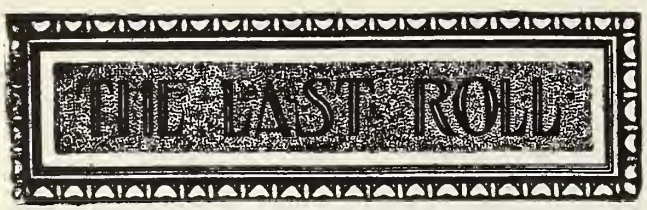
Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans, heard him make this speech, and, finding a copy of it among his papers, he gave it to the New Orleans *State* for publication, from which the VETERAN copies. It was the last speech made by Forrest:

"*Soldiers, Ladies, and Gentlemen:* I name the soldiers first because I love them best. I am extremely pleased to meet you here to-day. I love the gallant men with whom I was so intimately connected during the late war. You must readily realize what must pass through a commander's mind when called upon to meet in reunion the brave spirits who through four years of war and bloodshed fought fearlessly for a cause that they thought right and who even when they foresaw, as we did, that that war must soon close in disaster and that we must surrender yet did not quail, but marched to victory in many battles and fought as boldly and as persistently as they did in their first. Nor do I forget those many gallant spirits who sleep coldly in death upon many bloody battle fields of the late war. I love them too and honor their memory. I have often been called to the side on the battle field of those who had been struck down, and they would put their arms around my neck and draw me down to them and kiss me and say: 'General, I have fought my last battle and will soon be gone. I want you to remember my wife and children and take care of them.'

"Comrades, I have remembered their wives and little ones and have taken care of them, and I want every one of you to remember them too and join with me in the labor of love.

"Comrades, through the years of bloodshed and weary marches you were tried and true soldiers. So through the years of peace you have been good citizens; and now that we are again united under the old flag, I love it as I did in the days of my youth, and I feel sure that you love it also. Yes, I love and honor that old flag as do those who followed it on the other side, and I am sure that I express your feelings when I say that should occasion offer and our common country demand our services you would as eagerly follow my lead to battle under that proud banner as ever you followed me in our late great war.

"It has been thought by some that our social reunions were wrong, and that they would be heralded to the North as an evidence that we were again ready to break into civil war. But I think that we are right and proper, and we will show our countrymen by our conduct and dignity that brave soldiers are always good citizens and law-abiding and loyal people. Soldiers, I was afraid that I could not be with you to-day, but I could not bear the thought of not meeting with you, and I will try always to meet with you in the future. I hope that you will continue to meet from year to year and bring your wives and children with you and let the children who may come after them enjoy with you the pleasures of your reunions."




**Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, $3.00 each.**

"O band in the pine wood, cease!
Or the heart will melt in tears
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips
And the voices of old years."

COL. H. M. STREET.

Col. Hugh McQueen Street, affectionately honored with the title of "Mississippi's Grand Old Man," four times Speaker of the Mississippi House of Representatives, President of the Citizens National Bank of Meridian a director of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and Vice President of the Mississippi-Alabama Fair Association, died at his home in Meridian on May 31, 1920.

In the passing of Colonel Street Mississippi lost one of its most interesting and historical figures and a man whose brilliancy and whose fire of genius had not been dimmed, even at the time of death, by advancing years, though he had lived nearly a score of years longer than the allotted time of man, being in his eighty-eighth year.

Colonel Street was born on his father's plantation on Deep River, Moore County, N. C., on January 7, 1833, the eldest of thirteen children. His maternal grandfather and paternal grandmother were natives of Scotland; other ancestry mainly Virginian. The first mentioned was a member of Congress and solicitor of the State. His grandmother's brother, Hugh McQueen, was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1835 and attorney general of the State of North Carolina.

In early life Colonel Street attended the old field schools of North Carolina and later Carthage College. In 1852 he removed with his father's family to Tishomingo County, Miss., there engaging in farming and mercantile pursuits. He served throughout the War between the States as a member of the 26th Mississippi Infantry Regiment, Lowry's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, returning after the surrender to assist in repairing the ravages of war, and he early took the lead in shaping the political destinies of the State. He was first elected to the legislature from Tishomingo County in 1869 and introduced the bill creating Prentiss County, in which he resided and from which he was elected as representative in the famous "Black and Tan" Legislature of 1876. It is not too much to say that he saved the State from ruin and degradation attending the carpetbag rule. Colonel Street was one of seven white men in the legislature when a measure known as the "Metropolitan Police Bill" was being advanced by the carpetbag administration. A few hours before adjournment, when parliamentary tactics were exhausted and the bill seemed certain of enactment, Colonel Street calmly arose and asked to see the original bill. When it was handed to him he deliberately stood before the enemies of the white people in the legislature and tore the bill to fragments. This act marked the beginning of the decline of carpetbag government, and the State began to rally from the hard blows of war.

Removing to Meridian in 1882, he soon resumed his seat among the lawmakers as a representative from Lauderdale County, serving many terms in that body, generally as Speaker, his last election to that office having been on his seventy-fifth birthday. Colonel Street introduced the bill calling the constitutional convention of 1890 and was himself a prominent member of the convention. On his retirement the House, by unanimous vote, presented to him the chair which he had so long occupied with honor to himself and his fellows. Our engraving shows him seated in this chair.

Not only did Colonel Street enjoy in a singular degree the respect and affection of his fellow citizens of Mississippi, but his old age was remarkable for the almost youthful vigor which was his fortunate possession. In his seventieth year he organized the Merchants Union Insurance Company of Meridian, which was liquidated in 1916 at a profit, as he wished to have all his affairs closed and in good shape while he was able personally to look after them.

In every relation of life Colonel Street measured up to the full stature of a man: an affectionate and indulgent father, a loyal friend, and ever modest in his unceasing benefactions to others in accordance with the divine admonition, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." While holding the strictest standards for himself, he was fain to exercise forbearance and to excuse those less strong to contend with evil. He showed much pride in Confederate memories and associations and delighted in entertaining his old comrades in his home. On his birthday, January 7, he was always "at home" to the Walthall Camp of Veterans, of which he was a member, and to the Daughters of the Confederacy, one Meridian Chapter bearing his name. He was actively interested in the liberal bestowal and equitable distribution of pensions to indigent veterans and their widows.

COL. H. M. STREET.

Colonel Street was for more than thirty years the honored senior elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Meridian, a Mason of rank, and the influence he wielded in public affairs in Mississippi for more than half a century is beyond all estimate. Of his father's family two brothers, Archibald McBryde Street, of Booneville, Miss., and Donald Street, of Vicksburg, Miss., both members of the 26th Mississippi Regiment, are still living.

Colonel Street was twice married. His first wife was Elizabeth Kimberly Prindle, of Darien, Ga. Their surviving descendants are a son (Charles R. Street, Vice President of the Fidelity-Phœnix Fire Insurance Company of New York, who has one son, Donald McQueen Street, a young Princeton graduate), and two daughters (Miss Ethel Street, a dramatic reader of note, and Mrs. Bessie Street Coburn, many years her father's private secretary, who has two children, Hugh Street Coburn, educated at the Virginia Military Institute, a first lieutenant in the World War, now with the Insurance Company of North America out of San Francisco, and Elizabeth Street Coburn, a recent graduate of Columbia University, New York). A little nine-year-old granddaughter, Charlotte Kimberly Champenois, the child of a deceased daughter, completes his direct descendants.

His second wife, who was Miss Charlotte Ryder, of Connecticut, had no children. She survives him.

### Camp 171, U. C. V., Washington, D. C.

Capt. Fred Beall, Commanding Camp 171, U. C. V., of Washington, D. C., reports the following loss in membership during the year. All burials were in Arlington Cemetery except where mentioned otherwise: Walter Nelson Woodson, 21st Virginia Cavalry; George C. Thompson, Company K, 30th Virginia Infantry; Columbus O. Woodward, Company C, 1st Maryland Cavalry; Robert R. Green, Company B, 6th Virginia Cavalry; Senator John H. Bankhead, buried at Jasper, Ala.; Rev. William T. Thompson, captain Company D, 8th Missouri Cavalry; M. Wallace, Company A, 7th Virginia Infantry; James B. Price, Company K, 3d Virginia Infantry; John S. Tucker, captain of ordnance (Oak Hill); F. B. Orchard, 3d South Carolina Cavalry; Capt. Benjamin Brown, Company H, 19th Virginia Infantry; George T. Ferneyhugh, Company C, 35th Virginia Cavalry; Rev. J. A. Norton, 2d Mississippi Infantry; Rev. R. H. McKim, lieutenant A. D. C. Stewart's staff, Chaplain of Camp 171, U. C. V. (Green Mount, Baltimore); J. T. Dutton, Company B, 1st Maryland Cavalry (Charles County, Md.); W. D. Porter, Master's mate, Confederate States navy (South Carolina); Arthur W. Fairfax, 43d Virginia Cavalry (Oak Hill); William E. Moore, Company A, 3d North Carolina Light Artillery; Bushrod Carter, Company B, 8th Virginia Infantry (Prospect Hill); S. M. E. Pegner, Mississippi Scouts (died at Oxford, Miss.); Charles J. Kinsolving, 1st Richmond Howitzers.

### Comrades at Staunton, Va.

Col. James W. Blackburn, Commander of Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., Staunton, Va., reports the following deaths in the membership during the year, twenty-one having answered to the last roll call: J. Lewis Clemmer, J. F. Voorhees, H. Eakin Gay, Robert J. Anderson, N. R. Proctor, Capt. Lewis Harrison, Capt. H. M. McIlhaney, G. Wash Trimble, Lewis Hulvy, Capt. John A. Fauvor, J. B. McCutcheon, William Woolfrey, Capt. W. D. Waller, R. T. Leftwitch, John M. Brown, J. F. Carroll, James C. Crane, J. W. B. Parker, R. S. Turk, T. N. Argenbright, Henry C. Bear.

### Charles Lucian Jones.

First Lieutenant Commander Charles Lucian Jones fell on sleep on October 27, 1920, at Savannah, Ga., in his eighty-sixth year. He was a survivor of the Confederate navy, in which he had the honor and distinction of serving under that great naval commander, Josiah Tatnall, and other Confederate officers of high rank on the sea. He was born in Washington, D. C., on April 20, 1835, a son of Gen. Roger Jones, U. S. A., and Mary Ann Mason Page, of a well-known Virginia family.

C. L. JONES.

Our comrade rendered valuable service on the Confederate cruiser Tallahassee, acting as paymaster during that cruise along the Atlantic Coast and off New York Harbor in 1864. This was the cruiser that made the famous escape from Halifax Harbor, regarded as one of the most remarkable feats of naval history. After the fall of Fort Fisher, Comrade Jones was sent to Richmond, Va., and was later assigned to duty with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's Army of Tennessee, with which he surrendered on April 26, 1865.

In a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, in which our comrade was recommended for promotion, Gen. R. E. Lee gave personal testimony as to his attention to duty.

Coming to Savannah after the close of the War between the States, Comrade Jones became actively engaged in business and Church work, having served as senior warden of Christ Episcopal Church for a great many years, only resigning recently from failing health. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Mary Ann Anderson, of Wilmington, N. C. His second marriage was to Miss Sallie N. Mills, of Savannah, on April 12, 1887, and by this marriage there were two children, Miss Gertrude Page Jones and Catesby Jones, both of whom survive him.

[D. B. Morgan, Secretary Confederate Veterans' Association, Camp 756, U. C. V.]

### J. W. Towson.

After more than a year of failing health, J. William Towson died at his home, in Shelbina, Mo., on November 23, 1920. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Susan Towson, and a foster daughter, Mrs. Ada Towson-Lloyd. The funeral was conducted by Rev. T. M. Cobb, a Confederate veteran chaplain, of Lexington, Mo., assisting the local pastor. The burial was in charge of the Masonic fraternity, and he was laid to rest in the city cemetery.

John William Towson was born at Williamsport, Md., on March 2, 1839, and was educated there and at Baltimore. After the War between the States began he entered the ranks of the Confederate army, serving under Gen. Robert E. Lee until the surrender at Appomattox. He was a member of the famous Black Horse Cavalry, under Major Randolph, and a participant in the great battles of Brandy Station, Gettysburg,

Spotsylvania, Wilderness, Cold Harbor, and Trevillians, and other engagements, ending with the siege of Richmond and surrender at Appomattox. He was ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought and took an active part in Confederate matters in his State, having been Commander of the State Division, U. C. V.

He went to Missouri in 1866 and, with his brother, Henry Clay Towson, entered the real estate and insurance business at Shelbina, and during his whole business career he remained closely allied to the real estate and insurance lines. Later in life he was more or less interested in the banking interests of the town. He was the city's first mayor and was always interested in the civic affairs of his home town. He was Shelby County's representative in the Missouri Legislature one or two terms. He was always prominent in the affairs of the little city he called home.

### Judge James D. Richmond.

After a short illness, the spirit of Judge James D. Richmond passed to its eternal home on September 9, 1920, at the home of his nephew, James G. Richmond, at Bynumville, Mo. He had come from his home, in Wichita Falls, Tex., to visit his old home and relatives.

Judge Richmond was born in Randolph County, Mo., on March 5, 1832, the son of John McCracken and Elizabeth Rose Richmond, who came to Missouri from North Carolina in 1830. He was a Confederate soldier, member of Company F, 3d Missouri Infantry. The captain of his company was Thomas Lowrey, of Randolph County, Mo. Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell was commander of his brigade. Among the battles in which he participated were Vicksburg, Baker's Creek, Port Gibson, Corinth, and Allatoona, Ga. In the latter engagement he was severely wounded, as a result of which he went for fifty-eight years without a bone in the upper part of his left arm.

In 1865 Judge Richmond was married to Miss Sue Martin, of North Carolina, who survives him. Five children came to bless their home, four of whom preceded him to that land where there is no parting.

Judge Richmond was a member of the county court of Randolph County, Mo., in the seventies and served with satisfaction to the people and credit to himself. He was a good neighbor, fine citizen, successful farmer, Christian gentleman, for many years a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. In his life was exemplified the Golden Rule. After a funeral service by the writer, his tired and battle-scarred body was conveyed to the beautiful cemetery at Brookfield, Mo., and just as the sun was sinking in the west we laid him to rest by the side of his children.

[E. M. Richmond, Moberly, Mo.]

### Rev. H. C. Bolen.

Rev. H. C. Bolen, a superannuated minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was born in Howard County, Mo., in 1843, and died at Callao, Mo., on November 6, 1920. He had gone from his home in Shelbina to Callao to fill an appointment for a brother minister and was suddenly stricken. His life was a grand success in its service to others. He was a remarkably modest man, and he referred to the strenuous life of a Confederate soldier in the long and unequal contest only occasionally to his most intimate friends. His life was unpretentious, yet filled with helpfulness for others. He was true to his profession. Though dead, he will continue in the hearts of all who knew him.

[C. H. Myers.]

### Clayton R. Woods.

Clayton Rogers Woods passed away at his home, in Savannah, Ga., on December 2, in his seventy-seventh year. He came to Savannah in 1866, immediately engaging in the cotton factorage business with his brothers, William Henry and S. A. Woods, continuing in the business for a great many years, retiring within late years on account of failing health. For over fifty years he was a member of the Cotton Exchange of this city, and his form has been a familiar sight on our streets even after he gave up active business.

As a lad of seventeen Clayton Rogers Woods enlisted in the Confederate army, joining the Eufaula (Ala.) Light Artillery on March 12, 1862, and serving with it until paroled on May 10, 1865, near Meridian, Miss. He saw service with Gens. E. Kirby Smith, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Joseph E. Johnston, John B. Hood, and Braxton Bragg. His battery was engaged in many battles and skirmishes, yet he received only one wound, and that was at New Hope Church, Ga., while Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was leading Sherman on down toward Atlanta and by his wonderful strategy causing Sherman to lose many men and much supplies. Comrade Woods at one time was persuaded by his captain to accept the position of sergeant, but he shrank from all titles. In business life, however, he had been director in various banks and of the Central of Georgia Railway Company.

On December 27, 1870, he was married to Miss Cecelia E. Malone, of Mobile, Ala., and had he lived until the 27th inst. would have celebrated his fiftieth wedding anniversary. He is survived by his wife, one son (Rogers S. Woods), and one daughter (Mrs. William R. Dancy), both of Savannah. Comrade Woods was of a kindly, retiring disposition, altruistic by nature, and he did quietly what good he could to his fellow man.

[D. B. Morgan, Secretary Confederate Veterans' Association, Savannah, Ga.]

### John F. Bishop.

John F. Bishop was born near Westville, Simpson County, Miss., on June 23, 1843, the son of Elijah and Winnie Bishop. He was reared on the farm and joined the Confederate army when he was eighteen years old, enlisting in Company A, organized by Captain Norman, of Copiah County. To reach the place of enlistment he rode his own horse from Westville to Handsboro, Miss., and there enlisted, horse and all, for the duration of the war. This company was assigned to the 1st Mississippi Regiment and afterwards was made a part of the 2d and 4th Regiments. He was engaged in the battles of Baton Rouge, Port Gibson, Hammond Station, and Baker's Creek, where he was wounded. He rode horseback from the ambush where he was wounded to Brandon, a distance of one hundred miles, where the Confederates had set up a temporary hospital, before he secured first-aid treatment. While at home recuperating from the wound, during the summer of 1863, he joined the Strong River Baptist Church. Soon after returning to his command he was captured and imprisoned at Ship Island, but was finally exchanged and paroled on May 13, 1863.

He was married by Rev. Mr. Middleton on April 13, 1871, to Miss Mary Ann Whitworth, of near Rockport, Miss., who died in 1893. There were seven children of this union, five surviving him. His second wife was Mrs. Sally Tucker, who died about ten years later. During his declining years he lived with his children. He suffered greatly at times from an incurable malady, but bore it as became a true Christian. He

departed this life just as the dawn of Easter was breaking on the 4th of April, 1920, at the age of seventy-six years.

Comrade Bishop was a consistent member of the Baptist Church and was a deacon at the time of his death, and he was always found in the ranks of those working for the moral uplift of the community.

### Hon. E. B. Goode.

Hon. E. B. Goode, of Wheatland, Mecklenburg County, Va., passed away on October 15, 1920, in his eighty-first year. He was married on January 25, 1865, to Miss Lucy Tanny Watkins, who died some years ago, and is survived by four daughters and three sons. He had been a consistent member of St. James Episcopal Church at Boydton, Va., since his early youth, and was there laid to rest in the churchyard in the presence of many relatives and friends.

Mr. Goode came of one of the most prominent families in Southside Virginia. His father represented his district in Congress for several years in the fifties and was widely known for learning and faithful service to his people.

At the beginning of the War between the States E. B. Goode was a cadet in the graduating class of the Virginia Military Institute. The class was incidentally graduated and sent to Richmond as drill masters for the volunteers flocking to that city. They remained in that work for several months, when Mr. Goode was made adjutant of the 56th Virginia Infantry. He was with this regiment at the siege of Fort Donelson, but was with the five thousand of the command which decamped before the place fell into the hands of the Federals. In making his way homeward he was seized with a malignant attack of typhoid fever which confined him to his bed for months in the State of Kentucky. During this illness and convalescence he was most of the time within the Federal lines and would have been taken prisoner had not his condition made it impossible to move him. As he became stronger he had many narrow escapes from capture. Finally he managed to reach his home, to the great surprise and delight of his family and friends. He then was assigned to the 34th Virginia Infantry as adjutant, of which his brother, the late Col. J. Thomas Goode, was colonel. He was with this regiment to the close of the war, participating in its many battles, including the battle of the Crater and other contests around Petersburg. He was wounded while in the trenches here, but surrendered with his regiment at Appomattox.

Mr. Goode held many positions of honor and trust in the county, all of which he filled with conspicuous ability and fidelity. He was one of the organizers of the L. A. Armistead Camp of Confederate Veterans and its Commander for several terms and was an active participant in all its work. He was a man of modest demeanor and of inflexible principle.

[W. H. Jones, L. A. Armistead Camp of Confederate Veterans.]

### W. B. Judkins.

Comrade W. B. Judkins was born in North Carolina on July 1, 1840, and died at the home of his daughter in Rome, Ga., on October 7, 1920. When the tocsin of war was sounded in 1861, he promptly responded, enlisting in Company G, 22d Georgia Infantry, which was organized near Rome in August, 1861. He served gallantly throughout the war under Lee and A. P. Hill and took part in all the principal battles from Seven Pines to Appomattox. He was wounded at Spotsylvania C. H. on May 10, 1864. No braver soldier ever shouldered a gun than Billy Judkins; he was always in front on the firing line.

On November 4, 1864, Comrade Judkins was married to Mrs. Mary Ann Malone in Columbia, S. C., and after the close of the war he came to Georgia and settled in Cedartown, Polk County, where he engaged for a number of years in the milling business. Later he moved to Floyd County, and there lived the rest of his life. He was a devoted husband, a kind and indulgent father, and a valiant soldier of the cross, having belonged to the Baptist Church for seventeen years. He was also a prominent Mason for thirty-six years. He was buried by the side of his wife, who died in 1909. He is survived by one son and a daughter.

[W. J. Vincent, a comrade of Company G.]

### Robert L. Kelly.

With a sad heart I record the death of another dear old comrade. On the 7th of September, 1920, Robert L. Kelly made his last march and answered the final roll call, in the seventh-ninth year of his age. A native of Hinds County, Miss., he served faithfully his beloved South as a member of Company K, 45th Regiment of Mississippi Infantry, Gen. Mark P. Lowrey's brigade, Gen. Pat Cleburne's division, Army of Tennessee, sharing the arduous campaigns, the toilsome marches, the perils, and the triumphs of that famous command.

Genial, kindly "Bob," always cheerful, always hopeful! The few who still survive (only five, I think) of all that old company will recall how often in the dreary bivouac and at the camp fire, after a hard day's march, "Bob's" skillful touch would evoke from his violin such strains of melody as to drive away weariness and depression. When the old fiddle tumbled out of a wagon and was crushed under the wheels, there was mourning throughout the regiment.

His comrades tender his son and daughters their earnest sympathies and reverently salute his memory together with those other comrades who have "crossed the bar." Heaven rest their souls in peace!

[P. W. Shearer, Company K, 45th Mississippi Regiment.]

### Dr. J. C. Hall.

After an illness of several months, Dr. J. C. Hall, a leading physician and planter of Anguilla, Miss., died at his plantation home on November 19, 1920. Burial was by the Masons, with the Rev. Mr. Davison, of the Episcopal Church, conducting the funeral.

Dr. Hall was born in 1838 and was educated at Mississippi College. He studied and graduated in medicine from the Long Island College Hospital, New York.

Entering the Confederate army as a volunteer surgeon, he was assigned to the 37th Tennessee Volunteers and participated in engagements from Shiloh to the surrender of the Army of Tennessee, in April, 1865, serving in hospitals and in the field and acting as medical director, medical inspector, and brigade surgeon on the staff of General Tyler and later as brigade surgeon on the staff of Gen. W. B. Bate.

At the close of the war Dr. Hall returned home to engage in the practice of medicine and planting. He was prominent in the affairs of his county and State, twice representing his county in the legislature. He was a leading member of his county and State medical society and of the American Medical Association. In 1914 he was appointed Surgeon General of the Confederate Veterans' organization by Gen. Bennett H. Young.

Surviving Dr. Hall are his wife and two sons, Dr. J. B. Hall, of Anguilla, and John W. Hall, of New Orleans.

### Judge Joseph Drummond Hunt.

Joseph Drummond Hunt was born in Fayette County, Ky., on August 14, 1838, and died at his home, in Lexington, Ky., on September 3, 1920, aged eighty-two years. He was the youngest son of Peter Gordon Hunt and his wife, Mary Ann Bullock. He had the heritage of being well born, his grandparents on both the paternal and maternal side having been of the better class of those early settlers who made homes for themselves in the fertile blue grass region of Kentucky. His mother died when he was less than three years of age. His father was a man of the highest character, of sincere piety, and, himself well educated, desirous of giving his children the best educational advantages.

Attending the schools in his neighborhood during his boyhood, Joseph was especially fortunate in being the pupil of his oldest brother, the Rev. George Hunt, exceptionally fitted to prepare his students for their college course. After an attendance of three years at Center College, at Danville, Ky., during the presidency of the Rev. Dr. John C. Young, revered as a truly great teacher, Joseph D. Hunt graduated in the class of 1857 with the highest honors for scholarship, that of valedictorian of his class. It was the largest class ever graduated from this noted college (numbering forty-seven), and many of its members afterwards gained distinction as soldiers and also in civil life. After leaving college he chose the profession of law; attended the law lectures of Chief Justice George Robertson for three terms and later was a student in the law department of Louisville University, from which he graduated in 1861.

His service as a Confederate soldier was that of a man of approved courage, diligent in the performance of every duty and faithful to the last. He was sergeant major of the 8th Kentucky Cavalry (R. S. Cluke, colonel) from its organization, in September, 1862. This was one of the best regiments under the command of Gen. John H. Morgan, so widely known as "Morgan's Men." Taking part in every battle or minor engagement in which his regiment participated, Comrade Hunt at all times rendered efficient service and won the confidence and esteem of the officers and men of his regiment. He was in the battle of Hartsville, Tenn., December 7, 1862, one of the most successful enterprises and most brilliant victories of the many to the credit of "Morgan and his men." Two regiments from the 1st Brigade of Kentucky Volunteer Infantry took part in this engagement under the command of Col. Thomas H. Hunt, an uncle of Gen. John H. Morgan. The 8th Kentucky Cavalry accompanied General Morgan on what is known as the "Ohio Raid" in July, 1863. Sergeant Major Hunt, with his regiment, was captured at Buffington Island, Ohio. He was a prisoner first at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind., and afterwards at Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill. In March, 1865, he was sent on exchange to Richmond, Va. After the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee at Appomattox Comrade Hunt, having been declared exchanged, was with Gen. Basil W. Duke, who, with a portion of his command, formed a part of that remnant of an army that rode from Charlotte, N. C., to Washington, Ga., acting as an escort to President Jefferson Davis and his cabinet. When President Davis undertook to make his escape and Gen. John C. Breckinride, Secretary of War, had strated on his ride to the Florida coast, from which he was successful in crossing over to the island of Cuba, Joseph D. Hunt, with several of his comrades, rode into the city of Augusta, Ga., and was paroled by officers of the Federal army on May 9, 1865, one month after the surrender at Appomattox.

After returning to Kentucky and while engaged in the practice of law at Lexington he was elected city attorney, serving in 1868-69. In August, 1873, he was appointed by Gov. Preston H. Leslie to the office of circuit judge of the district composed of Fayette and the six adjoining counties to fill out the unexpired term of Judge Charles B. Thomas. Later he was elected circuit judge for the full term of six years. He was an admirable judicial officer, with a ripe knowledge of the law in its various branches coming under the criminal, the common law, and equity jurisdiction of the court. While courteous to the members of the bar, he was exacting in the demand that the business of the court should be dispatched with promptness and no unnecessary delay. Declining to become a candidate for reëlection, he resumed the practice of the law. Having in the highest degree the confidence of the community, founded on the knowledge of his legal attainments and absolute trust in his unswerving integrity, it is needless to say he was successful in securing a good practice. Very naturally he was called on to fill many positions of trust, a list of which would extend this notice beyond proper limits. Among them, however, may be named: President of the Board of Aldermen, President of the Northern Bank of Kentucky, Commissioner of Eastern State Hospital for the Insane, President of the Lexington Cemetery Company, and director of the Security Trust Company. About five years before his death, due to failing health and the infirmities of age, he retired from practice, leaving the business in the hands of his nephew, George R. Hunt, who had been for years the junior partner in the firm.

Judge Hunt was never married, but he had taken a most fatherly interest in his nephews and nieces, the children of his older brothers. His kindness and generosity were by no means confined to them, for it included many other relatives and friends. He was a man of genuine piety and had long been a member of the Baptist Church. When he died his associates paid high and well-deserved tribute to this "Nestor of the Fayette County bar"—"lawyer, jurist, soldier, and Christian gentleman."

A man of simple tastes and quiet manner of life, he was ever open-handed to those in need. By no class in the community was he more respected and loved than by his Confederate comrades, for whom he always showed the warmest interest and affection.

### John Slagle.

Another link that binds the olden, golden past is severed in the passing of another member of Shelby's Iron Brigade of Missouri Confederate Cavalry. John Slagle, who was a member of Company C, 3d Regiment of Shelby's Brigade, from its organization, died at the home of his granddaughter, near Wonder, Josephine County, Oregon, on November 18, 1920, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. This comrade took part in all of the campaigns of that remarkable body of horsemen from 1862 to the end of the war, which found him in camp near Corsicana, Tex. Like a good many others, he was not pleased to surrender, and on the 2d of June, 1865, he started with Shelby and about five hundred of his devoted followers to Old Mexico and from Mexico went to Oregon in the fall of 1865 and settled near where he died. He leaves three children and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren to mourn their loss. He was laid to rest by the side of his wife, who preceded him to the grave forty-six years.

[Sam Box, Muskogee, Okla.]

### William T. Lowry.

William T. Lowry died at Cartersville, S. C., on December 14, 1920. No man had a better war record. He entered the service in April, 1861, in Company D, 8th South Carolina Regiment, at the age of sixteen, and remained the four years of the war, getting only one furlough, which he gave to his father, who was a member of the same company. He entered the service as a private and remained one; he was too good a private to spoil by making an officer. His regiment belonged to the 1st Brigade (Kershaw's) of the 1st Division (McLaws's) of the 1st Corps (Longstreet's) of the Army of Northern Virginia. He participated in the following battles: Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Savage Station, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Maryland Heights, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Campbell's Station, Knoxville, Beans's Station, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, North Anna River, Cold Harbor, Deep Bottom, Petersburg, and Berryville.

He was captured, with nearly all of his regiment, in September, 1864, near Winchester, and was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was released after the war. He was wounded at Chickamauga.

At the Wilderness early in the morning of May 6, 1864, Major General Wadsworth, of Grant's army, rode out on the plank road near Lowry and was shot by young Lowry, the wound being fatal. For years he had had the field glasses of General Wadsworth, but they were destroyed when his house burned three years ago.

Comrade Lowry had always taken great interest in Confederate matters and in recent years had visited many of the battle fields. He leaves a large family and a good name. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church at the time of his death.

[William Godfrey.]

### Capt. Thomas H. Clower.

Capt. Thomas Harrison Clower, pioneer resident of Opelika, Ala., died on December 18 at the age of seventy-eight years. He was born in Harris County, Ga., November 6, 1842, but was reared at Auburn, Ala., where his parents removed when he was two years old. In May, 1861, he entered the Confederate army as a private of Company F, 12th Alabama Infantry, was promoted to sergeant in 1862, and commanded his company in some of its hardest fought engagements. He took part in numerous battles, including those around Richmond, and at the time the Petersburg lines were broken he was in a hospital very ill and was taken prisoner. After a few days in Libby Prison he was paroled and made his way back to Auburn in August, 1865.

His business career began in Auburn, but in a few years he removed to Opelika and was there in active business until four years ago, when ill health caused his retirement. He had been prominent in the affairs of the town, serving one term as its mayor, and also held the office of County Superintendent of Education. He was a Master Mason and chairman of the board of trustees of the Methodist Church there.

In 1868 Captain Clower was married to Miss Georgia Bedell, of Columbus, Ga., who died in 1887. His second wife was Mrs. Alcora W. Bennett, who survives him with four sons, also three sisters and two brothers.

Captain Clower took a leading part in Confederate matters of the community and had served as Adjutant of Lee Camp, U. C. V. His death is widely mourned, for he had made lasting friends of all with whom he came in contact.

### Col. Clement Sulivane.

The Veteran notes with sorrow the passing of Col. Clement Sulivane, gallant soldier, distinguished lawyer and statesman, whose death occurred on the 9th of November, 1920, at Cambridge, Md. His article on the "Last Meeting with General Lee" was a valued contribution to the December Veteran, and other articles by him have appeared in preceding years. His death brings to a close a life of wonderful activity.

Clement Sulivane was the eldest child of Vans Murray and Octavia Van Dorn Sulivane, and was born at Port Gibson, Miss., on August 20, 1838. One of his paternal ancestors, Maj. James Sulivane, an Irish officer in one of the regiments of King James, came to this country and settled in Dorchester County, Md., in 1693.

Young Sulivane was educated in the schools of Cambridge, finishing with a year at Princeton, followed by two years at the University of Virginia. He then studied law and began to practice in 1860; but in the following year he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving first with Company A, of the 10th Mississippi, was later transferred to Company B, of the 21st Virginia Regiment, and in November, 1861, was appointed first lieutenant and A. D. C. on the staff of Gen. Earl Van Dorn, his mother's brother, with whom he served from January, 1862, to May, 1863, when the General was killed. He participated in all of the principal battles in the West, including Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, Farmington, Corinth, Vicksburg, and had three horses killed under him, but never received a wound. After the death of General Van Dorn he was assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. G. W. C. Lee, commanding the defense of Richmond, and assisted in repelling the cavalry raids on that city. In July, 1864, he was promoted to captain and chief of staff, was made major in January, 1865, and promoted to lieutenant colonel in the following March. He had been recommended for brigadier general, but the evacuation of Richmond came before his commission could be issued. His military career ended with the surrender of Lee's army, and he returnd to his home in Maryland.

Colonel Sulivane resumed the practice of law, but in 1871 became editor and publisher of the Cambridge *Chronicle*, and was widely known for his ability in the field of journalism. He was also actively identified with politics, represented his county in the State Senate from 1877 to 1881, and had also served as Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias and Cambridge Lodge, No. 66, A. F. and A. M.

In November, 1868, Colonel Sulivane was married to Miss Delia Hayward, who died a few months before him. Two sons and a daughter survive him.

### Brief Mention.

Mention is here made of several comrades whose deaths were reported, but sketches have not yet been submitted:

Rev. J. Lynn Bachman died at Sweetwater, Tenn., on December 15, 1919. "He lived to a ripe old age, rich in service to his Maker, his family, his friends, and his country, leaving a memory that will be cherished."

Capt. J. K. Fisher, of Fresno, Cal., a native Tennesseean, died at the age of eighty years. He served as captain of a company under Col. John Savage.

Gen. George T. Riddle, commanding Second Brigade of Tennessee Division, U. C. V., died at Pulaski, Tenn., on December 28, 1919. He served as Adjutant of Camp John Woldridge, at Pulaski, for many years.

# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*
Paducah, Ky.

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MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn.....*Second Vice President General*
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[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## *FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.*

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* The twenty-seventh annual convention, held in Asheville, N. C., was an occasion of happy reunion and earnest endeavor. Your delegates set the seal of approval upon the work I have done by honoring me with reëlection, and I assume the duties of the office for a second term with the hope of carrying out the wishes of that splendid body of patriotic women.

*Hero Fund.*—As we are entering the new year, let the first good resolution be one that will lead to the immediate completion of the Hero Fund. The convention indorsed the *per capita* plan as the equitable method of accumulating this fund, and South Carolina, on the convention floor, paid in full the quota. Illinois and Philadelphia are in the paid-up ranks, Philadelphia having given more than $9 *per capita.* Mrs. Beale will render a statement to each Division, and with this information it will be easy to go forward. Ask for Liberty Bonds; urge the Chapters to give their bonds to this our working memorial.

*Jefferson Davis Monument at His Birthplace in Kentucky.*—Let our good resolution number two be to complete this pledge to the veterans. When you have given 25 cents *per capita,* the memorial can be finished without delay. The unveiling of this great monument depends upon the U. D. C., and I here send a special message to the Division Directors urging renewed efforts.

*Faithful Slave Monument.*—Immediate steps will be taken to commemorate the faithful slave murdered by John Brown at Harper's Ferry, Va. A committee of U. D. C. women will coöperate with a committee appointed by Commander Forrest, of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, to perfect arrangements for the erection of a bowlder to this "Hero of Harper's Ferry." The United Daughters of the Confederacy committee appointed by your President is composed of Mrs. Mary Dowling Bond, of Lawrenceburg, Ky.; Mrs. Charles L. Reed, of Huntington, W. Va.; Miss Katie Daffan, of Houston, Tex.

*The Jefferson Davis Highway.*—A forward step was taken by this committee when the interest of the Sons of the Confederate Veterans was attracted to the great project. The committee's recommendation to turn the business management over to the Sons, provided Mr. N. B. Forrest shall be in charge of the work, regardless of whether or not he is Commander in Chief, was adopted by the convention, and the Sons have accepted the obligation. This does not relieve the U. D. C. of work for this cause. The committee will in a short time set forth a plan of work of interest to every member of the organization.

*Library Collections.*—So satisfactory has been the work of collecting books for the Bodlian Library that the convention instructed the committee to open correspondence with other foreign libraries looking toward placing similar collections in the ranking libraries of the nations. The library of Parliament, Ottawa, Canada, has expressed a desire for the collection, and the committee is now in correspondence with the American Library Association, soon to open a branch library in Paris, France.

*Southern Women in War Times.*—A review of "Our Book" appeared in the December 5 issue of the Baltimore *Sun,* from which I quote the following: "In publishing under their own auspices 'The Women of the South in War Times,' compiled by Matthew Page Andrews, the U. D. C. have made a valuable contribution to history and literature." The book is ready for circulation, and our duty is clear. We have a director for each Division, who will solicit your aid in making the sale large. See that every library, public and in the home, has a copy.

*Needy Confederate Women.*—Our relief work grows every year, and the demand for funds is increased in proportion. The Asheville Convention gave pledges from the floor amounting to about $1,000 to supplement the Chapters' offering for the fund. Each Chapter is asked to give $1 this year to these old women who are dependent upon us. Send the amount to the Treasurer as soon as possible and thereby share the pleasure of sending this message of cheer. The personnel of this committee is the same as last year. Write Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman.

*Education.*—The report of the Educational Committee was received with enthusiasm by the convention, with $81,000 in scholarships and $30,000 paid in on the Hero Fund. The committee is making plans and will soon be ready to make award for the coming year. The Educational Committee for 1920-21 is: Miss Armida Moses, Chairman, Sumter, S. C.; Miss Annie Jean Gash, Pisgah Forrest, N. C.; Mrs. W. T. Davis, 918 Seventeenth Avenue S., Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. H. S. West, Baltimore, Md.

The committee to award university prize for Confederate essay is: Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, 520 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. I. H. Harness, Chickasha, Okla.; Miss Ida Powell, 1447 East Marquette Road Chicago, Ill.

*Stationery.*—Mrs. W. S. Coleman, 436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga., will serve again as Chairman of the Official Stationery Committee. The other members of the committee are: Mrs. E. L. Merry, Tulsa, Okla.; Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. J. P. Scott, Shreveport, La.; Mrs. Chappel Cory, Birmingham, Ala.

*Necrology.*—Mrs. John B. Richardson, Honorary President U. D. C., New Orleans, La., died on November 4. Mrs. Richardson has been a faithful and honored member of this organization for many years, and her death brings sorrow to her coworkers.

Since the close of the convention at Asheville, I have had

the pleasure of visiting the Chairman of Education, Miss Armida Moses, of Sumter, S. C., and of meeting the members of Dick Anderson Chapter of that city. While in Charleston, the guest of Mrs. St. J. Allison Lawton, President of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., I enjoyed seeing the members of Charleston Chapter and found great inspiration in meeting our former President General, Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe.

The added privilege of representing you on the occasion of the South Carolina Convention, held in Greenville, gave me much pleasure. In Nashville, Tenn., our newly elected Second Vice President General, Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, was a charming hostess, and many attentions were shown me as your representative by the Executive Board of Nashville Chapter, No. 1, the affiliated Chapters, the Ladies' Hermitage Association, and the Confederate Veterans. On December 7 I extended your greeting to the Middle Tennessee U. D. C. Conference at Shelbyville. This conference was under the direction of the First Vice President of the Tennessee Division, Mrs. J. A. Woods, who presided with grace and dignity.

The new year is before us, dear Daughters. Let us use its opportunities in building up a greater U. D. C. by extending our work and by carrying forward the principles of true American patriotism.

With wishes for a happy New Year to you all,

Cordially, MARY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## *THE HERO FUND.*

REPORT FOR NOVEMBER, 1920.

| | |
|---|---|
| South Carolina Division | $ 9 00 |
| West Virginia Division | 764 20 |
| Mrs. Kate Robson Kennedy, Baltimore Chapter | 25 00 |
| Confederate Relief Circle of Maryland | 100 00 |
| Florida Division: St. Petersburg Chapter | 43 50 |
| Oklahoma Division | 50 00 |
| Check from Mrs. McKinney, as follows: Balance Hero Fund, exclusive of interest, $30.27; Virginia Division, $2; Colorado Division, $14.95; Ohio Division, $5; North Carolina Division, $100 | 152 22 |
| Tennessee Division: Shiloh Chapter, $10; Gen. Kirby Smith Chapter, $27.60 | 37 60 |
| Pittsburg Chapter | 12 65 |
| Alabama Division: Asheville Chapter, $10; Stephen D. Lee Chapter, $5; Murrell E. Pratt, $8.30; Leonard C. Pratt, $5 | 28 30 |
| Tacoma, Wash., Chapter | 5 00 |
| Georgia Division: Statesboro Chapter, $5; Tennille Chapter, $5; Summerville Chapter, $5; Douglas Chapter, $2 | 15 00 |
| Colorado Division: Nathan B. Forrest Chapter, Pueblo | 27 60 |
| Mississippi Division: Check from Mrs. Hugh L. Zuin, West Point | 56 00 |
| Baltimore Chapter | 20 00 |
| South Carolina Division | 1,039 71 |
| Texas Division | 174 50 |
| Pittsburg Chapter | 6 50 |
| Total | $2,566 78 |
| Previously reported | 3,938 95 |
| Total | $6,505 73 |

MRS. J. T. BEAL, *Treasurer.*

## *REPORT ON THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM.*

In her report on the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., to the Asheville Convention, Miss Sally Archer Anderson, President of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, of that city, brought out some interesting facts about the museum, while making a plea for its better maintenance. The plan is to raise a general endowment fund for its support, and to date six States have completed their fund of $3,000 each. The States lacking more or less of their fund are: Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Tennessee, and Texas.

A constant stream of visitors to the museum is recorded, 7,777 having registered during 1920, of which 3,733 were from the North and foreign countries. The fees for these admissions, with the annual membership fee of one dollar and other small sums, help to meet the current expenses.

Some of the priceless relics being preserved in this museum are the original manuscript of the Provisional Constitution of the Confederate States, which is displayed only on special occasions; the original great seal of the Confederacy, on exhibition daily; the uniforms worn by Generals Lee, Jackson, Stuart, and Johnston, which are gazed upon reverently; and other relics beyond value in the different rooms, to which accessions are being made constantly. It has been suggested that June 3, the birthday of President Davis, might also be considered as "Confederate Museum Day," when gifts of money, relics, etc., could be sent to the museum in memory of some loved one of the sixties.

When the U. D. C. shall have added the library building to this museum, all these treasures can be the better displayed.

Daughters of the Confederacy, push on this memorial work.

Life memberships will be $25 after January 1; in memoriam, not less than $10. These fees go to the endowment fund of the museum or to that of some room, as may be designated.

## *DIVISION NOTES.*

*Arkansas.*—The annual convention of the Arkansas Division was held at Malvern October 27-29, 1920, and was said to be the best attended session in the history of this organization. From reports of the different Chapters it was shown that a wonderful work is being done along educational and benevolent lines.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. W. E. Massey, Hot Springs; First Vice President, Mrs. S. D. Warfield, Helena; Second Vice President, Mrs. R. N. Garrett, Eldorado; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Joseph Frazee Cappleman, Little Rock; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. S. E. Dillon, Hot Springs; Treasurer, Mrs. Henry Berger, Malvern; Historian, Mrs. M. L. Hildebrand, Prairie Grove; Registrar, Miss Clara B. Eno, Van Buren; Custodian, Mrs. P. J. Rice, Little Rock; Recorder, Mrs. N. B. Harris, Marianna; Correspondent to VETERAN, Mrs. Dewell Gann, Sr., Benton.

Miss Thelma Lide, of Helena, was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the VETERAN.

Mrs. Henry Berger, President of the hostess Chapter, deserves much credit for her efforts in making this one of the most enjoyable conventions ever held in this State. The delegates expressed themselves as charmed with Malvern and the exceptionally kind treatment received at the hands of the people.

The State President, Mrs. W. E. Massey, and Mrs. C. M. Roberts, both of Hot Springs, attended the general convention at Asheville, N. C.

*California.*—Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 763, Los Angeles, celebrated Admiral Semmes's birthday with the usual picnic at South Park. To this annual affair the Confederate Veterans' Camp at Los Angeles is always invited as honor guests. One could easily imagine being in the very heart of the Old South with so many real old Southerners, men and women, and when the bounteously laden table was revealed, with its load of good things cooked Southern style, one felt sure of it. Fried chicken, baked Virginia ham, sweet potato pie, sweet pickles, watermelon, and ice cream and cake were served in abundance. Mr. Coldwell, one of the veterans, presented to the Daughters a mammoth cake, beautifully decorated in the finest confectioners' art, and the Daughters in turn presented to the Veterans a choice cake iced in Confederate flag design. The Division President, Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglass, also an honor guest, was requested to cut the cake for the Veterans, which was so large that every guest at the picnic had a slice.

Mrs. Ross Hutchison, President of the Chapter, presented Mrs. Douglass with a large bouquet of choice flowers. Speech-making was then in order, and it was gratifying to hear all of those loving appreciations of each other that poured forth from the white-haired veterans and the gentle grandmothers, mothers, and daughters who lived through the tragic times of the sixties. Surely it was a love feast. The veterans indulged in reminiscences of other days, and they had an interested, eager audience.

*Missouri.*—The twenty-third annual convention of the Missouri Divison was held at Sedalia October 19-21, Emmett McDonald Chapter entertaining. The business sessions were held at the First Baptist Church. A reception at the hospitable home of Mrs. George F. Longan, "Long Walk Place," the first evening and a delightful automobile ride the second day added great pleasure to a very busy council.

The reports of Chapter Presidents and committee chairmen gave evidence of renewed interest, wholesome growth, and splendid enthusiasm. Educational work is being put uppermost in the program for the coming year.

Tribute was paid to Mrs. Thomas Wood Parry, deceased, former Division President and Recording Secretary General.

Mrs. H. A. Pratt gave a most interesting talk reminiscent of her personal acquaintance with Jefferson Davis.

Mrs. J. P. Higgins is proving a very capable and inspiring leader and was unanimously elected for a second term. Other officers elected are: First Vice President, Mrs. R. R. Highleyman, Sedalia; Second Vice President, Mrs. L. B. Houck, Cape Girardeau; Third Vice President, Mrs. C. D. McCoy, Independence; Recording Secretary, Miss Virginia Wilkinson, Independence; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. W. Henderson, Bridgeton; Treasurer, Mrs. John Taylor, Keytesville; Historian, Mrs. J. B. Bozarth, Hannibal; Director Children's Chapter, Mrs. M. A. Dolan, Hannibal; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. W. E. Owen, Clinton; Editress Confederate Veteran, Mrs. B. Liebstadter, Kansas City; Chaplain, Mrs. Elizabeth McKinney, Moberly.

An invitation to Monett for the 1921 convention was accepted.

*New York.*—On October 14 at Hotel Astor the annual convention of the New York Division was held. Reports from officers and standing committees disclosed many events of interest. The President, Mrs. Richard Walter Jones in her report made an urgent appeal to the Division to raise funds for a bust of Gen. Robert E. Lee to be placed in the Hall of Fame at New York University in the niche provided for that purpose. The response of the ladies was spontaneous, and already several subscriptions have been reported.

The Division has met its full quota for the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky. The Division has also responded to the request of Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, President General, to raise the Hero Fund by a personal subscription of $1.15 from each member of this organization.

Officers for the ensuing term were unanimously elected, as follows: President, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler; First Vice President, Mrs. Louis Bennett; Second Vice President, Mrs. George E. Draper; Third Vice President, Mrs. J. H. Dew; Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. J. Smith; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. William L. Sands; Treasurer, Mrs. George B. Dermody; Registrar, Mrs. L. R. Cautley; Historian, Mrs. Harry White Tupman; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. A. W. Cochran; Directors, Mrs. J. D. Beale and Mrs. Charles B. Goldsborough.

The following members were made Honorary Presidents of the Division: The retiring President, Mrs. Richard Walter Jones, and Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips, Mrs. Silas F. Catchings, and Mrs. Henry Mason Day.

Mrs. James Henry Parker, Honorary President and First President of the Division, contributed the following books for the Bodlian Library: "Life of Jefferson Davis," two volumes, by Mrs. Davis; "Lives of Distinguished North Carolinians, 1861-65," "Important Papers of the Confederacy," "Defense of Charleston Harbor."

*Washington.*—The twelfth annual convention of this Division was held in Seattle on October 13, with the Robert E. Lee Chapter as hostess. The three Chapters in the State were represented by delegates, and about sixty ladies, comprising officers, delegates, and members united in making it the most enjoyable and inspiring meeting that had ever convened.

When the convention was called to order by Mrs. Mary Avery Wilkins, President of the hostess Chapter, all sang "America," standing. A welcome to the city was extended by Mayor Hugh M. Caldwell, who said he was particularly interested in the Daughters of the Confederacy because he is a native of Tennessee and his wife and mother members of the organization.

Captain McCroskey, of John B. Gordon Camp, was most happy in his words of praise of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The report of the Division President, Mrs. Greenwill, showed increase in membership, courtesies shown to the veterans in the way of entertainment, and continued interest in the Hero Fund.

Mrs. A. W. Ollor reported good work and zeal in securing subscriptions to the Confederate Veteran and in selling the new book, "Women of the South in War Times."

Miss Julia Fletcher, Director for War Records, reported that through efforts of the Chapter records of fifty-eight soldiers and sailors of Confederate lineage were completed and filed.

A revision of the constitution was read and submitted to the Chapters.

The President announced that Mrs. Hainsworth, as delegate of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, would attend the General Convention, to be held at Asheville, N. C. Mrs. Hainsworth was then elected to represent the Division at the Asheville Convention.

# Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

## *U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY, 1921.*

SOUTHERN PORTS AND SOUTHERN POETS.

Charleston: Describe this beautiful harbor and its historic associations. Bring out the fact that the attack on Fort Sumter was the result of the attempt to reënforce the garrison. Especially consider the duplicity of the Federal administration in dealing with the commissioners of the Confederate States.

## *C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY, 1921.*

ROBERT E. LEE, THE IMMORTAL.

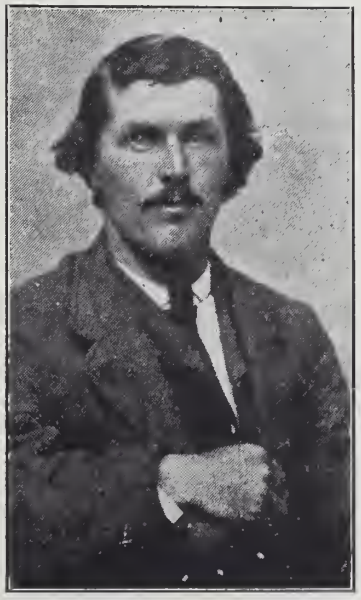
Study his life and try to learn from it the sublime lessons of courage, patriotism, and unselfishness.

## *THE GALLANT FLETCHER BROTHERS.*

BY C. M. SMITH, DELAPLANE, VA.

I am writing this as a feeble tribute to the memory of three as gallant brothers as ever fought in defense of a righteous cause, Capt. John Fletcher, Clinton Fletcher, and Robert Fletcher, all natives of Loudoun County, Va.

Captain Fletcher was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and, raising a company at the outbreak of the War between the States, he was made its captain. This company belonged to the 7th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by the immortal Col. (afterwards Gen.) Turner Ashby. Clinton Fletcher was a private in his brother's company and was killed at Greenland at the age of nineteen. Captain Fletcher was killed at the same time at the head of his company. Their comrades speak in the highest terms of the gallantry of these men and the high esteem in which they were held by all who served with them.



ROBERT FLETCHER.

Robert Fletcher was a private in Capt. Welby Carter's company. In the first battle of Manassas, by some mistake, this company was ordered to charge the enemy's line. In their front was the New York Zouaves, called the "Fire Regiment." Drawing his sword and calling for his little company of forty men, he led them literally into the jaws of death, riding through and over the Zouaves, shooting and sabering them as they went and then back. It was a fatal mistake and, like the charge of the Light Brigade upon the Russian center, cost in killed and wounded half of this heroic little band. Seven of his men were killed and thirteen wounded; some twelve or more horses were killed and a number wounded. Robert Fletcher received a severe wound in his right arm, shattering his elbow, which completely disabled him for active service. Just as soon as he was able he joined his brother's company and was soon promoted to commissary sergeant. He was with Captain Fletcher when the latter was killed. In after years Robert Fletcher told his daughter that the next morning when the roll was called and so few answered that Captain Carter cried like a child.

Through an acquaintance with Robert Fletcher of nearly sixty-seven years, I never knew him to be guilty of an ungentlemanly or unmanly act. The Golden Rule was the guiding principle of his life. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church at Upperville, Va., charitable to the poor and needy, and for his good qualities was loved and esteemed by all who knew him. Nothing will describe the life and character of this man more truly than these lines:

"Friend to truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful and in honor clear,
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title and lost no friend."

He died at his home, Rose Hill, near Upperville, on April 20, 1911, at the age of seventy-two years. He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. George H. Slater, and three grandsons. His death was quiet and peaceful, because he, "like those sustained and soothed by an unfailing trust," approached the grave "as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

## *FAITHFUL IN SERVICE AND SACRIFICE.*

A beautiful spirit was set free from its earthly confines when Martha A. Brown, at Mount Ulla, N. C., on November 15, 1920, quietly and peacefully passed on to an infinitely more glorious life.

Intimately associated with the Confederacy, which she dearly loved and honored, she was soon sorely bereft in the death of her young husband, James A. Houston, from wounds received at Fredericksburg. With her baby boy as an additional incentive, she bravely battled through the remaining dark years of the war and the no less terrifying months following Lee's surrender, often doing the work of man, woman, and servants. In January, 1866, she married a much-scarred and battered veteran of Gettysburg and many other battle fields and military prisons, G. Henry Brown, who survives her, as do her sons, John O. Houston and Drs. J. S. and G. A. Brown.

She was justly proud of her family's Confederate history. It was an elder sister, Mrs. Caroline Neel, who dared to follow a company of Federals who had taken the young horse, Montezuma, which proudly drew the bridal couple on their wedding day. Overtaking them at camp, she boldly loosed "Montz," mounted him, and rode off home unmolested by the soldiers, lost in admiration of her bravery. A younger brother, Capt. W. B. Lowrance, of Columbia, S. C., was deputized to escort the first Federal prisoner to Richmond. Another brother was killed on the western front and a brother-in-law in the east. Her eldest brother, Maj. R. N.

[Continued on page 38.]

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

*VICE PRESIDENTS*

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Carolline Benning
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

## *NEW YEAR'S GREETING.*

*My Dear Coworkers:* A happy New Year with peace, prosperity, and success in all your undertakings. This is my wish for you.

A new year of promise opens up before us, filled with opportunities for service. A period of history-making which, if we grasp and move with the onward sweep of time, will write on the pages of history in ineffaceable characters the story of the glory of our matchless heroes. With each succeeding Memorial Day a more splendid outpouring of our loyalty and devotion to the sacred mounds where sleep the valiant sons of the South, until every spot hallowed by the dust of our martyred heroes shall bear testimonial to future generations of our faithfulness to duty.

In the performanec of that duty we shall find happiness in the consciousness of "carrying on" for our sainted mothers who went down into the valley of the shadow and never ceased in holding aloft the ideals of patriotic devotion—a devotion unsurpassed in the annals of time.

And for the small remnant—the Confederate mothers—may we cease not in searching for them until the last surviving Confederate mother shall wear upon her breast the little gold bar of honor as a token of the homage we would pay to the courage that never faltered, the faith that never wavered, and the trust in the infinite wisdom that guides and controls the destinies of men.

Again, all good wishes for a happy new year.

Cordially yours, MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
*President General C. S. M. A.*

## *ASSOCIATION NOTES.*

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

Another Memorial Association has been added to the list in the Confederated Southern Memorial Association in that of a flourishing one at Denver, Colo. The organization was formed last April with a charter membership of twenty-four, and since then the Association has more than doubled its membership. Mrs. W. O. Temple is the President, and she has an able staff of officers, who are taking great interest in the development of the work in Denver.

Although but a few weeks old at the time Memorial Day was observed, May 30, the Denver Memorial Association joined in the parade, and committees from the Association visited the four cemeteries, carrying tributes of lovely flowers in wreaths and clusters, which, with a Confederate and American flag for each grave, were distributed on the mounds where the Southern heroes lie sleeping.

One of the most important works of this new and enthusiastic organization is the plan to place in one of the beautiful parks at Denver in the near future a handsome Confederate memorial of some kind. A substantial fund has already been raised and will be added to by means of a series of benefit entertainments which will be given during the winter. This Association also keeps in touch with the living Confederate veterans, serving them as opportunity may allow, and special tribute was shown to the memory of a veteran, Mr. Headspeth, the father of Mrs. J. H. Beeler, a charter member of the Association, whose death occurred since the organization was formed. Also special tribute was paid to the wife of Dr. J. M. Norman, head of the Beauregard Camp, who died recently. Mrs. Ethel McElvaine is Secretary of the Denver Memorial Association and reports that it is ready to do its work in hearty coöperation with the C. S. M. A., its official mother.

* * *

*Contributions for Bars of Honor.*—A number of contributions have been made for the purchasing of the bars of honor for the Confederate mothers. The Athens Association, at the head of which is Miss Mildred Rutherford, former Historian General U. D. C., has contributed five dollars. The Junior Memorial at Atlanta, with Miss Willie Fort Williams as President, has sent a check for six dollars. The Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, Mrs. William A. Wright, President, has contributed six dollars for the bars of honor. Miss Sallie Eugenia Brown, daughter of Georgia's War Governor, Joseph E. Brown, has sent five dollars for the bar of honor fund, and seventeen dollars was contributed at the Houston Convention by members of the Association. The first contribution given was that of ten dollars by Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans. Up to that time the President General had supplied the money for the purchase of the bars of honor.

* * *

*The Bar of Honor.*—Confederate mothers are still being located and applications made for recognition. The following names have been received from Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, General Chairman for Confederate Mothers: Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Bickley, Talbotton, Ga., aged ninety-four; Mrs. Elizabeth Sands, Chatfield, Tex., aged ninety-five; Mrs. Sarah Jane Cain, Salisbury, N. C., aged ninety-two.

It is interesting to note from what widely different parts of the country these applications have come, and it is a gratification to know that the pleasure of receiving their gold bar of honor comes at this sacred season to cheer them on their way down the hill of life.

# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

*OFFICERS, 1919-20.*

**Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest**
**Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton**
**Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.**
**[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]**

## *NOTES ON THE CONFEDERATION.*

Commander in Chief N. B. Forrest announces the appointment of Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo., as Chairman of the Advisory Committee S. C. V. The selection of Comrade Stewart for this office is on account of his valuable services to the organization. Other members of the committee will be appointed later. Those who will be selected to fill the important offices must show pluck, purpose, and the power to organize, declares Commander Forrest.

* * *

Dr. W. E. Quin, Commander Alabama Division, writes that the contract for the removal of the first "White House of the Confederacy" to its permanent site, where it is to be preserved under State appropriation, has been signed by Governor Kilby and filed with the city engineer of Montgomery. As the home of Jefferson Davis while he was President of the Confederate States, it is to be preserved as the depository of the Davis relics and other historic data of that period.

* * *

J. Gwynn Gough, Adjutant of the Sterling Price Camp, S. C. V., St. Louis, Mo., has been appointed Division Commander of Missouri. Commander Gough will immediately appoint his staff officers and Brigade Commanders. An intensive membership campaign will be instituted by that Division.

* * *

Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, of Ballston, Va., and Mr. Westwood Hutchinson, of Manassas, Va., trustees of the Manassas battle field, have secured a two-year option to purchase the property at $25,000. The enterprise was initiated by Mrs. Westwood Hutchinson, President of the Manassas Chapter, U. D. C., for the purpose of converting the Henry farm into a national memorial park.

* * *

Adjutant General A. B. Booth, of the United Confederate Veterans, has appointed a committee to arrange for the removal of the body of Mrs. Sarah Knox Davis, first wife of President Jefferson Davis, of the Confederate States of America, from the cemetery at St. Francisville, La., to Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

* * *

A. D. Pope was elected Commander of the Arkansas Division, S. C. V., at the annual convention, held at Little Rock on November 15, 1920. He was appointed the following staff officers and Brigade Commanders:

W. N. Brandon, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Little Rock.
L. B. Hogan, Division Inspector, Russellville.
J. H. Hamilton, Division Quartermaster, Mena.
R. E. Dickson, Division Judge Advocate, Lewisville.
Dr. J. H. Benefield, Division Surgeon, Huntington.
Rev. William B. Hogg, Division Chaplain, Little Rock.
Benjamin Eddins, Commander First Brigade, Jonesboro.
W. B. Lawrence, Commander Second Brigade, Batesville.
F. P. Harris, Commander Third Brigade, Bentonville.
Dr. J. L. Tatum, Commander Fourth Brigade, Locksburg.
A. W. Parke, Commander Fifth Brigade, Little Rock.
E. C. Norton, Commander Sixth Brigade, Star City.
W. L. Jameson, Commander Seventh Brigade, Magnolia.

The Brigade Commanders are directed to institute a campaign to organize new Camps. A copy of the muster roll and officers of all Camps should be sent to the Division Commander.

* * *

The article on "Drinkwater's Lincoln and History" by Mrs. F. E. Selph, secretary of the committee appointed by affiliated Chapters, U. D. C., of Nashville, Tenn., which appears in the December VETERAN, page 461, is a splendid exposition of John Drinkwater's drama. The calm and impartial reader will, it is believed, discover therein the grounds on which the South may be vindicated and the final verdict of history determined in favor of a gallant but downtrodden and oppressed people. Mr. Drinkwater himself may, if he will only read the article, find sufficient reason to doubt his own infallibility and to relent in his bitter persecution of the South. Mrs. Selph forever establishes the character of the Southern people for loyalty and wipes off the charges of treason and rebellion from the names and memories of Jefferson Davis, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Robert E. Lee, and of all who fought or suffered in the great war of coercion.

* * *

### REQUIREMENTS FOR MEMBERSHIP S. C. V., GENERAL CONSTITUTION, ARTICLE IV.

Section 11. All male descendants of those who served in the Confederate army or navy to the end of the war or who died in prison or while in actual service or who were killed in battle or who were honorably retired or discharged shall be eligible for membership in the Camps of this Confederation, provided no member under sixteen years of age shall have the right to vote, provided no member shall be admitted under twelve years of age.

Section 12. Every Camp shall exact satisfactory proof of the above from each applicant and secure a certified copy of the ancestor's record on a suitable blank in duplicate, one copy to be retained by the Camp and the other forwarded to general headquarters for preservation.

### PROOF OF SERVICE.

The service of the ancestor may be shown in one of the following ways:

(1) Certificate of two surviving comrades.

(2) Certificate of Secretary of a Camp of the U. C. V. In such event it is presumed the ancestor's record has been investigated and passed for membership in said Camp.

(3) Certificate from the United States War Department, Washington, D. C., or from the official custodian of the extant official record in the State in which enlisted or served.

(4) Citation, as indicated, of some published original rosters or other authentic work with evidence of identity.

(5) By attaching original or certified copy of some document in the possession of the family from which service appears.

(6) Affidavit of two reliable persons certifying to the fact and particulars of service.

### DIRECTION TO APPLICANT.

The data called for in the blanks must be prepared with extreme care. Effort should be made to obtain as much detail as possible concerning the ancestor's service. If there is not sufficient space in the blank, attach additional sheets of

same size. Blanks should be filled in with typewriter or very legibly written with ink. All certificates or other evidences are to be procured or supplied by the applicant.

* * *

In addition to the amount previously announced as a contribution toward a fund to be used to enlarge the work of the organization for the current year, Seymour Stewart, Chairman of the Advisory Committee, and the Sterling Price Camp, St. Louis, Mo., have given $100 each.

## *"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."*

MANAGING EDITOR MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, 849 PARK AVENUE, BALTIMORE, MD.

Favorable comment has been made by some of the leading newspapers of the country on the new book which adds some more chapters to the story of the courage of Southern women in days of war. The Baltimore *Sun* refers to it as "a valuable contribution to history and literature," and says further: "It is a book edited and written without rancor, and one of the strongest impressions made upon the reader is that it reveals the inmost thoughts of a Chrsitian people bearing the burdens and sufferings resultant upon a state of war. It is a book that will be read with keenest interest both North and South."

The Boston *Transcript* says: "It is well to look back upon the war days from the standpoint of the South, and, so looking, we may see some features once hidden from our gaze and may understand more fully the position of those whom we once regarded as devoid of all honesty and faith. Hence it is well to read these reminiscences written by women of the South, in whose minds the days of the early sixties are yet vivid recollections. We have begun to appreciate the thought that the question of slavery had in it quite as much of the economic as of the moral, and there are many in the North to-day who cannot avoid the feeling that that great question might have been solved without bloodshed."

In a short review of the book Dr. J. H. McNeilly says: "It is the story of numberless heroisms in the face of constantly increasing difficulties and dangers. We are all proud of the Red Cross and its glorious work in the recent great World War; but those Southern women of the Confederacy, without general organization, in cities and villages, in lonely homes, denying themselves of all comforts, were busy day and night ministering to sick and wounded, comforting the bereaved and sorrowing, burying the dead, and all the while thrilling our soldiers with the inspiration of their courage and hope."

Chapters U. D. C. are vying with one another in placing copies of this book. The Laetitia Ashmore Nutt Chapter, at Fort Myers, Fla., has done particularly well. Mrs. William F. Gwynne is Historian of this Chapter, but gives credit for what it has done to Mrs. B. J. Bond, State Distributor for Florida. The Amelia Chapter, at Chester, Va., also deserves special mention for its work through Mrs. R. H. Bruce, Historian.

The following State copies have been delivered: Virginia, Tennessee, New York, Alabama, South Carolina, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Texas, Washington, Illinois, Georgia, Ohio, West Virginia, Mississippi. The managing editor asks that those who were to receive copies for the other States will please send him their names and addresses for proper delivery. These State copies are sold at $5, the extra money to be used for purposes of publicity for the volume itself.

## *FAITHFUL IN SERVICE AND SACRIFICE.*

(Continued from page 35.)

Lowrance, deceased, and her youngest brother S. A. Lowrance, of Clearwater, Fla., were also gallant Confederates.

Though her love for the Southern cause was deep and tender, her greatest love, barring that for her Master and her family, was shown for Back Creek Church, where she was born and reared, where for seventy years she was an active worker and Sunday school teacher, where she was most affectionately loved, as attested by the great concourse at her funeral, and where her body now rests in peace. A mother in Israel, a good Samaritan, one who forgot self in her zeal to be of service to her fellow man, one altogether lovely has gone to her rich reward.

## *A QUICK RECOVERY.*

BY HANCOCK TAYLOR, LOUISVILLE, KY.

The mention of the Hatcher River in the November VETERAN by G. M. Douglas reminded me of an occurrence at that place on the same day that child was found. I was adjutant of Stirman's Regiment of Phifer's Brigade, Maury's Division, Price's command. I was in the rear of the column when we reached the bridge and our command crossed it.

I was under the impression that our command was the first to cross, but after moving a short distance I heard firing some distance ahead and saw a rider coming toward us very fast, and I stopped on the roadside that I might find out what was going on ahead. As the rider approached quite near a very large man carrying a flag started across the road, and, as it often occurred, the flag bearer and the rider commenced maneuvering to avoid a collision, but they came together.

The horse knocked the color bearer a considerable distance, turned a somersault, throwing his rider over his head. The rider jumped up, with his long red whiskers full of dust, and said, "I tried to avoid it," then started after his horse. The color bearer, lying down, cried out, "O Lord!" and just then a basketful of canister shot was scattered along the road pretty close to the actors in this scene. I don't know what became of the rider and horse, but I do know the color bearer ceased his moaning and struck for tall timber.

The scene was so ludicrous that I could not help laughing. But for the fall of canister I have no doubt the color bearer would have been carried from the scene on a stretcher. This shows the effect of circumstances in an emergency.

About four weeks after this I was in Jackson, Miss., discussing occurrences under certain circumstances with a lot of soldiers, and I told of this amusing incident, when a tall, handsome, red-whiskered gentleman said: "I can vouch for that, for I am the man who was on the horse." His name was McFarland, of Texas. I hope he still lives. Mr. Douglas said he did not know why we were thrown across the bridge. Neither do I, but I presume it was for the purpose of keeping the enemy back until our army could cross and continue the march to our line.

A CONFEDERATE SWORD.—A. H. Starke, of Chicago, Ill. (6236 Greenwood Avenue), has in his possession a sword which he thinks should be returned to the original owner or his heirs. There is an inscription on the blade, not very clear, which he has deciphered as "Capt. Charles H. Granger, 32d Ala. Regt., C. S. A." He is not certain of the name, but it begins with "G" and ends "er." He will appreciate hearing from any one who can aid him in locating the owner.

*INTERRUPTED.*

Into the midst of the music,
The joy, and the fullness of life
There swept a strange clangor; then silence,
A stillness more startling than strife.
We heard not the sound of the trumpets;
The bugles died out on the blast.
Could we march in that desolate waiting
For the thrill of a song that was past?

Could we work while our comrades no longer
Breathed courage and hope in the ear?
Could we triumph when sorrow and sighing
Had palsied our hearts, until fear
Swept over our souls like the shadow
Of some brooding evil to come?
Alas! we were stricken; the music
That had given us courage was dumb.

Then down from the beautiful heaven
A word came, the word of the Lord;
And it struck on our languor and trouble
A dominant, silvery chord.
"Stay not for the music," it bade us;
"The music has only gone on.
You will hear it again in the glory
That waits when the day's work is done."

So now, though but faintly and seldom
We hear the sweet bugle call blow,
We march in the path of our Leader,
Marked out in the conflict of woe.

Some day we will hear the grand choral,
Some day we will stand on the shore
Where the comrades already are waiting—
The music has gone on before.

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*WHY SO NAMED?*

Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., writes that the following Mississippi troops took part in the War between the States, and if any survivors are left of these organizations he asks that they give through the VETERAN the reason for such designations:

Abe's Rejectors, Blackland Giddeonites, Brown Rebels, Buena Vista Hornets, Chunkey Heroes, Cold Water Rebels, De Soto Brothers, Dixie Heroes, Ellisville Invincibles, Fishing Creek Avengers, Hancock Rebels, Impressibles, Jasper Avengers, Kemper Rebels, Lafayette Rebels, Marion Men, Mississippi Rip Raps, Mrs. Body Guard, Oktibbeha Plow Boys, Plentitude Invincibles, Rankin Rough and Readys, Red Invincibles, Rockport Steel Blades, Secessionists, Sons of the South, Southern Sentinels, Sunflower Dispensers, True Confederates, White Rebels, Yankee Hunters, Attala Yellow Jackets, Buckner Boys, Buckner Rebels, Center Marksmen, Coahoma Invincibles, Copiah Rebels, Dixie Boys, Edwards Tigers, Enterprise Tigers, Gaines's Warriors, Helen Johnston Guards, Johnston Avengers, Kossuth Hunters, Loula White Rebels, Meridian Invincibles, Mississippi Yankee Hunters, Newton Hornets, Panola Patriots, Prairie Guards, Raymond Invincibles, Red Rovers, Scotland Guards, Sons of Liberty, Southern Farmers, Spartan Band, Tippah Tigers, Tullahoma Hardshells, Union Stars, Yankee Terrors.

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Mrs. D. P. Craddock, 408 Grand Avenue, Eldorado, Ill., wishes to hear from some comrades of William C. Craddock, who served a year in Company F, 7th Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers. Their testimony is needed to establish his record, and she needs a pension.

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J. N. Anthony writes from Kansas City, Mo., in behalf of the widow of Franklin M. Tulley, a Missourian, seeking to ascertain his record as a Confederate soldier. She is in great need and can get a pension by knowing his company and regiment. Any surviving comrades will please write to Mr. Anthony at 3243 Thompson Street.

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The sketch of Dr. M. D. Sterrett in the VETERAN for November, referring to his membership in the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity, brings inquiry from James A. Farrell, Field Secretary of that fraternity, as to other veterans of the Confederacy who may have been members of it in their college days. He will be pleased to hear from such veterans or members of the families of those not surviving. Address him at 350 Broadway, New York City.

Make yourself a present of the savings habit. You can get the habit by buying Treasury Savings Stamps every pay day. Government savings securities will be on sale throughout 1921.

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Mrs. R. A. Williams, of Batesville, Ark., would appreciate hearing from any comrades of her husband, Robert Andrew Williams, who served in Company B, of Wirt Adams's Tennessee regiment. His right leg was amputated at Clinton, Miss. She needs a record of his service in order to get into the Confederate Home of Arkansas.

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Mrs. Claudia F. Smith, 25 Rhode Island Avenue Northwest, Washington, D. C., wishes to establish the record of her husband, James Allen Smith, of Georgia, who was wounded in the fighting around Atlanta, and was in the hospital for awhile before being captured later and sent to Fort Delaware. Any surviving comrades will kindly write her as to his company and regiment. He served under Johnston and Hood, and she thinks his enlistment was from Quitman County, Ga., formerly a part of Randolph County.

Surviving comrades of John Albert Parrish, who joined Britton's company of the 10th Tennessee, Starnes's old regiment, in October, 1863, will please give their testimony as to his service so that he may get a pension, of which he is in great need. Write to Mrs. N. W. Jones, Box 647, Brady, Tex.

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John Watson writes from Princeton, N. J.: "No magazine is more welcome in our house than the VETERAN. Although I date much later than the war, I like to read it; and since my children are growing up remote from the South and its sentiment and traditions, I think it only fair to them to give them opportunity to read the VETERAN regularly."

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J. B. Webster, Box 113, Marlin, Wash., would like to hear from any surviving comrades of his brother, J. M. Webster, who was a member of Company H, Caldwell's Regiment, Parson's Brigade, Missouri Volunteers, and took part in the battles of Oak Hills, Elkhorn, Prairie Grove, and was then transferred across the Mississippi and participated in the battle of Corinth, siege of Vicksburg, etc.

# WANTED: 100 VETERANS
## to Become Partners of General Lee

### *BY REMEMBERING HIM IN THEIR WILLS*

The United Confederate Veterans, by unanimous action of the Atlanta and Houston Conventions, with the help of the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, are raising a

### LEE MEMORIAL FUND

**AS THEIR LAST TRIBUTE TO THEIR GREAT COMMANDER**

This fund is to endow his School of Civil and Highway Engineering and his School of Journalism and to house them in a noble memorial building, which shall be a hall of fame to commemorate General Lee and the donors who thus become for all time his partners. Also to furnish his mausoleum with a suitable custodian, enlarge his chapel, and enable his university to carry on his life work and teach to future generations the principles and ideals that were exemplified in his matchless character.

As one part of its work the Veterans' Committee wishes to find one hundred veterans or other loyal admirers who will remember General Lee in their wills. *WILL YOU BE ONE OF THESE?*

### A WORD TO EVERY VETERAN

Perhaps you have watched with adoring pride your great general amid the smoke and thunder of the battle field, have shared with him the glory of victory, and borne with him the heavy burden of defeat. As you recall his splendid leadership, his devotion to his battle comrades, the matchless majesty of his character, your heart thrills with love and pride and gratitude.

Do you not wish, before you join him on the other side, to show your love, to honor his memory, and to help carry on his great life work? His institution is not only the inheritor of his name and the guardian of his tomb, but is his living representative, training the sons of his comrades in the ideals and traditions that constitute the greatness of the Old South.

We wish to place on bronze tablets in the Lee Memorial Building the names of one hundred of his friends who have become for all time his working partners by remembering him in their wills. Surely you cannot find anywhere a nobler partner in honor or in service. Will you join him for all time in this lofty service? Then add these few lines to your will:

"As a codicil to the above last will and testament, that I may honor General Lee's memory and carry on his life work, I give and bequeath to Washington and Lee University the sum of —— dollars, as part of the *LEE MEMORIAL FUND.*"

Then write the following note:

*Secretary Lee Memorial Fund, Lexington, Va.*

*My Dear Sir:* I hereby notify you to enter my name as one of the hundred veterans who have remembered General Lee in their wills.

(Signed).....

(Mailing address).....

Make the amount great or small, as your heart may prompt or your means decide. The amount is not so important. It is the fact of partnership that counts.

Or, if you prefer, write the Secretary for further information about the movement before making up your mind.

VETERANS' NATIONAL COMMITTEE:

Capt. John Lamb, Virginia.
Gen. W. B. Freeman, Virginia.
Col. John Q. Dickinson, West Virginia.
Gen. Julian S. Carr, North Carolina.
Gen. William A. Clark, South Carolina.
Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Texas.
Judge George B. Hillyer, Georgia.

ACTING SECRETARY: Henry Louis Smith, Lexington, Va.

# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIX. FEBRUARY, 1921 NO. 2

**COMMEMORATING A GALLANT DEFENSE**

This granite bowlder, with its handsome bronze tablet, commemorates the bravery of Col. Richard Snowden Andrews and men of his battalion in defense of the bridge at Stephenson's Depot, Va., June 15, 1863. It is the tribute of the son and daughter of Colonel Andrews, who are shown standing by the bowlder. (See page 43.)

# Wanted One Hundred FOUNDERS of the Robert E. Lee Memorial School of Civil and Highway Engineering

The United Confederate Veterans, assisted by the other Confederate organizations and by all who admire the character and honor the memory of General Lee, have undertaken as a part of the LEE MEMORIAL FUND to endow General Lee's School of Engineering, furnish it with adequate equipment, and build for it a stately memorial building as an enduring monument, not only to the great engineer who founded the school, but to those who thus become by their contributions his permanent partners in the great enterprise.

The memorial vestibule of the building will be a Southern Hall of Fame, containing a life-sized painting of General Lee and around him on bronze tablets the names of the FOUNDERS of his favorite school.

This building, like the Mausoleum near by, will be visited annually by increasing thousands of reverent pilgrims from all parts of the world. To link one's own name or that of a deceased relative thus publicly and permanently with that of General Lee is at once an honor and a privilege, a testimony to past greatness and unchanging loyalty, and a continuous service to all future generations. Such a living monument outshines and outweighs any useless shaft of marble or granite, however huge and costly. Why not erect it to yourself or your loved one in the Mecca of Southern memories and associations?

## *POSSIBLE FOUNDERS*

1. Any Veteran, desiring to become for all time a WORKING PARTNER as he was once a FIGHTING PARTNER of his beloved leader, who can afford to give as much as five thousand dollars, or who will leave this amount in his will.

2. Any widow of a Veteran who may desire, either by direct gift of this amount or by leaving it in her will, to have her Confederate husband's name thus joined forever with that of his idolized commander in this Hall of Fame.

3. Any loyal son, daughter, or other relative who may desire in honor of some loved one's memory to make him a FOUNDER.

4. Any lover of the principles and ideals of the Old South as embodied in the matchless character of its ideal hero, who may wish to honor General Lee's memory and perpetuate his influence by becoming a FOUNDER of his School of Engineering.

Further information can be obtained by writing to the Executive Secretary of the National Committee appointed by the United Confederate Veterans.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE

Capt. John Lamb, Virginia.
Gen. W. B. Freeman, Virginia.
Gen. Julian S. Carr, North Carolina.
Gen. William A. Clark, South Carolina.
Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Texas.
Col. John Q. Dickinson, West Virginia.
Judge George Hillyer, Georgia.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY: President Henry Louis Smith, Lexington, Va.

# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. | VOL. XXIX. NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1921. | No. 2. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

## *HEROIC DEFENSE OF BRIDGE AT STEPHENSON'S DEPOT, VA.*

A handsome bronze tablet, set in a huge granite bowlder, now marks the place of one of the most heroic engagements of the War between the States, that of the defense of the bridge near Stephenson's Depot, Va., June 15, 1863, by Col. Richard Snowden Andrews with two guns from his battalion. This memorial tablet is the tribute of Mrs. Caroline Snowden Fahnestock, of Washington, D. C., and Charles Lee Andrews, of New York City, daughter and son of Colonel Andrews, to the memory of their father and the brave men who fought under him. It is located on a part of the old Stephenson homestead and near the Martinsburg Pike and was unveiled on December 4, 1920, with appropriate exercises. Among those in attendance were J. W. Owens, of Annapolis, and R. T. Richardson, of Baltimore, who are now the only survivors of that heroic band.

The defense of this bridge by Colonel Andrews with two guns virtually stopped Milroy's army on its course to Harper's Ferry. Four unsuccesful attempts were made to carry it, but at great loss to the defenders. General Lee said that the heroic sacrifice of those brave men there made it a second Thermopylæ.

It was on the 15th of June, 1863, that Colonel Andrews was ordered to make a detour to the east of Winchester to occupy the Martinsburg road and intercept Milroy in his retreat. Colonel Andrews stationed the two guns of Dement's Battery at a bridge over the railroad cut near Stephenson's Depot under command of Lieut. C. S. Contee, with orders to hold the bridge as long as there was a man left. He then rode off to another part of the field, but returned in a short time badly wounded in the arm. Lieutenant Contee, though shot through both legs, raised himself and said: "Colonel, I have a sergeant and two men, and the enemy is retreating." Every man but three was killed or wounded, but they had practically stopped an army. The gallantry of the lieutenant and men was so conspicuous that they were reported by name to General Lee. After thirteen of the fifteen cannoneers were either killed or disabled and both Colonel Andrews and Lieutenant Contee wounded, Lieut. John A. Morgan, of the 1st North Carolina, and Randolph H. McKim (for many years rector of the Epiphany Protestant Episcopal Church of Washington, who died in 1920) took their places.

The names of the men who participated in this fight are engraved on the tablet, as follows: Lieut. C. S. Contee, Lieut. John A. Morgan, Lieut. R. H. McKim, Sergt. John Harris, Corp. William P. Compton, Corp. Samuel Thompson, Robert Chew, William Koester, Charles Pease, A. J. Albert, Jr., William T. Wotten, James Yates, J. H. J. Langsdale, J. R. Buchanan, B. W. Owens, Sergt. John Glasscoke, Corp. W. H. May, Corp. Charles Harris, Thomas Moore, William Gorman, F. Frayer, William Wilson, Samuel Thomas, R. T. Richardson, William Sherburne, James Owens, William Dallan, and Joseph Mockabee.

At the dedication of this memorial an address was made by J. W. Owens, one of the two survivors, who gave a thrilling description of the engagement in the following:

"It is early dawn. Off in front you hear the crack of musketry of the opposing force driving in our pickets. In this road to the rear you see a battalion of artillery standing at rest. The men, wearied by an all-night march, are leaning against the fences, sleeping in their tracks. You hear the voice of Colonel Andrews ring out: 'Attention, battalion! Drivers, mount! Cannoneers, to your post! Trot out! March!' And you see that battalion, Andrews in the lead, come thundering up the road to this bridge and hear the order: 'In battery, action, front!' The drivers swing to the left and the cannoneers unlimber the Nos. 1 and 2 guns and place one on the bridge, the other a short distance to the left. Our pickets have been driven in, and you see there in our front a long blue line advancing, and then you hear the order: 'Load and fire at will! Commence firing!' The guns thunder and the leaden hail mows down the ranks of the advancing foe. They press on, they waver, they fall back, but, rallied by their officers, they advance again, again are met with iron and leaden hail; again they fall back, again advance, and thus they charge us four times, only to be driven back again and again. At the last charge they are within sixty yards of us. Our canister is exhausted, and our case shots are cut to explode at a quarter of a second, and swathes are mowed in their ranks like grain before a reaper.

"But I have been wounded, and I call to Corporal May to put another man in my place at the gun and to get off the

field. Fearing to be shot in the back, I ran from tree to tree and reached the road in the rear just as the old Stonewall Brigade came up in 'quick time,' and I called to General Walker to get his men to the front in double quick; that the Yanks were presing our left and would take our guns. My appeal was silently ignored. General Walker saw that I was wounded and naturally thought me demoralized; but vindication came on the moment when one of General Johnson's aids came dashing down the road and made my request an order. And your ears are thrilled now when you hear the old brigade give its Rebel yell. They turn the Federal right flank, and the battle is fought and won. Colonel Andrews, in giving some final orders while mounted on his horse, is shot by a sharpshooter from our right.

"Gen. Edward Johnson was apparently a man without emotion, but he came to the house back of our line, where our wounded had been taken, and the tears glistened in his eyes, and his voice was full of emotion as he said: 'Men of the 1st Maryland, you have been fighting like men of your own State and have captured a stand of Maryland colors. They rightfully belong to you, and you shall have them.'

"But we are here to speak of Andrews and the 1st Maryland Battery. Colonel Andrews was one of the first Marylanders to espouse the cause of the South. The battery was mustered in on the 13th of July, 1861, eight days before the battle of Bull Run. He drew the plans for the guns, which were cast by the Tredegar Iron Works, of Richmond. The battery did picket duty on the Potomac during the winter of 1861-62 and did great damage to Federal boats and transports. In the spring of 1862 it went with the army to Williamsburg. Mechanicsville was the first battle of the seven days' fighting before Richmond, and old No. 1 gun fired the signal for the attack. Captain Andrews was slightly wounded there, but on the 9th of August he was at Cedar Mountain, and there received a wound from which his recovery was a triumph of mind over matter. Promoted to major, in the spring of 1863 he took command of the battalion, held Sedgwick in check at second Fredericksburg (a part of the Chancellorsville fight), and on June 15, 1863, Lieutenant Colonel Andrews was again wounded on this battle field. On the 6th of June he was again in command of the battalion at Hagerstown. His last active service was at Payne's Farm, November 27, 1863, and Mine Run, December 1, and then he was detailed for special duty in Europe.

"Snowden Andrews belonged to a galaxy of as chivalrous men as the world has ever produced, Maryland men. * * * Maryland had 22,000 men in the Confederate army. They came from the marts of trade, from colleges, the farms and the mills, the forge and the work bench. They were volunteers!

"And now a thought of sadness comes. On that tablet are the names of only two who have not gone over the river to rest under the shade of the trees, and of all the splendid manhood of the 1st Maryland Battery only five survive."

Colonel Andrews came of a military family, and he was a firm believer in military preparedness. He was born in Washington, D. C., on October 29, 1830, the son of Timothy Patrick Andrews and Emily Roseville Snowden. Going to Baltimore in 1849, he established himself as an architect and had a part in making plans for the Governor's mansion at Annapolis and many other important buildings of the time. Some time before the war came on he learned all he could about artillery, and when the war clouds finally lowered he copied the plans of the Federal guns at Baltimore, which had been patterned by those used by Napoleon, and went to Richmond, where he designed the guns and had them cast by the Tredegar Iron Works. These were the first cannon made for the Confederacy.

While the guns were being cast and mounted he organized the 1st Maryland Light Artillery in Richmond, and this was afterwards known as Andrews's Battery. This he took into the service as its captain, and in its every engagement it gave a splendid account of itself.

Captain Andrews was promoted to major in June, 1862, for his courageous bearing in the fighting around Richmond. When in August of that year Brig. Gen. Charles S. Winder was mortally wounded, Major Andrews was near and caught him as he fell, the General dying in his arms.

Major Andrews was severely wounded during the battle of Cedar Mountain, but recovered and again was in the field. In March, 1863, he was promoted to lieutenant colonel. Late in that year he was again so severely wounded that he was unfit for further active service, and on the recommendation of General Lee he and Col. Thomas S. Rhett were sent to England, France, and Germany to inspect and purchase guns for the Confedrate army.

Colonel Andrews died in Baltimore in 1903. His grandsons served with great credit in the army and navy during the World War.

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### *PARTNERS OF GENERAL LEE.*

At the business meeting held by Camp No. 435, U. C. V., of Augusta, Ga., on January 19, immediately following the exercises in commemoration of the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of General Lee, the Camp voted to appropriate one hundred dollars toward the Lee Memorial Fund of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., and thus become partners with General Lee in furthering his plans for a great educational institution that would be a perpetual benefit to the South and her people.

This splendid action of the Camp was reported to the Veteran by Hon. John M. Clark, a prominent Confederate of Augusta, and it is here placed on record as an example worthy to be followed by other Camps of the United Confederate Veterans, as well as by individuals all over the South. What greater memorial could be established than one which would carry on the plans of the immortal Lee, who refused all financial advantage for himself that he might devote the remainder of his life to training the young men of the South to become leaders in their respective positions in life? This memorial not only perpetuates the name and fame of the peerless Lee, but it will be of practical benefit to generations of Southern and American youth for countless ages. It is a memorial to the past, the present, and the future.

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### *MAJ. GEORGE W. LITTLEFIELD.*

The death of Maj. George W. Littlefield, of Austin, Tex., removes one of the most prominent of Confederate veterans, a leading citizen of his State, known for his wide philanthropy and especially for his liberal contributions to the cause of education and in the interest of Southern history. His active service for the Confederacy was with Terry's Texas Rangers, and he had been made life commander of the Survivors' Association. A sketch of this comrade will appear in the Veteran later.

## *ROBERT EDWARD LEE.*

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS, WINCHESTER, VA.

Since Sumter's sudden gun
Oped Janus's doors and peace affrighted fled,
Now to its noon a century has run,
And o'er the mellowing ramparts of old strife
Tangle of wild woodvines
And tiny sword blades of Virginian pines
Have fifty years of soft oblivion spread.
Long spent the pride, the mutual hate is dead
That flung th' embattled lines
And struck two-handed at the common life;
And with them vanished clean
The clouds that long-time brethren rolled between.
And now in clear skies, like some mountain head
With morning blazonéd,
One great name grows and grows
And greatlier shows
Its lonely grandeur and unsullied snows
As we remotelier tread.

Not all mine own my singing
Of one no praise made nor dispraise can mar;
These broken notes late springing
Echo a voice afar—
When God says, "Good," on his own work again,
Behooves men add, "Amen!"

In Lee long gentlehood
That sometime stood
In ancient English park and pleasance, flowered;
To manly rectitude
Birth had devoted him, as instinct dowered;
High on time's sky line nature's hand had ranged him,
Heroic outlines to disclose to men,
And Fortune's smile or frown could naught have changed him
Who grandly chose, nor once looked back again—
Chose, at stark cost
Of well-won honors by that choosing lost,
And doorways barred on dazzling paths to fame—
Chose, where before him States and statesmen faltered
And had to-morrow altered
To-day's best judgment and with no man's blame—
Chose, not in blindness
To ills all eyes could see,
Nor yet in pique nor anger nor unkindness,
But in sad verity
As that voice in him bade that bears God's name.

Would ye, O men who fought him,
Would ye he had not stood
For that his own heart taught him
With such high hardihood?
What more, what other, could a man white-minded
Than heed the one voice 'twixt us and the clod
And in a mad world by mad passions blinded
Keep faith with his own soul and faith with God?
What more, what else, could you
Who wore the blue?

We thought the palm was won
And our race finished ere 'twas well begun
In Washington;
And, having him, with quiet heart we labored,
Rough-hewing in our forests vast the State,
Not ill content to wait
Till the world matched him and our chief was neighbored
By one whom nations over sea called great;
They have not found him this long century;
And now come we, since nowhere else is mate,
Our chief unfellowed fellowing with Lee.
Fellowing? What more who knows?
The other name full-orbéd shines, a moon
Already at its noon,
The younger, parting
Long clouds that hid, but could not quench it, darting
Day, like the day star grows.

Immortal pair! The rivers of the world
Run envying. Tiber and Thames and Nile
And lisping streams that lapse to seas impearled
With storied cliffs and many a haunted isle,
Minstrels and troubadours of old have been
Of man's fast-passing glory,
And all themselves have seen.
What tales could Pishon and Euphrates tell
Of Babylonian days
Or dim beginnings of our Eden story,
And what strange, sad, far-reaching things befell
Ere they and Gihon and young Hiddekel
Went out of Paradise their parted ways!
Yet unto none of them
Potomac yields, though youngest of them all,
But, moving one of them,
Swings round the world in mood majestical
Alike in tropic breezes
Or where the moon-faced Aleut's breathing freezes
In frosty fringes round his sealskin hood,
Singing, while winds blow and white waters run:
"A double argosy rides on my flood;
I lave Mount Vernon's wood,
I linger past white-pillared Arlington."

Ye men of swords,
Captain and Paladin and bygone King,
Whose names gray cities wear and sages sing,
Under the darkening arches of the past
Taking your rest, sleep ye henceforth untroubled;
The test your fame affords,
When some new warrior by your deeds is classed—
Till now to find his prowess in you doubled—
The world outgrows at last;
Not now young Alexander
Nor the slim Corsican with his lank curls
Lights men to daring, but this gray Commander,
Who, flouting every rule
But that of genius, cabined in no school,
Parting his line, in stern effrontery hurls
Jackson and bellowing panic on his foes.
Not now do Zama's sands nor Moscow's snows
New captains lesson in reverse, distress,
But that calm power the great Virginian shows,
The fertile, swift, invulnerable skill,
And dauntless will
With which to his foredooméd end he goes
Through the dread thickets of the Wilderness,
The rags, wounds, famine, ruin of the close—
Close of the strife, but springing of his fame.

And this one name
Still grows and grows
Till manhood's sun and war's epitome
Blaze through the Iliad in that one word—Lee!

## THREE CHARLESTON POETS.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

Charleston is a unique American city, cosmopolitan in its architecture, its fragrant gardens, and even in its names.

Calhoun carries one back to Clan Colquhoun of Dumbarton, Chisholm also suggests the heather, Huger is Huguenot, and so one might go through the list, while the city itself seems, like Venice, to rise out of the sea.

Your true Charlestonian is not flattered by the suggestion that his ancestors came from James River. This coveted distinction leaves him cold and confirms the impression that Charleston is a place which indulges in some local pride. It is a center in which music and literature have flourished continuously as in no other Southern city. Three Charlestonians, born and bred, poets of ability, who were friends and contemporaries, have shed peculiar luster upon its annals—William Gilmore Simms, Henry Timrod, and Paul Hamilton Hayne. Their lives were in decided contrast, save that all three were fortunate in finding loving helpmeets and were equally overwhelmed in the destruction which befell their country. Simms was the dean of the little coterie in years and in the extent of his literary fertility. Born in 1806, dying in 1873, his life extended over a varied vista. In his novels are reflected much of the pioneer history of his section and in his poems its supreme tragedy. Edgar Allan Poe, who was a discriminating critic, pronounced him the best artist America has produced since Cooper. Indeed, "The Yemassee" ranks with "The Last of the Mohicans." Fashions change, and few read the novels of Simms now; probably he is rarely thought of as a prose writer. One biographer declares that he wrote much verse and a few poems. Surely "The Last Pleiad," "The Burden of the Desert," and "The Song of the Zephyr" are in the latter class. Those who are sufficiently intrigued by the life of Simms to pursue it beyond the bounds of a few concise sketches will find Prof. William P. Trent's biography illuminating. Professor Trent is accused of being strictly accurate, and in consequence the ardor of the special pleader eludes him. Very few persons (especially poets) look their best in a baldly veracious record. A little idealizing, a sympathetic interpretation of mistakes, a profound realization that to understand all is to pardon all creates a desirable background. The commentary of Simms upon himself was: "Here lies one who, after a reasonably long life, distinguished chiefly by incessant labor, left all his better works undone." Hayne said of him: "The man is greater than his works." One of his best deeds was the publication in 1866 of "The War Poetry of the South." There one finds the ballads which sprang from the heart of a people fired with patriotic zeal in the defense of principles for which they staked their lives. There, too, are the pathetic prophecies which seemed to fail at Appomattox, but which in a broader sense may achieve fulfillment, and there too are the dirges for the unreturning brave. The book has long been out of print. It can never be duplicated, and those who possess a copy should treasure it.

Henry Timrod was born in 1829 and died in 1867. He is pronounced by Hamilton W. Mabie one of the truest lyric poets that have yet appeared in this country. Certainly "Ethnogenesis" is an example of lofty and sustained poetic conception not easily paralleled in any language, "The Cotton Boll" is a gem, and "Carolina" and "Charleston" are vivid in their intensity. Timrod and Hayne were at school together, and the friendship then begun continued with deepening tenderness, entwining their lives inseparably. The *Southern Literary Messenger,* of Richmond, and *Russell's Magazine,* which had a brief career, and a few leading newspapers were the only Southern markets for literature. When they ceased the Carolina poets were dependent upon the *Atlantic Monthly* and other Northern publications for the sale of their literary wares. To Timrod the war was the ultimate calamity. It annihilated even the opportunity to support his family. Who in that stricken land would buy poetry when it was a problem to secure necessities? The *Atlantic* was not yet in a mood to accept contributions from Southern writers, so the inexorable law of supply and demand laid an embargo on the Muses. "Poor Timrod is swallowed up in disaster," writes Simms to Hayne. The poor shanty occupied by Hayne in the Georgia pines was a refuge for a few happy weeks before the end. Just a little while before he entered the eternal silence Timrod repeated a few lines from his poem "A Common Thought":

"Somewhere on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.
In a dim and murky chamber
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day."

The ode to the Confederate dead, "Sleep Sweetly in Your Humble Graves," is a faultless poem, a fitting epitaph for Timrod himself.

Paul Hamilton Hayne, "the king poet of the Old South," was the survivor among the three friends, and it was his pious care to cherish their memory, and especially to guard the fame of Timrod. Unlike Simms, he sprang from the Charleston aristocracy, and its inmost citadel was open to him. Unlike Timrod, he inherited sufficient means to make literature the pursuit of his leisure and not his support. The war changed all that. It left his beautiful home and fine library in ashes and swept away every vestige of his fortune. Rather than endure the continued reminder of "the things that are no more," he exiled himself to a small, wind-swept hillside not far from Augusta, Ga., which he called "Copse Hill." There he and his wife and a son, who inherited some of the father's talents, lived in the cabin which he referred to as the shanty. He had made his choice expressed in the lines:

"Yet would I rather in the outward state
Of song's immortal temple lay me down
A beggar basking by that radiant gate
Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown!"

There was nothing to soothe the howling of the figurative wolf but the mellow cadence of his verse, and if the means of subsistence were not absolutely precarious, it was chiefly because Copse Hill was a place of high thinking and very plain living. To this small house of a great poet came many letters closely linking him with the choice ministrants of that altar of poetry to which he had consecrated his life. The spirit of reconciliation, the dominant note of his later years, breathed in the pure loveliness of his sonnet to Longfellow and his tribute to Whittier. Two of his latest poems were exquisite, "A Little While I Fain Would Linger," with its reluctance to depart upon the unknown, and the triumphant valedictory, "In Harbor"—

"There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward—
Those lights in the harbor at last,
The heavenly harbor at last!"

Paul Hamilton Hayne was a master of words in prose no less than in poetry, as shown in his "Life of Robert Y. Hayne" and many sketches. He was born in 1830, died July 6, 1886, and was buried in Augusta. That his heart still turned to Charleston as his mother land is shown in this eloquent apostrophe: "O Queen, O Madre Imperiale, when the sunset has faded and the twilight gone and the night descended, wilt thou not call the wearied exile home? He would fain sleep within the sound of thy waters, under the shadow of thy immemorial oaks, near the sacred dust of his fathers."

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## *ENGLISH SENTIMENT FOR THE SOUTH.*

(From the *Methodist Review,* 1867.)

No sooner had the Southern Confederacy fallen than the following noble strain of indignant eloquence burst in tones of thunder from the press of the London *Evening Herald:*

"The South is doomed. With the surrender of General Lee ends not indeed the possibility of military defense, still less that of desperate popular resistance, but the hope of final success. After four years of war, sustained with a gallantry and resolution that have few, if any, precedents in history; after such sacrifices as perhaps no nation ever made in vain; after losses that have drained the lifeblood of the country; after a series of brilliant victories, gained under unequaled disadvantages, courage and skill and devotion have succumbed to brute force; and by sheer power of numbers a race, inferior in every quality of soldiership and manhood, has prevailed over the bravest and most united people that ever drew the sword in defense of civil rights and national independence. To numbers, and to numbers alone, the North owes its hateful triumph. Its advantages in wealth and resources, in the possession of the sea and the command of the rivers, were neutralized by Southern gallantry. In spite of the most numerous navy in the world, half a dozen Southern cruisers drove its commerce from the seas. In spite of its overwhelming superiority in strength of ships and guns, improvised Southern ironclads beat and drove off its blockading squadrons, and Southern cavalry, embarking on little river steamers, captured its armed gunboats. In defiance of all its power, Southern energy contrived to supply the armies of the Confederate States with everything of which they stood in need.

"When the war broke out, the North had every kind of military stores in abundance and could draw unlimited supplies from Europe; the South had scarcely a cannon, had but few rifles, still fewer swords or bayonets, and not a single foundry or powder factory. All these deficiencies were supplied by the foresight of the Confederate government and the daring of the Confederate armies. The routed forces of the North supplied artillery and ammunition, rifles and bayonets to the Southerners. The cannon which thundered against Gettysburg, the shot which crushed the brave mercenaries of Burnside on the slopes above Fredericksburg came for the most part from Northern arsenals. No Southern failure is attributed to the want of arms or powder; no Federal success was won by the enormous advantages which the North enjoyed in its military stores and its open ports. Had these been the only odds in its favor, long ago would the Federal government have taken refuge at Boston or New York and every inch of Southern soil have been free from the step of the invader. Numbers, and numbers alone, have decided the struggle.

"Almost every battle has been won by the South, but every Southern victory has been rendered fruitless by the overwhelming numerical superiority of the vanquished. The conquerors found themselves on every occasion confronted by new armies and deprived of the fruits of victory by the facility with which the broken ranks of the enemy were replenished. The smaller losses of the South were irreparable; the greater sacrifices of the North were of no consequence whatever in the eyes of a government which lavished the lives of hired rowdies and foreign mercenaries in the knowledge that money could repair all that folly and ferocity might destroy. The South has perished by exhaustion, by sheer inability to recruit her exhausted armies. Whatever errors may have contributed to hasten her fall, whatever may be due to the fatal march into Tennessee and the incomprehensible policy which laid Georgia and the Carolinas open to Sherman, the struggle has been decided solely by the relative numbers of the belligerents, by the fact that the Federal recruiting field was practically unlimited, while that of the Confederates was too small to supply the losses of each campaign.

"It may console the heroic soldiers of the South to remember that their whole force was never equal in number to the foreign mercenaries of the Union alone; but the lesson which this war has taught is one of disastrous augury for mankind. It can hardly be hoped that any people will show greater devotion than the Southerners, that any country will send forth braver armies or greater generals, and the fate of secession assures us that valor and strategy are vain when opposed to numbers; that a commander who must count the lives of his men must in the end be overpowered by one who, like Grant, can afford to regard the loss of ten thousand men as a matter of indifference. When we compare the respective numbers belonging to free and despotic States, when we count up the overwhelming numerical superiority of despotisms, legitimate and democratic, over all constitutional countries combined, we can but feel that the fall of the Confederacy is a presage of evil for the cause of liberty and the future of mankind.

"The part which England has played in this awful drama adds a tenfold bitterness to the grief with which we regard its deplorable catastrophe. Every generous heart must be wrung in witnessing the death agony of a gallant nation; but we, the nearest kinsmen, whose supineness permitted, whose policy furthered and hastened its destruction, have to bear not only the pang of sorrow, but the worse tortures of self-reproach. England—may Heaven forgive her!—has cast away the noblest opportunity and has been accessory to the greatest crime that modern history records. A single dispatch, a single stroke of the pen, requiring no more than the commonest foresight and the most ordinary courage, would have enabled her to preserve the gratitude of generations yet unborn. More than once it has been in her power without a blow to establish in the New World that international balance of power without which neither peace nor liberty is possible. She might have given independence to the South, have stayed the carnage of the war, have made Canada safe forever, have secured a firm, powerful, and loyal ally, have secured against disturbance and interruption the hopeful and generous experiment by which France is endeavoring to restore order and peace to Mexico and to save the resources of that magnificent country for commerce and for civilization. All this

she might have done without overstepping by a hair's breadth the duty of neutrals and the law of nations, and there was not found in England a statesman who had the courage to seize the glorious opportunity. Worse than this, the men to whose feeble and unworthy hands her great power and vast responsibilties were intrusted not only shrank from casting her moral weight into the scale of justice, order, and civilization, but they lent her aid to the champions of tyranny within the Union and of anarchy abroad. They gave grudgingly to the South in her struggle for her own independence, for the safety of our colonies, and the peace of the American continent, a limited share of belligerent rights; but they seized her unarmed ships in our harbors, they drove her cruisers forth from our colonial ports, they harassed her with hampering and vexatious demands, while they allowed her enemy to recruit in Ireland, to blockade our seaports, and to exceed the utmost latitude of belligerent rights in order to intercept the trade of the Confederates.

"How different might the fortunes of war have proved had England been honestly neutral. Grant even that she had seized the Alabama and the Florida, what would this have signified if she had stopped Federal recruiting in Ireland and insisted that the example should be loyally followed on the continent? Had she taken stringent measures to prevent emigration of recruits to the North, as she stopped the supply of a navy to the South, the Federal armies would have been weakened by more men than Grant and Sherman now command, and thus the North would have lost that fatal, that unjust advantage by which the South has been crushed. Richmond has fallen before an army of foreign mercenaries. Lee has surrendered to an army of foreigners. With a horde of foreigners Sherman occupied Atlanta, took Savannah, ravaged Georgia, and traversed the Carolinas. By the aid of foreign mercenaries the South has been destroyed, and that aid the conquerors owe to the connivance of England. It is not often that a duty neglected, an opportunity thrown away can ever be retrieved. It is not often that a great public wrong goes utterly unpunished. We are little disposed to import into politics the language of the pulpit, but we cannot forbear to remind our readers that nations as well as individuals are responsible for the use they make of the powers and opportunities intrusted to them, and history does not encourage us to hope that so grievous a dereliction of duty as that of which on our part the South has been the victim will go eventually unpunished."

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## *TREATMENT OF SLAVES IN THE SOUTH.*

BY DR. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Probably no human institution has ever been so misrepresented as has the domestic slavery of the Southern States of the Union. It was denounced as "the sum of all villainies," and the slaveholders were held up with malignant bitterness to the scorn of the world as monsters of cruelty and oppression. And since the war that freed the slaves the coming generations are taught in schools, from the pulpit, and by the press that Mr. Lincoln, the great apostle of liberty, struck the shackles from a helpless race held in unwilling bondage to brutal masters. And the attempt is made to discredit and condemn that old civilization of kindly relations and gracious manners which produced such charcters as George Washington, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and Robert E. Lee.

The time surely demands that every patriotic Southerner should see to it that a true and faithful history be written, "nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice," that shall correct these false and unjust misrepresentations and shall vindicate to the present and future generations the ideals, the traditions, and the principles—social, political, and religious—for which the Southern people stood.

Let it be said that there were inseparable evils connected with the institution of slavery as with all human institutions, and these evils were exaggerated in the South by the differences of nature, physical and moral, between the races—the white master heir of a thousand years of culture, the negro slave just a few generations removed from most brutal savagery.

Yet it is also to be said that the Southern masters, as a class, in seeking to bridge the gulf separating the races did succeed in establishing kindly domestic relations that did much to mitigate the evils and promised much for the future if worked out without interference. The first cargo of Africans brought to the English colonies was in 1619, the year before the landing of the Pilgrims. They were brought by a Dutch ship and were first held probably as indentured servants, not as absolute slaves. There were few of them at first; but the mother country, scenting profit in the trade, engaged in it, and her daughter, New England, was equally enthusiastic in tearing the Africans from their native land and selling them into slavery. And when some of the colonies—Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey—protested against the trade, the mother country refused to heed their protest.

In view of the horrors of the "middle passage," in which the negroes perished by hundreds on the open seas, it is said that tender consciences were salved with the statement that the traders were bringing miserable heathens to the light of Christian civilization. At first slavery existed in all the colonies and the States; but afterwards, because of economic differences in the sections and also because of differences of climate, the Northern States sold their slaves to the South and abolished the institution in their borders.

From the foundation of the government there was agitation for freedom for the slaves. The Constitution left the question to each State to settle for itself, and in the South there was a deeper interest in it as a practical queston than in the North. Virginia, in giving up her magnificent northwestern territory to the Union, stipulated that slavery should not exist in it. And prior to 1820, the year of the Missouri Compromise, there were in the South 106 antislavery societies with 5,150 members, while in the North there were 24 abolition societies with 920 members. The South tried to work out the problem with due regard to the interests of both races, waiting on the developments of Providence. The abolitionits were for immediate action, regardless of Providence or the Constitution. The Missouri Compromise brought the issue into politics and arrayed the sections against each other. Then began that long campaign of hatred, abuse, and violation of Southern rights that brought on the War between the States, emancipation, and the horrible years of Reconstruction, with its graft, corruption, and negro rule.

Now the charges against the South that are still current are: (1) Physical cruelty and oppression of the slaves, (2) neglect of the spiritual interests of the slaves.

As to physical treatment, there were two considerations that worked for kind treatment. (1) The fact that the slaves were a laboring class upon whose labors the masters were dependent for a living and for profit made it a matter of ordinary business prudence that they should be well treated to be effective servants. (2) The kind of relationship that bound the two classes together: on the part of the master the

spirit of *noblesse oblige* and on the part of the slave a docile affection assured that the faithful, obedient slave should not be unduly pressed. Moreover, besides this mutual affection, there was a public opinion which was embodied in statute laws that condemned cruel masters, and if there were such their cruelty was known and visited upon them socially.

It is worthy of remark that most instances of cruelty were perpetrated by Northern men who came South as overseers on large plantations and who had none of the traditional relationship that unites master and slave. The slaves were cared for as children and in old age were free from undue labor. They were provided with comfortable clothes and substantial food, and they lived in houses, often in little villages, that were protected against the weather. They had opportunities to make money for themselves to buy whatever pleased their fancy. Their health was cared for by the best medical skill; often on the large plantations there were hospitals well equipped.

When I stated these facts to friends on a visit to Scotland and Ireland years ago, they declared that no laboring class in Great Britain was so well provided for. And Prof. Barrett Wendel, a New Englander, states in one of his books that no common laborers in the world were as free from care and suffering, for the struggle of this class the world over is to secure a bare living for themselves and their families.

It is impossible for the present and coming generations to realize the affectionate relationship of whites and negroes in the old days in forming their judgment of those days.

As to the care for the spiritual interests of the slaves, the Southern Churches and ministry felt their responsibility for the souls of their dependents, and in most Southern communities the slaves were often gathered to hear the message of salvation. The only hindrance to this was caused by the fanatical interference of Northern Churches and ministers, seeking to dissatisfy the negroes and demanding immediate emancipation. But this was only a temporary hindrance, easily overcome by the Southern ministers. Large numbers of the slaves were converted and were received as communicants in the Churches with their masters. In this work the Methodist and Baptist Churches were prominent and successful, although all denominations recognized their duty to the negroes. In 1829 the Methodist Church (at the suggestion of the Hon. Charles Coatesworth Pinckney, an Episcopal layman, and a prominent and wealthy Methodist lady, both of South Carolina) organized a system of plantation missions, by which some of the ablest ministers of that Church were sent to preach to the negroes on the large plantations. The work was supported by the planters, irrespective of denomination. Often neat chapels were built on the plantation, and the planter and his family attended the services, while the ministers enjoyed their hospitality and esteem.

In the thirty-five years to the year 1865 it is estimated that a million slaves were brought to Christ by this agency alone at a cost of about four million dollars. In the same period of time the foreign missionary agencies of all the Churches expended on heathen peoples fifty million dollars, with only a few thousand converts. As a missionary agency the institution of African slavery deserves to be remembered. At the close of our war there were about a quarter of a million negro communicants in each the Methodist and Baptist Churches and considerable membership in the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches.

When the first Ecumenical Council of the Methodist Churches met in London a large delegation attended from the United States composed of both white and black ministers and laymen. Among them was that redoubtable champion of Southern Methodism, old Dr. John B. McFerrin. On the ship going over the Northern ministers were boasting much as to what they had done to free the slaves, and they claimed the gratitude of the negroes. Finally the old man, who was a man of war from his youth, could stand it no longer, and in that peculiar nasal tone, which with him was an effective instrument of oratory, he replied: "Yes, you boast to these colored brethren of all that you have done for them. Why didn't you tell it all? You brought them from Africa savages and sold them into slavery, and when they were not profitable to you then you sold them to us. We took them, a race of savages, and in two hundred years we made them a fine body of Christians, whom you deem worthy of citizenship, and who are going to take part in this Council." It is said a Southern negro standing by cried out: "Boss, dat's so. You never opens your mouf but what you tells de truf."

The testimony of the Southern Presbyterian Church expresses the sentiment of all the Southern Churches in 1865 in saying: "The colored people never stood in any other relations to the Church than that of human beings, lost with us in the fall of Adam and redeemed with us by the infinitely meritorious death and sacrifice of Christ and participants with us in all the blessings and benefits of the gospel. Our Churches, pastors, and people have always recognized their claim to Christian equality and brotherhood and have rejoiced to have them associated in Christian union and communion in the public services and precious sacraments of the sanctuary. Resolved, that the abolition of slavery has not altered this relation nor in any degree lessened the debt of love and service which we owe them."

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## *WHICH WAS "THE OTHER SIDE"?*

The following was contributed by Capt. R. T. Bean, of Wichita, Kans.: "The column was marching at an easy gait up the banks of the Cumberland River, neither dreaming of nor caring for any enemy that might be near. We had enjoyed a good night's rest, and, with a hearty, substantial breakfast to fortify us for the duties of the day, we were in the enjoyment of all the blessings that fall to the soldier's lot and were getting all the pleasure out of life that it was possible for us to have. Lieutenant Oldham and Sergeant Lindsey (as was often the case) were riding together and, happy in the strong ties of friendship that bound them together, were getting as much joy out of life as it was possible, which meant all in sight and then some. The Lieutenant was a sober-sided man and inclined to regard all things from a matter-of-fact point of view, while Lindsey was up to every prank that could be conceived and put into practice. Oldham was calling Lindsey's attention to some object across the river and designated it as being on the 'other side.' Lindsey at once took issue with him and expressed real regret that the Lieutenant was losing mentality and, pointing down to the bank near him, said that was the 'other side,' and he could prove it. In a moment Oldham had out a ten-dollar Confederate bill, which Lindsey promptly covered. 'Now,' said Lindsey, 'is that not one side?' pointing across the stream, to which Oldham retorted: 'Of course it is; any fool knows that.' Then Lindsey quickly remarked, pointing down to the near bank: 'Is not this then the other side?' The burst of laughter that rent the air was enough to wake the sluggish catfish in the river, and the sulphurious stream that flowed uninterruptedly from Oldham was almost stifling. Both have long since crossed over to the great beyond, but the Confederacy had no better soldiers nor the country any better citizens."

## *UNION SENTIMENT BEFORE SECESSION.*

BY W. A. CALLAWAY, ATLANTA, GA.

Young's Battery, of Columbus, Ga., of which I was a member, organized in 1862 by Capt. Edward Croft, was known as Croft's Battery for about eighteen months, or until his resignation. He was succeeded by First Lieut. Alf Young, son of the builder of the noted Eagle and Phœnix Mills, a fine gentleman of much wealth and influence. These mills were of great service during the war in supplying uniforms for our soldiers. In addition to the many patriotic deeds of Mr. Young, he fully equipped the battery with sixty-odd large horses and harness to match and also uniforms for the one hundred and ten men composing the company at a cost of many thousands of dollars. This is only a sample of the way pocketbooks opened to the needs of our new government.

He was a Union man when secession first began to be agitated, and this country lacked a whole lot of being a unit for secession. The conventions which met to pass on the question in the different States usually passed the ordinances by narrow margins, but as a matter of expediency they were made unanimous. In the case of Georgia, for instance, Benjamin H. Hill was elected to the convention as a Union delegate, but after secession became a fact he joined with the others to make it unanimous. But the South became a unit when Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand troops to subjugate us. When that call was made, it was like a match to a powder keg—there was no longer any dissension—but it make a solid South "overnight," and it still remains solid; and when Mr. Davis called for one hundred thousand men, they came in a rush from all classes and from all directions in such numbers that arms could not be supplied fast enough. But when the fighting actually began, as at the first battle of Manassas, the enemy, knowing our need, contributed abundantly and rapidly, and we soon had plenty and to spare. After a few battles conditions were reversed, and we had more guns than men. Mr. Lincoln could not have done anything more needed to solidify us.

My own father was a fair illustration of the antisecession spirit. I had heard it discussed from the John Brown raid all the way to 1860, and this was really the spark which lay dormant for several years, but was fanned into a flame and ended with Sherman's march through Georgia, leaving chimneys as sentinels and ravished homes as the crowning climax of his career, a career which has been set to music and is still being played to appreciative audiences of the North.

Speeches in Congress and the Senate, a la Bob Toombs on one side and Thad Stephens on the other, had become so bitter and inflammatory that reconciliation or compromises were impossible. South Carolina precipitated the conflagration and was followed in rapid succession by other States. Virginia hesitated longer and was the last to secede, and then only when Mr. Lincoln called on her for her quota of troops to subjugate her Southern sisters. This was the feather that broke the camel's back, and she hesitated no longer.

Up to the call for troops my father had been unyielding in his loyalty to the Union. His views were well known to his friends, nearly all of whom were rabid secessionists. Our home was in Lagrange, the home of Ben Hill. He and my father were friends and held the same views—that our provocation was great, but that we should remain in the Union and fight there for our rights.

A mass meeting was held in the courthouse several days before Georgia seceded to get the sentiment of the people. It was a fire-eating affair. Lagrange abounded in good speakers, and they seemd to be all present on this occasion and had the crowd worked up to a white heat of excitement. The most inflammatory orations had been delivered with hair-raising effect, all advocating secession in the most soul-stirring language. If there was a dissent, it had not been expressed. My father sat in a corner of the room with his head bowed and his face in his hands. He was deeply grieved at the course the meeting had taken, for he seemed to realize what it all meant. Finally there were calls for "Callaway! Callaway! Callaway!" but he refused to move until it seemed that every voice joined in the call. Well do I remember the sadness of his face as he deliberately arose and said: "My friends and fellow citizens, I came into this meeting not expecting to have a word to say, for I realize that should I give utterance to my sentiments they would be so much out of harmony with what has been said that silence on my part would be golden." He was resuming his seat when a storm of "Go on, go on" came from all parts of the room. Then he proceeded in an impassioned and most solemn manner to speak his views, which were entirely at variance with all that had been spoken. He said that secession meant war, which he foresaw to be one of the most bloody in history, that we would have the world to fight, that our shores would be blockaded, and, in short, forecasted the end with what afterwards seemed prophetic words. Many times since the war have I heard this speech referred to as prophecy. There were a few catcalls and hisses at the start, but on account of the earnest and solemn manner of his delivery he soon obtained a most respectful hearing and made an impression upon his hearers which caused them to think as they had never done before, for Bob Toombs and other influential speakers all over the country had scouted the idea of war, Mr. Toombs agreeing to drink all the blood that was shed.

In spite of my father's strong views in opposition to secession and his reluctance to give up the Union, yet when Lincoln called for troops he joined hands with those who had so bitterly opposed him and lent his whole energy to the defense of our homes. He sent five sons. As his youngest and bearing his name, it was natural that he should have had a most tender feeling for me; but he consented for me to go before I had attained military age. The talk of subjugation had wrought this wonderful change. On my return from the war—one of my brothers had just died, another was in prison, and I was supposed to be dead or captured—my father was on his deathbed and unconscious and the savings of a lifetime all gone. He saw for months before it came that all was lost. It was too much for his delicate constitution, and he gave way under the strain of anxiety and suspense, just as many more fathers and mothers had done. He had lived to see the prophetic words he had spoken at the mass meeting, four years before, fulfilled to the letter; but in great mercy a kind Providence took him without allowing him to witness those terrible Reconstruction days, an ordeal perpetrated by a civilized people upon their brothers whose only offense had been the defense of their homes against an invading horde made up largely of foreign hirelings fighting for bounty and booty, an ordeal visited upon a noble people of distinguished ancestry already crushed and bleeding at every pore—"Rachel weeping for her firstborn." Their homes were burned, property all gone and bankrupt, their former slaves ruling over them and incited to all kinds of outrages by conscienceless Northern emissaries and Southern scalawags. Of course many of our old men and women gave up the ghost and died in despair. Our impoverishment was complete; but, still not satisfied, our cotton was taxed $15 per

bale for three years, a product entirely of the South, the only farm product that was ever taxed. These outrages were more heartless than have been put upon the barbarians who sank the Lusitania or those who for years have been murdering helpless Armenians.

"To forgive is divine," but this old vet cannot forget.

I once heard an old preacher exclaim from the pulpit after he had been dealing with the unscrupulous politicians of that day: "My God, my God, if there ain't a hell, there ought to be for all such." This imprecation might also apply to the "poison squad" of the present time.

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## *HARDSHIPS OF BRAGG'S RETREAT.*

BY W. T. WILSON, HENDERSONVILLE, TENN.

Perhaps one of the most notable movements of the War between the States was General Bragg's retreat from Middle Tennessee. Soon after the battle of Murfreesboro, which was fought the last days of December, 1864, General Bragg withdrew his army back to Tullahoma and Shelbyville, where he went into winter quarters. The months following were devoted to recruiting and equipping his army. Early in the spring of 1863 General Bragg advanced north, establishing his lines with the left wing of his army at Shelbyville and his right wing at Fairfield and Beech Grove, some miles from Shelbyville.

His army at this time was in fine condition, a magnificent body of soldiers, composed of the best manhood of the South. His men were, for the most part, those who had an inbred love for the Southland and her institutions. They were restless and anxious to drive the invading foe from Southern soil.

General Rosecrans, who was then in command of the Federal army, was stationed at Murfreesboro with a finely equipped army, superior in numbers to General Bragg's army; but from the fearful experience they had had in one of the bloodiest battles of the Western Army, that of Murfreesboro, they were not keen to again meet those Southern boys in open combat, men who were fighting for their homes and all that was dear to them.

It was in the month of June, 1863, that General Rosecrans, declining again to meet General Bragg's army in open affray, began a flank movement by way of McMinnville and at the same time made an attack on General Bragg's right wing with a strong force under General Thomas from his main army, his object being to engage General Bragg until he could cross south of the Cumberland Mountain and occupy Chattanooga, thus cutting off General Bragg from all communication south and east with Confederate forces.

But it had become evident to General Bragg that General Thomas did not intend to meet him in open battle and that his attack was only a strategic move to engage him until he could get time to accomplish an advantageous movement, and he was in fact at that time moving his main army rapidly by way of McMinnville across the mountains toward Chattanooga.

At this juncture General Bragg began his memorable retreat from Middle Tennessee. His retreat was greatly retarded by the strong force from General Rosecrans's army under General Thomas hanging on the rear, harrassing his outposts, and with the heavy rains the hardships of the soldiers were increased. The boys were already chafing because General Thomas would not meet them in battle west of the Cumberland Mountain.

Gen. Bushrod Johnson's brigade was covering the retreat, together with a large cavalry force under the command of General Forrest. The heavy rains which had fallen had caused the streams to overflow their banks, and the roads were in a bad condition, thus retarding the movements of so large a body.

I recall an incident connected with the crossing of Elk River. As the stream was out of its banks, the only way of getting across was on a small bridge, and the crossing was necessarily very slow. General Johnson's brigade was held in line of battle on the west side of the stream to hold the Federal advance in check until Bragg's men had crossed over safely. But the Federals were pressing General Forrest so hard that he rode up to General Johnson and told him that if he did not hurry up and get his command across the river he might be forced to give up some of his artillery. This was the first time I had seen General Forrest, and his commanding appearance and determined movements made a lasting impression, being particularly impressed with his military bearing.

After some light skirmishing by the outposts with but little loss, all got safely over the river, and the old bridge was destroyed, which put a complete check to the pursuers.

Then began the difficult ascent of the mountains. The rains had added to the almost impassible condition of the roads, and at places the large limestone rocks projected almost perpendicularly, thus causing the wagons and artillery to be lifted over the rough places by the soldiers putting their shoulders to the wheels, while a great deal of army supplies had to be abandoned in order to get the wagons and teams over the mountains.

General Bragg's soldiers made this forced retreat across the mountain drenched with rain and without time to change their clothing or prepare their food. About all they had to eat was the little they could pick up, and but little could be had at that time, as the mountains were sparsely settled.

This retreat was in June and July, the season when all nature was robed in her most beautiful vesture and the mountain breezes were laden with sweet odors from the wild flowers, which produced a desire on the part of the soldeirs, who had an appreciation of the beauties of nature, to linger and enjoy the scenery; but no such esthetic desires were to be indulged in at that time.

While a splendid fighter, General Bragg was also good on the retreat; and, despite all the hardships and difficulties attending such a movement, he reached Chattanooga in time to give General Thomas a hearty welcome.

The most serious side of this bit of war history was the fact that here was one of the grandest bodies of soldiers in the country's annals retreating before a foe greatly outnumbering them. They were giving up their homes and loved ones, knowing that their hardships and dangers would be increased by falling into the hands of the enemy. These men were suffering all the hardships of a most cruel conflict, and they cast many longing looks from the summit of the Cumberland peaks westward toward the fertile valleys and the great basin of Middle Tennessee, reaching to the Father of Waters on the west, the fair and beautiful land holding all that was near and dear to the majority of them, with the feeling that they might never look upon that land again.

This feeling may have been a prophetic vision of what awaited them in one of the hardest fought battles of the war, the battle of Chickamauga, also the many battles that lined General Sherman's march through Georgia, where thou-

sands of those splendid men, heroes they were, gave up their lives and sleep in unknown graves.

No pen can write into history the suffering, heroism, and immortal deeds of those brave men.

[NOTE.—While General Rosecrans was in command of the Federal Army of Tennessee in 1862-63, General Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," was in command of the left wing, which made the flank movement above described.—*J. H. McNeilly.*]

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### *IMPORTANT BATTLES OF THE WAR.*

[Compilation giving date of battle, generals in command, forces engaged, and the losses on each side, prepared by Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga.]

First Manassas (Bull Run), July 21, 1861, Generals Beauregard and McDowell. Confederate force, 32,000; loss, 1,969; 6 per cent. Federal force, 35,000; loss, 1,584; 5 per cent. Combined loss, 5 per cent. (Only 18,000 men on each side in this fight.)

Shiloh, April 6, 1862, Gens. A. S. Johnston and Grant. Confederate force, 40,000; loss, 9,000; 22 per cent. Federal force, 58,000; loss, 12,000; 21 per cent. Combined loss, 20 per cent.

Seven Pines, May 31, 1862, Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and McClellan. Confederate force, 39,000; loss, 6,134; 16 per cent. Federal force, 51,000; loss, 5,021; 10 per cent. Combined loss, 12 per cent.

Gaines's Mill, June 7, 1862, Generals Lee and McClellan. Confederate force, 54,000; loss, 8,000; 15 per cent. Federal force, 36,000; loss, 5,000; 14 per cent. Combined loss, 14 per cent.

Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862, Generals Lee and McClellan. Confederate force, 70,000; loss, 5,500; 8 per cent. Federal force, 80,000; loss, 2,800; 4 per cent. Combined loss, 5 per cent.

Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, Generals Jackson and Banks. Confederate force, 21,000; loss, 1,314; 6 per cent. Federal force, 12,000; loss, 2,380; 20 per cent. Combined loss, 11 per cent.

Second Manassas, August 28, 1862 (two days), Generals Lee and Pope. Confederate force, 54,000; loss, 9,000; 17 per cent. Federal force, 73,000; loss, 13,000; 17 per cent. Combined loss, 17 per cent.

Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, Generals Lee and McClellan. Confederate force, 41,000; loss 9,500; 23 per cent. Federal force, 87,000; loss, 12,410; 14 per cent. Combined loss, 17 per cent.

Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, Generals Lee and Burnside. Confederate force, 70,000; loss, 4,224; 6 per cent. Federal force, 120,000; loss, 12,747; 10 per cent. Combined loss, 8 per cent.

Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862 (two days), Generals Bragg and Rosecrans. Confederate force, 37,712; loss, 9,500; 26 per cent. Federal force, 43,000; loss, 9,000; 21 per cent. Combined loss, 24 per cent.

Chancellorsville, May 1, 1863 (two days), Generals Lee and Hooker. Confederate force, 62,000; loss, 10,000; 16 per cent. Federal force, 130,000; loss, 14,000; 10 per cent. Combined loss, 12 per cent.

Gettysburg, July 3, 1863 (three days), Generals Lee and Meade. Confederate force, 70,000; loss, 18,000; 26 per cent. Federal force, 93,000; loss, 19,000; 20 per cent. Combined loss, 24 per cent.

Chickamauga, September 19, 1863 (two days), Generals Bragg and Rosecrans. Confederate force, 71,000; loss, 18,000; 25 per cent. Federal force, 57,000; loss, 17,100; 30 per cent. Combined loss, 27 per cent.

Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863, Generals Bragg and Grant. Confederate force, 33,000; loss, 3,000; 9 per cent. Federal force, 60,000; loss, 5,500; 9 per cent. Combined loss, 9 per cent.

The Wilderness, May 6, 1864, Generals Lee and Grant. Confederate force, 61,000; loss, 11,000; 18 per cent. Federal force, 118,000; loss, 15,000; 13 per cent. Combined loss, 14 per cent.

Spotsylvania, May 10, 1864, Generals Lee and Grant. Confederate force, 50,000; loss, 8,000; 16 per cent. Federal force, 100,000; loss, 17,000; 17 per cent. Combined loss, 16 per cent.

Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, Generals Lee and Grant. Confederate force, 58,000; loss, 1,700; 3 per cent. Federal force, 110,000; loss, 10,000; 9 per cent. Combined loss, 6 per cent.

Nashville, December 15, 1864, Generals Hood and Thomas. Confederate force, 39,000; loss, 3,500; 9 per cent. Federal force, 55,000; loss, 3,000; 5 per cent. Combined loss, 6 per cent.

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### *THE SOUTHERN CROSS OF HONOR.*

Take these crosses, a mute token
Of a sorrow left unspoken
By the lips of love unbroken
  Through all change of time and tide.
In a comrade's tears you'll lave them,
From dishonor live to save them,
For the sake of those who gave them,
  For the sake of those who died.

Prize these badges as a treasure
Precious, priceless beyond measure,
  Consecrated by a love
Deep and boundless as the ocean,
A true woman's life devotion,
  Love like His who reigns above.

Lee, the matchless, would have worn it
Stonewall Jackson would have borne it
Proudly; Death's strong hand could scarce have torn it
  From our princely Stuart's breast.
Hold it, veteran, as an omen
Sacred as the tear of woman
Shed for chevalier or yeoman,
Nobler than the noblest Roman,
  Shed for comrade laid to rest.

Southern veterans, wear these crosses,
Emblems of our Southland's losses—
  Losses death alone can drown.
When the last reveille's sounded,
When sin's hosts their arms have grounded,
He in whom our faith is founded,
Who bore the cross, for us was wounded,
  Will for each cross exchange a crown.

But when in heaven's perfect light,
The day he counts his jewels bright,
Condemns the wrong, rewards the right,
  In those he died to save,
The richest crown for love, for loss,
Without one taint of earthly dross,
To her will go last at his cross
  And earliest at his grave.

—*C. B. Tate, New Market Battalion, V. M. I. Cadets.*

## *BILLIE GUN.*

### A Tale of Two Epochs.

BY JOHN N. WARE, SEWANEE, TENN.

I.

Billie O'Brien's people, as the name would indicate, were not Quakers. Nevertheless, they did not believe in war; not if they had to do the fighting. O apostrophe is a synonym for Delight of Fighting, so we are told, but these O apostrophes were different. Just why doesn't concern us, but so it was. They knew that there was money and no inconsiderable glory to be had for the mere shouldering of a gun, but there were applicants in abundance for the glory, and the O'Briens had enough money; not an embarrassing surplus, understand, but enough. There was no earthly excuse for an O'Brien to go to war.

So when Billie O'Brien announced his intention of going on a recently projected and extensively advertised we-are-coming-Father-Abraham excursion to Richmond (and return, if the gods were good), he met opposition. He always did; he would have been disappointed otherwise. Billie never proposed a proposition, thought a thought, or planned a plan that hadn't met with opposition. It was the expiring spark of Celtic belligerency in the O'Brien breast, the last echo of a former glory, this constant opposition to an O'Brien, who by some chance threw back to sure-enough Hibernians. But Billie, expecting this opposition, grinned pleasantly and stuck to his original proposition, and in the end he had his way, as he always did. It was a way he had.

"Shucks!" said Billie. He was having it out in the family circle, with ladies present, and was regarding the conventions. Ordinarily he was much more vigorous and colorful of expression. "Shucks, I always did want to see that old Virginia State, and now it's spring and a real nice time to see the sights comfortably, and they're taking you down there for nothing and paying you something to boot for going. And, besides, there is a big crowd of the boys going from here." He paused a few seconds to give his statements time to take firm root, and then he remarked with decision: "And I am going with them. I'll be back some time along in the fall."

"But, William," said timid Mrs. O'Brien, she that was Miss Smith and had no claim to Celtic love of head cracking, "those Rebels will be shooting at you, and you don't know but what"—

"O hel— Shucks, they can't hit anything," said Billie, and carelessly waved aside that objection. Then he grinned his most capacious grin. "Besides, when they hear I'm coming, they'll just naturally quit anyhow."

Which wasn't sound logic or truth either, for "they" didn't quit, not even when they heard that two hundred thousand Billie O'Briens were coming. If they had, Billie wouldn't have seen Old Virginia or Chancellorsville; but that is anticipating.

No, "they" didn't quit. Quite to the contrary, "they" made unsmiling preparation to dispense with full hands the famous Southern hospitality that Billie had read so much about. And Billie would have been glad of this had he known it, for fighting was as the breath of life to him, and the scenery of Old Virginia was unimportant indeed. Which was very fortunate, for he could have stayed at home and seen very much more beautiful scenery than what his part of Virginia afforded. His scenery there was to be scrub oak and pine, tangled brier and impenetrable thicket, with the ground soft with sodden last winter's leaves, and only a glimpse now and then of God's open blue. A tantalizing reminder of heaven at that, for it was hard to see unless you were on your back, and those who lay that way saw nothing at all, though their eyes were wide open, fixed in an unwinking stare, as if trying to solve the puzzle of this world and that other into which they had been ushered in the twinkling of an eye.

But all this really mattered very little, because Billie didn't know as yet what lay on the knees of the gods for him, and even if he had known he would have gone all the same. For he was an O'Brien of the older times and threw back as many generations as was necessary to find the latest frolicking, devil-may-care, shillalah-bearing O'Brien ancestor. As for the Smiths, they might as well never have existed as far as ever having any part or parcel in Billie was concerned. He was the reincarnation of some giant who smiled as he slew, because slaying was pleasure.

Fighting was the very breath of life to big-mouthed, freckle-faced, red-headed Billie O'Brien. Every boy in the community bore eloquent testimony to that. The moment he could stand alone he had his fingers in some other astonished baby's eyes and hair, and from that time on his progress toward man's estate had been a trail strewn with drops of blood and peelings of skin and handfuls of hair, some of it in every instance his own. Which explains why he wanted to go to Virginia. Alexander found Macedonia too small; he sighed for other worlds to conquer.

So he went along with the "other boys," and the town turned out to hurrah and wish them Godspeed, and Billie held his head high and was as happy as he could be. Which was only natural for a man going to where he would find his favorite amusement in such abundance. But the O'Briens were not so jubilant, except the smallest O'Brien of all, to whom out of the fullness of Billie's heart had been promised a Rebel sword.

II.

Virginia hospitality, Billie soon found, lived up to only half of its reputation. Warm it was beyond any shadow of reasonable complaint, but concerning its cordiality some hundred and fifty thousand Billies made loud and frequent moan. There is such a thing as overdoing cordiality and warmth. And from warm the hospitality had grown hot and hotter and hotter as the days passed, until even those who, like Billie O'Brien, loved a fight found that the edge of their appetite was being blunted. They were in danger of being sated, gorged on this martial diet. Yet no respite came. Day after day skirmishes, fights, charges and counter-charges, and the lesser duties, picket duty and guard mount, and such like, the last word of irksomeness. Day by day dropped off messmates, camp fire intimates, boyhood friends. Day by day the face of nature changed. Day by day Billie O'Brien and numberless others grew years and years older.

Then came May, 1863. Three days before they had crossed a muddy little river and plunged into an uninviting, but not especially deadly-looking, wilderness, and immediately thereupon they had been welcomed with that hospitality that they had come to detest so heartily. They had returned it in kind and, disregarding it as far as was humanly possible, had pushed on as best they could and as far, which was not inconsiderable in view of the marked discourtesy they were being shown. Little by little their Southern hosts had withdrawn, sullenly, viciously, true, but they had withdrawn. That was the main point. Whereat Billie O'Brien and the thousands of other Billies and the shameful other thousands that were not Billies and never would be rejoiced, though not for

the same reason. It was not a lovely country, this wilderness, but everybody, Billies and others, wanted undisputed possession of it, and wanted it very much.

May 1 had been a gala day for those of Billie's ilk, those who loved the roll of musketry. Musketry there had been in largesse and all that goes therewith, and Billie had had no ground for complaint on that score. For that matter he had done little enough complaining these latter days anyhow. What little he made did not concern the lack of fighting. That plaint had done good service in winter quarters, but it had languished of late for obvious reasons. His moan had now as its text his near neighbors. They were Dutchmen ("Damn Dutchmen," Billie called them, with various descriptive epithets, all from the depths of his Hibernian heart), and he liked them not. It wasn't his fault. O'Briens and Schmidts had never dwelt together in unity. They couldn't now, but Billie accepted them as he did the mosquitoes and ticks and the thousand crawling things of this tangled inferno. They were exigencies of war.

But there was another and more legitimate cause for dissatisfaction this day, and deep and bitter was his grumbling thereat. Small wonder. After a fellow has pushed his way stubbornly for miles down a miserable, fire-lined, tree-obstructed road, fighting for every inch of it with an enemy that contests every inch of it as if it were the road to heaven, he may be excused for being aggrieved when he is told by a man sitting on a cool, shady porch to come back to the place from which he started that morning, presumably to do it all over again next day. It seemed so foolish and futile. So it seemed to Billie, and he cursed bitterly, though he himself had been spared the experience. But some of his best friends had not been so fortunate, and some of them had not come back. Instead they were along that bullet-swept road huddled up in fantastic shapes with ghastly holes in limb and head and heart. News of it had filtered back to Billie and his comrades, and they received it according to their lights. Billie's near neighbors shrugged their shoulders and muttered, "Ach Gott," and forgot about it. Billie said nothing, but he treasured these things in his heart, and that night he slept restlessly, bitter for the first time.

May 2 had been a continuous holiday. True enough, there had been from time to time little gusts of musketry and some artillery fire in the direction of Chancellorsville. But Chancellorsville was four miles away, and the firing was nothing anyhow, comparatively speaking. So Billie O'Brien and the other Billies, good and bad, ate their white bread and made ready for the morrow, when there was work to be done.

The day wore on, a singularly peaceful day in the midst of hell, with the desultory noises like far-off thunder. It was about six and supper time. Arms were stacked, men were sitting around in groups laughing the laugh of the momentarily care free, and—and then, rudely disturbing all this, came the sharp blast of a bugle and the shrill yell that Billie knew so well, having heard it many, many times before. Almost simultaneously there broke from the woods just across the little clearing yelling lines of lean, grim men in gray. Like a hurricane they came, death riding at their head.

"O hell!" said Billie petulantly, jumping up and running for his gun. "Won't those darned Rebels ever give a fellow a rest? Can't even"—

A shell, coming from somewhere in the rear of the gray horde, sang through the air overhead and burst. A flying splinter struck Billie O'Brien on his head, and without a sound he crumpled up, and the men in gray swarmed past.

When Billie opened his eyes again, it was evidently early morning. He lay still a minute, blinking at the rising sun and listening abstractedly to a bird in a near-by tree, all the while trying to figure out where he was and what he was doing there. It was altogether strange to him, this country. Moreover, the dead men and the scattered guns, all the ghastly débris of war, puzzled him sorely. His head ached badly, and that puzzled him too. The whole thing was a puzzle. He couldn't think of any reason why he should be lying in this unfamiliar place with a furiously aching head. Evidently there was something curious in all this. He thought it over a while and finally gave it up.

"Lord," said he, "what's the matter with my head anyhow? Somebody must have hit me the heck of a lick. I wonder who it was— Never mind, I'll get him some time, whoever he was, the son-of-a-gun." Whereupon he sat up, his hand on his dully aching head.

Near him stood a man in a gray uniform of some sort. He was looking at Billie very curiously, so Billie stared back. The big man was totally strange to him, but so was everything here, and Billie spoke to him civilly: "Howdy, stranger."

"How are you?" replied the man in gray.

"Me? I'm all right except my head hurts like blazes. Somebody must have"— He tried to rise, but somehow he seemed to be too tired. So he compromised by crawling painfully over to a sapling, against which he propped himself.

"What's your command?" continued the other man.

"Command?" said Billie blankly.

"Well, what's your name then?"

Billie smiled a capacious, winning Irish smile and said pleasantly: "Billie. What's yours?"

"Billie what?"

Billie racked his brain, but he couldn't quite locate the "what," so he gave it up. It made his head ache worse. "Billie" he repeated blandly and looked up inviting further conversation.

His questioner seemed at a loss, and his next question showed it. "Is that your gun?" he asked irrelevently.

"Yes," said Billie. Which wasn't so, for he couldn't remember ever having seen a gun like that before. He crawled over and took possession. "Nice old girl," he said, running his hand along the shining barrel. "Billie—gun, Billie—gun, Billie—gun." Forgotten the men and the doctor grouped around him, all regarding him pityingly, forgotten the horrible things strewn thick everywhere, forgotten everything. In all the world nothing but Billie and his gun. "Billie—gun," he repeated over and over again; "Billie—gun."

"Your name's Billie Gun, isn't it?" said the doctor.

"Yes, sir," said Billie, "that's my name, Billie Gun."

There was a short whispered conversation and then the doctor's voice was heard. "But I tell you, gentlemen," he said, "it would be a shame to send the poor fellow to Richmond. It is not right to put such men in prison. What am I to do? Hasn't some one a suggestion?"

A moment of silence followed, and then a tall man, with one arm heavily bandaged, said: "I have, doctor, but it is so unusual that I hesitate greatly to make it. As you see, one of Billie Gun's friends has put my arm out of commission, and I think it only fair that Billie should take care of me while it is healing. Suppose you let me have him. He will fare much better with me than he would in Richmond, and I don't think it makes much difference with him whom he is with, poor fellow. If he recovers his memory, I will turn him over to the proper authorities. I need scarcely assure you that he will be treated properly. In case you should wish

to communicate with me, you will find me with the 27th Virginia. I am Colonel Green."

The doctor bowed in acknowledgment. "It is irregular, Colonel Green," he said after a moment; "but it is certainly the most humane thing I can do, and I shall accept your offer. I need no assurance that you will be kind to him. May I offer my congratulations for yesterday? I have heard many good things of you and the 27th."

Billie heard nothing of all this; heard nothing of anything, in fact. Always he caressed his sweetheart. "Billie Gun," he muttered happily.

"Billie Gun," said the tall man "you are going with me. We are going to be good friends. You're a good Confederate, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Billie, "I'm a good—a good— Billie Gun," he wandered on.

"Can you get up now?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sir."

He tried it and finally succeeded, but it was painful work indeed. He put an uncertain hand up to his head as though it pained him, and his eyes were wet with the moisture of anguish.

The tall man's eyes filled with tears. "The poor fellow, the poor fellow," he said softly. "Will some one of you gentlemen please help me get him on my horse? I will walk."

Thus they left, Billie swaying unsteadily in the big army saddle, the colonel walking beside, holding him on.

. . . . . .

In bewildering succession came Gettysburg, and the Wilderness again, and Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor and Richmond and Petersburg, a horrible saturnalia of powder smoke through which moved indistinctly gaunt men in tattered gray uniforms. Among them a tall colonel and his shadow, a big, blue-eyed, red-haired boy; a silent boy with a smile that somehow went straight to the heart and made it ache; a boy whose dull eyes followed lovingly every movement of the tall man. "The colonel and Billie Gun," the army called them. They had no existence apart. Where the colonel was, there, or as near there as he could get, was Billie. The colonel was often in fearful places, oftener and oftener in the final awful days when the lines grew thinner, but Billie knew no fear. He knew nothing. "Yes, sir," was his only conversation; his only occupation in life to love and obey this tall man and to cling to him.

And then Appomattox and two people going slowly down a dusty road. One a sad-faced man on horeback, the other a broad-shouldered, smiling boy, holding to the stirrup as he shuffled along.

III.

Back to the sleepy Virginia town came one of its sons after forty years of absence. He had left it in 1865, and this was 1905. Between had been years of privation, discouragement, persistent effort, and finally, midway, success. The last twenty years had brought ever-increasing fame, and now, standing on the pinnacle of his profession, the great surgeon, very tired and very hungry for rest, had bethought himself of his quiet little native town at the foot of the Blue Ridge. So he was at home once more.

His townspeople, honored by his presence and proud of his modestly borne fame, nevertheless respected his desire to be treated as one of them, and he established himself quietly in the hospitable home of a cousin only too glad to receive him. As boys they had played their games together, as men they had fought their battles together, and now in the twilight of life they met again, one a great surgeon, the other a simple country doctor. The world rang with the fame of one; the whole countryside knew and loved the other. So there was little difference after all.

One spring night they sat by themselves under the trees and talked, sometimes laughingly, oftener sadly, of the tempestuous, now dim days of warfare. They spoke familiarly of great men and tremendous conflicts, and from the general they arrived at the particular.

Said the country doctor: "There is a peculiarly sad case out here at the county poorhouse, Jim. It is a poor fellow who calls himself Billie Gun. Of course that's not his name, but neither he nor any one else knows his right name or anything about him. Colonel Green found him at Chancellorsville. He had been struck on the head, and his mind was an absolute blank. The Colonel was kind to him, and the poor fellow followed him like a dog as long as the Colonel lived. When the Colonel died, in 1880, Miss Lizzie took care of Billie, but she died about ten years later, and Greenwood was sold, and they had to send him to the poorhouse. He has been there ever since, a pathetic figure, a man in stature and strength, a baby in mind and helplessness. He just sits all day long in that God-forsaken place and smiles vacantly and pleasantly into space. I wonder who he is and what, poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" said the great surgeon thoughtfully. "Yes, indeed, poor fellow!"

Some days later the great surgeon reopened the subject. "Joe," said he, "Billie Gun has been running through my head ever since you told me about him the other night. Somehow or other he haunts me. You say he has no friends, no anything, not even a past. Well, here's what I've been thinking about. I want you to give me your honest opinion about it. I've always wanted to know how long a brain's functions can be suspended and then resumed and whether the last conscious impression is retained intact. You can see how almost impossible it is to get a subject for an experiment like that, and that's why Billie Gun seems to me to be sent by Providence. But here's what has been troubling me. Have I the right, granting it should turn out as I would like, to bring this old man back to life as a boy, with home and people gone and forty years a blank? Or isn't it kinder to let him remain in his darkness? It's the individual against the institution, and I don't want to do either one a wrong. What do you think?"

The country doctor said nothing for a long while, and then: "Jim, it isn't mere curiosity on your part, is it?"

"God, no!"

"You really think you might find something useful?"

"That's the point. It's all a gamble. I might, and again I might not."

"You won't hurt the old fellow?"

"Not if careful work will prevent it."

"Then I think you should take the chance."

The great surgeon looked his gratitude and relief. "That's what I thought you would say. Now I want you to look at this. It's an agreement to pay the man known as Billie Gun six hundred dollars annually for the rest of his life. I owe him something, and I think six hundred dollars is fair. The old man won't be without means that way. I have also agreed to aid him in every way I can to find his people. You don't think the county authorities would object to that, do you?"

"Not the least in the world. They would be only too glad."

"And Billie?"

"Billie hasn't said anything but 'Yes, sir,' in forty years. He wouldn't know how to say 'No.'"

"All right, then. We will go down to the clerk's office and file this, and if the county authorities will agree to it I will write to Boston and ask Morton to come down at once. He is interested in such cases too."

So Billie Gun for the second time in his life was moved, a humble pawn, his one square over the chess board of life.

. . . . . .

Three doctors and two nurses and several other people stood in the cheerless room in the poorhouse and watched the "man known as Billie Gun" come back to life. A pitiful, halting return it was, like a blind man groping his way through an unfamiliar room. From time to time the big hands, with their gnarled, discolored fingers, twitched restlessly, and occasionally an eyelid fluttered a brief second. Otherwise only a feeble pulse showed that life was still there.

The minutes dragged slowly by; the pulse became stronger. Suddenly the eyes opened wide, startled eyes, in them a look something akin to fear.

"—— eat his supper in peace," the man muttered. Then he looked around dazedly. "What—what's this?" he said.

Bending over him was a man he didn't know. He couldn't understand this at all.

"Where are the boys?" he asked.

"What boys, Billie?" said the unknown man.

"What boys? The 35th New York."

"Gone, Billie," said the other gently. "Gone these many years." Tears were in his eyes, for he had seen his comrades answer the last roll call, and Billie's question made his heart heavy indeed.

Billie looked questioningly at the bare walls and out through the open window. Before him rose Piedmont Virginia, wave after wave of spring-touched green hill and vale, off in the distance the softly undulating Blue Ridge half veiled in purplish mist, a landscape that had unrolled before his eyes fifteen years of summer and winter, spring and autumn, now an unknown land. His look came back to the bare room and fell on the old, old hands resting on the bed. Painfully he lifted one of them to his face and ran the fingers through a heavy beard. It was strange, passing strange.

He lay still, very still, a moment and then closed his eyes again with a sigh. "O God!" murmured Billie O'Brien wearily, and died.

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*MISSING.*

In the cool, sweet hush of a wooded nook,
  Where the May buds sprinkle the green old mound
And the winds and the birds and the limpid brook
  Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound,
Who lies so still in the plushy moss,
  With his pale cheek pressed on a breezy pillow,
Crouched where the light and the shadows cross
  Through the flickering fringe of the willow?
    Who lies, alas!
So still, so chill in the whispering grass?

. . . . . .

Nor bird, nor moon, nor whispering wind
  May breathe the tale of the hollow;
    Alas! alas!
The secret is safe with the woodland grass.

*LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY.*

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

From the battle of Fort Steadman until we evacuated our lines at Petersburg was only eight days, and the enemy contented himself in our front by raining his mortar shells on us day and night, when he could have taken the position at any time by direct assault with his overwhelming forces. Our men stood in a very thin skirmish line facing them, but they never made an effort to drive us out. As far as our brigade and corps extended we held to the last, when we marched away unmolested. But farther to the right there were fewer defenders, and on the morning of April 2 the enemy massed his forces and made a determined attack. The few Confederates there made a stubborn fight and repulsed the enemy; but the fighting was renewed, and the little force of defenders was finally all killed. The way was now open for them to advance and take the city (Petersburg), but they had had enough fighting for the day and contented themselves with remaining quiet until the morning of the 3d, when they entered the place. Perhaps they thought General Lee had an inner line of works and had a trap set for them, or they had lost so heavily in the fight with the few Confederates at the fort that they did not care to renew the offensive.

If our rations had been scant before the capture of Steadman, they were now more so. Everything was demoralized, and we got only enough to keep soul and body together; yet we felt that if we could only get out of those breastworks and bombproofs where we could once more straighten out our limbs and breathe the fresh air we would be willing to meet our enemy in the open field again.

Events were taking place far to the right, of which we did not know, that brought about this very thing. Grant was massing his forces in that quarter on General Lee's thin lines in an effort to cut his communications and force him to surrender. Our defenses were stripped to meet the combined armies of Grant and Sheridan; but all of these were no match for the great numbers of the enemy, and our men were outflanked and defeated at Five Forks on March 26, the day after the capture of Fort Steadman. There was nothing now left to General Lee but to use his own judgment in evacuating Petersburg and Richmond, a thing which he would have done no doubt months before if he had not been hampered by instructions from the authorities at Richmond. The situation for our army in January was hopeless. Everybody knew this except those who issued orders from our War Department to hold our lines. Everything of value to us could have been removed at that time to a place of safety, if there was such a place in the Confederacy, and the army could have been consolidated with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's. At last they woke up to the facts when it was too late to issue orders and the enemy was already too far toward our right and rear for us to escape.

So we stood there facing the enemy for eight days after the fight and capture of Fort Steadman under their mortar shells, and on the morning of April 2 there was fighting some distance to our right. News came that our line was broken. Still the enemy in our front made no other demonstration except the usual shelling. We were ready for them and would have made them pay dearly for any success on their part. Night came on, and the brigade marched out of the works it had held since February as the full moon rose and lit up the landscape. I was ordered to remain in the works until midnight, when I would be relieved by an officer. My orders were to watch the movements of the enemy, but not

to shoot. I was told that two of our pickets would be left with me, one on the extreme right of the line formerly held by the regiment and the other on the left, each some distance from me. As the regiment marched away I stood at my post and looked, as I thought, at an old regimental flag which I had followed through the smoke of so many battles and my comrades for the last time. Everything around me was still as a graveyard, except now and then the noise of a passing Minie ball or the explosion of a mortar shell. Far to the right the troops in that quarter were still holding their position, and a noisy fight was in progress; but this finally ceased, and we alone of Lee's army, which had defied the power and resources of the United States so long, remained to face the enemy.

When the moon reached the zenith and no officer came, I began to grow uneasy. For some time I was uncertain what course to pursue. Finally I decided to go to the left and see Haynes, thinking perhaps an officer was there with him. I found him on his post gazing in the direction of the enemy. He told me that no officer had been there. I asked him what we should do, but he could give me no advice. I suggested that perhaps the officer was with Williams, on the right, and proposed that we go and see. We did so, but did not find the officer of the day (night) there. Although I was the youngest of the three, I proposed, as we had remained faithfully on post until the hour to be relieved and no officer had come and was not likely to come, that we take it upon ourselves to leave and follow the army. This met with their approval, and we started for the zigzag entrance which gave us a safe exit to a ravine in rear out of range of Minie balls. But beyond the ravine the ground was elevated and quite open. As we began the ascent we came into full view of the artillerymen in Fort Steadman, and they opened on us with their rifle cannon. At first we attempted to run, but we were so weak from our long fast and cramped condition in the breastworks that we found this impossible, and we slowed down and let them shoot. Their solid shot whizzed by us, but did us no harm.

Great fires were raging in the city, for the authorities were burning the big warehouses filled with all kinds of army stores, and the flames were leaping skyward, illuminating the city and surrounding country. O how I wanted to go and get some of these before they were entirely consumed! but my comrades were hurrying to get to the bridge before it should be blown up and would not listen to the suggestion. Straggling soldiers could be seen running about, some of whom had helped themselves freely to liquor and were not in a condition to navigate. A citizen trotting along and shoving a pushcart loaded with groceries from the burning warehouses struck an obstacle in the street and dumped his load on the ground. The head fell out of a barrel of flour, and I ran to it and filled my haversack, grabbed up a ham, and souzed my canteen into a barrel of syrup standing near by, while my comrades standing on the sidewalk were hurrying me up. It was well that I did this, as will later be seen.

We were soon at the bridge spanning the Appomattox, which I suppose is about fifty yards wide at this place. A man stood at the farther end waving a flaming torch and called to us to hurry across, as he was about to blow it up. When we reached him we begged him not to be in too great a hurry, as many of our men were coming on and the town was full of stragglers, all of whom would be cut off with no means of getting to their commands. Others now came up, and we left them urging him to desist for a short while. When we reached the top of the hill, some distance away, we heard a big explosion, and, looking back, we saw the timbers of the bridge rising skyward and changing ends like arrows. How many of our men were cut off I cannot say, but I am certain there were some who had to swim that night or surrender the next morning.

The night was far spent now, and we looked for a friendly fence corner, where we spread our blankets and were soon asleep. At daylight we struck out on track of the army. I was practically barefooted, but had the good luck to find a cast-off pair of shoes that fit my feet, and with these I marched with my comrades all day until I reached our command. They were glad to see me, and especially my well-filled haversack, for they had not drawn anything to eat. I divided what I had with them with the understanding that they would repay me when rations were issued. We did not know at the time that it would be days before we would get anything more to eat. This was the night of the 3d, and, if I remember correctly, we had nothing more until the night of the 8th. But we all felt cheerful and happy that we were no longer confined to the breastworks and the trying conditions in front of Fort Steadman. It would be impossible to describe the suffering of our men and army horses and mules from this time until General Lee finally surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse.

A great part of this suffering could have been avoided if our authorities at Richmond, for they had ample time and warning, had hauled those supplies which they burned at Petersburg to convenient points along our route, now the only one left by which we could hope to escape. Our poor, faithful animals were without feed and were unable to drag the trains along loaded with ammunition and other impedimenta, so that General Lee had a large heap of shells piled up in one place and exploded to keep them out of the hands of the enemy. I was sorry that these could not be used in driving back our enemies, who were pressing us so unmercifully. We were almost continually under fire from the left flank and rear, but our brigade kept up their organization throughout the whole trying march and on several occasions stopped and repulsed our tormentors, only to be met again by others farther on.

The wretched condition of our men grew worse from day to day until we reached Appomattox Courthouse at night on the 8th. Our brigade marched into a body of woods near the little village, and rations were issued to us. We kindled fires and were preparing the food when the rattle of small arms and the boom of cannon at the Courthouse were heard, and we were called to arms. We "fell in" and were marched to the scene of the trouble; but when we reached the place we found neither friend nor foe there, only the cannon abandoned by our men or the enemy standing in the courthouse square. We went back to our bivouac and fell down on our blankets for a short sleep and rest for the battle which we knew was inevitable the next morning.

I was soon sound asleep, but an inaudible voice came to me that on the morrow I would fight my last battle and the war would be over. I woke at the call to arms just before day with this agreeable impression on my mind and took my place in the ranks. As we marched through the village the pieces of artillery abandoned early in the night were still there. A public road runs through the place from north to south, and as we took our position on the east side of this in the early dawn we could see in the heavy fog that Rodes's old division, which had done such wonderful fighting on so many battle fields, now reduced to only a few hundred, had already arrived and were in line on the other side of the road, sup-

ported by a battery of artillery posted on the roadside to their left. Our formation was hardly complete when the order was given to them to advance. They struck the enemy immediately, and as soon as they had disappeared in the fog the order came to us to move forward. Every man was ready to respond, and we had gone only a short distance when we were greeted by the bullets of the enemy. Our men rushed forward with their usual yell and a volley which broke the enemy immediately. We followed and captured a battery, which they may have abandoned purposely, and fired it at the retreating enemy, perhaps the last cannon fired by Lee's army. We were entirely unsupported on the left, and Rodes's men on the right were too weak to cope alone with the enemy on their right; but we were anxious to push our advantage still farther, when the order came to cease firnig.

The thought flashed through our minds that perhaps General Lee had surrendered the army. No language can express our mingled feelings of sorrow and joy at the thought—sorrow that we had fought so long and suffered so much in vain; that so many of our brave comrades had sacrificed their lives for a cause that was not victorious, and especially for our noble old commander, whom we all loved and respected as a father; and joy that our sufferings and dangers were at last about to end. Tears were in the eyes of many as we reformed our ranks and started back toward the village. Looking back to the right and rear, we saw a man in blue uniform riding toward us and waving a red handkerchief before him, while his long, curly, flaxen hair stood out behind him in the morning air. As he passed us he inquired who was in command. Some one replied: "General Gordon." A young soldier, with tears streaming down his cheeks, brought into position his gun to shoot and was in the act of doing so when some one knocked it up and said: "Don't! Perhaps General Lee has surrendered, and it might cause trouble." He was a splendid marksman, and if he had not been hindered the bloody-minded tyrant Custer, the incendiary who helped to burn out the Valley of Virginia, the murderer of our military scouts and inoffensive citizens, would never have lived to fight the Sioux Indians. Like Richard III of England, who fought for his crown and lost his life at Bosworth Field, he was a brave man, but cruel; like the lion-hearted Richard, he was brave, but his cruelty overshadowed his heroic conduct in battle.

Looking from our elevated position south of the town, we could see far to the north the remnant of the army several miles away. General Lee was there and had arranged the terms of surrender; but we never saw him after this. We were marched into a field to the west of the road near the village, and there we stacked arms and parked our wagons. Two pounds of fresh beef were issued to each man, on which we subsisted the five days we remained there. The Yankees said it was all they had to give us, as Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, following their rear with a small brigade of cavalry, had destroyed two hundred and fifty wagons of their supply trains, and they had nothing but a herd of beef cattle to subsist upon. Every night I spread my blanket at the root of a small oak, and in the morning when I awoke I wondered how long it would be before I should be hungry enough to gnaw the bark off of it.

The first night after the surrender a movement was started by some one in the brigade to seize our arms and rush through the lines of the enemy, make our way to the mountains, and there continue the war to the bitter end. We had torn our regimental flag from its staff and divided it into small pieces for each man to keep as a sacred relic. As soon as General Gordon heard of our intention he got up in a wagon and made us a speech, strongly condemning such course. He advised us to go peacefully to our homes and restore our country and our fortunes, praising us for our achievements and heroic conduct. His kind words had a good effect, and no effort was made to violate the terms of the surrender. He somewhere found a new flag, which he fastened to the old staff, and this one was surrendered.

Finally, on the fifth morning, when all the Confederate troops were gone, we were ordered to take up our arms and were marched to the public road, where we found a long line of Yankee troops already formed and awaiting us about thirty feet on the other side. They appeared to be well fed and clothed, while we were ragged and almost dead from starvation. We were formed about thirty feet in front of them and stood there a few minutes, while not a word was spoken. Presently some one in the ranks of the enemy began to address us in the most opprobrious language. Then others joined in with him, using the vilest epithets. This continued for some time, when a mounted officer in the rear spoke to his men and told them to hush or he would break his sword over the head of the next offender, winding up by calling them a set of cowards and saying that those Confederate soldiers were brave men, and if they were half as brave they would have whipped them long ago. It was our time now, and every one of us yelled and cheered the officer.

We were ordered to stack arms, and Colonel Lowe, of the 31st Georgia Regiment, who was in command of the brigade, told us if we had anything on our persons that belonged to the Confederacy to put it on the stacks. We divested ourselves of our cartridge boxes, and while we were doing this Captain Walker, our faithful old regimental commissary and quartermaster, who for the last two years had fed General Lee's whole army, spoke to us and said if we would follow him, Colonel Lowe, and Dr. Butts, our surgeon, that day they would conduct us to where we could get meal, and if we would follow them the second day we could get meal and meat. They rode off slowly as we broke ranks, and we tried to keep in sight of them; but many of us were so weak from hunger that at first we could go only a very short distance without becoming exhausted. We gained strength gradually as the day advanced and at dark reached a mill twenty-four miles from where we started. Captain Walker had ridden ahead and put the miller to work grinding corn for us. I had a new tin cup, a spoon, and a frying pan, and with these I soon had a hoecake, the sweetest morsel I ever ate. My frying pan cooked many such cakes that night for my comrades. The next day we followed our guides twenty-six miles to another mill, where we got meal and meat to last us to Danville, where we got a full supply and transportation to Greensboro, N. C.

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Persecution.—* * * In addition to the Southampton massacre and the failure of the legislature to enact any effective legislation, the contemporary rise of the Abolitionists in the North came as an even more powerful factor to embarrass the efforts of the Virginia emancipators. Unlike the antislavery men of former years, this new school not only attacked the institution of slavery, but the morality of the slaveholders and their sympathizers. In their fierce arraignment not only were the humane and considerate linked in infamy with the cruel and intolerant, but the whole population of the slave-owning States, their civilization and their morals, were the object of unrelenting and incessant assaults.—*Beverly Munford.*

## *A HEROINE OF THE SIXTIES.*

CONTRIBUTED BY A DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

In the spring of 1863 an ambulance driven by a Confederate soldier stopped by the "big gate" of Mountain View, the home of Mr. Charles H. Payne, of Giles County, Va. Expecting to find a wounded Confederate soldier, Miss Lizzie, the young daughter of Mr. Payne, hastened to the gate. The driver remarked: "Miss Payne, this is one time you will not want to do anything for the soldier. We have at last captured the famous Yankee, Colonel Rucker, and we are taking him to prison, provided he lives to get there."

MRS. T. A. ROBERTS.

Miss Payne thought she hated a Yankee with a holy hatred, but her heart was touched when she discovered that Colonel Rucker was ill. She told the driver he must wait; she could not let him go until she had made the prisoner comfortable. She gave him medicine and delicacies and did everything in her power to make the journey to Richmond less arduous. This incident was soon forgotten by the family.

During the summer her brother, E. F. Payne, of the 24th Virginia Infantry, a daring, reckless boy, was captured by the Yankees. He was made to march miles through mud almost to his knees and was taken to a Yankee camp for the night. In the middle of the night in a seemingly mysterious way a Yankee overcoat and cap were given to him, and the guards disappeared. Young Payne, of course, made his escape.

In May, 1864, Mr. Payne's home was invaded by a number of General Averill's men. One soldier said to Miss Payne: "We want the keys to old Charley Payne's wine cellar, and we want them d— quick too. We have heard what is there and mean to have it." Upon being told that there was nothing there some of the men ran to the cellar door, knocked it in, but found the cellar empty. The contents had been hidden elsewhere. Another soldier yelled: "Here is a closet under the steps, and we know what that means."

A forty-gallon barrel of old brandy was rolled out in the hall. Miss Payne told one of the officers that if he would keep the men quiet and get the large buckets from the kitchen she would hold the buckets while he tilted the barrel, and they could carry the brandy out in the yard to the men.

The officer, who was about half drunk, knocked out the bung, and the brandy began to gush out. Every few minutes he would swear and ask if the buckets were not full. Miss Payne kept filling the buckets, and soon her clothes were saturated, and the fine old brandy was several inches deep on the floor. The soldiers dashed into the house like wild men, some dipping it up in their hands, while others dropped on the floor, drinking like madmen.

One burly, rough-looking man went into the parlor and said to Miss Payne: "Your fine curtains and mahogany will make good kindling. We intend to burn your house." He began striking matches to set the curtains on fire, but as fast as he struck one Miss Payne would knock it out of his hand. He asked her if she was not afraid. Her eyes flashed, and she told him no. He then remarked: "You are such a d—n plucky little d—l that some of Averill's men will marry you in spite of yourself. We Yankees all like Southern girls."

In the midst of this pandemonium an officer sprang through the door and said: "Miss Payne, I suppose you have heard of me. I am a horse thief, nigger thief, and bridge burner." She thought they were doomed, as she and her step-mother, a mere girl, were alone and at the mercy of a band of drunken soldiers. At the approach of the bluecoats the negroes had fled to the mountains. But this Yankee officer was their deliverer. He began giving orders and brandishing his sword, and in an unbelievable time every soldier was out of the house. He then asked her if she remembered the year before when she had shown kindness to a poor sick Union soldier under guard on his way to prison. This was the same Colonel Rucker who was taken to prison and afterwards escaped. He had saved her brother from prison and her father's house from destruction.

He then told her: "You saved my life, and I have done what I could for your brother and yourself, and now I want to ask you some questions. Will you tell me just the position of the Confederate forces in this section?"

She replied: "You know Colonel Jackson is guarding Gap Mountain and Colonel Jenkins's command is at the Nanono."

Colonel Rucker replied: "Yes, I know that."

Miss Payne then said: "Did you know that General McCausland is marching from Staunton?"

He sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "My God! they will have us like a rat in a trap." He rushed out of the house, giving orders as he ran. In a few minutes a veritable inferno had broken loose—soldiers double-quicking, horses rearing and plunging, oath after oath mingled with the orders of the officers, wagons overturned and fired, crashing of timbers, and deafening explosions of ammunition. They were trying to make their escape over Salt Pond Mountain, now known as Mountain Lake.

The wagons loaded with supplies were left burning, but many were not entirely destroyed. Coffee was scattered for miles.

After the army had gone the people living in the mountains in little cabins and desperately poor, the men all in the army, gathered up cloth and provisions enough to last them for months.

Miss Payne knew that if General Averill's men remained on her father's farm the entire section of country would be ruined. She knew nothing whatever of the position of General McCausland's command, and she did not tell Colonel Rucker that McCausland *was* marching from Staunton, but asked him *if* he knew he was.

Several years later at a social function in West Virginia this incident was mentioned, and a gentleman present remarked: "Madam, I was one of the lieutenants at that time; and if it is any comfort to you, I can assure you that the way you misled Colonel Rucker gave us one of the very hardest experiences we ever had and cost the Northern army thousands upon thousands of dollars in the loss of supplies and ammunition."

Miss Payne's entire girlhood was spent amid the most perilous and trying scenes, her life many times in danger, her brother (Capt. W. H. Payne, 24th Virginia Infantry, afterwards Payne's Rangers) was killed at the head of his command leading them to battle, and her home and life were constantly threatened by the deserters. Yet she met every vicissitude with a dauntless courage that never wavered.

On April 13, 1865, Elizabeth Payne became the bride of the gallant young officer, Capt. Thomas A. Roberts, quartermaster Company A, 22d Virginia Infantry. They endured the privations and hardships of the Reconstruction period cheerfully and were granted more than fifty happy years together.

Mrs. Roberts was a charter member of the Southern Cross Chapther, of Salem, Va., and always active in Confederate work. She loved the Confederacy with an undying love and clung tenaciously to the old Southern ideals. Her sunny disposition and lovely Christian character were an inspiration; her life was a benediction. She was the most devoted wife, tenderest mother, affectionate sister, and loyal friend. On November 22, 1920, after a lingering illness, God called her to her heavenly home. Mrs. Roberts is survived by her husband and four children—C. R. Roberts and Mrs. Rosalynd Roberts Evans, of Salem, and T. A. Roberts, Jr., and Henry H. Roberts, of Pulaski, Va.

She sleeps, but her influence lives.

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## *PAGES FROM AN OLD AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.*

BY MILDRED REYNOLDS SAFFOLD, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

There is with all of us the memory of some magical place where the sky was blue and bluer, where the stars seem to have come out of the pale distant depths of heaven for the express purpose of transforming our everyday life into one of romance.

Old letters, faded flowers, or even the passing of an intangible and volatile perfume will bring back to us memories that are actual moral personages, so necessary to our happiness that we bear them under a sacred arch, sheltered from all injury and from all contact.

Such were my thoughts when looking over an old autograph album (a gift now obsolete) presented to a kinswoman back in the early fifties by an aunt whose husband had the distinction of being Minister to the Court of St. James.

In turning these pages, bearing the autographs of many who have long since passed to a place somewhere beyond the stars, I wondered if after so many years I could weave a mantle of dreams to fit my fancy what must this old album have meant to the possessor to whom the nearness and dearness of personality ever remained. However, it shows time that was taken leisurely, moving with dignity, but savoring of wise philosophy and subtle honor, as in the good old days one savored the bouquet of vintage wines.

There is a tradition in the family that this same old aunt, after leaving the courts of England and coming back to the small provincial town of her birth, had been so far contaminated by the frivolities of the Old World as to commit the unpardonable (?) sin of appearing at meetin' in a hat draped in a black lace scarf, actually topped off with a red rose.

Such unseemly conduct called forth the wrath of her minister, who, as a messenger of peace and a healer of souls, felt it encumbent upon him for the protection of his flock to have a meeting of the governing board and "Sister" ——'s name taken from the membership list until a time when she would repent of having taken such liberties with the conventions of that period and saw fit to come back into the paths of rectitude.

I wonder what those dear, sainted brethren would think if they could rise up and see the styles of this day and time, when the dresses are worn at wading length and as revealing as an X-ray?

However, despite the episode of the filmy lace scarf and the red, red rose, Aunt must have done penance for her thoughtless indiscretion, donned accordingly some sober bonnet in keeping with the tenets of her Church, and quietly resumed her seat on the side where the "lambs were separated from the goats" (in those days it was customary for the men and women to sit on the opposite sides of the church), for the faded inscription on the time-yellowed page shows deep religious principles, reading as it does, "To Elizabeth, child of God, self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control; these three alone lead life to sovereign power," the inscription concluding with the twenty-second verse of the thirty-third Psalm and the year 1851.

Aunt retires from the scene now, and we have a mental picture of Elizabeth, with eyes of Irish blue and hair of satiny sheen, parted severely and brought down over her ears and done in a low coil at the back of a swanlike neck. A rosebud is pinned coyly on the side, proclaiming her the coquette that she is, while we know that her dress, fashioned of silk that "stood alone," was worn over a hoop skirt of voluminous proportions and must have been of that shade called "ashes of roses." Her shoulders, too, of snowy whiteness were enfolded around by a fichu of rarest lace, possibly a relic of Aunt's reckless Old World days, and held together by a pearl-encircled cameo, completing the picture.

Next we visualize the parlor, where, placed in geometrical precision, is the upholstered horehair furniture, wax flowers under a glass case on a "whatnot" standing over in the corner. On the opposite side of the room is an ancient pianoforte of severe design, and should you care to observe a little closer you would find resting on the music rack that sweet, doleful old ballad, "The Years Creep Slowly by, Lorena," and conveniently near a well-worn copy of Gospel Hymns.

Upon the floor you would not see rugs laid around at random, but a carpet evidently woven by some poetical weaver who had been fond of autumn leaves and old-fashioned flower gardens, a fire of glowing embers behind a highly polished fender, while last, but not least, the "piece de resistance," a center table of carved mahogany and marble-topped, whereon is kept the family Bible and Elizabeth's autograph album.

The sentiments of the first gay, gallant knight (the absence of feminine handwriting is noticeable) were penned at a famous watering place in Virginia, the playground of belles and beaux for more than a century. The time is September 11, 1853, when doubtless the day was as beautiful as any summer day, only the leaves were falling; and he was going away, it reads:

"Soon I these familiar scenes will leave,
Where I, delighted, would ever tarry;
But duty calls, and can I grieve
For that which I should never parry?

When far away I think of thee,
Thy sparkling eye and face so pretty.
O sometimes then remember me,
Pining, dying for Miss ——!"

Another, a more formal knight, who makes his S's like F's, being a guest at the same place, is next in order and with a touch of levity writes:

"I have the honour to be,
My dear Misstress B,
Yours most respectfullee."

(S. H. Carey.)

Orange Courthouse, Va.

It seems that the Old Dominion State was the setting for the first budding of love's young dream, for in turning the next few pages one is almost startled by the sentiments of another whose heart strings are evidently familiar with a greater harmony than friendship, but, being a man, who can tell? Anyway, with almost a note of anguish he writes:

"Just beyond life's flowing river,
Just beyond life's crystal sea,
Where the slanting moonbeans quiver,
Darling, I will wait for thee.

Wait for thee in all thy beauty,
Oblivious to all life's storms,
Waiting, waiting just to hold you
Safe forever in my arms."

This bears the date of midsummer, and I like to picture Henry Ogden (for that is his name) and Elizabeth standing somewhere in the scented shadows of a languid moonlit night strung to the strains of the sensuous music of the "Blue Danube Waltzes" and lost in a reverie to all things beautiful. I even like to think Elizabeth kissed him, for to one who expresses himself in such rapturous terms kisses would be as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

The next contribution to this old album, so full of tender memories, moves a little closer home and is signed by a name still well known in the old Palmetto State:

"Something original, fair lady,
From me you fain would win?
I've nothing original in me
Unless 'tis original sin."

(Henry Middleton.)

Charleston, S. C., 1856.

From Carolina, our cousin State, we turn to one, perhaps a type of American rolling stone, who does not write his name, but signs himself "An Exile from Missouri"; but well we know that a sphere of harmony and peace detained his wandering footsteps and that Elizabeth's old-fashioned parlor was second home to him as he sat on the rigid slippery horsehair sofa and wrote:

"Too young to talk of love
And of course not old enough to lecture,
What to write or what to say
Is a matter of conjecture."

On the next page there is something of a shielding and protective nature in the lines written and signed by J. Walker Percy, of Nashville, Tenn, and the year is 1856:

"Come, let me weave, O maiden fair,
A wreath to shield thy brow from care;
A wreath of fragrant, deathless flowers
To cheer through life thy darkest hours."

And would you believe that erudite statesman, L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, could step down and for once lay aside his judicial dignity long enough to pen this bit of foolish rhyme?

"When all your friends forsake you
And loved ones love you not,
Then come to me, dear ——,
As fast as you can trot."

Lamar, however, at the time of writing this had not taken his seat as judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, that honor coming as late as 1887. Still this only goes to prove that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

Turning farther, we find the next two pages written opposite the other, each bearing the same date, and we are convinced that these two gallant beaux, hailing from their respective States, Tennessee and Arkansas, had called the afternoon of a perfect day to pay court to their lady love and had seated themselves amid the fragrance of climbing roses and the sunlit greenery of the wide, white-columned portico. Elizabeth, I fancy, has kept them waiting, and as a reward for their patience the hospitable old butler is handing a silver tray on which there is something to cheer the inner man. In those days every occasion, from a christening to a funeral, was mellowed by the passing of rare old wines; but, the time being June, I am sure that mint juleps in white-frosted glasses must have been the inspiration for the following:

"Let schoolmasters puzzle their brains
With grammar and nonsense and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning."

These forceful four lines are signed by J. McCuen, of Tennessee, sister State, you will observe, to Kentucky; while the other, a Mr. W. M. Bradford, of Pine Bluff, Ark., contents himself with Ben Johnson's famous lines:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."

Now we turn to a time that left us graves unmarked and memories, the War between the States, and the year is 1861. This rollicking soldier boy, mayhap the type who loves and rides away, signs himself "Major General Loring," and his contribution is written in a facetious vein, as follows:

"If I forget thee ever,
Then let me prosper never,
But let it cause
My tongue and jaws
To cling and cleave together."

Then comes a sailor lad, and, written in a feminine hand, a footnote which says: "Lost at sea." He signs himself with initials only, W. S. M., and writes:

"Through life's winding valley, in anguish, in rest,
Exalted in joy or by sorrow depressed,
From its place in the mirror that lies on my heart
Thine image shall never one moment depart."

Last, but far be it from least, the next charming sentiment expressed, we are convinced, was penned by a man who must have been possessed of that magic gift which in the other sex turns the blood of men to old Burgundy and the blood of some woman to vinegar. Some designate this power unconscious hypnotism, others excessive personal magnetism. Anyway, the person who is possessed of that odd, nameless gift can pick and choose, and they usually do; and so my flexible fancy is again set a-dreaming as I picture him standing by the marble-topped table, manner debonnaire, with just a touch of light humor, yet with a dignity born of courageous forbears and splendid traditions as he writes this subtle autograph. It is signed by none other than the gallant Wade Hampton, and the year is 1861:

"*Meh Lady:* My heart is infused with love, but to that love peace is wanting."

There are more, many more, all declaring love undying and friendships lasting; but I have chosen only at random such

as appealed to me and whose pen had left the imprint of a vivid personality.

Elizabeth never married. Whether she remained true to the soldier boy who loved and rode away or the sailor lad at sea, I never knew. However, I always thought she would have been the fit companion for the quiet fires of some home man's hearth. She lived beyond the threescore years and ten allotted to man and was laid to rest amid the down-drifting leaves of a late November day and at an hour when the twilight was drawing its shadowy veil over the world Close by is "Aunt," upon whose marble slab "the name and dates time with mossy hand almost obliterates." However, by carefully pushing aside the ivy vines that seem to hold the old grave in an affectionate embrace one can read, "——, consort of ——," and we know she died when this vain world was younger by many years. We also feel that her greatest sin was the frailty of a feminine fancy for a filmy lace scarf and the love of a red, red rose.

I close the old album that had held in sacret trust these many years the autographs of those who are now drifting dust. yet even as drifting dust they had wafted me on the wings of fancy to the "Port o' Dreams."

As I put it back in its place upon the shelf of a musty antiquated bookshelf I lifted it tenderly, feeling that it should have been laid away reverently among sprigs of rosemary in remembrance of better days and vanished splendors. I even felt that I had clasped hands across the space of years with those whose names were now paling on the time-yellowed pages, and as I turned the key I held silent communion with the poet who wrote:

"When all our hopes and fears are dead
And all our hearts are cold,
Then love is like a tune that's played
And life a tale that's told."

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## *WITH ARMISTEAD AT GETTYSBURG.*

BY CAPT. T. C. HOLLAND, STEEDMAN, MO.

The article in the Veteran for September, 1920, by J. A. Stevens, of Burnet, Tex., and the response to it in the November issue by Mrs. H. F. Lewis, of Bristol, Tenn., all in regard to the death and last expressions of Gen. Lewis Armistead after that famous charge of Pickett's men at Gettysburg on the 3d of July, 1863, bring out this statement from me.

The first histories written after the war stated that General Armistead was killed on the field, which I had to correct through the public journals. He died, as well as I remember, about 9 A.M. on July 5 after intense suffering. I never shall forget his request after we were moved to a temporary hospital beneath the shade of some trees. "Please don't step so close to me," said he to the surgeons and nurses as he lay on the cot on the ground.

We started on the charge, as history tells, with approximately five thousand men. My company (G, 28th Virginia) had eighty-eight men, and only seven answered at roll call that night—some killed, some wounded, and some missing. General Garnett was on the right, General Kemper bringing up the left, and Armistead in the center. As we "marched through the valley of death" and after we crossed the Emmettsburg road our men began to fall fast. The colonel of the 28th Virginia, R. C. Allen, was killed after we had gotten within some two hundred yards of the stone fence. The next officer I saw fall was General Garnett. We then crossed the stone fence almost at the mouth of Cushing's Philadelphia Battery, and here is where General Armistead fell. I was a little to his left and had passed only a few paces when I fell, unconscious as to what was going on. During the afternoon General Armistead, myself, and quite a number of officers were removed to the temporary hospital over beyond Cemetery Heights.

While on our way to the trees where we were taken no one stopped our carriers but once, and he seemed to be an ambulance officer or surgeon, who only directed the ambulance party. I am confident that no one spoke to General Armistead *en route* to those trees, as we were quite close to each other. What may have taken place at the hospital I am not prepared to say.

While at the peace meeting at Gettysburg in 1913, standing where General Armistead fell, a man and his wife approached the spot where I fell just fifty years before, this being to the left of where Armistead fell and some ten steps in advance, where I stuck a stick in the ground to indicate the place.

The man proved to be a member of Cushing's Battery of Philadelphia, if I am not mistaken. He said to his wife: "Here is where I killed the only Rebel I know of during the war. I may have killed others, but this is the only one I know I killed, and if that was away from my mind I would feel free in saying I never killed any one that I know of." She said: "It is too bad that you killed him." He replied that the man must have been crazy; that he was an officer and was waving his hat above his head and halloaing: "Come on, boys."

At this I knew I was the one referred to, and I thought I would relieve his mind. So I said to him: "I am the man you killed, but I am a pretty lively corpse." He stepped back, and I saw he was shocked, so I said: "Here is where the ball entered my left cheek, and here is where it came out at the back of my head."

He then grasped my hand and inquired my name and gave me his. He introduced me to his wife, and they very insistently invited me to go over to the hotel where they were stopping and take dinner with them. But, owing to pressing business at the time, I could not go. I had been made adjutant general of Pickett's Division for the bogus charge and was pressed for time. However, this man and I began a correspondence and kept it up until I moved from Kansas City to Steedman, in Calloway County, Mo., some six years ago.

I want to make an appeal to the contributors of the Veteran. Please do not fail to send reminiscences of 1861 to 1863, as our Army of Northern Virginia never lost a battle within that time. I like to read the war stories of 1863-65, but after the Gettysburg fight the news was not so interesting or pleasing to us.

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## *UNUSUAL INCIDENTS OF WAR.*

The following contributions appeared in the Baltimore *Sun* some months ago giving similar incidents of unusual character related by comrades of the War between the States. The first is by Channing M. Smith, of Delaplane, Va., who was one of Stuart's Cavalry, A. N. V. He writes:

"In his history of the operations of Stuart's Cavalry Maj. H. M. McClelland, adjutant general of Stuart's Corps, gives an account of the following incident which occurred during the big cavalry fight at Brandy Station, Va. General Butler and Captain Farley, the latter of General Stuart's staff, were

standing side by side, with their horses' heads turned in opposite directions, when a shell from the enemy's battery struck the ground, ricochetted, cut off Butler's right leg above the ankle, passed through his horse, Farley's horse, and carried away Farley's leg at the knee.

"The Hon. John T. Rhett, of South Carolina, quoting from General Butler, who survived and ably represented his native State of South Carolina in the United States Senate from 1877 to 1895, says: 'It was a scene which for knightly courtesy and heroism cannot be surpassed. I saw that a shot fired by the enemy's gun had taken effect in a small group of men standing near me. We took Captain Farley out of a blanket, in which he had been placed, and put him in an old trough. He was very cool, even pleasant and smiling, though evidently in great pain. Just as we were about to send him away, pointing to the leg, which had been cut off by the shell, he asked me to bring it to him. I did so. He took it and pressed it to his bosom, as one would a child, and said, smiling: "It is an old friend, gentlemen. I do not wish to part with it." He then said: "Good-by and forever. I know my condition, and we will not meet again." Courteously, even smiling, he nodded to us as the men bore him away. He died within a few hours.'

"I knew Captain Farley well. He was admired by all who knew him for his splendid courage. He was one of General Stuart's favorites, and few Confederate officers had as many friends. He often went scouting into the enemy's lines, generally alone, and frequently brought back prisoners, sometimes cavalry with their horses and equipment. I was with him on one occasion when he captured several Yankee officers, with their horses."

Dr. J. E. Copeland, of Round Hill, Va., relates the following:

"A similar incident occurred in the battle of Spotsylvania, on May 7, 1864, in which two gallant young officers lost their lives. Charles H. Ball, of Loudoun County, Va., captain of Company K, 6th Virginia Cavalry, and Dr. Virgil Weaver, of Fauquier County, were side by side on their horses when a cannon ball tore off Captain Ball's leg, passed through his horse, tore off Captain Weaver's leg, and killed his horse. Captain Ball was carried to Richmond and died on May 14 and was buried in the beautiful and consecrated Hollywood. Captain Weaver died during amputation of his limb and was buried, in compliance with his oft-expressed desire that if he should fall in battle, where he fell. Relatives, through the kindness of the U. D. C., erected a suitable marker over his grave, in which he still lies in the lonely and historic wilderness.

"In his eulogy of Captain Farley Lieutenant Smith modestly refrains from any credit for the capture of the Yankee officers and horses when he was with Captain Farley, and by his silence leaves the impression that Farley alone effected the capture; but those who know the war record of Comrade Smith cannot accept his version that he was not an active participant, if not the leader, in this enterprise, as he was in many others equally daring. Lieutenant Smith was a youth, but a brave and skillful officer and was one of General Lee's most trusted and efficient scouts and received from his great commander written testimonials in which he is accredited with obtaining knowledge of the enemy's movements that contributed to some of the successful strategies and consequent victories for which General Lee and Stonewall Jackson are so celebrated."

To this complimentary report Lieutenant Smith replies: "I disclaim any credit for information gained from the enemy for Stonewall Jackson, as I was not with him in any of his valley campaigns. I was scout for Generals Lee and Stuart and was constantly in the enemy's lines day and night and did have the honor of being complimentad by both of these generals, but, like thousands of others, I only did my duty. While I was with Captain Farley, he deserves the credit of capturing the officers. My experience during the war was that Yankees were not hard to capture, especially, as Gen. Fitz Lee used to say, 'when you got the bulge on 'em.'"

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## *ANOTHER UNWRITTEN ARTILLERY DUEL.*

BY CAPT. C. G. SNEAD, FORK UNION, VA.

I am induced to write this account of an artillery duel in which my battery was engaged by reading in the December VETERAN an account by Captain Ritter of an artillery duel which took place at Jackson, Miss., for which he claims that "history nowhere records the concentration of so many pieces of artillery focused on a single object as that at Jackson" and that "it is unprecedented in the annals of time." So I want to give him and other readers of the VETERAN some account of an artillery duel which took place on the 19th of September, 1862, which was the second day after the battle of Antietam, between Colonel Nelson's battalion, consisting of three batteries (Milledgeville Artillery, of Georgia, and the Amherst Artillery and the Fluvanna Artillery, of Virginia), and the united batteries of the Federal army. The former occupied the heights overlooking the ford on the Virginia side of the Potomac, while the latter had positions on the Maryland heights.

The day before the battle of Antietam, when both armies were going into position, there came an order from General Lee to our Colonel Nelson to move his battalion across the river and take position on the heights overlooking Blackford's Ford. This order came to us as a great surprise, knowing that the battle would be fought in Maryland; and while crossing the river many of our artillerymen asked the question: "What does this mean?" Some of the more knowing ones said: "A wise general always provides for a defeat." And this was but another example of good generalship which our beloved Lee had shown on many a battle field. He knew if his army should be overpowered and had to make a hasty retreat to the ford that without these batteries in position, manned by true and brave artillerymen to repel the onslaught of the enemy, his whole army or a large portion of it might be captured.

The battle was a drawn one, and on the following day under a flag of truce both armies buried their dead. That night and the next morning General Lee's army recrossed the Potomac, and when our rear guard had crossed over it was then that it seemed the whole artillery force of the Yankee army came up and occupied the heights on the Maryland side of the river, and for about three hours they poured shot and shell into us. It seemed at times that the last one of us would be killed. They had artillery in front of us, artillery to the right of us, and artillery to the left of us, while we were at the little end of the funnel, so to speak. At times a solid shot would stike the ground, ricochet, and throw out a hole large enough to bury one of us in, throwing dirt and gravel in our faces, which served to make the conflict more alarming. While it was going on with great fury we wished most earnestly for a cessation of hostilities. The sun seemed not to move, for we felt the conflict would not end until dark, which was the case.

Strange to say, our casualties were but few. I can account

for it in on other way than that our artillery made it so hot for the "Yanks" but few of their guns got our range. They had the advantage in position, but failed to lower their guns sufficiently. Thus most of their shots went over our heads, which "scared us to death, but no one was hurt."

So I claim that from the number of the enemy's guns focused on a single battalion of only twelve pieces this artillery duel deserves to be placed among "the greatest in the annals of time."

## *FLAGS CAPTURED AT VICKSBURG.*

BY J. D. HARWELL, COMPANY I, 20TH ALABAMA REGIMENT, PACHUTA, MISS.

Some time ago an inquiry appeared in the VETERAN directed to Waul's Texas Legion and the 20th and 30th Alabama Regiments about a certain regimental flag, to which I have seen no response; so I will tell about a flag that was captured by us and Waul's Texas Legion which may or may not be the flag referred to.

I was a member of Company I, 20th Alabama Regiment, Col. J. W. Garrett, Lieut. Col. E. W. Pettus, S. D. Lee's brigade, Waul's Legion supporting us. The 46th Alabama supported the largest fort on our line. It was located on the south side of the deep cut of the Jackson and Vicksburg Railroad, which was at the left of our brigade. There was a small hollow, or ravine, running from the railroad south in front of us and a high ridge on the east of it running south for a mile, I suppose. The Yanks formed on the east side of the ridge at the lower end. They came over in double-quick time, four abreast. There was a deep gully in the side of the ridge about two hundred yards from the fort of which the Yanks were not aware. When the head of the column reached it there was a halt to enable the front ones to get down in it, which caused a solid massing along the ridge. We swept that ridge three times, but some of them got to the ditch around the fort, among them being a colonel and three flag bearers, who planted their flags on top of the parapet. The men of the 46th retreated to the rear. Colonel Waul and Lieutenant Colonel Pettus rushed in with volunteers and held the fort. About a dozen Yankees were killed trying to regain their flags. Colonel Pettus got one of the flags and Lieutenant Martin, one of General Lee's aids, got the regimental flag, which was the finest flag I ever saw, and it belonged to the 20th Wisconsin Regiment. It was very heavy dark-blue silk, bordered with gold fringe about four inches deep, and in the center of the flag was a large eagle with wings partly spread. On a wide scroll, which circled above the eagle's head and then under its feet, were these words in large letters: "We march to victory or to death."

I don't know what Lieutenant Martin did with the flag, but I supposed he turned it over to General Lee. The other two flags were United States battle flags, one large and one small. Colonels Waul and Pettus threw hand grenades in the ditch, and the Yankees surrendered, there being only thirty of them, including the colonel, whose name I never heard.

Col. I. W. Garrett was killed in one of the forts while inspecting the Yankee works. Brig. Gen. E. D. Tracy commanded our brigade until he was killed on May 1 at Port Gibson; then Gen. S. D. Lee took command. The brigade was composed of the 20th, 23d, 30th, 31st, and 46th Alabama Regiments. After the siege General Lee was promoted to major general of cavalry and Lieutenant Colonel Pettus made brigadier general and given command of our brigade, commanding it the rest of the war. Seeing Colonel Waul's name mentioned in the inquiry, and knowing that he supported us, I supposed the 20th Wisconsin flag was the one referred to.

Our works (trenches) around Vicksburg were very inferior, and on the 4th of July I was talking to a Yankee lieutenant who had walked over and was examining the works when he remarked: "Had we known you boys had such sorry works, we would have been over you long ago."

"Well," said I, "why didn't you walk over us on the 22d of May, for the works are better now than then?"

"Well," said he, "you did us up mighty bad that day, I must acknowledge, but we were coming over you to-day anyway."

Then said I: "How many did you expect to lose?"

Said he: "About fifteen thousand. Pretty good toll, eh?"

And we had only eighteen thousand effective men at the surrender after forty-six days' and nights' siege.

## *CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI IN 1864.*

BY JOE M. SCOTT, FORT SMITH, ARK.

I have read with interest Comrade Callaway's reminiscence on the raid through the Mississippi swamps by Ross's Brigade in January, 1864, which appeared in the September VETERAN. His recollection corresponds with mine so far as he seems to have taken part, but the worst of this service he does not reveal, and it will require a more forcible writer than I to overdraw the great risk and suffering that some of Ross's Brigade at least were subjected to during this raid.

I was a member of Company E, 6th Texas. General Ross had made his way to the bank of the river, and we were very comfortably situated in a large negro quarter that had been vacated. About nine o'clock at night General Ross called for a detail to get the guns to the west side of the river, which he said must be accomplished before daylight. Nine of us were to take charge of the boat, which we had dragged nearly a mile with eight large oxen. When we launched the boat it showed many leaks, and General Ross told us to tear up blankets and stop the leaks, which we did in great haste.

We were between two gunboats and could see the lights of them very plainly. Our work had to be done before daylight, and as soon as the guns could be loaded we started for the west bank of the Father of Waters, a comrade of the 9th Texas at one end of the boat and I at the other. About halfway across the boat sprung a leak, and it looked as if we would soon find a watery grave. Lieutenant McCann, of Company G, 6th Texas, who was in command, said for us to throw the guns overboard and save ourselves. John Miller, who was flag bearer for the 6th Texas and was our guide, said, "No," telling us to pull the oars with all our power and he would keep the water out with the artillery bucket. Our boat ran on a sand bar, and it seemed that we were there to stay. Miller said he would search for the west bank if I would go with him. I admired his courage, and we made our way toward the west bank. The water was so swift that we could hardly keep our feet; at times it was to our waists. We waded two or three hundred yards, reaching the sand bar. We soon found a large drift, hurried back, and reported. We then went to the boat, and all got out and pushed it off and reached the shore safely, unloaded the guns, and sent the boat back by two of our crew; then we carried this boatload of guns a distance of five or six hundred yards and hid them in a large drift, carrying nine guns at a load.

We had two reasons for doing this work in a gallop. One was that we were about to freeze to death, the other that our work had to be done before daylight. And just as daylight

appeared we completed our work and then hid in the canebreak, built a fire, and were thawing and drying our clothes while we were sleeping when General Ross opened fire on the vessel referred to by Comrade Callaway. This crippled vessel ran around near where we were hidden, and we could see the battle. The vessel seemed to have many passengers, both men and women. They left the vessel and came out on the bank near us and built fires. Later on a large vessel came down the river and took it off.

General Ross kept up his task of delivering all the guns to the west bank on the night of the 6th of January until all were safely turned over to Colonel Harrison, who met us with about eight hundred men. Why we were not frozen to death I can't tell. Our clothing was frozen stiff on our bodies, and we were exposed to the fiercest north wind I ever felt for twenty-four hours with nothing to eat.

Such was the patriotism of the Confederate soldier, and I have no patience with a man who would offer an apology for having been a Confederate soldier.

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## *A WAR MYSTERY.*

BY DR. L. A. WAILES, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

I wonder how many times old soldiers have had propounded to them this question, "Did you ever kill a man?" I propose this reply, and perhaps it will be accepted by other old soldiers as their own. In a charge in force or in repulsing a charge, firing *en masse* by division, regiment, or platoon was, to use a familiar illustration, like a boy with his old scatter muzzle-loader firing into a flock of birds without special aim. Probably many fell, one in particular, perhaps a conspicuous officer in the vision of a certain soldier and simultaneously with the crack of his rifle.

Now change the scene and go back to our ante-bellum bird-hunting days, you, with sporting friends, following the same dog. On the flush you select a plainly defined, straight-away bird, an unobstructed shot. You fire, and you plainly visage your bird come to the ground dead. At the same time your neighbor shouts: "My bird; I killed him." With this prologue to the battle picture, now to my story.

It was in the Trans-Mississippi Department siege of Vicksburg. "Grant's Canal" had been accomplished, but the Mississippi had not responded to its assistance, and Vicksburg was still holding out. Raids from the enemy forces or the gunboats were of almost constant occurrence, also numerous skirmishes, too small in numbers engaged or results to ever reach the public prints. Cavalry was posted along the river at all threatened points. One of these advance picket lines was held by a detachment of General Harrison's regiment. All possible or likely points of invasion were supposedly well guarded. The river was out of its banks and to some extent formed something of a defense. One of our small detachments was bivouacked on a plantation. About two or three hundred square yards of the gin yard were protected from the backwater by a low levee not much higher than a potato hill. On this dry ground we were camped.

One morning before guard mount, while we were at breakfast, we were aroused to action by the sudden, startling appearance of a cavalry regiment in full view, evidently coming "butt-up" against us and probably as much surprised as we were on seeing them, their advance being obscured by an intervening wood. Instead of immediately charging us, as they outnumbered us at least ten to one, they came to a halt, still in marching formation. An immediate call to arms, and our potato hill defense was promptly manned. The commanding officer, Colonel Stewart, of the — Illinois, as it turned out, was in full view at the head of his command, but strangely quiescent. At the command of the major in charge of our detachment the few of us who manned the fort poured in a volley which, by the commotion of the head of the command, was very evidently effective. The head of the column was thrown into confusion, turned tail precipitously, and retreated at a gallop without firing a shot. As soon as possible a squad was mounted and in pursuit, as big a show of bravery or bluff as the enemy had displayed to the contrary.

Now who killed the colonel. I distinctly had him under my sight, as distinctly as ever I had had a bird in my young sporting days and also as distinctly as I thought I saw my bird fall. Tom ——, the kid of our company, a little daredevil, afraid of nothing, had gotten over the breastworks and, lying down for a deliberate aim, at the crack of the guns sang out: "My meat! I killed him." If I had momentarily a thought or a sensation, it was a qualm at having unquestionably imbued my hands in human blood, although an enemy. I made no answer. Tom was proud of the glory, and I gladly accorded it to him; but after the lapse of more than half a century my conscience or my memory still accuses me of the homicide.

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## *PLEASANT MEMORIES OF WAR TIMES.*

BY JAMES R. MAXWELL, TUSCALOOSA, ALA.

In the spring of 1862 I was detailed, with nine other cadets, to go to Loachapoka, Ala., to assist in drilling the men of the 34th Alabama Regiment of Infantry, then in camp of instruction at that village. It was understood that this regiment had been equipped for service largely by its colonel, J. B. C. Mitchell, a wealthy planter of Mount Meigs, near Montgomery. In the camp of instruction at Loachapoka I made the acquaintance of Colonel Mitchell's nieces, the Misses Florence and Janie Burch, two of the numerous young ladies whose patriotism led them to do all in their power to brighten the monotony of the camp life necessary to lick raw troops into some sort of shape as soldiers of the Confederacy. Hundreds of us appreciated their efforts to the fullest extent. Being then not quite eighteen years of age, I was among those fully able to enjoy the experience.

From camp we were sent to Tupelo, Miss., not far south of Corinth. I did not return to the university, but, at the request of Colonel Mitchell, remained with the regiment to continue in my work as drillmaster as long as I might be needed. At Tupelo I was attacked with one of the usual troubles due to bad water and the camp food of that day and was ordered back to Tuscaloosa, my home, till I might recover. I was entered as an inmate of the army hospital there, but was really at home.

Looking over reminders of those days, I found a little note of condolence and hope for my speedy recovery, accompanied with a little flag of the Stars and Bars, on which was written in pencil:

"There is no word for you like * * *
They never, never can subdue
Your gallant band if you to God,
Your country, and yourselves are true."

What a host of memories come to all of us of those days! Who can supply the missing word? The word itself is of small value, but the memories that rush to those who experienced those days we would hold forever.

# THE LAST ROLL

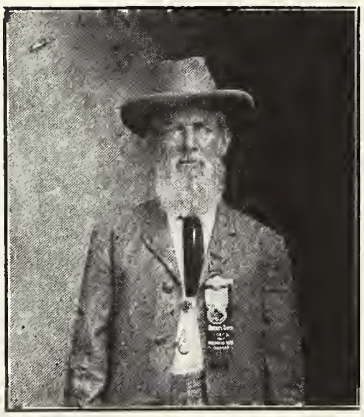
**Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, $3.00 each.**

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more."

### George B. Dean.

The passing of George B. Dean, of Detroit, Tex., from the active scenes of this life to the great beyond leaves another vacant place in the ranks of the survivors of the heroic days of the Confederacy which cannot be refilled. Mr. Dean was a native Texan, having been born on a farm September 13, 1842. He died June 27, 1920, and was buried within one hundred yards of the place of his birth.

In the year 1860, while still in his teens, Mr. Dean, answering the call of his State, volunteered and joined a small company of men in Red River County, Tex., which went to the defense of the frontier section of his State against the marauding Indians. He enlisted in the Confederate service in the early part of 1861, when only nineteen years of age, with the first company from his native county. This was made Company E, of the 11th Texas Cavalry, with which he served throughout the War between the States and until he was captured on March 3, 1865 while carrying a special message to his commanding officer and was sent to Point Lookout, where he remained until the close of the war. He engaged in some of the most important battles of the war, having served under Gen. Joe Wheeler in Kentucky and was in the Army of Tennessee under Generals Bragg, Hood, and Joseph E. Johnston. He was slightly wounded one time during his whole service of practically four years.



G. B. DEAN.

After the war was over and he was released from prison, he returned to his home, near Detroit, Tex., where, amid the desolation wrought by the war, he again took up the activities of civil life, engaging in farming and stock-raising, acquiring a large estate, which he possessed at the time of his death.

Early in life Mr. Dean became a member of the Baptist Church, in which he remained a devoted member until his death. During his life he was married three times and is survived by his last wife, Dubie Wheeler Dean, four daughters, and two sons—Mrs. J. B. Dean, Mrs. G. G. Cheery, Mrs. R. J. Easley, of Detroit, Tex.; G. E. Dean, of Idabel, Okla.; J. W. Dean, of Ada, Okla.; and Mrs. W. A. Dean, of Tulsa, Okla.

Mr. Dean was also for many years a member of the Masonic Lodge and was known throughout the county as a man of the highest ideals of citizenship. Because of the loyal and true service he had rendered his country in both peace and war and the devotion he always manifested for the loftiest ideals of good citizenship and for the betterment of mankind in general, no citizen of his section of the country was more highly honored, loved, and respected.

### W. B. Plemons Camp, of Amarillo, Tex.

H. R. Airheart reports the following deaths among the members of W. B. Plemons Camp, at Amarillo, since December, 1919:

W. E. Rutledge, Taylor's Tennessee Regiment, aged seventy-three years.

W. M. Adkins, Company K, McCullough's Texas Cavalry, aged seventy-three years.

William M. Bowie, Cobb's Georgia Legion, aged seventy-five years.

J. H. Rockwell, Company E, 1st Missouri Cavalry, aged eighty-two years.

R. F. Wren, Company G, 1st Texas Infantry, aged eighty years.

D. L. Brittain, Parson's Texas Cavalry, aged eighty years.

J. L. Caldwell, Company F, Lieutenant Mann's Texas Infantry, born July 4, 1835, the day that the Liberty Bell was cracked when tolling at the funeral of Chief Justice Marshall, of the United States Supreme Court. Comrade Caldwell was an interesting character. He was a printer by trade and an able writer. He died August 19, 1920, aged eighty-five years.

J. P. Courtney, Company B, 61st Tennessee Infantry, aged about seventy-four years.

J. F. Taylor, 12th Louisiana Cavalry, aged about eighty years.

W. J. Thomas, Forrest's Regiment, enlisted at Savannah, aged eighty-five years.

J. G. Hudson, captain Company E, 6th Kentucky Cavalry, aged eighty-three years.

M. S. Parks, aged about seventy-six years.

Comrade Airheart adds: "This is the greatest number of deaths in our Camp that we have ever had in one year. The record during recent years has been about as follows: 1916, six deaths; 1917, four deaths; 1918, four deaths; 1919, three deaths; 1920, ten deaths. The number of Confederate veterans belonging to Plemons Camp, including all others in Amarillo and vicinity, is now twenty-seven."

### Comrades at Sherman, Tex.

Members of Mildred Lee Camp, No. 90, U. C. V., of Sherman, Tex., who died lately: W. D. Sappington, aged 95; C. W. Botall, 82; B. R. Long, 88; Joe B. Roberts, 83; S. E. Elliott (father), 95; W. D. Elliott (son), 74; Dr. J. B. Stinson, 82; John Ellison, 80; J. W. Vaden, 76; Edwin Moore, 76; C. W. Ritenour, 73; Mark H. Andrews, 74; J. P. Loving, 85; J. W. Finley, 74; J. M. Blaine, 76; J. R. Dickey, 83.

[J. P. Leslie, Adjutant.]

### William Ferris Perry.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God;
There shall no torment touch them.
In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die,
But they are in peace, for so he
Giveth his beloved sleep. They are in peace."

Entered into life eternal on Monday, October 18, 1920, in his seventy-ninth year, William Ferris Perry at his home, in New York City. He was born in New York on April 12, 1842, and went to France when he was very young and was educated in Paris. Returning to America at the age of seventeen, he became a member of the Washington Artillery, Company No. 1, Camp 15. During the War between the States he served under Generals Beauregard, Longstreet, and Johnston. When the battalion left its winter quarters in March, 1862, and camped on Terrill's farm, near Orange Courthouse, Mr. Perry met Miss Virginia Terrill, who afterwards became his wife. When they were called again into active service, the young people parted with the promise that he would return to Dr. Terrill's home if he were wounded. He was very severely wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg on December 13, 1862, when the Union soldiers made an unsuccessful attempt to capture Marye's Heights. True to the promise made to Miss Virginia, Mr. Perry, though seriously wounded, succeeded in getting to Dr. Terrill's home, where he received tender care, and in April, 1863, they were married.

Mr. Perry was respected and beloved by all who knew him, a Christian gentleman, a brave soldier, loyal always to the cause for which he fought, and faithful always in his admiration of their brave and noble leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

[A. M. Burleigh, 133 West Eighty-Third Street, New York City.]

### Comrades at Commerce, Tex.

Commander W. E. Mangum reports the death of three faithful members of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 231, U. C. V., at Commerce, Tex., which brought sadness and sorrow to Camp and community. Comrades Presley and Murphy were charter members of the Camp, and Comrade Moore joined twenty-five years ago:

"Comrade P. L. Moore, born in Pike County, Mo., May 8, 1833, enlisted in the Confederate army July 28, 1862, from Ripley County, Mo., as a member of Company B, 3d Missouri Regiment of Infantry. He was in the battles of Springfield, Mo., Prairie Grove and Jenkins's Ferry, Ark., Mansfield, La., and other minor skirmishes under Gen. E. Kirby Smith. He was mustered out at Shreveport, La., at the close of the war. He was an honest and faithful soldier and no less attentive to duty in his long citizenship among us. He was a deacon or elder in the Presbyterian Church for twenty-five years, faithful to all the affairs of that trust. He died October 6, 1920, suddenly from heart trouble, with which he had been afflicted several years. A noble comrade has passed to the great beyond.

"Comrade L. W. Presley was born in Pike County, Ga., October 28, 1826. During the War between the States he served in Company D, 18th Alabama Regiment. Comrade Presley had a tender feeling for humanity. His quaint sense of humor and cheerful disposition to look on the bright side of life made him a very pleasant companion and comrade. Soon after the war he came to Texas, where he had been an active and useful citizen, always true to his convictions, energetic and active in all social and religious interests, and he was loved and honored by all who knew him. He maintained youthful vigor and activity of mental, physical, and Christian interest and civil righteousness and was a leader in the Missionary Baptist Church. His death occurred on November 7, 1920, just after turning into his ninety-fifth year, leaving a devoted companion and hosts of relatives and friends to mourn his going.

"Comrade Enoch Murphy, born in Tennessee on June 26, 1842, in early boyhood came to Texas and resided in Fannin and Hunt Counties. When the War between the States broke out, he joined Company B, 9th Texas Regiment, General Ross's Brigade, and rendered four years of faithful service. One of the bravest among the brave, he stood amidst the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry with courage, as his comrades testify. After the war he returned to Hunt County, where he had since made his home, serving his county as a good, quiet citizen and a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church at Fairlie. On the 8th of November, 1920, he fell a victim of the inevitable decree and passed into the spiritual life. Comrade Murphy was one of the most faithful members of our Camp. We had been closely associated for nearly fifty years. He leaves two sons, a daughter, a brother, and many other relatives and friends."

### Dr. Robert L. Knox.

If "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," then Dr. Robert L. Knox, though no longer with us in the flesh, is not dead.

Briefly his life history runs as follows:

He was born at Mount Pleasant, Miss., eighty-six years ago. He was surgeon in the Army of Northern Virginia during the greater part of the War between the States. Soon after the close of the war he married Miss Fannie Steger and located in Memphis, Tenn., where he practiced medicine until his death on October 7, 1919. After the death of his first wife, he married Miss Sophie McClung, who survives him. For years Dr. Knox was Assistant Surgeon of the First Regiment, U. C. V., National Guard, State of Tennessee. He was a faithful member of the Second Methodist Church of this city.

*Resolved,* That in the passing of Dr. Knox Memphis has lost a splendid citizen, Company A an efficient officer, and Second Methodist Church a loyal member, and his every friend a true and faithful comrade.

[Committee: G. B. Malone, Chairman; J. F. Cloud, John Fazzi.]

### L. C. Lynn.

L. C. Lynn, a comrade of Joe Shelby Camp, No. 975, U. C. V., of Chickasha, Okla., was born on November 18, 1844, in Craig County, Ky., and died at Chickasha on July 18, 1920. He volunteered for the Confederate army at Murray, in Callaway County, Ky., in July, 1861, as a member of Company H, 3d Kentucky Regiment, and was mustered into service at Camp Brooks, Clarksville, Tenn., under Breckinridge, Hardee, and Albert Sidney Johnston. He was wounded twice at Shiloh, in the right arm and left leg. He was promoted to company sergeant in 1863 and was later transferred to Forrest's Cavalry Corps, where he served to the end of the war.

Comrade Lynn was a man of sterling worth, and his influence was felt in his community; he was widely known and highly esteemed. His attractive and genial personality made him a charming companion and loyal friend. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss L. S. Thornton, and eight children. Two of his sons are serving as judges in the courts of Oklahoma. His body was taken back to Kentucky and laid to rest in the cemetery at Murray.

[J. S. Downs, Chickasha, Okla.]

### James Allen MacMurry.

From memorial resolutions adopted by Camp Sterling Price, No. 31, U. C. V., Dallas, Tex., on December 26, 1920:

"James Allen MacMurry was born in Smith County, Tenn., on November 14, 1842, and died at his home, in Dallas, Tex., on December 6, 1920.

"Comrade MacMurry enlisted in the Southern army in the spring of 1862 in the company known as 'Ward's Ducks,' 9th Tennessee Cavalry, Basil Duke's brigade. He was with Morgan in his Ohio raid and a part of the time in Kip Bennett's battalion. He did scout work for Forrest and was with him at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. He was still with Forrest from Dalton to near Atlanta and was captured and thrown into Rock Island Prison, where he was when the war closed.

J. A. MACMURRY.

"Comrade MacMurry was married in 1870 to Miss Emily Turner, of Sumner County, Tenn. She survives him, with their six children, two sons and four daughters. The daughters are married and live in Dallas; one son is married and living at Cisco and one is at San Antonio.

"Mr MacMurry moved to Dallas in 1874 and was a brick contractor. But the last five years he has been in bad health and for two years confined to his home, much of the time to his bed.

"Our comrade was faithful to his country, made a good soldier, and loved to talk with his old friends of the sixties. He was a good neighbor, loving father, and loved our Southern country. Therefore

"*Resolved,* That we, the Camp, have lost a true man and will miss him. His family has lost a loving father and his wife a kind, trusted husband."

[Committee: W. M. Swann, John Haney, Fred Clark.]

### Comrades at Paris, Tenn.

Fitzgerald Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn., has lost the following from its membership during 1920:

William S. Bomar, Company E, 20th Tennessee Cavalry.

Jackson Wimberly, Company F, 20th Tennessee Cavalry.

George A. Sinclair, served with a Virginia regiment and was at Gettysburg.

G. W. Swor, Company A, 5th Tennessee Infantry.

G. D. Hancock, Company A, 2d Tennessee Cavalry.

J. L. Lowry, Company E, 20th Tennessee Cavalry.

R. J. Jackson, Company B, 5th Tennessee Infantry.

Dr. B. F. Taylor, Company F, 5th Tennessee Infantry.

A. H. Hancock, Company F, 5th Tennessee Infantry.

W. A. Hill, served with a Mississippi regiment.

Alex C. Trousdale, Company A.

Judge James S. Aden, Company G, 7th Tennessee Cavalry.

Mrs. S. C. Dobbins, President 5th Tennessee Chapter, U. D. C.

[Reported by P. P. Pullen, Adjutant.]

### Judge James S. Aden.

After a long illness, Judge James S. Aden died at his home, in Paris, Tenn., in his seventy-ninth year. He was born in that city on February 13, 1842, and had practically spent all his life in Henry County, where he was widely known and beloved. He had been honored by the people of his county by election to office, having served as county court clerk and also as county judge; but most of his life had been spent on his farm, near Paris.

He was a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, serving under Forrest as a member of Company G, 7th Tennessee Cavalry. At one time he was with Stark's company and again with his uncle, Capt. F. F. Aden. He was captured and paroled at Paducah, Ky.

In early life he became a Christian and so remained through his long and useful life. As a minister of the gospel he brought salvation to many. It was the work he loved, and he used his gift to the glory of God, toiling with his hands for the support of his family. He was the father of twelve children and is survived by seven sons and a daughter, also the faithful, beloved wife.

He was laid to rest in Maplewood Cemetery, attended by his Confederate comrades and many friends and relatives. In his passing his community and State have lost a noble citizen.

### George C. Freeman.

The eleventh death in the membership of the Confederate Veteran Association of Savannah, Ga., in 1920 was that of George C. Freeman, which occurred on December 22. There was a strong tie of friendship existing between us. He was of an agreeable, even temperament, and it was a joy to be in his company. For years he had held positions of trust with the Citizens' Mutual Loan Company, of Savannah, and there, as elsewhere, his cheery smile and cordial handshake are sadly missed.

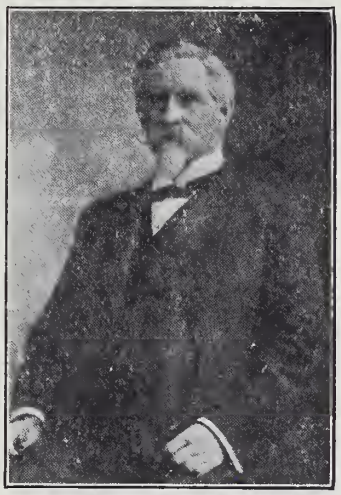
The service of George Freeman with the Confederate army started with the old Chatham Artillery, one of Savannah's crack military companies. In the second year of the war he was detached from his command and assigned to duty as assistant to the collector of the port of Savannah, James R. Sneed. A day or two prior to the occupancy of Savannah by Sherman and his army of devastation Mr. Freeman left the city with the collector and the records of his office, going first to Charleston, S. C. In a few days they were ordered to Augusta, then on to Macon, to Milledgeville, Ga., finally retreating to the farm of Dr. T. A. Parsons, in Laurens County, Ga., whence they were ordered to Macon and the effects of their office surrendered to the United States government. All of them were paroled and returned to Savannah to commence life over again.

In 1862 Mr. Freeman married Miss Sarah E. Davis, of Savannah, who died several years ago. Surviving him are his son, Judge Davis Freeman, of the city court, and a devoted daughter, Miss Georgia Freeman. He was at one time an alderman and was a member of the Savannah Benevolent Association since 1866, ten years its Secretary, nine years President, and twenty-six years Treasurer. He was a devoted member of the Independent Church (Presbyterian), his funeral taking place from that grand edifice on Thursday, December 23, 1920, attended by a vast concourse of friends and a number of his old soldier comrades, the Confederate veterans of Savannah.

[D. B. Morgan, Secretary Confederate Veterans' Association, Camp No. 756, U. C. V.]

### A. Welborne Moise.

The death of A. Welborne Moise at his home, in St. Louis, Mo., on the 1st of December, 1920, removes one of the most prominent Confederates of the State. He had always been active in matters of Confederate interest, had served as Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., and was on the Board of Trustees and Vice President of the Confederate Home at Higginsville at the time of his death. He was also prominent in the business world of his ctiy, respected for his high integrity, and at his office every day except when taking his "boys" to some reunion. He was a member of the Episcopal Church for thirty years.



A. W. MOISE.

A. W. Moise was born in Memphis, Tenn., on December 11, 1846, the eldest of the ten children of A. and Elizabeth Lanier Moise, a cousin of the poet Lanier. The family removed to Richmond, Va., from South Carolina, and this son was educated at the Gonzaga College, of Washington, D. C., and had served as a page in Congress just before the war came on. He enlisted as a private in Company E, 1st Maryland Battalion of Cavalry (Confederate) in 1862, when only fifteen years old. In August, 1863, he was transferred by special order of General Lee to receive promotion and was made a lieutenant. He was with Gen. W. E. Jones's cavalry in the raid through West Virginia and Maryland and with Fitz Lee's cavalry in the second Maryland campaign, at Gettysburg, with McLaw's Division when sent to reënforce Bragg, and was at the siege of Knoxville and in the East Tennessee campaign. When his division returned to Virginia he was with Longstreet's Corps from the battle of the Wilderness to the last day at Appomattox and was paroled as first lieutenant commanding Companies D and H, 24th Georgia Regiment, Kershaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. His parole was kept as the most sacred relic of his war service.

After the war he studied law with his father in Richmond and married Miss Gill, of that city. He entered upon the practice of law in Kansas City, Mo., and after some years removed to St. Louis, where he was credit man for a large wholesale grocery until embarking in business for himself.

Comrade Moise is survived by a son, two sisters, and a brother, one of the sisters being Mrs. Virginia Lee Hight, of Chicago, the youngest of the family.

### Comrades at Huntsville, Ala.

R. M. DeYoung reports the loss of three members of Egbert J. Jones Camp, No. 357, U. C. V., since last report:

A. F. Riley, Company I, 20th Tennessee Cavalry, died June 1, 1920.

A. J. Byrnes, Company F, 4th Alabama Infantry, died July 11, 1920.

J. H. Lowe, Company G, 4th Tennessee Infantry, died October 20, 1920.

### Maj. G. W. Bynum.

George W. Bynum was born in Chatham County, N. C., in 1839 of a typical Southern family. He came to Mississippi when but a lad. It was his ambition to be a lawyer, and he studied diligently with this in view; but war was declared, and to one of his temperament the call to arms was a call of God to defend the principles he knew were right. Accordingly he went to Virginia in 1861 with the 2d Mississippi Infantry. In 1863 he was commissioned major, ordered back to Mississippi, and assigned to the 11th Mississippi Cavalry.

In all that four years' struggle George Bynum was at the front, an active participant in thirty battles and wounded several times. At the close of the war Major Bynum returned to Mississippi, where, unspent and unafraid, he and his former comrades in arms met the duties of the changed conditions.

As he was in war, so during this reconstruction period Major Bynum was put in front. He represented Alcorn County three times in the legislature; twice he was postmaster at Corinth; he was also mayor of the city. When he died, July 17, 1920, he had been for twenty years United States Commissioner.

From early manhood Major Bynum was an officer of the Church and active in Sunday school work. He was a gentleman of the "old school," to the manner born, an exemplary husband and father, a true friend and neighbor, a patriot, a Democrat, a thorough Methodist, a practical Christian. Where moral points were involved there was never any doubt as to his position on questions, social or political. Thus he walked in his integrity before God and man, saying what he meant and meaning what he said. A great legacy he left his children and his children's children in an untarnished name and a blameless character.

It was in his home that Major Bynum was at his best. In 1866 he was married to Miss Fannie Dilworth, of North Mississippi. The union of this Christian pair presented a choice example of domestic harmony and confidence and devotion. In his sorrows she brightened his life, and by her help and prayers and sympathy he accomplished what he could not have done without her. In loneliness, but in uncomplaining resignation, she is waiting in the old home among the Corinth hills. The twilight is soft and beautiful about her. There will be light at the evening time. The morning of the reunion will be glorious.

### Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 222, U. C. V., Waco, Tex.

Comrades of Pat Cleburne Camp, Waco, Tex., who have died since their last Memorial Day, January 22, 1920, as reported by Bradford Hancock, Adjutant:

W. B. Willis, Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry.

J. W. Coleman, Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, aged seventy-two years.

William M. Manchester, Company G, 6th Georgia Cavalry, aged seventy-five years.

William G. Andrews, Company K, 15th Texas Infantry, aged eighty years.

Philip Speegle, Company I, 15th Texas Infantry, aged seventy-seven years.

D. M. Crenshaw, Company I, 20th Georgia Infantry, aged seventy-six years.

William T. Lofton, Hightower's Company.

Frank W. Burke, Company D, 2d Maryland Cavalry.

### William H. Pierce.

Gently drifting down life's stream until life was obscured in the shadow of the great beyond was the greatly lamented end of our true and noble friend, William H. Pierce, of Benton, Ala. In 1861 he was at the age that so many young men of the South enlisted for the Confederacy and made the typical Confederate soldier, buoyant with life and enthusiasm. While only a boy, he was ambitious and enthusiastic to be a soldier, and in that he was admirably successful. He passed through the four years of the bloody sixties; and though severely wounded three different times, he was fortunate enough each time to recover and hastened back to the front and duty. Under Gen. Stonewall Jackson, whom he so admired and whose memory was ever bright in his thoughts, he followed wherever his chieftain ordered. His record as a soldier was unspotted, and many of his comrades called him "the ever-ready Pierce, for duty faithful and untiring."

Comrade Pierce was born in Montgomery, Ala., on August 21, 1842, and passed away on October 19, 1920, at his residence, near Benton, Ala. He was married on September 17, 1867, at Collirene, Ala., to Miss Florence Dunklin, who, with four daughters and one son, survives him.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Alike awaits the inevitable hour,
The path of glory leads but to the grave."

A more consciencious and unassuming man is seldom found. He was a loyal subscriber to the Veteran and loved to read the reminiscences of his comrades. After a long life of seventy-eight years, so just and upright with all mankind, this noble man has passed to the reward that awaits him.

### W. J. Thomas.

W. J. Thomas, born June 11, 1835, was reared in Hardin County, Tenn., and as a boy he was distinguished by his sterling qualities, so much so that he was elected sheriff of his county very soon after attaining his majority, in which office he served two terms. When the war came on in 1861 he joined Company B, of the Junior 6th Mississippi Cavalry, and served until the surrender. He was in the last fight by General Forrest just a few days after Lee's surrender. This battle was fought at Selma, Ala.

Comrade Thomas was the type that would have sacrificed life rather than show cowardice or forsake a friend. He was always trustworthy, true to principle and his word. He won the worthy heart and hand of Miss Palmore, of his county, and soon after their marriage they removed to Texas and lived in several counties before locating permanently at Amarillo, where he acquired property. He was tax assessor and collector of Dallam County for ten years.

Comrade Thomas was a member of W. B. Plemons Camp, U. C. V., of Amarillo, where he died on the 20th of October, 1920, survived by his wife, two daughters, and a son, also two brothers. For almost fifty years he had been a devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and a steward of the Church at Amarillo for a great while.

[D. W. Babb, captain Company B, Strong, Miss.]

### Veterans at Lynchburg, Va.

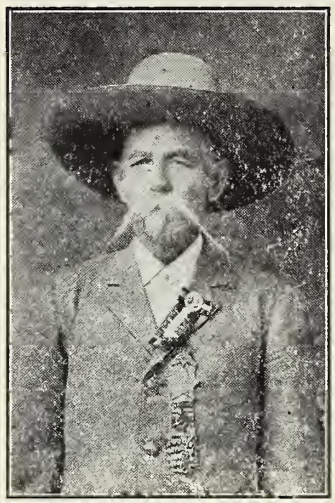
The following deaths are reported for Garland Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans at Lynchburg, Va., for the year of 1920: W. S. Daniel, W. J. Collins, A. Price Roberts, D. G. Miller, A. A. Kershaw, S. B. Tinsley, Richmond Green, J. C. Houston, E. Lee Bell, Daniel C. Locke, J. S. Thornhill.

[Thomas C. Miller, Adjutant.]

### George H. Adams.

George H. Adams answered to the last roll call on Christmas Day, 1920, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was the son of Ichabod and Ann Hooper Adams, who moved from Humphreys County, Tenn., to Texas in 1850. He was married to Miss Amanda V. Baugh, daughter of David Baugh, of Brown County, Tex., in January, 1862. Of their four children, two sons, Sylvester and John Q. Adams, survive him.

Opportunities for acquiring an education were very meager, and the first work of George Adams was in herding cattle for his father. In 1858, when only about sixteen years of age, he joined Capt. John S. Ford's company of Rangers, the youngest ranger in a command of one hundred men. In 1859 he returned to the ranch and resumed the life of a cowboy. In August, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Capt. G. T. Riley's company, Cook's Regiment of Heavy Artillery, and served throughout the War between the States, securing an honorable discharge at Houston, Tex., on May 23, 1865. Returning home to Brown County, he again resumed ranch life. In 1870 he was elected first lieutenant in command of the Brown County Company of Minutemen, with which he served for one and one-half years. He was at Austin prepared to fight when Coke was inaugurated as Governor instead of E. J. Davis. He again returned to Brown County and in 1874 was elected treasurer of the county without opposition. Since that time his attention had been given wholly to his stock and farming interests.



G. H. ADAMS.

"Uncle George," as he was familiarly known, was at all times very optimistic, always looking upon the brighter side of life and giving cheer and comfort wherever he went. He was successful in the business affairs of life and left a nice competency to his sons.

It can well be said that he was a patriotic soldier, a true citizen, and a devoted husband and father.

"Uncle George" never missed a Confederate reunion, either State or general, and enjoyed these meetings to the fullest extent. His burial was conducted by the Masons with Confederate veterans as honorary pallbearers.

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Service of Captain Page.—The following statement as to the war record of Capt. W. W. Page is made by Edward Walton, of Penrith, Va., an addition to the sketch appearing in the September Veteran. He says: "Captain Page commanded Company D, 39th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, from September, 1864, to the evacuation of Petersburg, in 1865. I was a member of that company and received orders from him as courier and scout for General Lee. The contest for the captaincy was between him and Lieut. John W. Jackson, now living in Fluvanna County. The 39th Battalion was commanded by Colonel Richardson. My service was between Richmond and Petersburg, in front of Dutch Gap, General Lee's headquarters, and on the retreat to Appomattox C. H."

### James Lyons.

Of that remarkable body of men known as Confederate soldiers there died at Higginsville, Mo., on January 6, 1921, one of its most remarkable members, one who by might of integrity and righteousness occupied an exalted position among men.

James Lyons was born near Rogersville, Hawkins County, Tenn., on December 17, 1840. In July, 1861, he entered the Confederate army as a private in Company K, 29th Tennessee Infantry, winning promotion to a first lieutenantcy for distinguished service. Soon after the battle of Chickamauga he was transferred to the cavalry, Company A, 4th Tennessee Battalion, then under command of Gen. Jubal A. Early. In the fall of 1864, while on picket duty near Jarrodstown, Va., he was captured. After six months in prison at Camp Chase, he was exchanged, but just in time to have part in the final surrender. Among the engagements in which he fought were Murfreesboro, Perryville, Mill Springs, Corinth, and Winchester.

In 1865 Mr. Lyons moved to Lafayette County, Mo., where he was married in December, 1867, to Miss Fanny Burns, who was his loved and loving wife for thirty-eight blessed years. Not long after her death he left the farm, on which he had greatly prospered, to move to Higginsville, where, in a commodious, comfortable home, he continued to dispense a delightful hospitality. Here gathered his four sons, his foster daughter, and two nieces, to whom he was a second father, for his ideal goodness was ever practical. Round them collected an ever-widening circle of friends, but of this circle the center and mainstay, the chief joy and inspiration were in the beloved master of the house.

To every call and demand of life Mr. Lyons was absolutely true. As patriot, soldier, citizen, man of business, husband, father, friend, Christian, he proved his greatness of soul. For twenty-six years he served as elder of the Presbyterian Church.

### George C. Pile.

George Chambers Pile, seventy-seven years of age, died on January 17, 1921. When but a boy, not yet of military age, Mr. Pile entered the Confederate army in the War between the States. In the spring of 1861 he joined Capt. John E. Terry's company, organized in Bristol, and followed the varying fortunes of the Southern Confederacy in the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia. At different times he served under Gens. Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and J. E. B. Stuart.

His comrades always said of him: "George Pile made a brave soldier." No higher encomium can be paid any man. In the Veteran for January, 1917, was given his account of capturing the Federal General Prince on August 9, 1862, while on picket duty in the battle of Cedar Run, and whom he conducted to Jackson's headquarters for surrender.

Mr. Pile was a member of S. V. Fulkerson Camp, U. C. V., of Bristol, Tenn., and at one time its Adjutant. He was a member of the Methodist Church nearly all his life and a good neighbor and friend. He has answered the last roll call and entered the rest prepared for those who do their duty to God and man.

### Sergt. John A. Moore.

John A. Moore, of Gillisonville, S. C., a Confederate veteran of nearly ninety years, died on December 31, 1920, after some months of feeble health.

He was in the Confederate service on the coast of South Carolina for four years as a member of the Beaufort District Troop.

Comrade Moore is survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters, also by a sister, Mrs. N. L. Broadwater, of Johnston, S. C., and eleven grandchildren. He was laid to rest in the family burying place at Gillisonville, mourned by family and friends.

[S. A. B.]

### John Crofton Herring.

John C. Herring, descended from a fine old family, was born at Capon Springs, Va., on January 7, 1844. He was married to Miss Camilla Dinkle in Bridgewater, Va., in February, 1867, to which union were born two sons, William, of Dallas, Tex., and B. A., of Cartersville, Ga. His estimable wife died on January 13, 1904.

In May, 1871, he moved to Bartow County, Ga., and joined the Methodist Church at Cassville, of which he was a consistent member until his death, one of his last acts being the holding of family prayers. His home life was beautiful, and as a friend and neighbor he had no superior. There was no better citizen during peace or in war a better soldier when he fought under the Stars and Bars. A courier for Gen. Tatum Wofford, he was dauntless in danger. Later he joined Company I, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and served with signal bravery under the knightly "Jeb" Stuart, then to the close of the war under Gen. Fitz Lee.

He dearly loved the Confederate Reunions and always attended them. He had prepared to join his comrades in the Reunion at Houston, Tex, his baggage packed and berth engaged, when suddenly, on the night of October 1, 1920, "taps" sounded, and this gallant old soldier went to sleep with his comrades "on Fame's eternal camping ground" until the Great Commander shall summon him, with Lee, Jackson, and the hosts who wore the gray, to appear in the last "grand review."

[H. M. Gibbons.]

### James Riley Bolen.

The death of James Riley Bolen at Mangum, Okla., on September 9, 1920, is reported by W. L. Jackson, his friend and captain. His service for the Confederacy was with the 2d Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, under Col. J. M. Stone, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's corps.

Comrade Bolen was born in Alabama on October 9, 1840, but while he was still a child the family removed to Mississippi, and in that State he was married to Mary Elizabeth Hicks in January, 1866. She survives him with three sons and a daughter of the seven children born to them. In 1874 Comrade Bolen removed to Texas and lived in that State twenty-six years, removing then to Mangum, Okla., where he died. He was an exemplary citizen always, a member of Baptist Church for some sixty-three years. His monument was built by his life, and his example will be an inspiration to those coming after.

### Comrades of Camp Lomax.

Seven members of Camp Lomax, at Montgomery, Ala., died during 1920, as follows: D. P. Flinn, Company K, 2d Alabama Cavalry; A. P. Wilson, Company K, 2d Alabama Cavalry; F. H. Merritt, Company G, 3d Kentucky Cavalry; Albert Taylor, Company B, 7th Alabama Cavalry; Ben Trice, Company I, 3d Alabama Regiment; J. W. Gilmer, adjutant 60th Alabama Regiment; C. C. Baker, Company F, 60th Alabama Regiment.

# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga. ..... *First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn. ..... *Second Vice President General*
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. ..... *Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. ..... *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNES, Charleston, W. Va. ..... *Cor. Secretary General*
MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. ..... *Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. ..... *Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. ..... *Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. ..... *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. ..... *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## *FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.*

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* By the time this letter reaches the Chapters we hope to have the minutes of the Asheville Convention ready for distribution. This volume is the record of our past year and the directory for the coming year's work, making it necessary for every Chapter to have several copies to properly promote the welfare of U. D. C. activities. Mrs. R. D. Wright, Recording Secretary General, Newberry, S. C., will furnish these volumes at 25 cents per copy. I urge all interested members to order at once, for this book is the very keynote of our organization.

*The Cunningham Memorial.*—By action of the Asheville Convention the U. D. C. will endow a memorial scholarship in George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn., to honor the memory of and to be known as the Sumner A. Cunningham Scholarship. The money in hand, collected for a memorial to Mr. Cunningham, will be applied to this fund, and immediate steps will be taken to collect an amount sufficient to produce the income necessary to make this plan a success. The committee in charge is made up of the following active U. D. C. workers: Mrs. Birdie A. Owen, Chairman, Jackson, Tenn.; Mrs. J. L. McWhorter, Jonesville, S. C.; Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, Greenwood, Miss.; Mrs. G. A. Woods, Shelbyville, Tenn.; and Mrs. W. A. Brown, Los Angeles, Cal.

*Certificates of Membership and Registration.*—First, Division Presidents are asked to remember the postal rules governing certificates. These must be sent by first-class mail, and any digression from this is a violation of the postal rules and causes many delays in delivery. Second, at a meeting of Division Presidents and Registrars held at the Battery Park Hotel in Asheville, upon motion of Mrs. Lawton, of South Carolina, seconded by Mrs. Cabell Smith, of Virginia, it was decided that all Division Presidents should keep a record alphabetically arranged of the names on all certificates received and signed by them. This is very important, and Presidents are urged to carefully file these names. Third, uniform application blanks are required by the by-laws and may be obtained from the Recording Secretary General and the Registrar General at 75 cents per hundred. Fourth, at the 1921 convention in St. Louis the vote of each Division and Chapter will depend entirely on the registration report from the office of the Registrar General. The Executive Board approved the following: Every Division Registrar must send to the Registrar General before May 1, 1921, the exact number of registered, active voting members of every Chapter in her Division up to November 6, 1920. This is very important; the vote of the Division rests upon it. If the Division Registrar fails to report a Chapter, the Registrar General cannot include that Chapter in her report. The earnest, enthusiastic Division Registrar will begin at once to set her Division right on the general books.

*The Book.*—The retail price of "Southern Women in War Times" is $2.50 the copy plus the postage, but it is offered to members of the U. D. C. at $2 the copy plus postage. Chapters or individual Daughters may order for members or for others, but if the book is sold to outsiders the price must be $2.50 the copy, plus the 12 cents postage, as the Chapter prefers. It is hoped the U. D. C. will accept this opportunity to make some money, in addition to giving hearty support to our great memorial to the women of the sixties. This is too generous an offer from the managing editor to regard lightly. It becomes a duty to push the sale of this book and to make it a successful and worthy memorial.

*Needy Confederate Women.*—The Treasurer General had a happy thought when she secured the consent of the Asheville Convention to send a Christmas check to each of the women we are assisting. When the checks came for the President General's indorsement, with each was inclosed a beautiful card with the season's greetings thereon. To this I added seals, making a Christmas package indeed. The letters of appreciation that the President has received are delightful and warm the heart with the hope of further service. With it all comes this lesson: we must work fast for these dear women, for they are "going away." One Christmas check was returned with a letter saying: "I am writing to inform you of the death of Mrs. Susan Williams on the 9th of December." We must remember not to delay and thereby lose our opportunity.

*Florence Goalder Faris Medal.*—This award will be made to a member of the C. of C. writing the best essay on the subject, "Gen. John Hunt Morgan, a Confederate Wizard of the Saddle." This notice is given here with the request from Mrs. Holt that the Chapters will notify the Children and do everything possible to interest them in the historical contests.

*Necrology.*—The death of Mrs. Whitehead, the mother of our Third Vice President General, Mrs. R. Philip Holt, occurred soon after the convention. It was my sad privilege to send your message of sympathy to Mrs. Holt. The death of Maj. George W. Littlefield removes from our ranks a faithful friend of our cause, and his death is lamented by the entire South, especially the Daughters of the Confederacy remember him with affection and gratitude.

Cordially, MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## *THE HERO FUND.*

REPORT FOR DECEMBER, 1920.

| | |
|---|---|
| Previously reported | $6,505 73 |
| Florida Division: Check of Mrs. Amos H. Norris, Treasurer General | 95 25 |
| Total | $6,600 98 |

## U. D. C. NOTES.

The editor appreciated very much the cordial holiday greetings of the Arkansas Division sent through their State President, Mrs. Massey.

Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Chairman Alabama Division Scholarship Committee, Troy, Ala., is preparing a cookbook, the proceeds from the sale of it to be used for the endowment of a scholarship as a memorial to Capt. Llewelyn H. Bowles, a brave soldier, who lost an arm in defense of the Southern cause, a consecrated minister of God, and Christian gentleman. Mrs. Bashinsky would very much appreciate it if you, your friends, and Chapter members would send her some of the most choice "true and tried" recipes to be published in this memorial book, for which only the very best is wanted. She desires each recipe to be signed, with the understanding that the signature does not mean that the recipe is original, but that the signer has tested the recipe and knows it to be correct.

After her reëlection by the convention at Asheville, Mrs. George Cunningham, of Little Rock, Ark., resigned as Second Vice President General, and at the Executive Committee meeting held in Asheville on Monday after the close of the convention Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, of Gallatin, Tenn was elected to fill the vacancy.

The centenary of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, the "Wizard of the Saddle," comes on July 13, 1921. It seems that the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of this military wonder should have special and fitting observance by all Confederate organizations. Can't the United Daughters of the Confederacy institute such a movement and secure the coöperation of all other Confederate societies?

Newly appointed correspondents for the VETERAN:

Alabama—Mrs. N. K. Perrow, Anniston.

Arkansas—Mrs. Dewell Gann, Sr., Benton.

North Carolina—Miss Mary Mabry, Albemarle.

Colorado—Mrs. M. S. Bradley, 2706 East Twelfth Avenue, Denver.

Maryland—Mrs. E. J. Croker, 4314 Groveland Avenue, Baltimore.

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## DIVISION NOTES.

*Virginia.*—At their meeting on December 8 the Richmond Chapter expressed indignant opposition to the use of the name "Ku-Klux Klan" by any present-day organization and adopted the following resolutions on the subject, which are commended to the entire South:

"It is with regret that the Richmond Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is informed through the articles in the press of the attempted revival of the Ku-Klux Klan. This organization went out of existence when the cause for which they worked was realized and Virginia, then called District No. 1, came again into her glorious own and the 'scalawags' and the carpetbaggers of the North were sent back to the North. When the Freedman's Bureau was organized, the North said the bureau was necessary to protect the negro. The South responded with the Ku-Klux Klan to protect the white women. Mrs. Rose, one-time Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, has written a booklet on this subject and is an accepted authority on the secret organization. It should be in all the schools of the South. Therefore be it

*"Resolved,* That the Richmond Chapter protests against any organization adopting and using the name 'Ku-Klux Klan.' It was a name and an order worthy of such men as Gen. Nathan B. Forrest, chief of the Klan, and among its members were the very bravest and noblest of Southern heroes.

*"Be it further resolved,* That we petition our State government to prohibit the use of this name, made sacred by the men who bore it in years gone by."

During Christmas week the Richmond Chapter gave its annual turkey dinner for the veterans of the Confederate Home, and a profusion of good things was heaped before these old soldiers, who occupy such a warm place in the hearts of all Richmond people. The Confederate women were remembered with many useful and attractive gifts and their Christmas made bright and cheery.

The Lee Chapter gave its annual Christmas party to the veterans on December 23 and included a Christmas tree in Randolph Hall, on which was a present for every veteran, the women of the Chapter sparing no trouble to get the articles each of the "boys" desired.

*District of Columbia.*—At the annual convention, held December 3 in the Confederate Memorial Hall in Washington, extensive reports on work being done in educational, relief, and memorial lines comprised the largest portion of the business transacted. Mr. Conroy, of Camp 305, S. C. V., of Washington, made an interesting address and asked for greater coöperation between the Sons and the Daughters of the Confederacy. Vocal solos were rendered during the evening, and the Division presented a large bouquet of red and white carnations to the President, Mrs. Benoit.

The following officers will head the Division for the year: Mrs. Lee Benoit, President (reëlected); Mrs. A. Waller, First Vice President; Mrs. George Covington, Second Vice President; Mrs. Virginia Willis, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Charles Maubery, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. B. Newman, Treasurer; Mrs. Paul L. Joachim, Registrar; Mrs. S. B. Milton, Historian; Mrs. Drury Ludlow, Parliamentarian; Mrs. Goodwin Ellsworth, Chaplain; Mrs. Arthur Thompson, Custodian; Miss Frances Weeks, Auditor; Mrs. Gustavus Werber, Recorder of Crosses.

A bronze tablet, set in a ten-foot granite bowlder, has been placed at Stephenson's Depot, near Winchester, Va., in honor of Col. Richard Snowden Andrews and officers and men of the 1st Maryland Artillery and was unveiled on December 2, 1920. This is the tribute of Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, a late President of the District of Columbia Division, and her brother, Charles Lee Andrews, to the memory of their father.

*Maryland.*—The State convention was held at the Green Door Tea Rooms, Baltimore, on December 7, 1920, Mrs. Charles E. Parr, President, presiding. Representatives from five State Chapters were present. The new Chapter, Henry Kyd Douglas, of Hagerstown, with a membership of nearly sixty, was given a warm welcome. This Chapter was organized last spring by Mrs. Parr. At the morning session Chapter reports were read. At noon a luncheon was served, with the visiting delegates as guests. The election of officers occupied the afternoon session. Miss Georgia Bright was unanimously elected State President to succeed Mrs. Parr, who had served the Division most acceptably for four years. The other officers elected were: First Vice President, Mrs. Edward H. Bash; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. H. Loughborough; Third Vice President, Mrs. James Hoyle; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Winfield Peters; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. Addison Cooke; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Jackson Brant; Registrar, Mrs. I. P. Gough; Treasurer, Mrs. Arnold Frick; Historian, Mrs. R. Corbin Maupin; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Sallie Maupin; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Jed

Gittings; Director of Children, Mrs. James Gaskins; State Poet and Editor, Mrs. Edward Croker.

The Maryland quota for the Jefferson Davis monument was completed in April, 1920. With a membership of 733, $1,400 was contributed to the "Hero Fund," nearly double the amount assured.

*Ohio.*—The nineteenth annual convention of the Ohio Division held its opening ceremonies on Tuesday, October 12, 1920, at the Cleveland Hotel, Cleveland, with the Alexander H. Stephens Chapter as hostess. A large representation from the seven Chapters comprising the Ohio Division was in attendance, as well as invited guests of the Chapter.

Mrs. John J. Parker, President of the Cleveland Chapter, very graciously extended a hearty welcome to the delegates and visitors, which was responded to in behalf of the Ohio delegation by Mrs. James Burton Doan, of Cincinnati, State President.

The program arranged for the evening was a "Historical Evening" in honor of Matthew Fontaine Maury. Mrs. John L. Shearer, of Cincinnati, a member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, gave an interesting and enlightening address on "Matthew Fontaine Maury, the Pathfinder of the Sea," and the delightful musical program by local talent included several numbers on "Songs of the Sea."

Those present were most fortunate in being able to see the wonderful medals, or duplicates of the medals, presented to Commodore Maury from every country in the world *but his own* for his valiant services to all mankind. These priceless treasures were lent for this occasion by a member of the Maury family who resides in Cincinnati.

The Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, of Cleveland, has set an example in publicly honoring Matthew Fontaine Maury. Let other Chapters follow this example and give honor to him who has so long been denied the honors so justly due.

The first business session of the convention met on Wednesday, October 13, Mrs. James Burton Doan, of Cincinnati, State President, in the chair.

Confederate relief work has taken the banner this year for U. D. C. activities. Under the able guidanec of Mrs. John W. Hagerty, of Cincinnati, State Chairman, the magnificent sum of $1,104 was given to help the poor and unfortunate, the noblest branch of U. D. C. work. This Division has endowed a room in the Home for Needy Confederate Women, Richmond, Va., to be paid annually on a prorated *per capita* basis. The endowment began on July 4, 1920, it seeming most appropriate to add this celebration to our nation's great Independence Day.

The Ohio Division went "over the top" early last spring for the Jefferson Davis Memorial Fund, paying for ten members more than its quota. The quota for the Hero Fund has also been exceeded. Since this fund began in 1918 the total amount given to the Hero Fund is $710, a little over $3 per member, against $1.15 asked for.

All Chapter Presidents gave excellent reports. Harmony is the keynote which has made this year so successful.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Cincinnati, reports a most unusual occurrence. "At the September meeting little Miss Elizabeth King was received into the Chapter as a junior member. She is of the fourth generation to be a member of this Chapter. All four generations were present on this memorable occasion. Her great-grandmother held her, her grandmother presented her name, and her mother paid her dues.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Columbus, reports the Camp Chase Memorial Association organized during the past year. This organization will make it possible to have a memorial service each year worthy of those who sleep there. Every member of the Ohio Division is urged to become a member. On June 5, 1920, memorial services were held at Camp Chase Cemetery. The Rev. Dr. W. L. Pickard, of Tennessee, delivered the address. The band and a firing squad from the United States marine barracks were present.

The Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, of Dayton, reports that its greatest work has been done for the veterans at Peewee

(Continued on page 78).

# Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

## *U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1921.*

CHARLESTON POETS: HENRY TIMROD, PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE, WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

Read a poem from each one and have the members present guess the name of the poem and the author. Follow this with a paper or a talk on the life of each poet or, if preferred, on Charleston as a literary center.

## *C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1921.*

THOMAS J. JACKSON, THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

The Stonewall of the Confederacy, unique in his methods and remarkable in his personality.

## *A LIBERTY BOND PRIZE.*

Announcement is made of a new and valuable prize, a hundred-dollar Liberty Bond, which will be given by Miss Mary Carter, of Upperville, Va., through the Virginia Division to the Division which purchases the largest number of Miss Rutherford's booklet, "Truths of History." The minimum for which the award will be made is one hundred copies, and should that number not be reached the prize will be continued next year. It is hoped, however, that Divisions will eagerly avail themselves of this generous offer and that the prize can be given at the St. Louis Convention in 1921.

The object of this gift is twofold: First, to place this valuable little treatise in every Southern home and school and in as many others as possible; second, to provide from the sale a fund for the publication of another booklet by Miss Rutherford which will be a permanent addition to her splendid contributions to Southern history. Miss Rutherford occupies a unique position and is a unique personality. The Daughters of the Confederacy appreciate her great service to the cause of truth and should rejoice at the opportunity to coöperate with her in making the truth of history known. The sale of the booklet is not limited to Chapters or members of the U. D. C. It is open to every person who desires to invest fifty cents in the booklet. Orders should be sent to Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga. The record of sales will be kept by her, and Divisions will be given credit for all orders received from the States which they represent. The award will be based upon this record, and there are no restrictions whatever placed upon the use to which the prize may be applied.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON....*Recording Secretary General*
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## *COMMUNICATION FROM MRS. COLLIER.*

*To Memorial Women:* It has been a great disappointment to me that the publishers have failed to deliver my book, "Biographies of Representative Women of the South, 1861-1920," according to promise. I desire to thank all the subscribers to this volume for their kind waiting. Their patience has been to me a deep expression of beautiful character and has helped me to learn anew the lesson of patient waiting.

I feel like this, my first edition of biographies of our noble Southern women, is but the prelude to other volumes that shall follow. I have for years desired to do this work, but my home duties demanded my days, and not until recent years could I devote any time to this work.

We who have the honor to be descendants of the families of the Confederacy have much to be proud of, much to cause us to be deeply reverent in all our work. It is a sacred task to me, filled with precious memories that are immortal. It carries us back to the "Rose Hills, Linwoods, and Bonaventures," and from every hallowed spot where the dust of our dead is sleeping, from the trailing mosses of the live oaks to the wandering wild rose on the mountain side; and I hope we shall never forget to honor and revere that memory that recalls to us a little band of Southern women standing over the graves of our soldiers who had fallen under the blue and the gray gathering the first flowers of that April day that had blossomed from fields of blood.

Whenever that picture of those pale, careworn faces of our mothers, beautiful in heroic courage and saintly through fiery trials, fades from my memory, it will be when the flowers of our Southland forget to bloom in the sunshine of celestial glory, when the mocking bird no longer sings to us the songs of other days. MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER,

*Corresponding Secretary General C. S. M. A.*

## *ASSOCIATION NOTES.*

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

At the Reunion held at Houston, Tex., in October a resolution was offered by Mrs. Oswell R. Eve, of Augusta, Ga., asking that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association direct one of its activities toward creating an interest in the American library at Paris, France, which is a memorial library to Alan Seegar, the young American poet who gave his life on the battle field in France in the World War. The resolution passed, and Mrs. Eve was appointed chairman of the Alan Seegar Memorial Library.

Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier has received the following interesting account of the library from W. N. C. Carlton, L.D.H., the European representative at Paris:

"The basis of the collection was the library formed and maintained by the American Library Association for the use of the American overseas forces during the war and all Americans engaged on official work. It numbers at present thirty thousand well selected volumes. When the library was about to be closed and the volumes sent back to America, war activities having ceased, a group of American, British, and French men and women of prominence in Paris, who realized its value and importance as an educational institution, asked if there was any way in which it could be left in Paris and made a permanent free library administered on American theory and practice. The Library Association at once offered to make a free gift of the whole plant to any organization that would agree to accept it and secure an endowment for it.

"The Paris people accepted the offer, formed an incorporated society called the American Library in Paris, and are now actively engaged in raising the requisite money for its adequate support.

"Money and books are therefore most acceptable, and we shall be glad to receive the gift of such as you can send us along certain lines. We should particularly appreciate any standard and authoritative books relating to the history, literature, politics, social development, colonial and war records, and other material relating to the South, from its first settlement down to the present day. A collection of that sort would be of the greatest value to French and other European students of American history. As one who has long loved and admired the South, it would be a special pleasure to me to see such a collection here, and I know it will be well used," concludes Mr. Carlton.

Mr. Charles L. Seegar, the father of Alan Seegar, the gifted young hero-poet, has established a fund of fifty thousand francs in memory of his son and has been elected president of the board of trustees of the memorial library. Mrs. Edith Wharton and Madame la Contesse de Chambrum, formerly Clara Longworth, are trustees of the library.

### GIFT TO WREN'S NEST.

The Uncle Remus Memorial Association, which has bought and preserved the Wren's Nest, the home of Joel Chandler Harris, the great folklore writer, has been enriched by a picture of Joel Chandler Harris, Henry Grady, the famous orator and author of "The Patchwork Palace," Col. J. H. Estill, the journalist, and Frank Stovall Roberts, Confederate veteran, grouped on Point Lookout, which appeared in the July number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The picture, enlarged and framed, was presented to Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A. and President for life of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association, by Mr. Roberts and was shown at the January meeting of the Association. The picture will be placed in the Wren's Nest, where the "Uncle Remus" stories were written.

### Prominent Women Appointed to Office.

Mrs. Jesse J. Yates, of Asheville, N. C., has been appointed State President C. S. M. A. by the President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, to fill the unexpired term of Mrs. Robert Jones.

Mrs. Oswell Eve has been appointed Chairman of the Alan Seegar Memorial American Library at Paris, France. Already a number of valuable books have been contributed to the library through the C. S. M. A., including a complete set of the literary works of Miss Mildred Rutherford, whose kinswoman was the founder of the Memorial Association, the oldest organization of patriotic women in the world, as far as is known. The "Biographies of Representative Women of the South," by Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, and "Memoirs of Judge Richard H. Clark," by Lollie Belle Wylie, will be other books of value to be given, and in the collection which will find its way to the library will be books by some of the most notable writers of the South.

### To Organize College Girls.

Mrs. Bryan W. Collier held a very interesting meeting of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of which she is President, at Cox College, College Park, on December 9.

The student body and faculty were guests of the Chapter, as Mrs. Collier had extended invitation to the girls eighteen years old to become members of the Chapter.

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the C. S. M. A., was the guest of the day and by special request addressed the student body on "What It Means to Become a Daughter of the Confederacy." She charmed the girls with her reminiscences of war times of the sixties and also spoke of her memorial work.

Mrs. Collier hopes to add many new names from the student body to her U. D. C. Chapter and will also organize a Memorial Association among the college girls, thus sending out from that wonderful band of Southern girls a new vision in many phases of the loyal work she is doing for the South.

---

### *"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."*

After conferring with the President General U. D. C. and the Publication Committee, the managing editor of "The Women of the South in War Times" announces that the U. D. C. may obtain copies of this volume at the rate of $2, plus an average of 12 cents for postage, for the next six months and indefinitely thereafter if the book be properly supported, so as to make up at least a portion of the deficit of several thousand dollars now on account, a deficit partly due to the fact that some fourteen hundred copies were sent out at pre-war prices according to a pre-war agreement made prior to the contract with the printers. The price of the book to those outside the organization is $2.50, plus postage.

It has been suggested that the Chapters secure copies of the book, selling it to their own membership at the $2 rate and to outsiders at the $2.50, thereby making the difference for Chapter expenses. The plan that would work best in such a case is to secure a copy, give it to the local press for review, which not only helps the book, but gives favorable publicity to the Chapter. In this review the name of the duly-appointed representative of the local Chapter should be given. This appointee would receive and forward orders.

Earnest efforts will be made to provide for a publicity fund for this memorial volume of our mothers—a memorial which will prove many times more effective than scores of monuments of marble or tablets of bronze. Monuments are fixed and permanent, and they stand for love and patriotism. They are there for those who go to see them, and they serve a great purpose where they stand. No monument, however, can go to those who do not come to it. This memorial volume, dedicated to "The Women of the South in War Times," has already demonstrated that it carries conviction, creates sympathy, and does away with sectional prejudices by establishing a clear understanding of what our fathers and mothers represented, achieved, and endured in 1861-65. This memorial may travel not only over the country, but throughout the English-speaking world as well. A minimum of $1,500 is absolutely essential to start this work on its way. It has already been reported that the Boston *Transcript* recommended the work to its readers as likely to give them a new viewpoint concerning the position of people whom "we once thought devoid of all honesty and faith." In the issue of Sunday, January 16, the New York *Times,* in an extended review, spoke of the work in the opening paragraph in the following words: "One of the brightest pages in the history of our country is that on which is written the noble epic of the devotion to their cause, the unselfishness and the courage displayed by the women of the South during the Civil War. In 'Women of the South in War Times' Matthew Page Andrews has expanded this glorious page into a book packed with romantic stories representative of the gallant achievements of a heroic people."

The South Carolina Division is still leading in both subscriptions and publicity work for "The Women of the South in War Times." Nevertheless, Mrs. R. P. Holt, official distributor for North Carolina, is doing good work in her Division and reports the first contribution from a Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy. This contribution of $5 comes from the Junior Bethel Heroes Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, at Rocky Mount. The South Carolina Division has contributed $50 toward the publicity fund through Mrs. St. J. Alison Lawton and holds out a promise of an additional $50 later on. The Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, of Frankfort, Ky., has contributed $5 toward the publicity fund; $63 has been realized on the publicity fund through the sale of specially marked State Division copies. The following additional States have subscribed for their official copies since our last report: Arkansas, Colorado, Louisiana, Maryland, Missouri, and Pennsylvanai.

Other States are still to be accounted for, in some of which there are no official Chapters designated, but these States may be taken care of by individual Daughters or by neighboring Divisions. As suggested by the President General, other States may act as sponsors for States not represented in the U. D. C. organization.

Oklahoma is coming to the front of late with an order for a few copies almost every week. Nearly all these copies are being sent in through the energetic coöperation of Mrs. Arthur Walcott, State Distributor, of Ardmore.

Send orders to Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

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W. M. Francis, of Sallisaw, Okla., sends renewal of subscription for two years in advance, saying: "I hope to live to read it many more years. It does my soul good to read its pages and to see how fair it is in publishing the truth about what happened. I was a boy during the war, but I remember it very distinctly. May the Veteran live long to give the truth to the rising generation of how and why we fought for our rights!"

# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

*OFFICERS, 1919-20.*

**Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest**
**Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton**
**Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.**
**[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]**

## *CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.*

Washington Camp, No. 405, held its regular monthly meeting January 11. Representative W. B. Bankhead, of Alabama, delivered an address on the constitutional rights of secession and the Reconstruction period in the South. Commandant Elgin H. Blalock presided. George T. Rawlins, F. F. Conway, and Jessie Anthony, Jr., were appointed a committee to prepare a reception in honor of Commander in Chief Nathan Bedford Forrest and members of the Executive Council. A meeting of the Executive Council will be held here about February 1. J. J. Crandill, C. A. Moran, and G. L. Garrison were elected to membership.

* * *

In order to prevent a great many letters from being returned to general headquarters on account of insufficient address, it is requested that all officers of the organization send their address, which should include the street or post office box number, to Carl Hinton, Adjutant in Chief, 1205 Shoshone Street, Denver, Colo.

* * *

Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief, Lynchburg, Va., reports that many colleges and libraries are now voluntarily writing for copies of the Gray Book. The United Daughters of the Confederacy are introducing the book into the public schools in accordance with a plan outlined at their convention at Asheville. A historical program for the current year is now being prepared. In this connection it is suggested that all Division Historians write Comrade Jennings for particulars concerning his plans.

* * *

Miss Nannie Randolph Heth, daughter of the late Col. Harry Heth, of General Lee's staff, died at her home, in Washington, D. C., January 10. Miss Heth, who was one of the organizers of the Southern Relief Society, had held the position as President for eighteen years. It was mainly due to her efforts that the Southern Relief Home was founded in Washington, D. C., to care for Confederate veterans. One of the rooms in the home was dedicated to her father. She was laid to rest at Richmond, Va.

* * *

The option on one hundred and twenty-eight acres of the Manassas battle field is now of record. More land will not be needed, except a spot here and there over the thousands of acres where fighting occurred at both First and Second Manassas, a few square feet each, on which to erect monuments marking epochal events of the battles. Then from the Henry Hill one can see each monument and hear the story of both battles. The museum is valuable and comes with the deal, $25,000 cash at expiration of option. This site is beautiful for a memorial park: thirty-three miles from Arlington, fifteen miles from historic Fairfax, eighteen miles from enchanting Mount Vernon, twenty miles from Warrenton, the capital of Mosby's Confederacy, and not much farther from Chief Justice Marshall's old home, with Richmond within two hours' automobile ride, and quaint old Manassas at the doorway. What more historic setting for a memorial park to Southern valor? Maj. E. W. R. Ewing and Westwood Hutchinson, trustees, have invited Governor Davis to act as temporary chairman of the organization committee, and each Southern organization and each Southern State is asked to name a member of the committee, to be called into early meeting by Governor Davis. It is planned that the meeting arrange for incorporation, giving each Southern State and organization one member of the board and making the Governor of Virginia *ex officio* chairman. It was on this battle field that Stonewall Jackson and his Virginians not only saved the day in the last ditch, as had gallant Evans earlier, but here Jackson got his immortal name and his wound, and here Wheat and Bee, heroic figures, died for the sacredness of constitutional government. The South cannot forget these deeds.

* * *

George T. Rawlins, who was recently appointed Commander of the District of Columbia Division, has selected the following staff officers for the current year: J. A. Kephart, Adjutant and Chief of Staff; Harry G. Hughes, Division Quartermaster; A. D. Deason, Division Inspector; Rufus W. Pearson, Division Judge Advocate; T. H. Harris, Division Commissary; Dr. W. Cabell Moore, Division Surgeon; Rev. Andrew R. Bird, Division Chaplain; Frank R. Fravel, Division Historian.

* * *

The Division Commanders recently appointed by N. B. Forrest, Commander in Chief, are: Alabama, Dr. W. E. Quin, Fort Payne; Arkansas, A. D. Pope, Magnolia; Colorado, C. L. Colburn, Denver; District of Columbia, Georgia T. Rawlins, Washington; Florida, S. L. Lowry, Tampa; Georgia, J. Hugh Conley, Augusta; Kentucky, J. B. Wickliffe, Wickliffe; Missouri, J. Gwynne Gough, St. Louis; North Carolina, G. O. Coble, Greensboro; New Mexico, J. S. Oliver, Carlsbad; South Carolina, W. R. McCutchen, Sumter; Tennessee, D. S. Etheridge, Chattanooga; Virginia, R. Johnston Neely, Portsmouth; West Virginia, G. W. Sidebottom, Huntington. The appointment of the Division Commanders for Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Texas will be announced later.

* * *

Elgin H. Blalock, Commandant of Washington Camp, S. C. V., 1184 Morse Street Northeast, Washington, D. C., desires to establish the eligibility of an applicant for membership in the Camp. The applicant's father, Alpheus J. Norman, enlisted at Richmond, Va. He persuaded an old Irish woman to represent herself as his mother because he was too young to enlist. It is possible he may have enlisted under the assumed name of Dixon. He was a member of Stuart's Cavalry; fought in the battle of the Wilderness, where he was captured, taken to Washington, and confined in Old Capitol Prison, on First Street. He was mustered out at New Orleans at the close of the war and worked his way to Pittsburgh, then to New York City, where he died in 1879. Surviving comrades are requested to furnish any information concerning the war record of this veteran.

---

T. L. McMillan, of Waelder, Tex., son of a Confederate veteran, writes of his continued enjoyment of the VETERAN. His father, S. W. McMillan, is still living, now in his ninetieth year; and his Uncle Hugh, who was also a Confederate soldier, died recently in his eighty-seventh year. Another uncle, James E. McMillan, died of a wound received in the battle of the Wilderness.

## DIVISION NOTES.

(Continued from page 74.)

Valley, Ky. Last spring this Chapter donated $100 for easy chairs and bedside tables for the Home, and two days after they were delivered fire destroyed the entire building. A movement is on foot to replace the chairs.

Through efforts of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, one Confederate veteran was admitted to the Confederate Home at Richmond, Va. The Division is also caring for an old lady living at Franklin, Ohio. This gratuity has brought much happiness into her declining days, and her genuine appreciation of it is as a benediction on our work. Generous contributions to the Confederate Home at Peewee Valley, Ky., have been made.

The delegates were entertained with an informal luncheon on Wednesday, a dinner dance in the evening, and a delightful automobile ride on Thursday afternoon, after the convention adjourned, through the beautiful city of Cleveland, stopping at the Country Club for a delightful "tea" as guests of Mrs. J. J. Parker, President of the hostess Chapter.

During the morning session on Thursday an invitation was extended the convention assembled to attend the Woman's City Club at noon to hear the Hon. W. G. McAdoo speak on "The League of Nations." The invitation was most gladly accepted. It is very gratifying to state that Mr. McAdoo recognized the U. D. C. and gave the delegation a very hearty greeting as he came on the platform.

The following officers were elected for 1921: President, Mrs. W. H. Estabrook, Dayton; First Vice President, Mrs. Joseph C. Hosea, Cincinnati; Second Vice President, Mrs. John B. Preston, Columbus; Third Vice President, Mrs. W. Y. Davis, Cincinnati; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, Cleveland; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. V. Dutrow, Dayton; Treasurer, Mrs. Leroy Rose, Columbus; Historian-Custodian, Mrs. John L. Shearer, Cincinnati; Registrar, Mrs. A. R. Shaw, Columbus; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. E. M. Slemmons, Columbus; Director of C. of C. Chapters, Mrs. A. W. Freeman, Columbus; State Editor for the Veteran, Mrs. A. S. Porter, Cleveland.

---

## ODD TERMS OF THE SIXTIES.

Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., writes:

"Will some one who lived through the sixties tell us through the columns of the Veteran if they know what the following represent: Hessians, Jayhawkers, Union Shriekers, Claybank and Charcoal factions in Missouri, Knights of the Golden Circle, Red Legs, Southern Peace Society, Flat Foots of Missouri, Union Loose Pins, Union Shriekers, Paw Paws in Missouri, Sons of Liberty, Galvanized Rebels, Galvanized Yankees, Buckskin Gentry in California, Flat-Topped Copperheads, Heroes of America, White Cottons, Florida Royals, Jobberwowls, Tories, American Knights, and Corps de Belgique?

"What were the following: Hewgagism, Hoosier and sucker tactics, Hunkerism, Scewhorn principles?

"Also how many does 'right smart' mean? Was 'one hour by sun' just after sunup or just after sundown? Did "seeing the elephant' mean getting into a fight? And if any one ate the ration of mule meat served to our soldiers in Vicksburg, kindly let us know how he liked it; if it tasted anything like turkey, and what effect it had on the character and disposition."

Mixin' with 'Em.—J. M. Barkley, who served with Company F, 73d North Carolina Regiment (Junior Reserves), writes from Detroit, Mich., regarding the new subscription rate: "Your 'advance' is so modest that it is out of character with the way the Confederates used to advance in the old war days. I am inclosing check for $4.50. Let that renew my subscription for a year anyway, and let the little balance go into your work. Away up 'Nawth' here I get to see very few 'auld grays' of the Confederacy, but the old boys in blue are fine to me. I have been made an associate member of one of the best Posts (Detroit Post, No. 384, G. A. R., Department of Michigan), and they insist on my marching with them on Memorial Day, which I do with the Confederate veteran's cross of honor and the showy badge of the Post side by side on my breast. They welcomed it with great hilarity, and now look for it every time there is a turn-out, which are growing fewer every year. I'm just seventy-four."

---

Thomas Hunter, a Canadian who served in the Confederate army, writes from Toronto, Hotel Elliott: "I have read with great interest the article by J. N. Thompson, of Memphis, Tenn., appearing in the November Veteran and giving a short sketch of the 44th Mississippi. This was my old regiment, into which I was mustered by the gallant and lamented Colonel Blythe. On this my eightieth birthday I am now living in my native city, but I recall with vivid interest the events recorded by Comrade Thompson and, of course, many others. To Comrade Thompson and any other survivors I send greetings and shall be glad to hear from any of them."

---

Souvenir Reunion Book.—George B. Bolling, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Tennessee Division, S. C. V., is preparing a souvenir book of the Tulsa, Atlanta, and Houston Reunions which will contain pictures of Veterans, Sons, Sponsors, Maids of Honor, Chaperons, and others having connection with Confederate affairs. Those wishing certain pictures to appear therein should communicate with him at 637 Washington Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

---

John F. Green writes from Hope, Ark.: "I was in the Army of Northern Virginia from First Manassas to Appomattox. Never reported sick a day; wounded five times. Many years ago I thought the Veteran would soon play out, but, like wine, it grows better with age."

---

In the article by Capt. John McAnerney on "Dahlgren's Raid on Richmond," page 20 of the January number, a typographical error changed the name of Capt. Edward S. Gay to Guy in the reference to the boy company of Richmond which had a part in the defense of the city at the time.

---

H. Wickizer, of Los Angeles, Cal., renews subscription for five years and writes: "I have been a subscriber since the early nineties—1894, if my memory is correct. Pretty good for a 'Yank,' don't you think? Kind regards and wishing you every success."

---

A slip of the typewriter gave General Forrest the name of William Bedford instead of Nathan Bedford in the article on "Two Biographies," page 378 of the October Veteran. The error was corrected in part of the edition.

---

Hon. Walter Sydnor, of Richmond, Va., sends several subscriptions and says: "I congratulate you on the success that you are making of the Veteran."

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Mrs. T. C. Hunter, of Lawton, Okla., Route B, asks that any surviving comrades of her father, Felix C. Smith, who served in the Tennessee Army, Cleburne's Division, will write to her as to his record, which she is anxious to get.

---

Mrs. Betty Smyer, of Susanville, Oregon, wishes to locate the Mr. Jackson who lost both hands at Fort Donelson, who, she thinks, is living somewhere in Texas. Any one knowing of him will please write to Mrs. Smyer.

R. D. (Dick) Wilson is anxious to locate some member of Company K, Williams's Regiment of Missouri Cavalry, who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. He wishes to get a pension. Any surviving comrades will please communicate with H. R. Airheart, at Amarillo, Tex.

---

Stephen D. Tillman, of Mount Rainier, Md., wishes to get information on the record of his grandfather, Stephen D. Tillman, who entered the Confederate army from Edgefield, S. C. The only record of him is that he was commissioned as colonel with the Caldwell Regiment of Infantry from Louisiana. Any information of his service will be appreciated.

---

Mrs. Katherine Ritchey, of Ada, Okla., wishes to hear from some comrade of her husband, Samuel N. Ritchey, who enlisted from Grubb Springs, Miss., and served with the 41st Mississippi Regiment, C. S. A. Information of his service is needed to get her a pension, as she is old and helpless. Surviving comrades will please write to R. C. Roland, Box 941, Ada, Okla.

---

Not luck, but bulldog grit—that's what brings success. If one hundred men were to have fortunes left to them, only one or two would keep their fortunes beyond a few years. But any man, by sticking to it, can acquire a competence. Put your savings into War Savings Stamps and Treasury Savings Certificates. Always worth more than you paid for them and not the kind of riches to take wings.

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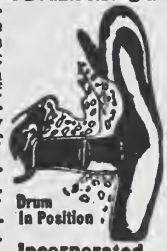
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BOOKS WANTED.—"Dixie After the War," by Myrta Lockhart Avary; "Recollections Grave and Gay," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "My Reminiscences of a Long Life," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Any one having these books for sale will kindly communicate with the VETERAN, stating condition and price wanted.

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**By TEMPLE BAILEY**

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# Confederate Veteran.

Dr T L Settle Dec 21

VOL. XXIX MARCH, 1921 NO. 3

"For, though conquered,
we adore it!
Love the cold dead
hands that bore it!
Weep for those who
fell before it!"

**First Flag of the Southern Confederacy. Unfurled on March 4, 1861— just sixty years ago.**

**THE STARS AND BARS**

## THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

BY MISS KATHERINE DAVIS.

Bars of the flag,
Stars of the flag,
Wave glowing and tender;
Banner so bright,
Banner alight
With a gleaming, chastened splendor.
Merged from depths of racial fire,
Purged by ideals holy, without ire,
In response to the South's grave need,
Out of the flame
To serve you came
To guide, to strengthen and lead.

Hope in the flag,
Faith in the flag
Defeat could not efface
In the hearts of us living,
Stilly the souls of us stirring,
Inspiring a noble race.
Made sacred by tears,
Made reverent by years,
"Flag, sleep and rest."
Throb of a land,
Pulse of a land,
Flag, that so long won!
Though you are furled
Before the world,
Your glory is known to the sun.

Soaring high
In a Southern sky
A mighty current of power!
Flag of Dixie,
Weaved by destiny,
Pure as the lily flower.
Star of the Wilderness,
Gleaming in radiance
Through years of dark shadows!
What matter Vicksburg,
What matter Gettysburg,
Flag of the world's greatest heroes?
Glory of Shiloh,
Glory of Shenandoah,
Make wondrous your day of birth!
Exalt your stars,
Exalt your bars
To spheres above the earth!

Shrine where the masters knelt,
Strength that the leaders felt
In fields of dread war.
Stainless your name
Preserved to fame,
Dented with suffering's scar.
But mar like yours
Or scar like yours
With beauty embellishes the soul,
Transfigures with light
To its most sublime height
And speeds it on to its goal.

Flag in ecstasy,
On to victory,
Led by Jackson and Lee,
In Eastern fields
In Western fields
With Bragg in Tennessee!
"Triumphant, victorious,
Gloomy and glorious!"
Heart of the Confederacy,
Stars of the flag,
Bars of the flag,
In grandeur you've reached your goal!
Out of the flame
To serve you came.
Immortal, O flag, your soul!

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

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Mrs. Thomas L. Nugent, now at the Confederate Woman's Home, Austin, Tex., is desirous of hearing from some one who was serving with her husband, Thomas L. Nugent, at the time of the surrender, near what place he was serving at the time, name of camp, and commanding officer at the surrender.

# Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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## *THE STORM-CRADLED NATION.*

Hath not the morning dawned with added light?
And shall not the evening call another star
Out of the infinite regions of the night
To mark this day in heaven? At last we are
A nation among nations, and the world
Shall soon behold in many a distant port
Another flag unfurled. —*Henry Timrod.*

Sixty years ago, on the 18th of February, the Southern Confederacy was born—born of a people's determination for self-government. The right of that government to exist was disputed, and so the beautiful structure fell, not from any lack of courage in its defense, but because in all this world there was no other government to recognize the justice of its cause. Many are living to-day to whom memory brings visions of the hopes occasioned by the birth of that nation, the joys and sorrows of its short existence, the anguish of its passing. And its day should not be forgotten.

In observing the sixtieth anniversary of the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as President of the Southern Confederacy, the people of Nashville, Tenn., have doubtless been the first to hold it of special significance among the days hallowed by memory. With an appropriate program of music and prayer and an address upon the life and character of Mr. Davis the audience was stirred in sympathetic appreciation. The address was by Rev. George Stoves, one of the leading ministers of Nashville, "an American by adoption and a Southerner by choice," who gave a fine estimate of the character and ability of the man who guided the destinies of the Confederacy, such an estimate as would be accorded generally did people but care to learn more about him. Even our own people, alas! have ascribed to him all the blame for defeat, while knowing little of what he accomplished as the first and only President of the Confederacy, and the fame of those glorious years of service as soldier and statesman before the sixties seems to have been blotted out entirely.

"How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame."

There is no parallel in history for such a government as came into existence in the Senate chamber of the capital of Alabama on that memorable day of February 18, 1861. There was none ever so versed from the beginning in the art of civil government, so resourceful in self-defense, so capable in the utilization of natural resources. Without money, without an army or a navy, this nation came into being and had its government in working order at once, its army trained and equipped, and its forces fighting victoriously in the field within five months. And its navy, built from the wood of its forests and the minerals of its soil, swept the seas in many triumphs.

Well may it be said that its success was largely due to the noble character placed at its head. Versed in statesmanship by the years of his service to the government at Washington and a soldier able to lead his armies, Jefferson Davis was the great leader of a great cause. And that he failed in the permanent establishment of the government of his ideals is no reflection on his ability. That he had able and willing assistants is true, but his was the master mind to whom they looked for guidance and his the responsibility when they failed.

And so, contending with the most powerful nation on earth, with its unlimited wealth and resources and the world to draw on for its army, the Confederacy battled on through four years and at last succumbed to the heavy odds, falling without a stain upon its banner. *And its day should not be forgotten!*

"Ah! we Rebels met defeat
On the gory battle field,
And we flung our muskets down
When our bonnie flag was furled;
But our right did but retreat
With pure honor for her shield
And with justice for her crown
From the forces of the world.
(For against us thousands came,
Money-bought from every clime;
But we stood against them all
For the honor of our name
Till the fated day of time
Came but to crown our fall
With a fadeless wreath of fame."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

### *THE AVIATOR.*

(Kiffin Rockwell, fallen in France.)

He furrowed seas of misty spume,
  He rode a surging, velvet lawn,
He rushed across the bridge of doom,
  And knocked upon the gates of dawn.
The roaring caverns of the wind
  He pierced to their remotest deeps. * * *
They say of him who stayed behind:
  "In the red sunset flame he sleeps."

—*Vincent Starrett.*

Kiffin Yates Rockwell was the first American citizen to offer his services to France against the German aggressor in a letter to the French consul general at New Orleans written August 3, 1914. He enlisted in the French Foreign Legion August 26, 1914, and after being wounded in a bayonet charge north of Arras on May 9, 1915, transferred to the French air service. There he quickly won fame as an aviator and had the unique honor of being the first American aviator to destroy a German aëroplane in aërial combat. After gaining numerous victories and being decorated with the French military medal and *Croix de Guerre* with three palms, each representing a citation in army orders, he was killed in aërial combat with a German two-seated aëroplane on September 23, 1916, over Rodern, in reconquered Alsace. He was buried with full military honors at Luxeuil, Haute Saone, France.

Kiffin Rockwell was a grandson of the late Capt. Henry C. Rockwell, of the 51st North Carolina Infantry, Confederate States army. His maternal grandfather, Enoch Shaw Ayres, of South Carolina, six great-uncles, and numerous cousins also fought nobly for the Southern cause throughout the war of secession.

### *LOSING ITS BIRTHRIGHT.*

That the South should again be a distinctive section of this great country is the feeling of its people who have its welfare above their personal advantage. The effort to commercialize its great resources has brought in people of diverse sentiment, and many of our own people look to the advancement of their individual interests rather than to the benefit of their section in a higher way. A word from C. D. Rivers, of Summerville, Ga., puts this strongly before us: "Our beloved South is suffering from a long and serious spiritual eclipse. We have bartered our independence of spirit and originality of thought for a mess of pottage, which we have failed to get. In all the vast and imperial section of the South there is no such thing as characteristic Southern literature except in the Veteran—I mean contemporary literature. But the South needs a literature of its own, and the world of thought needs to be enriched by what might be produced in and of the South, which cannot be supplied by the genius of any other people. Not that the South needs to be inclosed by a Chinese wall to exclude exotic thought, but that her people need to live their own lives in harmony with their own natural environment, only borrowing from the thought of others what is adapted to a life under warm blue skies, in towns of broad avenues, surrounded by wide plantations. These are the reasons why I, a son of a Confederate veteran, love to support your publication and why all others who wish to make their homes in the South would do well to support it."

### *KEEP THE RECORD STRAIGHT.*

Robert Young, of Eatonton, Ga., who served with Company G, 12th Georgia Regiment, calls attention to an error in the following:

"On page 63 of the February Veteran Capt. C. G. Snead, writing about the battle of Antietam, uses these words: 'The battle was a drawn one, and on the following day, under a flag of truce, both armies buried their dead.' This is an error. There was no truce. I was present during the whole affair. The Confederate army under General Lee stood ready for attack during the whole of the 18th, then retired during the night.

"A few years ago I read an article in the International Encyclopedia, edition of 1898, on Antietam. In that is a statement to the same effect—viz., 'In the morning (the 18th) Lee asked for and was granted a truce to bury the dead, and while this was going on he retired to the right bank of the Potomac.'

"I wrote immediately to our historian, Col. J. T. Derry, of Atlanta, Ga., and he assured me that there was no truce at Antietam. In Cooke's 'Life of Stonewall Jackson' will be found extracts from prominent Northern newspaper men writing immediately after the battle and considered good authority on that side who said: 'Lee left very little but some broken-down wagons and about two thousand unburied dead.'

"In answer to my complaint of error the publishers of the Encyclopedia replied that the 'later editions do not contain that statement,' which means, reading between the lines, that they acknowledged they had been misinformed. It is probable that Captain Snead had read the edition of 1898 and supposed it was correct.

"Imagine General Lee's retiring his army from a battle field while, under a flag of truce, both sides are burying their dead!

"'Keep the record straight.'"

### *RESTING FOR A LITTLE WHILE.*

Capt. William L. Ritter, of Reisterstown, Md., writes that he has retired from business on account of trouble with his eyes, but after a short rest he intends to do some more writing on his war reminiscences. His active business life extended into his eighty-sixth year, and during the twenty-eight years he had been with the Clendennin Brothers in Baltimore he had lost but a few days by illness. He is one of the youngest veterans of the Confederacy in looks and physical stamina, and he is the last surviving commander of a Maryland unit during the War between the States. He is well known to the Veteran's readers as captain in the famous 3d Maryland Battery and the only Maryland organization to serve in the Western Army. And they did some fighting too, as he has shown in his interesting articles. The only other survivor of his command is Baldwin Bradford, who lives in New York.

Captain Ritter is Secretary of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland, also known as the Maryland Line Society. He is a native of Carroll County.

*BELOVED DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH.*

The death of Miss Nannie Randolph Heth occasioned wide sorrow, for she was one of the most beloved of the Southern women of Washington, D. C. Her entire life had been de-

MISS NANNIE RANDOLPH HETH,

Wearing the famous Martha Washington diamonds.

voted to patriotic and charitable work, and she was loved by all who knew her for her gentle nature, loving heart, and her ever-ready willingness to assist in any worthy cause for the unfortunate and needy.

Miss Heth was a descendant of pioneer families of Virginia. Her mother was Miss Harriet Selden, and her father was Gen. Harry Heth, a distinguished Confederate soldier and a member of the old Heth family of "Black Heth," of Chesterfield County. She was born on the Norwood estate, in Powhatan County, and her early days were spent in the beautiful home on the James River. Since finishing her education at Miss Gordon's school in Richmond, she had lived in Washington, and it was in that city that her patriotic activity found its special field through membership in the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Southern Society, Colonial Dames, and Daughters of the American Revolution. She was President of the Southern Relief Society for eighteen years. This society was organized by her mother thirty years ago, and it was through the efforts of Miss Heth that the Southern Relief Home was established to care for destitute Southerners in Washington.

At the San Francisco Exposition in 1915 Miss Heth was the gracious hostess of the Virginia building, known as the Mount Vernon Building.

After the funeral in Washington this loyal daughter of the South was laid to rest in Hollywood Cemetery, at Richmond, attended by delegations from Confederate Camps and Chapters of Richmond and Washington and trustees of the Southern Relief Society, while the active pallbearers were members of the Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans of Washington.

Thus has a noble life passed from earth, leaving a memory of good and kindly deeds.

---

*GENERAL LEE'S STAFF—LAST SURVIVOR.*

At the time of the surrender the following were serving on the staff of Gen. R. E. Lee, of whom only one is now living: Lieut. Col. W. H. Taylor, assistant adjutant general, who was chief of staff and was with the General from the beginning to the end of the war; Lieut. Col. R. G. Cole, chief commissary and quartermaster from June, 1862; Lieut. Col. C. S. Venable, A. D. C. from July, 1863; Brig. Gen. W. H. Stevens, chief of engineers during the siege of Petersburg; Lieut. Col. Charles Marshall, A. D. C. from August, 1862; Lieut. Col. J. R. Corley, chief quartermaster from June, 1862; Lieut. Col. B. C. Baldwin, chief of ordnance from November, 1862; Surgeon Lafayette Guild, medical director from November, 1862; Maj. H. E. Young, judge advocate general from July, 1863; Brig. Gen. W. N. Pendleton, chief of artillery from March, 1863; Lieut. Col. H. E. Peyton, inspector general from November, 1863; Maj. Giles B. Cooke, assistant inspector general from September, 1864.

Colonel Taylor wrote two books on General Lee's campaigns. He died in Norfolk, Va., on the 1st of March, 1916, one of the most highly honored citizens of Virginia.

Colonel Cole, the chief commissary, returned to Georgia and lived for some years; date of death unknown to the writer.

Colonel Venable occupied the chair of mathematics at the University of Virginia some years before his death.

General Stevens, chief of engineers, died at Washington several years after the surrender.

Colonel Marshall, a grandson of Chief Justice Marshall, practiced law in Baltimore many years before his death.

Colonel Corley, chief quartermaster, died in Hampton, Va., soon after the surrender.

Colonel Baldwin, chief of ordnance, became superintendent of public schools in Texas and died in 1908.

Surgeon Lafayette Guild, medical director, practiced medicine in his native State until his death.

Major Young, judge advocate general, practiced law in Charleston, S. C., until his death, in 1918.

Brigadier General Pendleton, chief of artillery, returned to the rectorship of Grace Church, Lexington, Va., and survived General Lee, one of his vestrymen, by a few years.

Colonel Peyton, inspector general, was for a time clerk of the United States Senate, and died several years ago at his home, in Leesburg, Va.

Major Cooke, assistant inspector general, the only surviving member of the staff, is now living as a retired minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, aged eighty-two years the 13th of May, 1920, at Mathews C. H., Va., having been a preacher of the gospel for about fifty years.

A group picture of General Lee, with these twelve staff officers forming a "military medallion," was published soon after the war, and a copy of this appeared in the VETERAN for October, 1908.

Major Cooke also furnishes a list of the other members of General Lee's staff from 1861 to 1865: Lieut. Col. E. P. Alexander, chief of ordnance from November, 1862, to June, 1863; Lieut. Col. John M. Brooke, Virginia navy, acting

A. D. C.; Col. R. W. Chilton, assistant adjutant general; Maj. Gen. Joseph H. Crenshaw, acting commissary general; Maj. George Deas, assistant adjutant general and chief of staff; Col. R. S. Garnett, assistant adjutant general; Lieut. Col. William G. Gill, P. A. C. S., ordnance officer; Lieut. Col. Edwin J. Harris, inspector general; Lieut. Col. Henry Heth, acting quartermaster, etc.; Capt. Joseph C. Ives, C. S. A., chief engineer; Capt. S. K. Johnson, engineer officer; Col. George W. Lay, assistant adjutant general; Brig. Gen. Armistead L. Long, military secretary, etc.; Col. Joseph Manigault, A. D. C.; Capt. A. P. Mason, assistant adjutant general; Lieut. Col. E. Murray, assistant adjutant general; Lieut. Thomas J. Page, Virginia navy, acting A. D. C.; Capt. W. H. Richardson, assistant adjutant general; Capt. F. W. Smith, military secretary; Lieut. Col. William Preston Smith, chief of engineers; Maj. T. M. R. Talcott, A. D. C.; Capt. John A. Washington, A. D. C.; Capt. Thornton A. Washington, assistant adjutant general

Adding this list to the twelve who surrendered with him, it is seen that General Lee had thirty-five staff officers from first to last, of whom there is now but one surviving.

## *A CONFEDERATE IN SOUTH AMERICA.*

[The following comes from Joseph Long Minchin, a resident of Nova Odessa, Brazil, South America, one of the Confederate soldiers who went to Brazil soon after the war and founded an American colony there. Doubtless he would be glad to hear from any of his surviving comrades in this country. His daughter is Mrs. T. W. Boone, of Spring Creek, Tex.]

I was born on January 16, 1841, near Thomasville, Ga. My father was a Baptist preacher and moved to West Florida when I was quite young. I attended the "old field" schools and worked on the farm until the War between the States broke out. Going out as a volunteer, I served the first year on the Florida coast, St. Vincent's Island, and Fernandina. From there we were ordered to Tennessee in the 4th Florida Regiment, Finley's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. I was in the three days' bloody work at Chickamauga, New Hope Church, Jackson, Miss., on advanced line around Chattanooga, where only five of the company I was in escaped, and I was in many other engagements. For a short time I served as orderly sergeant of a company to guard the prisoners at Andersonville, where I daily saw Major Wirz, who was unjustly executed after the war. I was in Macon, Ga., catching up deserters in the lower part of the State, a dangerous business. Then the end was near. Lee had surrendered, and Macon had to follow suit. I was captured and paroled, and I am still a paroled prisoner, as I have never been exchanged.

On March 15, 1866, I was married to Miss Julia Antionette Pyles, who was born near Macon in 1849. Conditions in the South were so desolate and disagreeable that the 24th day of June, 1867, found us landing in Xiririca, Brazil, S. A. After seven years I returned to the States to see my mother. After my return to South America I planned to take my family back home, but disasters, one after another, kept me from going.

For fifteen or twenty years I was employed on Fazendas de Café (coffee plantation) as overseer or foreman (administrador). We reared a family of eight children, four boys and four girls. All of the children live in Brazil except one daughter in Texas. My beloved companion has passed on years ago, and now I am old and feeble. My farm of nine hundred acres is about fifteen minutes' drive to a station. From a window in my bedroom I can see trains coming and going day and night. We make a good living raising hogs, corn, rice, watermelons, potatoes, mandioca, etc.

I should like to visit my native land, but am too old and feeble and do not think I could stand the climate there now.

## *HOSPITAL WORK IN THE SIXTIES.*

The accompanying picture of J. E. Hanna and Athalinda Robeson was taken soon after their marriage in Chesterfield, S. C., in 1855. After serving in the War between the States from 1861 to the fall of 1864, when his health failed, young Hanna was put in charge of the hospital at Augusta, Ga., where his wife, with her seamstress, had been sewing for the Confederate soldiers, making forty coats every two weeks. When the hospital was moved to Madison, Ga., she was made chief nurse, and valuable services were rendered her by her two little girls, Dollie and Mollie, both of whom were eager to brush away the flies or hand water and otherwise relieve the sufferings of the living, and they followed every poor fellow to his last resting place, carrying flowers and shedding tears for them. It was Mrs. Hanna who wrote the letter of sympathy to absent loved ones, inclosing a lock of hair with the last loving words.

MR. AND MRS. J. E. HANNA.

Dollie is now Mrs. D. J. Browning, of Lakeland, Fla. Mollie is Mrs. W. P. Meyer, of Jasper, Fla. Both would be glad to hear from any soldier who was in that hospital. Mrs. Hanna passed away in 1920 at the home of another daughter, Mrs. Annie H. Darracote, of Lakeland, with whom she made her home.

## *THE NEW SURGEON GENERAL U. C. V.*

Dr. James D. Osborne, of Cleburne, Tex., the newly appointed Surgeon General U. C. V., is one of the leading physicians of Texas, at one time President of the Texas State Medical Association. Though but a boy when in the Confederate army, he was a gallant cavalryman and was severely wounded in the terrible battle of Franklin, but was fortunate enough to get away with Hood's shattered battalions. His father, the late Dr. Thomas Crutcher Osborne, was a Tennesseean by birth and began his practice in this State in 1840; but after some years he removed to Alabama, later to Louisiana, and finally to Texas. He became eminent in his profession, serving as president of different medical societies in those States, and contributing able and valuable papers to medical organizations and periodicals of his day. One of the most important and valuable of his practices was the external application of bichloride of mercury solution in the treatment of smallpox.

After three successive terms as Surgeon General, Dr. Deering J. Roberts, of Nashville, Tenn., relinquished the office on the plea of fourscore years and impaired health and feeling that others should have the honor. This appointment of Dr. Osborne is a recognition of the distinguished services to mankind of both father and son, and it is also a tribute to the great State of Texas and the wonderful hospitality extended to the Confederate veterans in their Reunion at Houston in 1920.

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## *INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.*

*Gentlemen of the Congress of the Confederate States of America, Friends, and Fellow Citizens:* Called to the difficult and responsible station of chief executive of the provisional government which you have instituted, I approach the discharge of the duties assigned to me with a humble distrust of my abilities, but with a sustaining confidence in the wisdom of those who are to guide and aid me in the administration of public affairs and an abiding faith in the virtue and patriotism of the people.

Looking forward to the speedy establishment of a permanent government to take the place of this and which by its greater moral and physical power will be better able to combat with the many difficulties which arise from the conflicting interests of separate nations, I enter upon the duties of the office to which I have been chosen with the hope that the beginning of our career as a Confederacy may not be obstructed by hostile opposition to our enjoyment of the separate existence and independence which we have asserted and, with the blessing of Providence, intend to maintain. Our present condition, achieved in a manner unprecedented in the history of nations, illustrates the American idea that governments rest upon the consent of the governed, and that it is the right of the people to alter or abolish governments whenever they become destructive of the ends for which they were established.

The declared purpose of the compact of union from which we have withdrawn was "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity"; and when, in the judgment of the sovereign States now composing this Confederacy, it had been perverted from the purpose for which it was ordained and had ceased to answer the ends for which it was established, a peaceful appeal to the ballot box declared that, so far as they were concerned, the government created by that compact should cease to exist. In this they merely asserted a right which the Declaration of Independence of 1776 had defined to be inalienable. Of the time and occasion for its exercise, they as sovereigns were the final judges, each for itself. The impartial and enlightened verdict of mankind will vindicate the rectitude of our conduct, and He who knows the hearts of men will judge of the sincerity with which we labored to preserve the government of our fathers in its spirit. The right solemnly proclaimed at the birth of the States and which has been affirmed and reaffirmed in the bills of rights of States subsequently admitted into the Union of 1789 undeniably recognizes in the people the power to resume the authority delegated for the purposes of government. Thus the sovereign States here represented proceeded to form this Confederacy, and it is by abuse of language that their act has been denominated a revolution. They formed a new alliance, but within each State its government has remained, and the rights of person and property have not been disturbed. The agent through whom they communicated with foreign nations is changed, but this does not necessarily interrupt their international relations.

Sustained by the consciousness that the transition from the former Union to the present Confederacy has not proceeded from a disregard on our part of just obligations or any failure to perform any constitutional duty; moved by no interest or passion to invade the rights of others; anxious to cultivate peace and commerce with all nations, if we may not hope to avoid war, we may at least expect that posterity will acquit us of having needlessly engaged in it. Doubly justified by the absence of wrong on our part and by wanton aggression on the part of others, there can be no cause to doubt that the courage and patriotism of the people of the Confederate States will be found equal to any measures of defense which honor and security may require.

An agricultural people whose chief interest is the export of a commodity required in every manufacturing country, our true policy is peace and the freest trade which our necessities will permit. It is alike our interest and that of all those to whom we would sell and from whom we would buy that there should be the fewest practicable restrictions upon the interchange of commodities. There can be but little rivalry between ours and any manufacturing or navigating community, such as the Northeastern States of the American Union. It must follow, therefore, that a mutual interest would invite good will and kind offices. If, however, passion or the lust of dominion should cloud the judgment or inflame the ambition of those States, we must prepare to meet the emergency and to maintain by the final arbitrament of the sword the position which we have assumed among the nations of the earth. We have entered upon the career of independence, and it must be inflexibly pursued. Through many years of controversy with our late associates, the Northern States, we have vainly endeavored to secure tranquility and to obtain respect for the rights to which we are entitled. As a necessity, not a choice, we have resorted to the remedy of separation; and henceforth our energies must be directed to the conduct of our own affairs and the perpetuity of the Confederacy which we have formed. If a just perception of mutual interest shall permit us peaceably to pursue our separate political career, my most earnest desire will have been fulfilled; but if this be denied to us and the integrity of our territory and jurisdiction be assailed, it will but remain for us with firm resolve to appeal to arms and invoke the blessings of Providence on a just cause.

As a consequence of our new condition and with a view to meet anticipated wants, it will be necessary to provide for the speedy and efficient organization of branches of the Executive Department having special charge of foreign intercourse, finance, military affairs, and the postal service.

For purposes of defense the Confederate States may, under ordinary circumstances, rely mainly upon the militia; but it is deemed advisable in the present condition of affairs that there should be a well-instructed and disciplined army, more numerous than would usually be required on a peace establishment. I also suggest that for the protection of our harbors and commerce on the high seas a navy adapted to those objects will be required. These necessities have doubtless engaged the attention of Congress.

With a constitution differing only from that of our fathers in so far as it is explanatory of their well-known intent, freed from the sectional conflicts which have interfered with the pursuit of the general welfare, it is not unreasonable to expect that States from which we have recently parted may seek

to unite their fortunes with ours under the government which we have instituted. For this your Constitution makes adequate provision; but beyond this, if I mistake not the judgment and will of the people, a reunion with the States from which we have separated is neither practicable nor desirable. To increase the power, develop the resources, and promote the happiness of the Confederacy, it is requisite that there should be so much homogeneity that the welfare of every portion shall be the aim of the whole. Where this does not exist, antagonisms are engendered which must and should result in separation.

Actuated solely by the desire to preserve our own rights and promote our own welfare, the separation of the Confederate States has been marked by no aggression upon others and followed by no domestic convulsion. Our industrial pursuits have received no check; the cultivation of our fields has progressed as heretofore; and even should we be involved in war, there would be no considerable diminution in the production of the staples which have constituted our exports and in which the commercial world has an interest scarcely less than our own. This common interest of the producer and consumer can only be interrupted by an exterior force which should obstruct its transmission to foreign markets, a course of conduct which would be as unjust toward us as it would be detrimental to manufacturing and commercial interests abroad. Should reason guide the action of the government from which we have separated, a policy so detrimental to the civilized world, the Northern States included, could not be dictated by even the strongest desire to inflict injury upon us; but if otherwise, a terrible responsibility will rest upon it, and the suffering of millions will bear testimony to the folly and wickedness of our aggressors. In the meantime there will remain to us, besides the ordinary means before suggested, the well-known resources for retaliation upon the commerce of the enemy.

Experience in public stations of subordinate grades to this which your kindness has conferred has taught me that care and toil and disappointments are the price of official elevation. You will see many errors to forgive, many deficiencies to tolerate; but you shall not find in me either a want of zeal or fidelity to the cause that is to me highest in hope and of most enduring affection. Your generosity has bestowed upon me an undeserved distinction, one which I neither sought nor desired. Upon the continuance of that sentiment and upon your wisdom and patriotism I rely to direct and support me in the performance of the duty required at my hands.

We have changed the constituent parts but not the system of our government. The Constitution formed by our fathers is that of these Confederate States in their exposition of it, and in the judicial construction it has received we have a light which reveals its true meaning.

Thus instructed as to the just interpretation of the instrument, and ever remembering that all offices are but trusts held for the people and that delegated powers are to be strictly construed, I will hope by due diligence in the performance of my duties, though I may disappoint your expectations, yet to retain when retiring something of the good will and confidence which welcomed my entrance into office.

It is joyous in the midst of perilous times to look around upon a people united in heart, where one purpose of high resolve animates and actuates the whole, where the sacrifices to be made are not weighed in the balance against honor and right and liberty and equality. Obstacles may retard—they cannot long prevent—the progress of a movement sanctified by its justice and sustained by a virtuous people. Reverently let us invoke the God of our fathers to guide and protect us in our efforts to perpetuate the principles which by his blessing they were able to vindicate, establish, and transmit to their posterity, and with a continuance of his favor, ever gratefully acknowledged, we may hopefully look forward to success, to peace, and to prosperity.

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## *UNANIMITY OF THE CHOICE OF MR. DAVIS.*

BY MRS. M. H. HOUSTON, MERIDIAN, MISS.

Hon. Porcher Miles, of Virginia, writes as follows: "I think there was no question that Mr. Davis was the choice of our delegation and of the whole people of the South."

Hon. James Chestnut, of South Carolina, gives this: "Possessing a combination of those high and needful qualities, he was regarded by nearly the whole South as the fittest man for the position."

From the Hon. Duncan F. Kenner, of Louisiana: "The general inclination was strongly in favor of Mr. Davis. No other name was mentioned. We, the Louisiana delegation, without hesitation and unanimously, after a very short session, decided in favor of Mr. Davis. He was never announced as a candidate. We were seeking the best man to fill the position. In no sense did we consider Mr. Davis as extreme, either in his views or his policies."

The Hon. Alexander M. Clayton, member of the Confederate Provisional Congress from Mississippi, writes: "Believing that Mr. Davis was the choice of the South for the position of President, before repairing to Montgomery I addressed him a letter to ascertain if he would accept it. He replied that if he could have his choice he would greatly prefer to be in active service as commander in chief of the army, but that he would give himself to the cause in any capacity whatever. There was no electioneering, no management on the part of any one. By a law as fixed as gravitation itself and as little disturbed by outside influences the minds of the members centered upon Mr. Davis. I always thought that the election arose from the spontaneous conviction of his peculiar fitness."

We now quote from the great memorial speech on the death of our chief by Senator Daniels, of Virginia: "It was fortunate for the South, for America, and for humanity that at the head of the South in war was a true type of her honor, character, and history a man whose clear rectitude preserved every complication from the implication of bad faith, a commander whose moderation and firmness could restrain and whose lofty passion and courage could inspire. Had a man less sober-minded and less strong than he been in his place, the Confederacy would not only have gone down in material ruin; it would have been buried in disgrace. Blame Jefferson Davis for this or that; discount all that critics say, and then behold the mighty feat which created and for four years maintained a nation; behold how armies without a nucleus were marshaled and armed; how a navy, small indeed, but one that revolutionized the naval warfare of all nations and became the terror of the seas, was fashioned out of old hulks or picked up in foreign places; see how a world in arms was held at bay by a people and a soldiery whom he held together with an iron will and hurled like a flaming thunderbolt at their foes. That President Davis made mistakes I do not doubt, but the percentage of mistakes was so small in the sum of his administration and its achievements so transcended all proportions of means and opportunities that mankind will never cease to wonder at their magnitude and splendor."

The following taken from the tribute of Rev. Dr. S. A.

Goodwin in Richmond, Va., shows recognition of the ability of Mr. Davis to fill the position to which he had been elected: "Mr. Davis was a statesman. The consummate skill with which he guided the infant Confederacy through the storms that rocked it and the hidden foes that threatened it is not eclipsed by the prudence of Pitt nor the policy of Napoleon. Few fully appreciate the difficulties that environed him. He was placed at the head of a people thrown without preparation into the midst of the mightiest conflict of the ages; they were without government, without soldiers, without arms, without any of the munitions of war; but his genius supplied every difficulty and met every want. He created as if by magic the most splendid army that ever marched to victory and supplied it with the ablest commanders of the age. That his hand sometimes slipped in guiding the intricate and delicate machinery of a government throbbing with passion and heated with war no one will deny; he would have been more than man not to have made mistakes. The Confederacy did not fail for lack of statesmanship in him, but because success in the conditions which environed it was not possible. But the calmness which he displayed in the midst of storm, the firmness which he evinced in the midst of trepidation, and the immense resources which he supplied in the midst of destitution, combined with his comprehensive knowledge of government, demonstrate him to be a statesman in whom was combined the acuteness of Pitt and the executive power of Napoleon. Perhaps no man of this age possesses his genius combined with his versatility of talent. His knowledge of government was profound and his acquaintance with science and literature comprehensive and accurate. As a chaste and elegant writer of English he was without a rival among American statesmen. As an orator he was eloquent, logical, passionate, powerful. * * * As a soldier his gallant charge at Monterey, his skill and strategy at Buena Vista, the improvements which he effected in the organization and equipment of the army while Secretary of War—all demonstrate that he was a soldier of the highest type. Trained for the army, he desired to serve the South in the field; but the people with one accord called him to the presidency of the Confederacy, and he yielded his wishes to the judgment of his compatriots. Had it been otherwise, he might have won a name that would have shone with equal splendor with that of Lee or else have hidden it from the shafts of calumny in the grave like Stuart and Jackson and Johnston. But the crowning glory of Mr. Davis was his stainless purity and sincere piety."

From Col. D. G. McIntosh, of Maryland: "As President of the Confederacy Mr. Davis was called upon for the exercise of every quality which properly belongs to the statesman in the cabinet or the military chieftain in the field. The requisitions upon him were undoubtedly large, probably more than mortal man could respond to; he alone knew the extent of the difficulties which beset him. No one could feel as he did the responsibility of the vast interests at home and abroad committed principally to his keeping. Armies had to be raised and fed and clothed and equipped with all the munitions of war. Diplomatic agents had to be appointed and instructed and delicate negotiations attempted with the leading powers abroad. At home jealousies had to be appeased and conflicting interests reconciled, while ever and at all times, was the constantly recurring problem, how out of the poverty of the resources in reach to meet the exigencies of each passing day. Personal opposition, of course, he encountered; personal enmities he could not do otherwise than arouse, but his intrepid spirit never faltered. Conscious of his own integrity, supremely self-reliant in the motives and public policy upon which his conduct was based, he kept on unflinchingly to the end. No disaster could appall him. When his troops met with reverses in the field, he issued those wonderful addresses, charged with fiery eloquence, which, ringing like the tones of a trumpet, revived their drooping spirits and incited them afresh to deeds of valor. When the end came, he was still undaunted."

Northern newspaper comment on Mr. Davis at the time of his death exhibited more or less bitterness, even though nearly a quarter of a century had passed since the passing of the Confederacy. The following were of those sharing an appreciation of his ability:

From Pomeroy's *Advance Thought*, New York: "God pity the narrow-minded soul that squeaks out its dirty bitterness because the people of the South love the memory of Jefferson Davis. He was always an honest man, a friend of his people regardless of the menaces and intolerance of those who were not friendly to the South. He never used his principles as a net in which to catch fish for market. He was not the inventor of the idea that a man need not love a government that he could not love or a people who believe that a political administration has the right to punish people for not loving narrow-minded persons who hate them. Jefferson Davis came into the world as others come. He loved the people of the State and localities whose people he knew and whose menaced interests he sought to protect. Through all the shocks and years of shocking wars and all the whirlpools of hate over which his life ran he lived out God's appointed time as Daniel lived in the den of lions that growled, but were not permitted to lay claws upon him or to touch him with their teeth. Wise men are satisfied with the general result of the war in its liberation of slaves and its restoration of the country. Jefferson Davis did as he thought to be right; therefore he deserves honor. He was true to his love for all that portion of the country that did not propose to tramp with iron heel upon the other portion. He believed that statesmanship should supersede the sword and that reason is more honorable than rage, fanaticism, and passion, heated by desire to plunder and confiscate. He has passed on to spirit life, and the South loves his memory as it should love it and as the people of every patriotic country should and ever will respect it. Were the people of the South to forget him or to fail to honor the man who endured so patiently for their sake, they in turn would deserve none of the respect or place in the minds of men who had manhood. The cause which he was chosen to lead failed through the errors of those who planned it and the numerical power, but not a superior bravery, of those who contended against it to final victory. The North has enough to be proud of—and enough to be ashamed of—without sullying its reputation for greatness by hurling cowardly venom upon an honest man in his memory and upon those who admire honesty, bravery, and devotion to best friends. Jefferson Davis will live longer in history and better than will any who have ever spoken against him."

Contrasting Jefferson Davis with the war President of the Union, the New York *Herald* said: "In the essential elements of statesmanship Davis will be judged as the rival and parallel of Lincoln. When the two men came face to face as leaders of two mighty forces, bitter was Northern sorrow that Providence had given the South so ripe and rare a leader and the North an uncouth advocate from the woods."

## *ON THE RETREAT FROM CHARLESTON.*

BY R. DE T. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

With the order to evacuate Charleston, necessitated by the advance of Sherman, the different stations of the signal corps were called in. Going to headquarters in the night and finding that all had left, there was nothing to do but to overtake the corps, which I did the next morning near the old Goose Creek Church, a church built when the attempt was made to found a town a few miles north of the site afterwards selected for the city of Charleston. The English royal emblem was then, and no doubt still is, shown on the wall above the altar. In passing through the deserted streets in the dead of night the stillness was broken only by the occasional bursting of a shell fired from Morris Island as it passed through some dwelling abandoned by its occupants, who had fled to the upper part of the State or moved to that portion of the city beyond the range of the Parrot guns. As the signal corps was the last to leave Morris Island, the atmosphere no longer disturbed by even the hum of human voices, there seemed a weird stillness in the air; so in passing through the quiet streets of the city in the calm of the night there was the sense of utter solitude.

In leaving Charleston I had hung over my shoulder, in addition to a blanket, a pair of new army boots, gotten under the following circumstances: My classmate and comrade, W. A. Clark, now and for many years President of the Carolina National Bank, told me of a shoemaker who for $90 would make a pair of boots if the upper leather was furnished. So from a kipskin costing $100 was cut for the boots a part we estimated at $60, Mr. Clark taking what was left for $40, the boots thus costing $150. Unfortunately, they were too tight for me. Finding that they would fit Lieutenant Memminger, son of the Confederate Treasurer, and that the boots he had on fitted me, I proposed a swap of some kind. This he declined. The next day I told him he was treating me badly, as he knew I could not wear the boots and he could, and I was unable to carry them indefinitely. To this he replied that he could not pay the value of the boots, which were worth $700 in Charleston, but would give me for them $300 and the boots he had on, which offer I very gladly accepted, as it gave me a very comfortable article of foot wear, with, as I felt at the time, "money to burn." What became of the $300 I can at this date give no account, as there was too much of interest in other directions to give thought to the then so small a matter as money.

In order that movements of the enemy might be observed and reported, the signal corps were the last to leave their stations on the evacuation of Charleston, so the battle of Averyboro had been fought shortly after we reached the neighborhood. In this battle Lieut. Col. Robert de Treville was killed. Early in the war the then lieutenant colonel killed the colonel of his regiment in a duel and thereupon became colonel and Major de Treville became lieutenant colonel. The former afterwards challenged the latter, who declined to accept the challenge partly upon religious grounds and also upon having a wife and two children entirely dependent upon him. Denounced at the time as a coward, Lieutenant Colonel de Treville's reputation was vindicated and his moral courage applauded when, in the absence of the colonel, he led his regiment in battle and was killed. It was at first reported that the colonel had deserted to the enemy, but, to his credit, it was subsequently shown that he was captured while reconnoitering, and his courteous treatment by General Sherman was due to his well-dressed appearance, unusual in a Confederate colonel, and to his commanding one of the few regular regiments of the Confederate States.

While the signal corps was not disbanded and had one man killed in an affray with the enemy on the retreat, still I wanted to have a more active participation in the struggle, and, without getting a transfer, I joined a company of the 5th South Carolina Cavalry of General Logan's brigade. Gen. T. M. Logan had the distinction of being the youngest general in the service, though the statement has been made that another brigadier general was due this honor. General Logan and Col, Aleck Haskell were competitors at college for first honor. After much consultation between the professors Mr. Logan was given first honor and Mr. Haskell second honor. So too, it was reported, they were both named for promotion to a brigadier generalship, and after much discussion Colonel Logan was given the place. Col. Aleck Haskell in a combat with two Federals received a severe saber cut on the side of his head and was left as dead. Reviving, he lived for many years after, and he and his brother, Col. John Haskell, were potent factors in ridding South Carolina of the carpetbaggers.

The regiment of which I was now a member performed the duties usual on the skirmish line, in checking the advance guards of the enemy while slowly falling back. We noticed an increased daring and boldness on the part of the Federals. On one occasion we were fired on from three directions. A light piece of artillery had evidently been hurried forward on a road paralleling the one we were on and placed directly between us and Raleigh. There was nothing for us to do to avoid capture but to follow a trail through the woods that led to the main road, which we knew had been taken by the army. Satisfied that the army had passed, and going back a short distance in the woods to see whether or not we were pursued and seeing no trace of the enemy, we went on slowly toward Raleigh. The next day we were surprised to hear it reported that we had acted cowardly in leaving a squad asleep on the opposite side of the road from where we had emerged from the woods.

Two or three years after, while stopping over on Sunday at Winona, Miss., a traveling man, also stopping over there, a member of the squad which, to their credit, drove off the attacking party and regained their horses and guns, mentioned the charge against the regiment. I assured him that we had not only satisfied ourselves that none of the enemy were in the immediate vicinity, but that we saw nothing to indicate the presence of a man or horse in the neighborhood, due no doubt to our attention being directed altogether in the direction in which the enemy might be expected.

That night one of our scouts reported that General Lee had surrendered. We ridiculed the report, but he said General Johnston believed it and that there was great rejoicing in the Federal army over it. When the report was corroborated later, we found the explanation of the increased activity and daring of the Yanks.

On one occasion during the retreat our sympathies were aroused by the frantic pleadings of some women refugees who begged us for protection. We could only urge them to go at once into the house to escape danger from the Minie balls, which were then flying about us from the enemy's advanced sharpshooters.

Arriving at Greensboro, N. C., we learned definitely of General Lee's surrender. With my parole, I started on the five-hundred-mile trip to Talbotton, Ga., to which town my father's family had refugeed upon General Johnston's falling back from Kenesaw Mountain. For the expenses of this trip

I had $2.35 in silver, $1.10 received on my own account and $1.25 on account of my older brother, who had been in a hospital at Charlotte, N. C.

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## *THE ANDERSONVILLE PRISON PARK.*

BY JOHN GRATZ, U. S. A., CAMP BENNING, GA.

Situated in Southern Georgia, among the cotton fields and rolling hills with which this country abounds, is a locality little known to our present generation; but during the days of 1861-65 its name was upon the lips of all, from one end of the country to the other. The mention of this place brought unspeakable dread to the Federal soldier, for it was whispered about that life here was anything but paradise to the wearers of the blue. This was the famous Andersonville Prison, now a government park.

Having read much about this famous old prison, one of the largest of the Confederate military prisons, within whose log walls during its brief existence something like fifty-two thousand captured soldiers of the Federal army were confined, I decided to visit the place. One would judge that a place so extensively known and over whose existence so much bitterness has existed would be comparatively easy to locate; but, although I made numerous inquiries, I was unable to find any one who knew its location and was forced to find the place for myself.

After a tiresome journey on a jerk-water train of mixed freight cars, with a lone passenger coach trailing on the rear, I arrived at Americus, and at this point boarded a train which dumped me off, after a ride of ten miles, at the station of Andersonville, a small place of a little over a dozen houses. While glancing about, wondering in which direction I should proceed, my gaze fell upon a large granite shaft situated on a slight rise some hundred yards or more from the depot. This was the monument erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Georgia Chapter, to the memory of Captain Wirz, commander of the Andersonville Prison. Glancing over the inscriptions upon its smooth, polished surface, I saw that the monument had been erected because of the misstatements and bitterness exhibited toward this officer by inscriptions at the prison park, which would have history paint him as a fiend incarnate. Truly suffering and misery prevailed at the prison, but this could not be attributed to Captain Wirz, who was unable to prevent it with the very meager resources at his command. His execution by the Federal government was due to the bitter determination of certain Federal officials that some one should be the victim for the misery that the prisoners had suffered.

I turned from the shaft and made inquiry of a lounging "cracker" on the station platform as to how to reach the park, finding that I would be compelled to walk the distance. A signboard directed me "To the National Cemetery." I was under the impression that the cemetery occupied the site of the prison itself, but found that such was not the case, for the prison, now a government park, lies to the west about a mile distant. I walked through the cemetery, where some 13,000 soldiers, of whom 2,200 are known to have died in Andersonville, lie sleeping beneath the green and luxuriant sod. It is a beautiful place, with its well-kept grounds, large, spreading trees, and imposing monuments placed there by the States from whose regiments the prisoners were captured. As I passed among these imposing shafts of marble and granite I could but note the spirit of bitterness that shone forth, even at this late date, from the monuments, both in the inscriptions and in the bronze reliefs with which they were ornamented. Nearly all had chiseled upon their sides "Death before Dishonor," as if they had been tempted before death by their captors. The Pennsylvania memorial is exceptionally bitter. It is a large marble portal, surmounted by the bronze figure of a Federal soldier, disheveled and bent. The inscription states that this monument had been erected by a grateful State to those who died and those who survived the "awful horrors and tortures of captivity in the Confederate military prison of Andersonville." The opposite side is adorned with a bronze relief of a section of the Andersonville stockade. The log walls are lined with ferocious sentries, whose guns bear upon the prisoners engaged in fishing up water from a puddle within its walls. The prisoners are clothed in tattered trousers and shirts, their only garments. In the rear are crude tents, made of large pieces of sacking thrown over a stick or limb, forming a tent much on the order of our present-day army "pup" tent and just about as large. The prisoners are depicted as having long poles, on which are fastened buckets, for the stream or puddle is over the "dead line," and they cannot lean across it, as this would invite instant death from the sentries lining the walls.

Another monument, that of New York, I believe, has two large bronze figures in the attitude of utter despair. One is of a young boy, the other a bearded man. Both appear emaciated, hair uncut, and clothes in tatters. The boy is barefooted; the other wears shoes from which the feet are protruding. They are gazing at a winged figure which is extending a laurel wreath above their upturned faces. The Massachusetts memorial is not so bad. It is surmounted by a group of three bronze figures, a woman pointing toward the rows of headstones, and two children gazing in that direction. Passages from Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg adorn its sides. The quotation, "Death before Dishonor," is conspicuously placed. It is a very beautiful monument of red granite and by far the most imposing on the reservation.

Seeking the prison site, I passed from the cemetery through a rusty gate to a dirt road, almost a path, which wound among the trees, covered with pine needles and overgrown with tall grass. All that was visible was the badly kept road, and through the trees and underbrush glimpses of a negro cabin or two, with wide-spreading cotton fields stretching away into the distance. Five minutes walking took me to the edge of the woods, and in the distance I could see a large American flag flying from the top of a tall pole. I trudged along and was rewarded by unexpectedly walking into a section of the earthworks with which the stockade was surrounded. They were high, overgrown with trees, and remarkably well preserved for the length of time that they have been exposed to the weather and the plow. Passing beyond into what at one time constituted the stockade, the log walls of which have been replaced by a row of pecan trees, I found a well-kept, orderly park. Something like nine monuments, a sundial, and a flag pole were standing grouped together in its northwest corner. These monuments were erected by the State of Tennessee, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and New York in memory of the soldiers confined there. Several markers have also been placed in honor of the association of women which purchased the site, marked it, and later presented the park to the government. Most of the monuments bore the inscription, "Death before Dishonor," and other inscriptions condemning the treatment of prisoners at this prison during "the late war of rebellion." My attention was drawn to what appeared to be clumps of trees and bushes

surrounded by wire fencing, which, upon closer inspection, proved to be numerous holes dug into the ground, around the edges of which vegetation had sprung up. The caretaker stated that these holes were the remains of wells dug by the wretched prisoners in their search for the life-giving fluid. I counted over a score of these wells, fast filling up with the red soil of Georgia. Proceeding along the gravel road which runs toward the creek, or branch, I came to a stone pavilion from whose interior a cool, clear stream of water was trickling. Over the fountain placed there was chiseled an inscription to the effect that God had heard the cry of anguish from the thirsting prisoners and in his mercy had sent forth this stream as answer to their appeal. This is "Providence Spring." I confess that I was somewhat dubious over this explanation of its origin. Several of the old inhabitants of that section of Georgia are willing to swear that they drank from its cool waters long before the time of the Andersonville Prison.

Just below the spring I came to the branch. Here at one time during the palmy days of the park had been a wooden bridge over which the visitor had crossed on his way to the earthworks at the top of the hill beyond. This is familiarly known at the present day as "Star Fort," and it was here that Captain Wirz had his headquarters during his term as prison commandant. The bridge was flat on the ground, part of it in the water, covered with mud and sand; and as the hogs had used this spot as a favorite place of recreation, it was surrounded with deep mud for some yards in extent. I picked my way across this morass and climbed the hill to the "Star Fort," on the opposite side of the branch. This section of the reservation was not well kept and presented a forlorn appearance. No signboards told the visitor as to what lay beyond. There was no walk, only a faint, scarcely discernable path covered with tall grass and briars, as was the rest of the hillside. The fort itself stood in a luxuriant growth of young pines, brushwood, and briar patches. Its walls are still steep enough to make scaling them anything but a pleasant undertaking, and the tangled undergrowth caught my feet on more than one occasion. It is quite a large place, this fort, and it is a pity that it isn't more accessible and kept in some degree free of the undergrowth, for as the prison headquarters and the abode of Captain Wirz himself in interest and historical value it is unsurpassed by any other portion of the reservation. A few posts were standing within its steep earthen walls. The signboards that have been nailed to them were gone, but lettering painted vertically on the poles themselves, now almost obliterated, told the visitor that here were "Captain Wirz's headquarters," "Officers' Quarters," "Fort Well," and "Sally Port." Numerous others, marked "Gun Site," driven in the earthen walls, marked where the Confederate cannon frowned upon the stockade just across the branch on the elevation beyond. Some of these markers were still standing, others lying on the ground, and all were very badly worm eaten, with lettering almost indiscernible. I wondered why so little care had been taken of the place, for at one time it must have been well kept. The caretaker informed me that these markers and signboards had been removed by government order because their statements were fabricated and untrue. He doubted not they would be replaced in time by suitable iron markers, but there was so much to do and such a small appropriation to do it with. In the meantime the fort is fast growing up with underbrush, trees, and canebrakes, and the markers falling into decay; and within a few years this point of interest in the camp prison reservation will be almost as hard to penetrate as the tangled jungles of the Dark Continent.

Retracing my steps down the hill, across the branch, and into the stockade, I took one last glance around the park grounds. The sun had already dropped behind the blue outline of the Georgia hills, leaving a crimson glow upon the horizon that deepened into purple as the twilight faded. As I glanced at this smiling field, now beautiful with trees and foliage, it was hard to realize that some fifty-two thousand wretched prisoners, whom the refusal of the Federal government to exchange doomed to privations, misery, and even death, eked out a miserable existence here; that this well-kept, grass-covered lawn had once been a sea of mud and water in which the ragged inmates of the prison lived or died, as the case might be. It did not seem that such could be possible. Surely the prison had been misquoted by history.

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### *NOT ON "THE OTHER SIDE."*

W. B. Crumpton, 127 South Court Street, Montgomery, Ala., contributes the following:

"Reading in the February Veteran 'Which Was the Other Side?' reminds me of the following, which is said to have occurred between two Congressmen on the banks of the Potomac. Congressman A said to Congressman B: 'I'll bet you ten dollars I can prove you are on the other side of the river.' The dare was taken and the money put up. 'Well,' said A, pointing to the opposite bank, 'that is one side of the river, isn't it?' 'Yes,' replied B. 'Then isn't this the other side?' B's money was lost.

"Rubbing his head, B said: 'I'll get that money back.' Meeting Congressman C, he said: 'I'll bet you ten dollars I can prove to you that you are on the other side of the river.' His money was instantly covered. 'Now,' says B, 'this is one side of the river, ain't it?' C assented and B went on, pointing across the river: 'That is the other side, ain't it?' 'Yes,' said C. 'Well,' ain't you on the other side?' 'No,' said C. B, scratching his head, said: 'Well, by George, that thing worked before. I can't understand it.'

"Some of my old comrades may remember me. Though an Alabamian, I was in Company H, of the 37th Mississippi Infantry. I was with Price in Mississippi, was at Vicksburg later, and under Johnston and Hood in the Georgia and Tennessee campaigns. I am just completing 'A Book of Memories, 1842-1920.' In this is included some recollections of the war. Having been Corresponding Secretary of the Alabama Baptist Mission Board for twenty-eight years, much of the book is taken up with travels in the interest of missions, religion in the home, good citizenship, education, and prohibition. I have the honor to be Chaplain of Camp Lomax, of this city, and Chaplain of the Alabama Division of Veterans. I would be glad to hear from any of my old comrades."

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Record Unusual.—John F. Adams, of Gadsden, Ala., belonged to Company A, 2d Alabama Infantry, of which he says: "I headed the roll of the only company that enlisted in the State service, March, 1861, and reënlisted for twelve months, then for three years, or during the war as a whole, without change of officers or loss of but two privates, transferred. Our captain was Peter Forney, who served in Mexico, 1875-78, and was afterwards made major. We surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865. Major Forney was a brother of Gens. John H. and William H. Forney."

## *RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.*

BY HENRY HOLLYDAY, EASTON, MD.

Marylanders who entered the Confederate service in 1862 and subsequently were subjected to peculiar difficulty, incurring risks of capture and death and enduring hardships to which no other Southerners were liable. Admission to the army was to the Georgian, for example, by no means difficult; his geographical position facilitated it, and the conscription laws made it compulsory. But the Marylander entered it only by becoming a voluntary exile after a long and dangerous journey—a journey which in the outset promised him in case of capture worse penalties than those of disastrous battle. For not being yet enrolled in the Confederate army, he was not entitled to the protection of the Southern government, but was liable to cruel treatment and imprisonment at the hands of the tyrants who had suppressed the government of his native State.

In order to reach the Southern Confederacy, or cross the line which divided the two sections and which was disputed ground during the war, it became necessary to "run the blockade," and this article gives an account of the incidents and dangers of one of the routes.

Of those who went South in the summer of 1862 were two young men, one of New York City, the other for many years a resident of Philadelphia, though at the period referred to he was living in the town of Centerville, Md.

On an evening in September, 1862, these young friends and cousins met at their old family mansion, situated on Chester River, a fine old English building erected about 1720, one hundred and forty-two years before. Here preparations were made for the journey which was to separate them from their friends and relations for many weary, toilsome days. Every precaution had to be observed to prevent suspicion on the part of some of the servants of the house as to what this immense stir meant; for they were tampered with constantly by extra zealous supporters of the Northern cause, who were seeking an opportunity to entrap Southern sympathizers. So cautiously, however, were these preparations made that friends visiting the house knew nothing of the movement until some time after our "blockade runners" had left.

The next morning about nine o'clock, after bidding farewell to their loved ones and receiving in return blessings and prayers for their success, they drove off full of hope for the future, but full of sorrow at leaving, not knowing for how long or where their journey would take them. Neither returned until after the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, April 9, 1865. Then they came back, one being but a wreck of himself by reason of exposure and want of proper food and clothing while in active service (a period of nearly two years and six months), the other being maimed for life in the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

From the hour of leaving home these young men were liable to arrest and if captured would either have been sent to prison, Fort Delaware being the nearest point, or released upon taking the oath of allegiance to the Federal government, an oath no honorable man could take who was not in sympathy with its requirements.

An ample supply of gold and a limited supply of clothing were secured for the trip. A trustworthy citizen had been engaged to drive them to Smyrna, Del., where a stanch sympathizer would arrange for the further continuance of their jaunt.

The route to Smyrna was not very interesting, the country through which it lay being thinly settled and not improved. At this present time, however, some of the best of farms are to be found along its course, and thousands of fruit trees have grown up, yielding a rich harvest to their owners. As Smyrna was approached the land showed a higher state of cultivation, and the surrounding country formed a very attractive framing to this picturesque village.

Smyrna was reached about sundown, when the hospitalities of a friend were enjoyed. In the morning the route was continued to Dover, where a political convention was in session and where strangers from all parts of Delaware had gathered. The presence of our young friends, therefore, created no especial notice.

Dover was reached about midday; and as the train for Seaford, the next stopping place, did not leave until 3 P.M., the interval was occupied in visiting the convention and State buildings and dining at the hotel. A little before three o'clock, the time for the train to start for Seaford, they sauntered down to the depot, where a sight of boys in blue (provost guards) convinced them that this route had its difficulties which had to be guarded against. The soldiers stationed at the depot to intercept and arrest suspicious characters little realized that the train as it steamed off contained two incipient Confederates.

These Confederates were greatly relieved when they found the train rapidly conveying them away from what seemed actual danger. After several hours of car riding they were landed at Seaford, where they remained one night only. Being strangers in this section, they had to depend upon a password for their safe transit and comfortable accommodation, and this password proved as valuable to them as the countersign to a picket when doing duty on the outposts of an army. About sundown, as the train neared Seaford and all the passengers had left except an elderly gentleman and themselves, it was deemed most prudent to gain some information as to the location of the town and its surroundings, the character of the inhabitants, and their sympathies in this great contest which was going on between the two sections of the country. For at this time there was scarcely one man, woman, or child throughout the entire land who had not become identified in some way with one or the other of the contending parties. Fortunately this elderly gentleman proved to be "the right man in the right place," being the father-in-law of the person to whom our friends were to introduce themselves that evening and from whom such additional information was to be gained as would insure the safety of their movements the next day.

Proceeding to the hotel, our friends ascertained the exact location of Mr. M—n's residence, about one mile from the town, which they found without difficulty. Mr. M—n received them very cordially as soon as they made themselves known by means of the password, introducing them to his wife and several agreeable daughters, whose society added greatly to the enjoyment of a first-rate supper, the last of its kind they were permitted to enjoy for several years.

About ten o'clock, on returning to the town, in order to carry out strictly instructions received from Mr. M—n, they called on a doctor who was agent of the route at this town. He responded to the password given, inviting them into his office, where he related many interesting incidents which had come under his notice; for quite a number of men who bore an active, some a conspicuous, part in the service of the Confederate States had passed over this route.

This agent informed them that a reliable citizen would call on them in the morning and invite them to join him in a ride, which invitation they must accept, nothing doubting. True

to the appointment, an invitation was given for a drive and accepted.

The person selected to act as escort, or guide, for the next day or so was thoroughly acquainted with the route to be taken as far as Crotchers Ferry, Dorchester County, Md. In a buggy drawn by one horse, the three started on the route which would take them away from the searching gaze of provost guards to a quiet place of rest, there to remain until a party had been collected sufficiently large to justify the captain of the craft used in "running the blockade" in starting on his trip to Virginia.

In parting with mine host of the Seaford Hotel it must not be forgotten that, coupled with his hospitality, was an evidence of his hearty sympathy with the cause of our travelers. As he bade them adieu he placed in the hand of each a buckshot, which would prove a talisman of safety for the rest of that day. The road from Seaford to Crotchers Ferry, a point where the Nanticoke River is crossed by all travelers passing between Seaford, Del., and Vienna, Md., and where our friends were to remain for several days, ran through a very unattractive section of the Peninsula, Johnson's Crossroads being the only point worthy of mention on the route. Here the counties of Sussex, Del., and Caroline and Dorchester, Md., join. Our friends halted there to refresh man and beast. Among the persons collected at the Cross Head Inn was the sheriff of one of the above-mentioned counties, who was a Union man of the ultra stripe, and had he known the character of his new acquaintances he would have found accommodations for them in the county jail.

But it was not intended that a sheriff's authority should check their steps. So onward they went until a farmhouse was reached just across the ferry. The farmer here was to be their guardian for the next day or two. One fact which prevented suspicion on the part of those whose duty it was to arrest all doubtful characters was that both of them had lived so long in Northern cities that they had acquired the manners and speech of that section and readily passed for Northerners.

This farmhouse was situated immediately on the public road leading to Vienna, and whenever persons were noticed approaching from either direction safety was sought by our friends in a neighboring cornfield.

The guide of the past few days remained to accompany his companions as far as the route in Dorchester County required, but, not being familiar with this portion of the route, he came near running himself and companions into the enemy's camp.

Starting after breakfast one pleasant September morning for the residence of Mr. Raleigh, a gentleman whose whole soul was wrapt up in the Southern cause, after driving several hours without reaching it, inquiry was made as to the roads, which soon showed that the guide had taken the wrong road and that instead of being on the Vienna road he was on the New Market road near a Mr. Raleigh's. Driving up to the house, Mrs. Raleigh received our travelers, Mr. R. being absent. From her they learned that her husband was a Union man. She, however, had a son in the Southern army, a fact which greatly relieved their anxiety.

They had introduced themselves to Mrs. Raleigh as merchants from New York and Philadelphia (on a business tour, or what is better known as "drumming for trade") on their way to New Market, Cambridge, and other points. Since our guide was a dentist from Salisbury, who was known by reputation in the surrounding county, it was therefore necessary to drive in the direction of New Market, a direction exactly the opposite to the one required to be taken. Accordingly, after bidding adieu to Mrs. Raleigh, the horse's head was turned for New Market.

A few moments found the party passing a field of well-grown corn, which sheltered them from view of the house just left. Turning around, they were soon driving back rapidly past and beyond what they so recently feared might prove to them a prison house, returning to Crotchers Ferry. And now a new difficulty appeared.

The husband of the negro woman servant at the house where this party had stayed belonged to Governor Hicks's brother and was a weekly visitor to this house. It was feared he might on his return to Vienna Sunday night mention to his master the fact of strangers being in the neighborhood and thus arouse his suspicions, leading to the arrest of these merchants (?). It was therefore deemed most prudent to move quarters, which was done in the afternoon. The guide returned to Seaford. Another farmhouse was selected in the vicinity, and our friends walked to their new place of retreat. While on their way an incident occurred which inspired them with feelings of almost certainty that their movement "on to Richmond" would be a success.

They were going along the main road leading to Vienna, enjoying the quiet of a summer evening, when a solitary rider was seen coming toward them. His appearance indicated that he was a well-to-do farmer of that section and well advanced in life. Something suggested that this was the man of all others that they wished to see, while he also seemed to have an impression that he was about to meet persons he was in search of. As the parties approached each other and halted our friends inquired of the elderly gentleman if he was not Mr. Raleigh. His reply was simply to inform them that they must be at his house "to-morrow evening." His keen perception had led him to a quick and correct conclusion, seeming at a single glance to know that these pedestrians were passing over the "underground route" and needed his assistance.

A little reflection decided our friends to anticipate Mr. R's orders, fearing the possible unpleasant result of the negro man's return. Accordingly they started for Mr. Raleigh's on Sunday night about eight o'clock in a close-covered wagon, having been joined by several others who were also *en route* for Richmond. Passing through Vienna and several miles beyond, they reached his residence, which was situated on the north bank of the Nanticoke River. They were driven several hundred yards below the house, where a dugout was in waiting to carry them across to the Somerset (now Wicomico) County shore. Proceeding to the house of a prominent citizen of this county not far from Quantico, food was furnished and sufficient rest allowed to enable them to continue their tramp until they reached the broad marshes below, where perfect security could be found and where a party of fourteen assembled prior to setting sail across the bay.

Finding that they would have to remain in these marshes until sundown, shelter from the scorching rays of a summer sun and protection from the searching eye of the provost guard was sought in potato holes or bins, places used for storing sweet potatoes during the winter, but under the undisputed sway of mosquitoes during the summer. These potato holes are like the bombproofs which are built by soldiers as protection against cannon balls and shells from mortar guns. They are dug under the ground, like vaults, deep enough to enable persons to stand erect in them and strong enough to prevent their being crushed in by heavy weights. Fortunately, the stay here was not very long, else the mosquitoes would not have left blood enough in the fourteen for them

to be of any use as soldiers. These mosquitoes were voracious feeders.

The party which had met here to join in the dangers of "running the blockade" across the Chesapeake was composed of our friends referred to, two stout Irishmen from Dorchester County, and two young farmers from the same section, all of whom bore an active part in the war as members of the 2d Maryland Battalion of Infantry, C. S. A. One of the farmers was killed during the battle of Pegram's Farm, on the Weldon Railroad. There was also a citizen from Washington City, and finally there were six citizens of Delaware, whom our friends lost sight of after reaching Richmond. The whole party was under command of a brave little captain named Turpin. The boat used in conveying this party across to the Virginia shore was a canoe about thirty-three feet long, such as can now be seen on the tributaries of the Chesapeake employed by that class of oystermen known as tongmen. Captain Turpin owned this boat and was regularly engaged in the blockade-running business, carrying passengers and contraband goods. Though a very hazardous business, it was very profitable, twenty dollars in gold being the fare each passenger had to pay, added to which were large profits on the class of goods carried as freight.

The sun was just setting when Captain Turpin called his passengers on board and made ready for the cruise. Pushing off from shore, the boat was rowed along down the Nanticoke until broad water was reached, and night had thrown its mantle over nature so that sails could be used without being seen from land.

The route selected was out the Nanticoke into Tangier Sound, thence into the Chesapeake Bay by way of Smith's Island, and across the bay by a southwesterly course for Little River, on the Virginia shore, a point opposite Point Lookout. On the Maryland side of the Potomac River Tangier Sound is a broad, shallow expanse of water lying between the western border of Somerset County and several small islands which skirt along the eastern side of the Chesapeake. As the Sound was entered a dark cloud rose in the west, causing Egyptian darkness, from which soon burst upon the party a terrific thunderstorm and drenching rain; and the boat, which had been gliding along so smoothly, was brought to a sudden halt aground upon the flats, miles from either shore.

All hands had to leave the boat and aid in getting her off, for it was necessary to reach the Virginia shore before daylight. Although the water was shallow, the mud was deep, and the mud and water were waist deep before the boat could be depended on. This, however, was but a foretaste of the trouble in store for them. After some delay and much labor and patience, the boat was again gliding smoothly and rapidly over the broad waters of the Chesapeake, here about twenty miles wide.

The passengers after getting out of the Sound occupied themselves with learning somewhat of each other's history, and the time passed agreeably, without an accident to mar its pleasure, until they had reached midway their course. A light was then seen in the distance which seemed to be rapidly bearing down upon them, causing anxiety on the part of all, as there was a general impression that this light proceeded from a government vessel used in preventing blockade-running. As the race would be between steam and sail, the danger seemed very great. All hands felt sure that they would be either captured or drowned. The Washingtonian seemed more alarmed than the rest; for, to use his own language: "I am too well known in Washington and have but recently left there to avoid arrest. If caught, I will meet a traitor's death. Captain, O captain! for God's sake don't let them capture me! Anywhere, captain; up the bay, down the bay, only don't let them capture me!"

The supposed danger proceeded from a Norfolk steamer plying her regular route between Baltimore and Norfolk, and so once more the party were permitted to sail on smoothly and undisturbed. But the trip was not destined to be free from further excitement and real danger.

The Virginia shore was approached just as the day was breaking, at that moment when the shades of receding night make objects ahead appear dim and indistinct, while those behind stand out clear against the horizon. Persons near the shore could, therefore, distinctly see an approaching vessel and yet themselves be invisible.

The boat was steering for Little River, one of the many streams which course inland from the Chesapeake Bay. Presently a dark object was observed ahead and to the right just emerging from the cover of the Virginia shore and slowly but surely moving toward Captain Turpin. As for the captain of our craft, he trimmed his sails and handled his rudder so skillfully that, with the aid of a friendly breeze, he soon found his boat with its human cargo rapidly nearing land. Still the sound of muffled oars and hushed voices told of approaching danger and warned us that there would soon be a race, with life or freedom for the stake.

Captain Turpin understood thoroughly the situation in which he was placed; knew the qualities of his boat, the navigation of the surrounding waters, and that land would soon be reached. He therefore advised the men to screen themselves as best they could by lying down in the bottom of the boat, a very cramped position.

Soon was heard the call so familiar to all sailors, "Boat ahoy! Heave to!" coming from the officer in charge of a government barge which was manned by oarsmen and armed marines and provided, besides, with a small howitzer. Again and again this call was repeated, but Captain Turpin feigned deafness in order to gain time. Just as his canoe was crossing the bow of the barge about one hundred yards from it a premonitory order, "Heave to, or we'll fire!" was heard and replied to by one of the men in the canoe: "Fire and be d—d to you!" And fire they did, the sharp report of the howitzer being followed quickly by the whizzing sounds of the leaden missiles which it sent forth. This left but little doubt that unless the canoe could rapidly sail out of reach its passengers would soon be battling with the bold waters of the Chesapeake as well as an armed enemy. The damage from the first fire was very slight, only a hole or two cut in the sails.

The race now became intensely exciting, the canoe having the advantage of a favorable wind and the barge having to rely entirely upon oars. The position of the two boats was now changed. Those in the canoe could plainly see the men on the barge as they stood out against the eastern sky, while they themselves were scarcely visible from the barge.

Captain Turpin had succeeded in gaining considerable distance from the barge before the second shot was fired. This proved to be a solid shot, which fell sufficiently near to splash water on the men in the canoe; and it was soon followed by a third shot, which sped its course some distance overland. The canoe, having reached the river, now turned a sharp point of land and was out of sight and range of the enemy's gun. Our route was now once more safe.

Some of the men as the canoe rounded into Little River, rather than trust to Captain Turpin's skill, jumped overboard,

reaching land as best they could. Our Washington friend was one of the number. He must not be slighted in narrating our encounter with real danger, for here his true character was developed. Whereas before, when only supposed danger presented itself, he begged that the captain would insure his escape so that he might not be captured and shot, now that there really was present danger he begged Captain Turpin to surrender. "Surrender, Captain," said he, "for we'll all be killed," forgetting in his great fright that a traitor's grave awaited him.

The men, having abandoned the canoe, scattered in different directions, some hiding in a tract of woodland, others in a cornfield, others still continuing far into the interior. Among the number who fled to the cornfield were our Washington hero and the writer of this sketch. As day broke more fully, making distant objects more easily distinguishable, a gunboat, which was stationed at the mouth of the Potomac River and which had been sent out on picket duty, was discovered not more than two hundred yards from this place of retreat, sufficiently near to make it dangerous for the party to remain. Accordingly, having determined to move farther inland, following what semed to be a public road, the party were brought to a sudden halt by the cry: "There they are now, boys; there are the Yankees!" Washingtonian saw danger in every atom, for it was he who thus cried out. But this time his advancing enemy, several dark objects coming down the road, proved to be an old black sow with a litter of half-grown pigs. If some of this party had met these porcine scouts a few years later in the war, the latter would have been captured and have shared the fate of Christians on the Cannibal Islands.

Our young friends and cousins, having separated when the canoe was abandoned, did not meet again until late in the day at a farmhouse where food was furnished them and whence scouting parties were started forth in search of stragglers and to learn the position of the Yankees. The entire party which sailed out of the Nanticoke assembled at this house about sundown, and preparations were made to continue the march "on to Richmond" via Heathsville, the county seat of Westmoreland County, an old English settlement, showing evidences of its age in the quaint, weather-beaten buildings scattered here and there.

The citizens of this town were full of such hospitality as a war-ridden people could exhibit. Although they had not been visited by the ravages of the contending armies nor witnessed the terrible carnage and destruction with which nearly every other portion of the State had become familiar, the effects of war were visible in the scarcity of young, able-bodied men; only old men and cripples and women and children were to be seen. Our tired travelers were refreshed by a beverage famous in this country, but new to them, "peach and honey," made from home-distilled peach brandy and honey.

A night was spent at Heathsville and in the morning arrangements for the "on to Richmond" trip made. Wagons and teams were secured and guides who knew the country, for danger still attended this route until within a day's march from Richmond, when the party would be within the Confederate lines. Federal gunboats controlled the rivers York and Rappahannock, which had to be crossed before Richmond was reached, and were constantly plying up and down these rivers. When on the eve of starting the sheriff of the county requested that they would take charge of two Yankees and deliver them in Richmond as prisoners of war. These Yankees had started out from Point Lookout in the canoe which had been only a few hours before captured from Captain Turpin and party on an oystering expedition and, owing to high winds and a want of skill in the management of the boat, were drifted on to the Virginia shore, where they were captured by two farmers of that section and brought to Heathsville. The boat was returned to Captain Turpin, and it is more than probable it figured in several other blockade-running trips. The presence of these Yankees added very much to the interest which surrounded the jaunt to Richmond and aided in its success, for the citizens always rejoiced to see persons whom they had just cause to consider their enemies rendered harmless.

Leaving Heathsville, we crossed the Rappahannock at Bowler's, stopped at Miller's for the night, made an early start next morning, and went to Aylett's for breakfast. Through the kindness of one of the citizens we here obtained a wagon and again started for Richmond, where we arrived that night (September 15), having crossed the Chickahominy and Pamunkey Rivers and traversed a portion of the battle field of Mechanicsville and other ground made memorable in the contest between Generals McClellan and Lee only a few weeks previously.

The prisoners were delivered to the provost marshal of Richmond, and the party scattered. Our young friends repaired to the Spottswood Hotel, and after a night's rest, so much needed after the fatigue and excitement of the past ten days, they enlisted under the banner of the Confederate States army as privates in Company A, of the 2d Maryland Battalion of Infantry, commanded by Capt. William H. Murray.

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## *SOUTHERN PORTS.*

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

### Savannah.

Daughters of the Confederacy who attended the twenty-first annual convention, held in Savannah in 1914, have an ineffaceable impression of the charm and beauty of this city and the gracious hospitality of the people. Who can forget the oyster roast on Thunderbolt, the rides in the beautiful environs, the visit to the Lady Huntingdon Club, the many occasions planned for our pleasure? The silvery cadence of Sabbath chimes and vesper songs linger sweetly in memory as an accompaniment to those delightful days.

The buy-a-bale slogan was heard throughout the land, and why, O why, did ouija boards and mediums who have occult sources of knowledge so carefully withhold the fact that cotton would soon soar to a phenomenal price and again be hailed as king? A large bale at the De Soto Hotel mutely solicited investment, and we, not knowing that it was fortune beckoning, passed on. Things like this confirm the conviction that the spirits with whom Ouija & Co. are *en rapport* run a mighty poor bureau of information on sublunary affairs and divulge nothing particularly helpful on other lines.

The beauty of Savannah is probably more striking to strangers than to natives, who have been long accustomed to the exquisite landscape effect of squares and parks systematically breaking the monotony of brick and mortar with a tropical luxuriance of foliage. The poet who declared "The roses nowhere bloom so fair as in Virginia" luckily for himself did not mention date of bloom. If he had qualified the general statement by naming November, Savannah would certainly win the prize.

Possibly science will discover a way to extirpate the Spanish moss which gives to Southern trees a weird and fatal beauty, but until that time the live oaks of Bonaventure Cemetery will seem the most appropriate and marvelous sen-

tinels which can guard the silent avenues of the dead. By comparison the willow seems flippant and the cypress a cheerful young thing out of tune with the cold *hic jacets* of the departed.

Most cities have one great and brooding presence, a genius loci which cannot be eluded or escaped. Savannah is more fortunate. The individual will determine whether Oglethorpe, the Wesleys, Pulaski, or Sergeant Jasper make the strongest appeal. Early recollections may put the gallant Jasper out of the running, for no one compelled to recite the long and melancholy poem on his death can feel quite as kindly toward that brave patriot as he deserves. Count Pulaski, who fell in the siege of Savannah in 1779, is a figure of romance, associated with mourning nuns and the banner which was his pall, and is commemorated in a monument on Monterey Square. Lafayette laid the corner stone to it and to the one to Gen. Nathaniel Greene when he visited the city in 1825. The rule of General Oglethorpe, founder of the colony, is a shining page in colonial annals. Royal governors, with a few conspicuous exceptions, gathered scant laurels from American historians. Very few are commemorated in "storied urn or animated bust," but Georgia was blessed with a true philanthropist in Oglethorpe, and, still more marvelous, she had good, live Indians. If you doubt this, go to the granite bowlder in Write Square in honor of Tomochichi, an Indian chief who befriended the early settlers.

Colonial contacts with religion were usually casual in practice and partisan in theology. What was orthodoxy in one localty was quite otherwise in the next settlement. Witness the New England Puritans, the Quakers, the Catholics of Maryland, the Cavaliers, and the poor Dissenters, who purchased immunity for their faith by securing the western frontier against the Indians, your Virginia aristocrat realizing that predestination was more effective against the savage than apostolic succession.

The Georgia colony was founded on the broad basis of toleration for all Protestants. Instead of having the worst of the clergy sent her, as Sir William Berkeley complained was the case in the Old Dominion, Georgia had three men who became the most famous preachers of the age, Charles and John Wesley and George Whitefield. The Wesley brothers came over in 1735. Among their fellow passengers were some pious Moravians, and it was then that John Wesley became impressed with the fervent faith which in later years led him to find in Count Zinzendorf a spiritual brother. Charles Wesley was secretary to General Oglethorpe. His health soon failed, and he returned to England. The mission of John Wesley was specifically to the Indians, in which he made no progress; but his ministry in the colony was so effective that it aroused complaint to Governor Oglethorpe. At that time John Wesley was a stiff High Churchman, fresh from Oxford. Doubtless his experience in the New World had an evangelizing tendency, for in his retrospects he wrote of the gatherings on Sunday afternoon in the parsonage at Savannah these words: "I cannot but observe that there were the first rudiments of Methodist Societies." There, too, he began his work as a hymn writer and translator, and there he organized the first Sunday school, commemorated now by a handsome Methodist church.

Wesley's life in Georgia was complicated by an unhappy romance, for evidently when it came to women the great preacher lacked discernment. The Methodist Church has been a great factor in American life. The circuit rider was the only source of religious teaching over vast regions, and in the early revivals of Bishop Asbury and other saintly men thousands were converted who had no other opportunity to hear the gospel. At the present time, when other denominations face closed churches, the itinerant system provides a preacher for every pulpit. If it has been necessary to abate somewhat the rigorous discipline of early Methodism, be it remembered that the laxity of some other denominations makes it difficult to uphold the standard set by the founders. The worldly Christian is always a more serious problem in the Church than the unconverted outsider. Whether the Wesley brothers were the greatest men who ever dwelt in the Forest City may be a matter of opinion; they appear to be the only ones commemorated in Westminster Abbey and the most far-reaching in their influence.

Apart from these shadowy sojourners of the past, Savannah has a population which is not excelled for energy, patriotism, and business acumen. It was long the foremost cotton port of the country. New Orleans and Galveston now compete for this distinction. The trucking interests of Georgia, a modern development due to great cities and better transportation, have added immensely to the commerce which follows the ocean highway to Baltimore and New York. Georgia lumber and naval stores are also exported from Savannah. The most notable march of the War between the States was from Atlanta to Savannah. It is true that General Lee, with a far greater army, crossed the Potomac and went north as far as Gettysburg, but that was a quiet and orderly advance, dependent upon the sun by day and the firmament by night for its illumination. It was conducted under the strictest military discipline ever imposed upon an invading host and doubtless inspired profound contempt in the German leaders who entered France and Belgium in 1914. In Sherman's march to the sea, however, the most Hunlike Hun might have found something worthy of emulation. It was conducted by the light of blazing homes and barns which made the sky lurid with their flames. It left a blackened and desolate track where once there had been happy firesides and fertility. It was an inhuman vengeance wreaked upon defenseless women and children because their men dared to fight for rights which were secured to them by the Constitution of the United States. When Savannah was captured, the wives of all Confederate soldiers and officers were ordered to leave the city, where they were to find a refuge being a matter not mentioned.

These sorrows of a vanished era are not paraded to revive ancient bitterness, but simply as a reminder of the courage and resilience of a people who arose from the ashes of defeat in the face of fearful obstacles, without the aid or sympathy of a single foreign nation and under the cruel oppression of its own government. For such a people the future is always bright, for it rests upon the sure foundations of a glorious past.

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*RICHARD HENRY WILDE.*

Bard of the South! The "Summer Rose"
  May perish with the "Autumn Leaf";
The "footprints left on Tampa's" shores
  May vanish with a date as brief;
But thine shall be the "life" of fame;
No winter winds can wreck thy name,
And future minstrels shall rehearse
Thy virtues in memorial verse.

—*Alexander Beaufort Meek.*

## *CONDUCT OF THE WAR, 1861-65.*

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The great World War of 1914-18 suggests comparison with the War between the States in 1861-65 not only as to the numbers and efficiency of the men engaged, the size of the armies, and the power of the weapons employed, but also the principles involved and the method of conducting the war. And when German atrocities began to array the sentiment of the world against her, at once there was in various parts of the Northern States a disposition to proclaim Germany's course and methods the same as those of the Southern States in their war for independence and separation from the Union. It could only be forgetfulness or malignity or utter ignorance fostered by the falsehoods of Northern historians that could lead men to accept and proclaim such perversion of facts as to the principles and methods of the Confederate States as compared with the methods of the Union armies of 1861-65 or the German armies of 1914-18. And it is well to remember that the Union armies had a very large contingent of German mercenary soldiers, who acted out their traditional reputation for brutality.

Germany fought to make herself supreme in the councils of the world; any nation was to be subject to her will, which she would impose regardless of their wishes. The Confederate States fought for the right of every organized people to choose their own form of government; the Federal government denied the right. The German autocracy refused all terms of peace except absolute surrender to its will. And when other nations sought earnestly to avert war, Germany, in her arrogant self-confidence, rejected every proposal. The Confederate States, acting on what they believed to be rights guaranteed by the Constitution and by exact justice sought earnestly to arrange with the Federal government terms of peaceful and righteous separation. Their commissioners were put off and deceived by false promises and a final refusal of any terms except absolute surrender.

In contrast with the conduct of the World War, marked by an atrocious cruelty that refused to recognize any of the laws of war as understood by all civilized nations, winning for Germany the hatred and contempt of the world—atrocities almost without parallel in the history of warfare—we have only to refer to the orders of General Lee and other Southern commanders and to the practices of the Southern armies, and that in spite of the fact that their own country was desolated by the Union armies. Surely the contrast is most striking.

Several years ago I wrote to a friend, editor of a Southern newspaper, a very able journal, who was extravagant in his admiration and praise of Mr. Lincoln and condemned Southern criticism of him as narrow bigotry. I called his attention to the desolating march of the Union armies, approved by his hero, Lincoln. His answer was that it is a historic fact that at the beginning of the war Mr. Lincoln had an expert on international law to prepare a statement of the laws of war; that this statement was warmly approved by the President and General Halleck, who was an able lawyer; and that this statement was afterwards approved at the Hague and embodied in its code. This was especially as to treatment of noncombatants and their property. Yet the armies of Generals Sherman and Sheridan grossly and outrageously violated every one of these laws with Mr. Lincoln's approval, and General Halleck, chief of staff, suggested that Charleston's site be sown with salt.

It is by its dealings with noncombatants and their property and its treatment of prisoners of war that a government is to be judged. And in both of these respects it is only necessary to state facts officially attested to vindicate the South and her armies.

Here is General Sherman's own statement: "One hundred million dollars of damage has been done to Georgia; twenty millions inured to our benefit, the remainder was simply waste and destruction. On Gen. Howell Cobb's plantation I told my men to spare nothing. I'll not restrain the army lest its vigor and energy be impaired."

Major Nichols, an aid-de-camp of General Sherman, thus describes the great march: "History will be searched in vain for a parallel to the scathing and destructive effect of the march in the Carolinas. Aside from the destruction of military things, there was destruction overwhelming, overleaping the present generation. Even if peace speedily come, agriculture, commerce cannot be revived in our day. Day by day our legions of armed men surged over the land, over a region forty miles wide, burning everything we could not take away. On every side the head, center, and rear of our columns might be traced by the columns of smoke by day and the glare of flames by night. The burning hand of war pressed on these people, blasting, withering. The soldiers are hunting for concealed things."

It was loot, loot, plunder. The deliberate burning of Atlanta and Columbia was to impress the inhabitants that "war is hell."

General Sheridan's course of destruction in the Valley of Virginia was as thorough as he could make it and was according to orders from his chief, as follows: "Do all the damage to railroads and crops you can. Carry off stock of all descriptions and negroes, so as to prevent further planting. We want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste." Signed "U. S. Grant."

Sheridan reported officially: "I have burned two thousand barns filled with wheat and corn, all the mills in the whole country, destroyed all the factories of cloth, killed or driven off every animal, even the poultry, that could contribute to human sustenance."

Besides these larger acts of ruin, there were numerous Federal raids with their accompaniments of burning, looting, insulting women, and tearing off their jewelry. Was there ever such glorying of a people in their shame?

On the other hand, I shall present only President Davis's announcement of his policy and General Lee's order on invading Pennsylvania. Mr. Davis said to his soldiers: "Private property can be seized only by way of military necessity, for the support or benefit of the army. All wanton violence, pillage or sacking, maiming or killing is prohibited under penalty of death, or punishment adequate to the gravity of the offense." Again: "In regard to the enemy's crews and vessels, you are to proceed with the justice and humanity which characterize our government and its citizens." No one of the thousands captured by Admiral Semmes ever suffered any violence.

Here is General Lee's order on entering Pennsylvania: "The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army and through it our whole people than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the unarmed and defenseless and the wanton destruction of private property that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the

atrocities of our enemies and offending Him to whom vengeance belongeth."

Charles Francis Adams, a Federal general, bore this testimony: "I doubt if a hostile foe ever advanced in an enemy country or fell back from it in retreat leaving behind it less cause for hate and bitterness than did the Army of Northern Virginia."

Let the ruined and desolated homes and fields and business of the South, held for ten years under the brutalities of negro and carpetbag rule, with its loot, graft, and oppression, be compared with the ruin and desolation of Belgium and Northern France by German frightfulness and say which section, North or South, is represented by Germany and which by Belgium and France.

This is written with no intention of stirring bitterness between the sections whose sons of contending sires fought so gallantly together in the great World War. But it is to defend my people and my comrades from disgraceful charges inspired by the surviving enmity of men who have always hated the South.

As to treatment of prisoners, whatever their hardships in German prisons, they were deliberately inflicted as part of the policy of frightfulness and of hatred. On the other hand, the sufferings of Northern soldiers in Southern prisons, and especially the terrible death rate, all were the result of conditions forced on the Southern people by the Federal government and military authorities which we were unable to remedy.

The standing cry against the Confederate authorities and people was, "The horrors of Andersonville." The first thing after the war was to hang the man who had charge of that prison, who had done everything he possibly could to mitigate the sufferings of the prisoners. The execution was a military murder by a court organized to convict and which received without question the perjured testimony of thugs and murderers and refused to receive the testimony of credible witnesses of both armies that would have told of Captain Wirz's kindness.

The charges were repeated with every possible aggravation of horror from the floor of Congress, from pulpit, platform, and press, seeking to implicate President Davis and his cabinet, until after two years of weary and brutal imprisonment he was released, but was refused a trial that would have vindicated him and his cause.

At last Northern men, even Federal officers, were forced to confess that the sufferings and death of prisoners in the South were the result of conditions for which the Federal government was responsible. And it turned out that the retaliatory measures of the Federals resulted in the death of more Southern men in Northern prisons than of Northern men in Southern prisons. Out of 270,000 Northern prisoners, 22,00, or nine per cent, died; out of 220,000 Southern soldiers in Northern prisons, 26,000, or twelve per cent, died.

There were three causes for the mortality in Southern prisons, for every one of which the Federal government was responsible: (1) The lack of food, (2) the lack of medicines, (3) the refusal to exchange prisoners.

Not only were the Southern ports blockaded, but much of the best farming territory of the Southern States was in possession of the Union armies, and the far South had depended largely on the Northwestern States for staple foods. But the policy of the Federal government to destroy our crops and prevent the cultivation of our soil brought on such a scarcity of food that our people were reduced to straits, and it was difficult for our government to provide necessary subsistence for our armies, and most of the fighting of our armies was done by hungry, ragged, barefoot men, who carried their cause in their hearts and on the points of their bayonets. Yet the prisoners received the same rations as our soldiers in the field, with frequent additions from the neighborhood of the prisons.

Much of the sickness was due to the poor preparation of the rations by the prisoners and by their disobedience to sanitary regulations. It was the lack of materials for sanitary housing that made it necessary to crowd the prisoners into too small a space. Yet every effort was made by Captain Wirz and the Confederate authorities to give to prisoners the same rations and comforts that were provided for our armies. There was no excuse for starvation in the North.

There was utter lack of medicines in the South, and she had to depend on native remedies and such medicines as were run through the blockade. *Contrary to the custom of civilized nations,* the Federal government made medicines contraband of war and refused every appeal of the Confederates for necessary medicines for the use of Federal prisoners. It was first proposed to buy the medicines with the solemn pledge that the medicine should only be used for Federal prisoners, and it was proposed to pay in gold. When this was refused, it was proposed that the Federal government should send to the prisoners a sufficient number of competent physicians with necessary medicines with the assurance that their service should be strictly confined to the prisoners. This also was refused. It was evident that the Federal authorities were determined not only to starve the South, but to crush it by all manner of diseases, even though they should sacrifice thousands of their own men.

The sufferings of prisoners, both North and South, could have been prevented by a fair system of exchange. Such a system was arranged in 1862; but after various subterfuges it was repudiated by the North, and thenceforth prisons were terribly crowded. And while Southern soldiers starved and froze in Northern prisons, Northern soldiers starved and died of malaria in Southern prisons. Every effort of the Confederates to effect any sort of exchange was rejected. General Lee's offer to General Grant was rejected. The proposal to exchange only sick prisoners, man for man, was refused. When a delegation of Union prisoners went to Washington to beg for an exchange, they were brutally turned away by Secretary of War Stanton, and General Grant protested against any exchange. And when finally the Confederates offered to surrender all sick prisoners without any equivalent if the Federal government would send transportation, the offer was grudgingly accepted and only carried out after several months; and then these sick and skeleton prisoners were paraded through the North to fire the Northern heart against the South.

Surely the government that refused any exchange of prisoners should bear the responsibility for the dreadful sufferings and death of prisoners, both North and South.

Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War and the able editor of the New York *Sun,* wrote: "We were responsible ourselves for the continued detention of our captives in misery, starvation, and sickness in the South. Of the charge of cruelty to our prisoners so often brought against Mr. Davis and reiterated by Mr. Blaine in his speech in the United States Senate, *we think Mr. Davis must be held altogether acquitted.*"

And it is notable that with all these charges of cruelty made against Confederates in treatment of prisoners no other

trial was ever held after the disgraceful execution of Captain Wirz.

The question recurs: Was the Union or Confederate government most like Germany in the conduct of the war?

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## *THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.*

BY BONNIE ELOISE MAUNEY, KING'S MOUNTAIN, N. C.

[This essay won the Anna Robinson Andrews medal offered through the Daughters of the Confederacy.]

Eight miles south of the town of King's Mountain, and just over the North Carolina line in South Carolina, is a spot held sacred by all true Americans—a spot where the representative of a foreign power was overthrown and a victory won which made possible the realization of the Declaration of Independence and the existence of the Constitution of the United States. This is the King's Mountain battle ground.

Contrary to what might be expected from the name, the battle field is not on the crowning peak of the mountain, but on one of the smaller ridges several miles southwest of the pinnacle. Stretching from east to west about one-half mile, from north to south varying from fifty to two hundred yards, this ridge stands a hundred feet higher than the surrounding country.

No human soul resides near the spot. Only the mountain peaks near by and the silent monuments keep eternal watch over the field "where valor proudly sleeps." The occasional singing of the birds in the distance, the babbling of the brook at the foot of the ridge, the sighing of the winds through the pines on its slopes, and the barrenness of the great rocks on its summit bespeak the loneliness of the place. A wagon road traversing the west end and several obscure paths worn by the feet of visitors who infrequently journey here merely emphasize its isolation.

If the patriots and the British could return for a peaceful reunion, they would have little difficulty in recognizing this as the scene of their horrible conflict on October 7, 1780, the most important differences in appearance being the several slabs and monuments erected by Americans in grateful remembrance of the heroic deeds of our forefathers.

But "a battle field as a battle field is a very inhumane thing. No flaunting of bright banners, no rhythmic tramp of martial feet, no glitter of the trappings of war, no mere physical courage can rob it of its inhumanity. The virtue of the battle field lies in the principles for which men fight." The patriots of King's Mountain were fighting for dearly prized principles of home and civic life, and it was these which redeemed their battle to the plane of nobility and heroism. No new principle it was, but simply a restatement of that principle of self-government first wrung from the king by the barons at Runnymede—the proud heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Until 1778 practically all the engagements of the Revolution had been on Northern soil. With honors about even, but with New York in British hands, England decided that the quickest way to conquer America was through the South. Abundant ships and troops were collected, and the Southern ports were blockaded. By 1780 Savannah and Charleston, the two most important towns in the South, had fallen to the British. That a campaign through the Carolinas would end the war was the opinion of Clinton, the British commander. Accordingly, two commands, one led by Lord Cornwallis, the other by Col. Patrick Ferguson, were sent to accomplish this. On August 15 Cornwallis met Gates at Camden and completely routed him. "His Northern laurels had turned to Southern willows."

Then followed the darkest days of the Revolution for the Whigs. It seemed that every course was clear for Cornwallis to make a triumphant march through the Carolinas. "Bloody" Tarleton, who butchered the patriots wherever he found them, was scouring the lowlands. Ferguson, by his winning manner, was drawing many young Tories to his standard. To add to all this gloom, there came a heavier and still blacker cloud. That brave and daring leader, the hero of Saratoga, Benedict Arnold, had turned traitor. No wonder Washington said: "I have almost ceased to hope."

Almost a month after the battle of Camden Cornwallis broke camp to begin his invasion of North Carolina, which he considered but "the road to Virginia." On September 25 he reached Charlotte, truly a "hornet's nest" for the redcoats. Meanwhile Major Ferguson had been dispatched with a force of two hundred regulars and nine hundred Tory militia to the borders of Tryon County, where he was to hold back the bands of over-mountain men who were now showing signs of activity. Carrying out his commission, Ferguson boldly pursued the mountaineers as far as Gilbert Town (now Rutherfordton), in Rutherford County, whence he sent them a contemptuous message that if they did not desist from their opposition to the British arms he would march his army over the mountains, hang their leaders, and lay waste their country with fire and sword.

Shelby and Sevier answered the challenge by calling the frontiersmen to arms. "In its suddenness and its numerical strength the response to their call resembled a rising of the Scottish clans when the 'fiery' cross was despatched through the highlands." To the rendezvous at Sycamore Shoals, on the Wautauga River, on September 25, came Shelby with 240 men from Sullivan County, Sevier with 250 from Washington, and Campbell with 400 Virginians. Early on the morning of the 26th the little band gathered around their chaplain and heard in silence his prayer that the God of battles would attend their undertaking. Without further delay they set out to meet Ferguson. On the march they were joined by the McDowells with 160 men from Burke and Rutherford and Winston and Cleveland with 350 troops from Wilkes and Surry. A motley crowd they were—Indian fighters, hunters, farmers, and mountain rangers. No uniforms had they, no bands of music, no bristling bayonets. Dressed in their hunting shirts, with sprigs of hemlock in their hats, fearless and patriotic, every man was a dead shot with a rifle.

Camping and moving, moving and camping, they passed over the mountain and on October 3 reached Cherry Mountain, about sixteen miles from Gilbert Town, where they expected to find Major Ferguson. Here Cleveland halted the march and said with feeling: "Now is the time for every one of you to do his country a priceless service, such as shall lead your children to exult in the fact that their fathers were the conquerors of Ferguson. When the pinch comes, I shall be with you. But if any of you shrink from the battle, you now have the opportunity of leaving." Be it said to their credit not one accepted the invitation.

In the meantime, however, Ferguson had withdrawn into South Carolina; but on hearing that "those dirty mongrels" were in pursuit, he dispatched messengers to Cornwallis requesting immediate assistance and on October 6 marched his army northward to a spur of King's Mountain. This he

boasted was such an ideal position that even the Almighty could not drive him away.

Learning that Ferguson had fallen back, the mountain men, in order to follow with greater speed, weeded from their ranks all foot soldiers and, with those on horseback, proceeded in haste to overtake the foe. At Cowpens on October 6 they were joined by Colonel Hambright with fifty Lincoln County men and Colonels Lacy and Williams with four hundred South Carolinians. With Colonel Campbell, the only officer from without the Carolinas, in command, the army moved on toward King's Mountain. Through the night and the morning of the 7th a heavy rain was falling, but this could not quench the determination of the mountaineers. They wrapped their guns in their blankets and hunting coats and marched, marched, marched.

The early afternoon brought them in touch with the enemy. A hurried consultation was held, the position of each corps was decided upon, and the final order given: "Fresh prime your guns, and every man go into battle firmly resolving to fight until he dies." The plan of attack was to quickly surround the mountain. Thus the entire force, arranged in four columns, advanced on foot from the west side. Campbell led the right center; Shelby, the left; Sevier, with McDowell's troops, had command of the right wing; Cleveland, with men under Williams, Hambright, Lacy, and Chronicle, commanded the left; and around to the east side went Winston, closing the gap in the circle.

About three o'clock the fighting began. So quietly had the Americans approached that Ferguson did not discover their presence until the first firing by Shelby's men. Immediately his silver whistle could be heard resounding through the trees calling his men to prepare for battle. With a loud frontier war whoop the patriot army dashed forward into the fray. First the troops on the left charged against the British, then those on the right. No one waited for orders, but steadily up the hill, crouching behind the trees, the mountaineers crept. The minute Colonel Campbell caught sight of the enemy he shouted: "Here they are, my brave boys. Shoot like h—l and fire like devils." Cleveland, encouraging his men, said: "When you are engaged, you are not to wait for the word of command from me. I will show you by my example how to fight." Thus back and forth. Campbell and Sevier on one side, Shelby and Cleveland on the other, the patriots charged up the hill three consecutive times, each time to be repulsed. But, obeying to the letter Shelby's battle cry, "Never shoot until you see an enemy and never see an enemy without bringing him down," each time they renewed the charge. As Draper truly remarks: "Never was war cry of the ancient Romans more ceaseless and determined that Carthage must be destroyed than was that of the mountaineers to catch and destroy Ferguson."

The British, in wild confusion, fired volley after volley and rushed with bayonets, first against one side and then the other; while back and forth along their lines rode their leader on his white charger, his brilliant uniform covered with a linen duster. Above the din and roar of battle could be heard his shrill whistle calling his wavering men to renewed effort.

Thus the battle raged for an hour. But finally something happened in the British lines. Captain DePeyster, second in command, foreseeing defeat, hoisted the white flag; whereupon the gallant Ferguson, dashing forward, cut it down with the sword. Some one in the patriot army cried "There's Ferguson! Shoot him!" Straightway a dozen muskets were leveled on him, and he fell from his horse with eight fatal wounds.

A little hand fighting, and the battle was over. Huddling in a group on the summit of the ridge, the soldiers of the king laid down their arms in surrender. Then what shouts along the mountain sides! The patriots gave three cheers for liberty, and the whole ridge reëchoed the joyous sound.

Considering the number of forces engaged, there was no more sanguinary battle fought during the Revolutionary War. Not one of Ferguson's men escaped, 456 having been killed or wounded and 648 taken prisoners. The cost to the Americans was 6 officers and 23 privates killed and fifty-four wounded. Having buried the body of the brilliant Ferguson and divided his garments and equipage, the backwoodsmen saw thier mission performed; so back to the mountains and their homes they went, even as quickly as they had come.

"The victory at King's Mountain," says Bancroft, "changed the aspect of the war." Like an electric shock it spread through the country, awakening the hopes and courage of the Whigs and heartening them into renewed determination to win, correspondingly discouraging the Tories and keeping them quiet in this region for the rest of the war. Deserted by his "friends" and threatened by fresh swarms of enemies, Cornwallis hastily abandoned Charlotte and fled into South Carolina, thus freeing North Carolina once more from the invader. King's Mountain paved the way for Yorktown. Although a small engagement as far as numbers were concerned, the victory came at a most critical time and proved the turning point of the struggle in the South. In the words of Jefferson: "It was the joyful annunciation of that turn in the tide of success that terminated the Revolution with the seal of our independence."

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## *LASHED BY LAMAR'S TONGUE.*

[This article was copied from an old scrapbook and sent to the VETERAN by A. B. Hershberger, of Luray, Va., who says: "It is too good to lie dormant so many years." It appeared originally in the Washington *Post*.]

The death of Justice Lamar has recalled his well-known devotion to the Confederacy, and his love for the leader of the lost cause was productive of one of the most dramatic scenes in the history of the Senate. The Mexican pension bill was under consideration and an amendment pending extending its provisions to all veterans irrespective of their course in the War between the States.

It was near adoption. Congress, it was said, could best show its desire to forgive and forget by extending the benefits of the measure to those who had once borne arms against the common country. The amendment was near adoption when Zack Chandler came to his feet with a short speech in which he said that, while in the main he agreed to the general tenor of the amendment, yet under its provisions *even* Jeff Davis would be restored to citizenship. "And," he added, "I am not prepared to go so far as that."

Lamar rose. His intense excitement was evident. Between him and Chandler a strong personal antagonism existed. An outburst was expected, and it came. "Mr. President," said the Mississippian, with outstretched finger pointing at his foeman, his tall form trembling with emotion, but his voice bell-like in its clearness and without a quiver in it, "when Prometheus lay bound to the rock it was not the king of beasts who availed himself of his distress. It was not any of the nobler brutes of the field or birds of the air. It was the vulture, the scavenger of the animal kingdom, gluttoning upon carrion, which preyed upon his vitals, knowing that in

a defenseless man who could neither move hand nor foot he had one into whose vitals he could dig his beak."

He sat down amid a stillness so profound that the rustle of a paper sounded harshly. Chandler was deadly pale. Drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and he clenched the arms of his chair until the strained wood creaked. It was expected that he would reply. Twice he half arose, then sank back. He did not reply.

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## *MAKING OUR WAY HOME FROM APPOMATTOX.*

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

By the terms of the surrender we were not to be molested in returning to our homes with our paroles; but Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army in North Carolina had not as yet surrendered, and there were many hostile forces between us and our homes. For our protection our company decided to maintain our organization as a means of mutual benefit. We had no idea what difficulties were to be met with on our way. We were unarmed, and if attacked by Sherman's soldiers or deserters we had no means of defense.

Fortunately, we had no trouble with any of our old enemies, none of whom we met until we reached Macon, Ga., which place we found full of Wilson's Cavalry, who had arrived there a few days before. They had heard of Lee's surrender and did not interfere with us. After we had supplied our haversacks with a sufficient quantity of meal at the mill mentioned in my previous article, we marched leisurely toward Danville, Va., where we found an abundance of commissary stores sent there by the authorities at Richmond. But if we had not been fed by the enemy, the army would have perished before we got to these supplies. We found the town full of soldiers who had outtraveled us; and as there was no train for Greensboro, N. C., that day, we decided to take a much-needed rest, cook up food for several days, and otherwise prepare for our long journey home. One of our men borrowed a big wash pot, in which we placed a quantity of dry speckled peas, choice food with us at that time, and a shoulder of very salty bacon. A great fire was kindled around it, and we sat about on the platform of the railroad watching it. We watched and waited while the meat rose to the surface and sank again in the boiling water. Our mouths were watering for a taste of that bacon and the peas. Occasionally some one would run down and examine to see if the contents were done and add fuel to the fire, but they were always found to be as hard almost as when we put them in the pot. It did seem that our dinner would never get done enough to eat. Finally a comrade suggested that we watch the pot and save his part of the contents while he went down to the arsenal, some distance away, and got some powder and lead to take home.

He was gone quite a while, and we still sat there watching the performance of our pot, when all at once we were startled by a tremendous explosion that shook the entire town, and pieces of shell began to drop about us and everywhere in the city. Soon we saw men running with stretchers toward the scene, bringing mangled boys and soldiers away. Our comrade finally returned and reported that he had just got out of the building and far enough away not to be killed when the explosion took place. It seemed that the soldiers doing police duty in the town, when they found that General Lee had surrendered, refused to obey the orders of the mayor and keep the little boys, negroes, and soldiers out of the building filled with guns and all kinds of explosives. Crowds rushed to this place, where the floors and cellar were covered an inch or more deep in powder. A boy snapped a gun to see if it was loaded and blew up the place jam full of boys, negroes, and soldiers. Our comrade told us that two women going down the street on the other side at the time of the explosion caught fire. In their pain and fright they dashed forward to the river and plunged in, only to lose their lives by drowning.

Nothing remained of the building the next day. The cellar alone marked the spot where it had stood. The mayor had the remnants of human beings collected and put in a large box and thus buried. How many of our brave soldiers perished in this unfortunate catastrophe no one will ever know.

After waiting here some time, we got transportation on freight cars to Greensboro, where we again had to wait over some time. Here we first came in touch with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's men. What attracted our attention most was the various gambling games in progress everywhere. Our men had long since eliminated this vicious habit, and we were surprised to know that it still survived in the Army of the West. I remember that when we were going into our first battle at Cold Harbor in June, 1862, the ground along the roadside was strewn with greasy cards, thrown away by our soldiers who did not want to be killed with these evidences of wickedness on their persons.

While waiting at the depot Generals Beauregard and Joseph E. Johnston rode up. I thought I never saw handsomer men in my life except General Lee. They looked like kings as they sat on their fine horses giving orders to their soldiers. The nobility of their characters was as admirable as their persons.

Speaking of General Lee reminds me of a little incident. During the Christmas holidays in 1863, when our brigade was doing picket duty along the Rapidan, General Lee, supposing there would be no occasion for his presence, went to Richmond. On the other side of the river Gen. R. B. Hayes, who was afterwards President of the United States, and another general, under the influence of the usual Christmas cheer, decided to assume the offensive, clean out the entire Confederate army, and end the war. As soon as they had crossed the river General Gordon hastened to meet them with our brigade, and we had quite a time fighting them before we drove them back across the river. We killed a great many and captured a large number of prisoners. General Lee did not arrive until the morning after the fight. Our prisoners were very anxious to see him, and as he rode along reviewing our brigade they made many very complimentary remarks, such as, "He is the grandest man I ever saw," while from another would come, "O if we only had such a general!" and many more such expressions were made.

The railroad tracks were in a shocking condition where they could be used, and the freight cars were equally bad; but when we had the opportunity our men crowded into them and on top of them as long as there was space to crowd in. Once more we started and managed, by walking part of the way, to get to High Point. This is now a beautiful and flourishing manufacturing city; it was then a little old dilapidated village. Here we had to lie over again. The next morning some comrades and I were preparing our breakfast at a little fire when a very gentlemanly soldier from Texas approached us and said: "Boys, have you heard of old Abe's demise?" "No," we replied. He then told us that John Wilkes Booth had killed President Lincoln. We could but feel at the time that it was only an expiation for the atrocities he had allowed his soldiers to commit and the treatment accorded our de-

fenseless prisoners in his hands, doing so much to create bitter sectional feeling by the methods he employed, when he could have accomplished the same ends by a more humane policy. Many think that if he had lived there would never have been the persecution of the South in Reconstruction days, but no argument could be more false. Lincoln would have been just as wholly in the hands of the most radical element of his political party and could have done little in opposition to their wishes.

Once more we mounted those old ramshackle cars that had done duty during the whole war without repair. We were packed in them and on top like sardines. When we reached Blackstock Station, in South Carolina, in the darkness, our engine ran into a freight car standing on the track, and the top of the one on which I was riding broke in, dumping us down on our companions sleeping below. Strange to say, nobody was seriously hurt. We now decided to abandon the railroad and make our way on foot across the country to Aiken, S. C. Reaching that place, we went to the broad piazza of the hotel to rest. The proprietor came out and said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry I cannot entertain you better, but you are welcome to occupy my front porch."

From Aiken we went to Augusta, Ga., where we found one of our comrades, who had by some means outtraveled us. When the Confederate stores of every kind were opened, he secured for each one of us a new suit of clothes from head to foot and much other plunder. I took my new clothes and a piece of soap to the river at the back of the building where we were stopping, and, divesting myself of the old ragged duds I had worn so long, I cast them with all the living things they contained into the Savannah River to float on and out to the Atlantic Ocean.

On our way to Atlanta our engine ran off the track at Stone Mountain; but the train crew got it back in place, and we were soon in that city of ruins. I saw but one house that had not been burned, and it stood at the end of White Hall Street and overlooked the place. I was told that it was Sherman's headquarters while he occupied the city. As we passed along the ruined streets desperate-looking men peeped at us from cellars with the eyes of hawks. They looked like desperadoes who had followed the wake of Sherman's army to rob, steal, or murder as opportunity offered. But if they had injured one of our men, it would have cost the offender his life.

From Atlanta to Macon we rode in comfortable passenger cars and were not overcrowded, as many of our soldiers had branched off in every direction to their homes. At each station some of our comrades got off, and we bade them adieu. Macon, as I have already said, was full of Wilson's raiders, but we were not molested by them. After another delay here we entrained for Albany, then the terminus of the railroad, fifty-six miles to Bainbridge, Ga., our home town. We were informed that the stage would make its last trip under the company's mail contract with the Confederate government that evening to Bainbridge and Quincy, Fla., and that the fare was $120 in Confederate money to Bainbridge. I sold an extra pair of shoes I got at Augusta for that sum and secured a ticket. The coach was crowded, but our driver had a splendid team of horses, which was changed every ten or twelve miles. There were two ladies with us bound for Tallahassee, Fla., and to these we gave the best seats inside the coach, while we occupied the top and the seat with the driver. At daybreak the stage stopped in front of John Sharon's hotel at Bainbridge, and I stepped out amidst a crowd assembled to greet friends and to hear the news. I did not see any one I knew except Dr. Moritz Hahn, an old Jewish citizen, who informed me where to find my people in the town. This was May 4, 1865, and so many changes had taken place in my absence that I did not know the people. But I should mention that new conditions were met with after we left Macon. From that place to Albany every warehouse at the different stations along the road was piled to its capacity with Confederate corn and army supplies. It seemed that there was enough stored there to supply all the armies we had in the field, while we were starving in Virginia.

My father lived on his plantation, one and a half miles out of town. He was one of the county officials and very prominent in supporting the cause by feeding and caring for the families of the soldiers who were away fighting for their country. My oldest brother, now returned from the army, was very apprehensive lest the Yankees, when they occupied the town, would hang him for the active part he had taken. But he did not seem to care or feel any uneasiness; and when it was reported that Captain Roberson, of the 13th Maine Regiment, with a hundred men and two lieutenants, was coming from Albany to take over the government in the name of the United States, he called Sam, the carriage driver, and told him to hitch up and go to meet the soldiers and bring Captain Roberson and his officers to our house and invite him to make it his headquarters. This Sam did; and when Roberson came, my father met him on the porch and extended his hand, at the same time saying that he had sent for him to have his protection; that he had done all he could for the cause of the South, but now that we were defeated it was in his hands to bestow such treatment as he saw fit. Roberson seemed to be very sullen the whole time he was there, but his soldiers did not commit any depredations. They were relieved by a battalion of Kentucky cavalry. These men seemed to have been forced into the service to fight in a cause they did not like and so vented their anger on the poor negroes, treating them with the greatest cruelty. They came without any wagons or feed for their horses, about six hundred in number, and compelled our old foreman, Sambo, to give up the keys and helped themselves to six hundred bushels of corn and other forage. Sambo and Sam were pressed into service to haul the stuff to their camps, and when they moved to Tallahassee they took the two negroes and our teams with them. This was after all the Confederate armies had surrendered, and father was never paid one cent by the United States government. A battalion of infantry from Indiana, under Captain Mason, took the place of the Kentuckians, and during their stay our citizens began to realize the evils of reconstruction, the darkest page in all the history of our country. Our government was placed in the hands of carpetbaggers, negroes, and our own Southern traitors, many of whom had been prominent in the secession movement, but took no part in the fighting that resulted. They joined the Union League to get office and have a part in the robbery and plunder of their fellow citizens. Their management of the State government was so outrageous that we organized the Ku-Klux Klan and redeemed the country. Since that time the South has remained solid.

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I claim no prophet's vision, but I see
Through coming years, now near at hand, now distant,
My rescued country, glorious and free,
And strong and self-existent.

—*John R. Thompson.*

## GUERRILLA WARFARE IN MISSOURI.

BY W. J. COURTNEY (WHO WAS WITH COMPANY B, SHANK'S REGIMENT, 5TH MISSOURI CAVALRY, SHELBY'S BRIGADE, PRICE'S ARMY), LONG BEACH, CAL.

I was always strongly opposed to guerrilla warfare, believing it wrong and a poor way to settle anything; yet I want to give you a few facts as to the causes for guerrilla warfare in Missouri, where it was more bitter and merciless than in any other State. So far as Southern men took part in it, it was strictly a war of retaliation. In September, 1861, Jim Lane, with a body of Kansas jayhawkers, wantonly burned and destroyed the town of Osceola, in St. Clair County, Mo., and a little later in the fall of that year the bloody butcher, McNeil, with a Federal command, had ten prisoners, most of them noncombatants, shot simply because some Union man in that neighborhood had disappeared from his home and could not be found.

In November, 1861, Col. C. B. Jennison, of the 1st Kansas Cavalry, issued a proclamation to the people of the border counties of Missouri, in which he declared: "All who shall disregard these propositions (to surrender their arms and sign deeds of forfeiture of their property) shall be treated as traitors and slain wherever found. Their property shall be confiscated and their houses burned, and in no case will any one be spared, either in person or property, who refuses to accept these propositions."

And the Federals boasted of their barbarity. On December 27, 1861, the St. Louis *Democrat* stated that "Lieutenant Mack, sent out to Vienna with twenty Kansas rangers, returned yesterday. He brought no prisoners, that being a useless operation about played out." The Rolla *Express,* a Union paper of the same date, said: "A scouting party of rangers, which left this place last week for Maries County, has returned. The boys bring no prisoners; it is not their style."

At that time there was not an organized Southern guerrilla band in the State of Missouri, nor had there been. The first of that kind was organized by Quantrell. In January, 1862, Quantrell had seven men with him and operated in Jackson County, Mo. During that month Captain Gregg joined Quantrell with thirteen men, making his entire force twenty men. After that his command increased rapidly. He had fights and took many prisoners, but he always paroled them. In a fight at Little Santa Fe Quantrell and his band were surprised and surrounded in a house. The house was set on fire, and they fought their way out. One of his men was wounded and captured, taken to Fort Leavenworth and shot.

On the night of the 20th of March, 1862, Quantrell, with sixty men, camped on Blackwater, four miles from the little town of California. On the morning of the 21st he got a copy of the St. Louis *Republic,* which contained General Halleck's proclamation outlawing his band and all other bands of partisan rangers and bushwhackers and ordering Federal officers not to take them prisoners, but to kill them wherever found. Quantrell said nothing of the proclamation until he had formed his men next morning. He then read it to them, told them it meant the black flag, and gave every man his choice who could not fight under the black flag to fall out and return home and all who could to follow him. Twenty of his force turned and rode away with him. Never until then had Quantrell or his men shot a prisoner or a Federal soldier who surrendered. They accepted the black flag when it was forced upon them.

The capture, sacking, and burning of Lawrence, Kans., after that was in retaliation for the sacking and burning of Osceola by Jim Lane and his men more than a year before. The fight and massacre, as it has been called, at Centralia was in retaliation for the killing of one of Anderson's sisters and the crippling for life of another by undermining and throwing down a house in Kansas City in which they, with other Southern women, were confined.

Missouri was isolated and cut off from the Confederacy. There was a Federal garrison in most every town in the State. A manifestation of sympathy for the South meant banishment, confiscation, and destruction of property, or death. There was no law. The courts were terrorized, and officers were military puppets of the power. Fire and sword reigned supreme, and the guerrillas and bushwhackers simply paid back the insults and wrongs to which they and their families and their friends were subject. They fought in the only way in which they could fight, and they fought to kill. William Anderson was killed in a fight with Curtis's command at Orrick, Ray County, Mo., in the fall of 1864, and his body was dragged through the streets of Richmond, Mo., by the Federals. Quantrell survived the war and died in Kentucky some time later.

In the fall of 1863 General Ewing issued his infamous, devilish order No. 11, requiring all of the old Southern men (the young men having already gone South) and all of the Southern women and children to vacate their homes and remove from Jackson County under pain of death. Their beautiful homes were then sacked and burned and their best household furniture, pianos, and musical instruments were loaded into wagons and carts and carried away to Kansas.

I am loath to recall those diabolical crimes so long after the war, but it will be many years yet, if ever, before the people of Missouri and the South forget these outrages of rapine, murder, and destruction of their homes and property. Several of Quantrell's and Anderson's men are still living at their homes in the counties of Clay, Jackson, and Lafayette. No charge of crime or violation of the law has ever been laid at their doors. They have been law-abiding, industrious citizens since the close of hostilities.

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## THE JORDAN SPRINGS BATTLE.

Capt. James I. Metts, of Wilmington, N. C., who was commander of Company G, 3d North Carolina Infantry, later assistant inspector of Grimes's Division, writes of the fight in which Col. Richard Snowden Andrews and his men bore such a gallant part. He says:

"It afforded me great pleasure to read the memorial address by J. W. Owens at the dedication of the handsome bronze tablet marking the spot where Col. Richard Snowden Andrews, commanding two guns, and Brig. Gen. George H. Steuart's brigade, composed of the 10th, 23d, 27th Virginia, and the 1st and 3d North Carolina Regiments, held in check the Yankees who were passing on their retreat. I was second lieutenant in Company G, 3d North Carolina Infantry, at the time.

"About sunset on the 14th of June, 1863, Steuart's Brigade was ordered on the march from around Winchester, where it had been all day under shelling from the Yankee batteries. It marched all night and went only about five or six miles, halting every short distance until just at the crack of day (the 3d North Carolona Infantry was at the head of the column leading the brigade), when the crack of a rifle and the whiz of a bullet came over the head of the column, telling us that the Yanks were near. This aroused the boys quickly from their naps, lounging on the ground, rocks, etc.

Lieutenant Colonel Parsley, commanding the 3d North Carolina, threw the regiment a few paces out of the road into the woods for protection from the fire and changed front on first company, facing the direction the fire came from, and advanced his troops and took possession of a railroad cut and track which passed under the bridge about the center of a field two hundred yards wide at that point and one hundred yards from the woods where the Yanks were. Company G and the left company were ordered off to the left in a large open field to meet a force of cavalry coming down on our left flank, which proved to be General Milroy and his staff making their escape by another road—and succeeded. Seeing this, the two companies returned to the regiment, which was then in the railroad cut, and we had to pass under the bridge and became engaged with the enemy just to the right of the bridge on which was this battery. While the troops were getting into position under fire over this field to the cut Gen. Alleghany Johnson, commanding the division out in the field, mounted, with his walking cane in hand, exclaimed: 'Why in the hell don't you open that battery?' As ammunition and everything else was scarce in the Confederacy, I sat on the bank watching the Yanks in the woods and told the boys to 'hold their fire until they came out in the field, then give it to them heavy.'

"This battle was known as Jordan's Spring. Though of short duration, it was decidedly very active on both sides, and this regiment, as was its custom, was in the thickest of the fray supporting the guns. In this battle George Rouse, of Company D, was killed, and Lieutenant Craig and others were wounded. Our position being in the railroad cut, we were in a great measure protected from the bullets. While Steuart's Brigade and the guns on the bridge fought the battle, a guard from the Stonewall Brigade was sent to Richmond with more than twenty-five hundred prisoners, who had thrown down their guns, and were highly commended for gallantry, which praise belonged to this brigade.

"Mr. Owens in his address says: 'After being wounded I called to the corporal to put another man in my place at the guns and to get off the field. Fearing to be shot in the back, I ran from tree to tree until I reached the road in the rear just as the Stonewall Brigade came up in quick time, and I called to General Walker to get his men to the front in double-quick; that the Yanks were pressing our left and would take our guns. My appeal was ignored. General Walker saw that I was wounded and naturally thought I was demoralized; but vindication came when one of General Johnson's aids came dashing down the road, and my request was made an order, etc.'

"Mr. Owens is mistaken as to the position of the troops and the danger of the guns being captured, for the 3d North Carolina Infantry was in the cut supporting the guns. I could see the Yanks dodging behind the trees, and they did not advance much nearer than the edge of the woods, which was about one hundred yards from us into the field, for our boys poured the shot and shell into them heavy. The Stonewall Brigade was sent around to the right to head off the Yanks, who were trying to escape down the road, and about twenty-five hundred of them threw down their guns. I believe Jones's Brigade was on the right of Steuart's Brigade. Lieut. John A. Morgan, of the 1st North Carolina Infantry, rendered valuable aid in handling the guns on the bridge when the gunners were killed or wounded. He was as brave and noble a boy as ever drew sword, and his loss was greatly felt in his regiment, the 1st North Carolina Infantry."

## *ON THE MOVE.*

BY ISAAC L. THOMAS, PLAINVIEW, TEX.

I served with the 25th Virginia Cavalry, made up principally in Lee and Scott Counties, Va. My company (B) was commanded by Capt. Pat Lanier, and the commander of Company D was Capt. Jim Lanier, his brother, now living in Missouri. We did a great deal of service in the Valley of Virginia east of Staunton with Early's Brigade, commanded by General Lomax. We were in the raid into Maryland and were then sent into the west part of the State to recruit and get up stragglers, as our command was scattered, and also guarded the route between North Carolina and East Tennessee, as many were leaving these parts for Kentucky to join the Federals. We got down as far as Bristol, Tenn.

Preparations were then being made for the battle at Chickamauga, and they needed all the soldiers they could muster. We were ordered in that direction. Our horses were put in the cars and we on top to make the trip to Knoxville. We had a tedious trip. The railroad was bad and the cars old and worn, so repairs had to be made at nearly every station. But there were plenty of watermelons on the depot platforms, some of which found their way to us. We would eat the heart out and then throw the rinds at the few section hands along the road, who responded with rocks, which naturally fell on the rear cars after we had passed. We hadn't run very far till all the boys were crowded on the front cars.

Arriving at Knoxville, we were unloaded and went south across the bridge on the Tennessee River, then went to Cleveland and ran the Yankees out of there the day the big battle commenced at Chickamauga. Shortly after this General Wheeler organized his raid through Tennessee to cut off the Federal supplies, which they had to haul by wagon a good distance. We crossed the Tennessee River at Cotton Fort, east of Chattanooga. At McMinnville our regiment was in front, and we captured a regiment of infantry and a large quantity of supplies, as this was one of the Federal depots. Another part of the army turned to Sequatchie Valley, through which a large train of wagons was making for Chattanooga. It was told that five hundred wagons were captured and the contents destroyed.

General Hodges commanded our brigade on this raid. Our next town was Shelbyville, but some of the army beat us to it and captured a big supply of provisions, then went through town and camped for the night. We had a considerable fight the next morning and held the enemy in check. Then we made for Murfreesboro, but did not take the town. There was too much infantry, and General Wheeler's object was to fight as little as possible. We tore up the railroad and burned crossties. Again on the move, we got back across the Tennessee River at Mussel Shoals, which we forded west of Chattanooga where it is said to be three miles wide, with two small islands. We reached a small place called White Plains, Ala., and stayed there a few days, then were ordered back to Virginia. We left Alabama by way of Georgia, South and North Carolina to Wytheville, Va., then went east of New River, where we were when Lee surrendered. Some of us wanted to leave and go to join Johnston's army, but we were overpersuaded by our officers and struck out for home, fearing if we surrendered there the Yankees would take our horses. We surrendered at Cumberland Gap and got our paroles. I have mine yet.

I lived in Virginia till 1895, when I went to Corinth, Miss., and was there twenty-two years, then removed to Texas. I should be glad to hear from any of my comrades.

# THE LAST ROLL

Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, $3.00 each.

"Blare of the strident trumpet, roll of drum!
The while we listen stirring visions come;
We see the glinting bayonet's cold flash
And hear the armies meet in cosmic clash.

Cased colors, muffled drums, the solemn dirge!
Across our souls the floods of sorrow surge;
We see as in a dream the battle dead—
And God's stars smiling softly overhead!"

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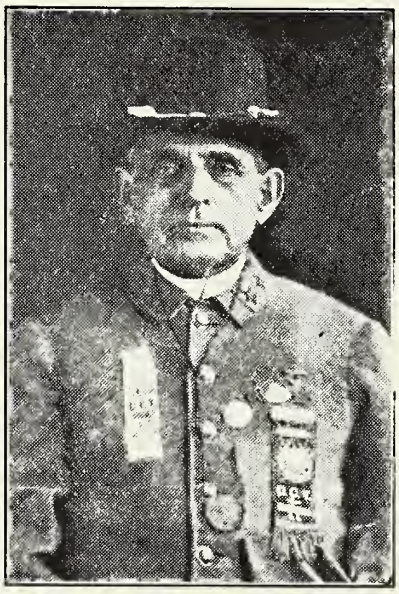
### Gen. J. Fuller Lyon, U. C. V.

On Friday, November 5, 1920, there passed into the great beyond the soul of Gen. J. Fuller Lyon, who died as he had lived, a true soldier of Christ. He was born in Abbeville County, S. C., on April 1, 1842.

Entering the Confederate service as a private in the 7th South Carolina Infantry, he was soon made corporal and was with this regiment in the battle of First Manassas. In 1862, after a spell of typhoid fever, he was discharged, as his term of enlistment had expired. In the winter of 1862 he enlisted in Company H, of the 19th South Carolina Infantry, was soon made first lieutenant, and was in all the battles of the Army of Tennessee from Murfreesboro to Atlanta, Ga., where he lost his left arm on July 28, 1864, after recovering a wounded comrade, his captain, who had fallen under fire. On the battle field at Chickamauga he was promoted for gallantry. At all times he rendered distinguished service and fought with valor.



GEN. J. FULLER LYON, U. C. V.

In the dark days of Reconstruction in South Carolina he did his full part in wresting the control of his State from the hated scalawag, carpetbagger, and negro. In this work he showed the same firm spirit that he did in the front of the enemy in war.

General Lyon was an active worker in the United Confederate Veterans, and at the time of his death was Adjutant General of the Army of Northern Virginia, Brigadier General commanding the First Brigade of South Carolina Division, Commander of Camp Hampton, and Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of the Soldiers' Home, Columbia, S. C.

In the passing of this good and blessed man the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has lost one of her most active laymen. He had a wonderfully strong character and lived an exemplary Christian life. He represented his Church in the General Conference at Richmond, Va., and for thirty years he was Treasurer of the South Carolina Conference. Truly he was full of good works. He was also an active and influential Mason.

No braver or nobler comrade was among us. All who knew him mourn his departure. There is a vacant place in the hearts of his many friends and his loved ones which will never be filled.

General Lyon is survived by his widow and two sons by his first marriage. His body was laid to rest in Melrose Cemetery, at Abbeville, S. C. The entire city turned out to do honor to the memory of this good man.

"In an army of knights led by a knight none could there knightlier be;
In an army of patriots led by a patriot none more patriotic than he;
In his own South the stainless soldier lies.
He is not dead, for honor never dies."

### Green Anderson Cox.

Green Anderson Cox, a soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia, died on the 18th of November, 1920, while visiting his son in Scott County, Miss.

Comrade Cox was a courageous and valiant soldier of the Confederacy. He was born at Greensboro, Ala., on the 9th of April, 1836, the son of Charles H. and Jane E. Cox. The family removed to Mississippi while he was very young, and their home was near Brandon. He enlisted in April, 1861, and became a member of the first company volunteering from Brandon and Rankin County, organized by Capt. Joe Jayne, and which soon became one of the units of the illustrious 18th Mississippi, commanded by Col. Joe Jayne, of Barksdale's Brigade. He followed the fortunes of these commands through the battles of Seven Pines, Seven Days around Richmond, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Knoxville, and the Wilderness, where as Barksdale's Brigade with Longstreet's Corps came up in double-quick and rushed on to save the day he, being in the front rank, received a ball in his right knee, crushing the bones and disabling him for further active service.

Green Anderson Cox was a most genial and companionable fellow soldier, and in peace, as in war, he was always happy in doing what he could for the welfare of his fellow man and his country. Five children survive him, four sons and a daughter. There are also four brothers surviving him, two in Texas and two in Mississippi, two of whom were members of the Army of Tennessee through the four years of eventful strife and surrendered with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Green Anderson was the eldest of his father's children, and upon his father's death he assumed charge of the estate and became a planter and one of the leading merchants of Brandon. He lived a long, useful, and upright life and left a name honored by his fellow men. He sleeps beside his wife in the Brandon Cemetery among many of his kindred and friends.

### Albert Stacey Caison.

Albert Stacey Caison, son of the late Cannon and Henriette Jessup Caison, was born in Fayetteville, N. C., on December 20, 1842, and died in Russellville, Ark., on December 1, 1920.

A short time before the beginning of the War between the States the family moved to Lenoir, N. C., and from this place both father and son entered the Confederate service. The father joined the first company of volunteers from the county, the "Caldwell Rough and Ready Boys," afterwards Company A, 22d Regiment of North Carolina Troops. The son became a member of Company I, 26th Regiment of North Carolina Troops, and shared the fortunes of that famous regiment until he was wounded and captured on the third day of the battle of Gettysburg. He was taken to Fort McHenry and thence to Fort Delaware, where for three months he suffered all the horrors of filth and vermin, besides the continual gnawings of hunger. On the 13th of October the Gettysburg prisoners were transferred to Point Lookout. Here he remained for seventeen months, and to the hardships suffered at Fort Delaware were added cold and nakedness, the only advantage being the luxury of bathing. He was paroled in March, 1865, and was at home just one month when he was recaptured in his own yard by Stoneman's raiders as they passed through Lenoir. Although a paroled prisoner, he was taken to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was again imprisoned for three months, he and a number of others refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States government until they knew certainly that Kirby Smith was no longer holding out in the Southwest.

A short time after the close of the war he went West, as so many young men did at that time, and located in Jefferson City, Mo., where he lived for many years, going finally to Arkansas to be with his son, from whose home he passed away.

While in Missouri Mr. Caison married Miss Virginia Martinique, who, with his two sons, Dr. Albert Jessup Caison, of Russellville, Ark., and Mr. Edward Martinique Caison, of Caisson, Colo., survive him. He is also survived by four sisters in North Carolina. He was a loving husband, father, and brother, a good citizen and a brave soldier. For many years he was a member of the Episcopal Church, faithful in attendance on her services and sacraments, and was a member of the vestry of Grace Church, Jefferson City, while he resided there.

"The golden evening brightest in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest."

### Caleb P. Warren.

Caleb P. Warren died at his home, in Abilene, Tex., on January 17, 1921, at the age of eighty-two years. He enlisted in the first company of cavalry organized in his home county in Arkansas in the early spring of 1861. The company was intended for Borland's Regiment, but never joined it.

Companies A, B, C, D, and E were detached and formed the 1st Battalion of Arkansas Cavalry, commanded by Maj. Charles Pfifer. Comrade Warren and the writer belonged to Company E, and I was adjutant of the battalion. We were first sent to the Missouri border and were mustered into the Confederate service at Pitman's Ferry, in Arkansas, and were sent into Kentucky. We spent the winter in Kentucky doing outpost duty for General Hindman's legion. Part of the time we were with Morgan's men and part of it with Terry's Texas Rangers. The battalion was in the Shiloh battle, after which I was discharged, commissioned a staff officer, and sent to the Trans-Mississippi Department with Gen. Dandridge McRae. The battalion fought throughout the Georgia campaign, when Sherman was "marching through Georgia."

Comrade Warren was a fine soldier, always ready to perform any duty; not only a fine soldier, but a true type of the Southern gentleman. When the surrender came, there were only a few of the old company left, and Comrade Warren was one of them. He returned to Arkansas and did a mercantile business for several years and in the eighties moved to Abilene, Tex.

Only four members of the old company are left, three besides myself, and I am in my eighty-seventh year.

[C. J. Hanks, Neshoba, Tenn.]

### Alexander Coyner.

[From memorial resolutions passed on January 22, 1921, at San Jose, Cal.]

Into the great beyond has passed another of our dear old veterans, Mr. Alexander Coyner. And since it has pleased our dear Father to call home to higher and greater work this true soldier of the dear Southland, who was ever a kind and noble friend, a just and loyal citizen, and a loving and devoted husband and father, be it resolved that in his passing his family have sustained an irreparable loss, that the Gen. John B. Gordon Chapter, U. D. C., has lost a true friend, and that the entire community is the poorer because of the loss of an honored and respected member.

Mr. Coyner was born on March 1, 1840, near Waynesboro, Va. He was one of the oldest of the thirteen children of Martin and Annie Coyner. He attained his majority in 1861 and, with his brother Charles (who passed away in 1912), enlisted in Company E, 1st Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. He took part in every large battle of the Army of Northern Virginia, and on account of being a good soldier and well mounted he was often called upon to do scout duty and carry dispatches. At one time he served as courier for Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Although his position there was much safer and easier, he asked to be returned to his former company so as to be with his brother and comrades. He never surrendered, being at home wounded when the war closed.

In 1867 he came to California and settled near Pleyto, Monterey County, where he farmed for about forty years. He was married in 1881 to Mrs. Mary Stover Koiner, of Fishersville, Va. In 1913 he retired from active life, and after an extensive trip throughout the East, visiting his people and friends in Virginia, he made his home in San Jose, Cal.

Mr. Coyner was possessed of an exceptionally peaceable disposition and was most patient during his several years of failing health. He is survived by three daughters, Erna M. Pinkerton, Rena C. Keesling, and Eva B. Morovanni, his wife having passed away in 1914, besides many relatives in the East, among them four sisters and three brothers.

### John H. Sneed.

John H. Sneed died on November 3, 1920, a veteran known for his splendid war record, and no man ever left a better record of citizenship. He entered the service of the Confederacy in October, 1862, at the age of nineteen, and served the rest of the war, always able to report for duty. He entered as a private and remained a private, being too humble and modest to accept an office had it been ever so earnestly urged upon him. He served with Company C, 2d Tennessee

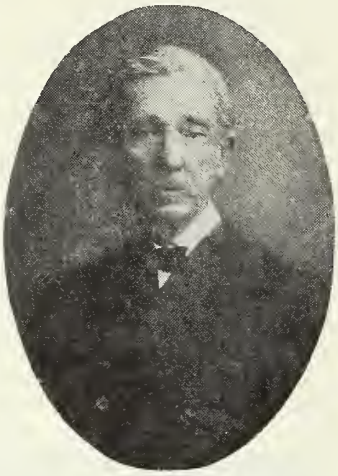
Cavalry, Barton's Regiment. He was with Forrest at Fort Pillow and remained with Forrest to the end. He was a devout Christian, a stanch believer in the Baptist faith. He loved the Confederacy and talked it to his last day. He was the last member of a large family and was never married.

[E. D. Thomas.]

### Maj. John L. Branch.

Maj. John L. Branch, who died at Cedartown, Ga., on August 1, 1920, was born on February 25, 1835. His long life had been a benediction to his kind. He was educated at Mercer University, and at the age of twenty-one was graduated from Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia. Dr. Meigs, of national reputation, declared him "prepared to practice medicine," and his skill in after years bore testimony to his efficiency in medicine and surgery.

Volunteering as a soldier in Polk County, Ga., under Captain Borders, of the 21st Georgia Infantry, he was soon promoted from third to second lieutenant. After being in Virginia for nine months, he resigned and joined the 1st Georgia Cavalry at Sparta, Tenn. After this he was made surgeon in the place of Dr. Witcher, who was killed in the desperate assault on the courthouse in Murfreesboro, and Dr. Branch himself was injured by a falling limb while a wagon train was being destroyed at Cassville, Ga., under orders of General Johnston. Recovering, he joined his regiment near Peachtree Creek and helped to resist Sherman's advance.



J. L. BRANCH.

The 1st Georgia Cavalry was ordered to follow General Stoneman, who had been sent to release the Federal prisoners at Andersonville. A battle was fought at Sunshine Church with one hundred and eighty men of the 1st Georgia Cavalry and one hundred and twenty men of the 3d Georgia, the whole of Stoneman's command being captured.

General Hood, now in command, ordered Wheeler to go through Tennessee and cut Sherman's lines of communication, but Dr. Branch was not able to go along. In January, 1865, he rejoined his regiment and went to Savannah and afterwards to Charleston to be examined by the army medical board, after which he was promoted to brigade surgeon of Carolina and Georgia regiments. This brigade was continually attacking Sherman's flanks and showed its mettle, surrendering at last at Greeensboro, N. C. In all this conflict Dr. Branch was a true soldier, often under fire. He was of heroic mold, coming of a stock possessing the qualities of genuine manhood.

As a citizen of Polk County, Ga., Dr. Branch was always prominent in its affairs. He had served as registrar and as chairman of the board of commissioners and represented the county in the legislature of 1890-91.

While at college at Penfield, Ga., Dr. Branch joined the Baptist Church, and he served as deacon in the Cedartown Church for sixty years. He was twice married. Two sons and a daughter survive him.

### Capt. Frank Gaiennie.

Capt. Frank Gaiennie, a prominent Confederate veteran of St. Louis, Mo., died in that city on February 8 at the age of eighty years. He was born in New Orleans, La., and went to St. Louis in 1873. At one time he was President of the Merchants' Exchange and had been a member of the organization for nearly fifty years. He was President and also manager of the St. Louis Exposition, and he also served as police commissioner during the administration of Governor Marmaduke.

The birthplace of Captain Gaiennie in New Orleans was at the corner of Gaiennie and Tchoupitoulas Streets, the former having been named for his grandfather, who came to this country from France in 1739 and was among the early French residents of New Orleans.

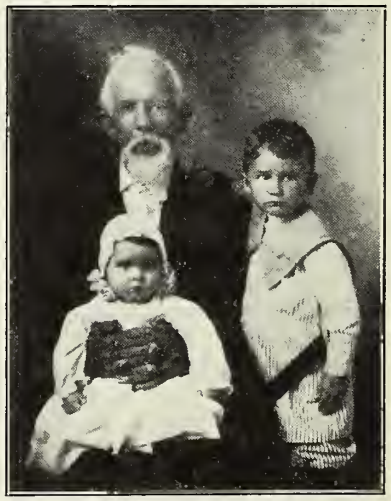
Enlisting as a private in the Confederate army at the beginning of the War between the States, Comrade Gaiennie served throughout the struggle, and at the close was a first lieutenant in Company G, 3d Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers. He was in all the battles of the Trans-Mississippi Department and was captured during the siege of Vicksburg.

He was always prominent in celebrations of Confederate veterans. He was one of the incorporators of the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mo., and served as Secretary of the Board of Managers. He was also one of the originators of the Veiled Prophet organization.

Captain Gaiennie and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in February, 1920. He is survived by his wife and five of their seven children—two daughters and three sons. One of his sons, Louis Rene Gaiennie, was awarded the Congressional medal of honor for his services with the Marine Corps during the siege of Pekin.

### Thomas Jefferson Worthy.

Thomas Jefferson Worthy passed away at his home, in Alexander City, Ala., on November 13, 1919. He was born at Chester, S. C., in 1839. The family removed to Tallapoosa, County, Ala., when he was but a small child, and he resided in this county until his death. He was married to Miss Ellen Thompson on May 14, 1865. Seven children survive him, one having preceded him many years to the eternal home.



CAPTAIN WORTHY AND GRANDCHILDREN.

It was the lot of Comrade Worthy to reach a ripe old age. He lived long, he lived well; he died in the hope of the gospel; he rests well. He was a good citizen, a loyal patriot, and a brave soldier, ranking as captain of Company C, 6th Alabama Cavalry, in the War between the States. He fought in the battles of Lookout Mountain and Atlanta, and for more than a hundred days the saddle was never off his horse except to rearrange the blanket. He was a true man, simple in

dress and deportment, dignified in bearing. The transparency of his life and the genuineness of his character, together with a sincere friendliness and a keen appreciation, drew people to him; hence the devotion of his neighbors and friends. As a husband and father he was the object of high esteem and of tender and profound affection, the unfailing tribute of his devoted wife and children to his untiring fidelity and love.

Thomas Worthy was a devoted member of the Alexander City Baptist Church, an exemplary Christian, holding a warm place in the hearts of his brethren.

### Capt. J. K. Fisher.

Capt. J. K. Fisher, a member of Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V., of Fresno, Cal., died in that city on February 12, 1920, at the age of eighty years. He was a native of Tennessee and enlisted in the Confederate army when twenty-one years of age, serving as a captain in the regiment commanded by Col. John H. Savage, the 16th Tennessee Infantry.

J. K. FISHER.

Captain Fisher was a good citizen of his adopted State, a kind and affectionate husband, a faithful friend, and a loyal son of the South. His wife survives him.

### Capt. James S. Hill.

Capt. James S. Hill, veteran river man of St. Charles, Mo., and a veteran of the Confederacy, died in that city on October 8, 1920, after a short illness. He was born in Carroll County, Mo., on November 21, 1841. His parents went to that State from Ohio in 1837, built a log hut, and engaged in farming; but in 1857 the farm was traded for an interest in the steamboat Minnehaha, and at the age of sixteen James Hill began learning to be a pilot on this boat. When the War between the States came on, he answered the call of Governor Jackson and enlisted in the Confederate army, serving under Sterling Price as a member of Brewster's company, C, 1st Regiment of Cavalry, Col. Ben T. Reeves, of the 4th Division, commanded by General Slack. His father also volunteered at the age of fifty and became quartermaster of the same division with the rank of colonel. He was captured at Blackwater in 1861 and sent to Gratiot Prison, where he died in January, 1862.

Captain Hill fought in the battles of Carthage, Wilson's Creek, Lexington, Lone Jack, Pea Ridge, and Helena. He was taken prisoner in 1862 and paroled and again became a pilot in 1863. He aided nine Confederate prisoners to escape from his boat on its way to St. Louis by dressing them in civilian clothes and landing them by night.

After the war Captain Hill continued his work as pilot on the Missouri River until 1884, then was a watchman for the Wabash Railroad on the St. Charles bridge until 1916.

He was married in 1862 to Miss Lucretia Baker, daughter of Capt. Barton Baker. Three sons and a daughter survive him.

### Reuben A. Clatterbuck.

The following is taken from the memorial tribute of the committee appointed by Camp A. P. Hill, No. 2, U. C. V., of Hume, Fauquier County, Va.:

"Comrade Reuben A. Clatterbuck, a member of this Camp in good standing, was the victim of an automobile accident near Culpeper last September and died at the hospital in Charlottesville. He enlisted on March 2, 1862, in Company B, 13th Virginia Infantry, and served with this command until the surrender at Appomattox. He was with Jackson in the Valley campaign and in all the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia except Cedar Mountain, having been wounded at Gaines's Mill. He rejoined his command at Second Manassas.

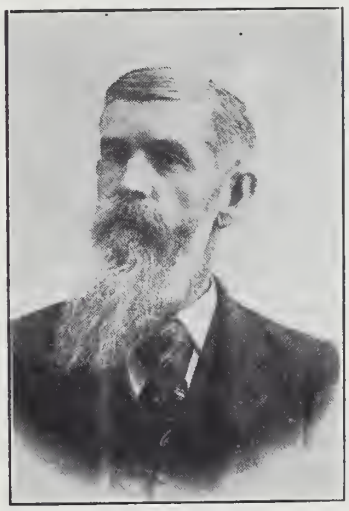
"Within a week of his death he was to have become a member of the Salem Baptist Church, in this county. Through his honest dealings with all men and his trust in God he won his reward in the hereafter, and his pension will be continued in blessings evermore in heaven. 'The brightest gem in a nation's coronet is the ashes of its heroic dead.' Every Confederate veteran who honestly wore the gray, as did he, and passes life to death adds a priceless gem to the Southland's coronet."

[J. M. Beckham and W. D. Colvin.]

### William Henry Mims.

In the death of William H. Mims on the 6th of December, 1920, one of the most highly respected and valuable citizens of Laredo, Tex., has been lost to that community, of which he had been a resident for thirty-one years.

Comrade Mims was a native of Tippah County, Miss., where he was born December 18, 1840. He was reared and educated in Columbus, Ga., and when the war came on in 1861 he went out as a member of the City Light Guards of Columbus, which later became Company A, 2d Independent Battalion of Infantry, of Wright's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's corps, and participated in many of the big battles of the war. He remained to the end, surrendering with General Lee at Appomattox.



W. H. MIMS.

Returning home, he became one of those who gave the best that was in them to building up their ruined country. He was married in Uniontown, Ala., to Miss Annie Royle, and his wife survives with two sons.

Comrade Mims was a member of the Knights Templar, Masons, and Elks, in all of which orders he held offices of the highest trust. He retired from business some six years ago on account of failing health, known always for his integrity and fair dealing and with countless friends. He was also a member of the Methodist Church. The funeral was conducted by the Masonic Lodge, and he was laid to rest in the Masonic plot in the City Cemetery.

### Capt. James R. Rogers.

In the flight of time and lest we forget the ties of comradeship that bind us together as with cords of steel, I will recite briefly the history of one whose life was so charmingly endeared to his fellow citizens of to-day and comrades of the dark and perilous hours of the past—Capt. James R. Rogers, a man of impress, of lofty mien, and knightly bearing, a splendid specimen of Kentucky manhood and chivalry. He was born on December 13, 1840, and died December 31, 1920, at his old home, Glenwood, where he was born and lived his life.

This dear friend and comrade was buried in his Confederate uniform, at his request, in the Paris Cemetery beside his noble father and sainted mother (whom he always spoke of as "my mammy") near by and close to the foot of the Confederate monument, he so dearly loved and beneath the shadows of which he had helped to lay a number of his old comrades, often officiating at these sad ceremonies. This was the place he preferred of all others as his last resting place.

Captain Rogers was a graduate of Bethany College and was known as Bourbon County's historian, author of "The Caneridge Meetinghouse," a Christian gentleman, a true and noble friend, a splendid specimen of the Kentucky nobleman of the past. His home, Glenwood, was a Mecca for the Confederate soldiers and the members of the Masonic fraternity, in which he had held many prominent positions and by whom he was buried. He enlisted in the Confederate army in October, 1861, as a private and was promoted to lieutenant and adjutant of the 3d Battalion of Kentucky Cavalry, Col. E. F. Clay. He served under Generals Preston, Marshall, and Morgan, and surrendered at Mount Sterling, Ky., on May 30, 1865. He was Commander of the First Brigade of Confederate Veterans, Kentucky Division, U. C. V., and a member of John Morgan Camp, No. 95, of Paris, Ky.

Thus has passed another of the heroes of the sixties. Alas, how few are left!

[His friend and comrade, L. D. Young.]

### Loyd Cecil.

[From resolutions passed by Leonidas Polk Bivouac and William H. Trousdale Camp, U. C. V., of Columbia, Tenn.]

Comrade Loyd Cecil was born at Muncie, Ind., on August 24, 1833, and died at Cross Bridges, in Maury County, Tenn., on November 1, 1920. His parents had removed to that county in Tennessee when he was six years old.

Though of frail constitution, he enlisted for the South in 1861, joining Company E, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, with which he remained during the war. He held the responsible and exacting position of forage master, which he filled satisfactorily. While not required to line up with his company, yet if present when his company was engaged he grabbed his gun and kept in the front rank of the foremost. In the battle of Franklin his horse was shot from under him, and he was captured and taken to prison. Nothing was heard from him for three months, and he was mourned as lost in the battle. But he was exchanged at last and returned home to get him a horse and some clothing. His father's home was in the Federal lines, but he got there in safety, and, with supplies for his comrades, he safely returned to his command and was paroled with his company and regiment at Charlotte, N. C., on May 3, 1865. With the energy that always characterized his actions, he went back to the farm, and by his efforts won success.

Comrade Cecil was a charitable citizen and dispensed his benefactions in an unostentatious way. Many worthy girls were helped to get an education through his kindly help. As a Church member he shone as a guiding star, being a member of the Methodist Church at Cross Bridges, which he had helped to build and maintain, and he was laid to rest in its cemetery. Confederate comrades, members of the Bivouac and Camp, were the honorary pallbearers.

In 1868 Comrade Cecil was married to Miss Jennie Porter, of Maury County, and of their five children a son and a daughter survive him. He died as he had lived, a Christian gentleman.

[Committee: J. L. Jones and B. G. Walker.]

### T. J. Brown.

T. J. Brown was born in Blount County, Ala., on February 3, 1842, and died at Jonesboro, La., on January 15, 1921. His father removed to Louisiana when T. J. Brown was quite young, and when the war broke out between the States he enlisted from that State. He went to Virginia in 1862 and served with honor until the close, taking part in a number of battles. He was wounded once.

After the war he returned to his native State and there married Miss Sarah Lowery, who survives him with a son and daughter.

Comrade Brown lived an honorable Christian life. He joined the Baptist Church when young and lived by its precepts.

[J. T. McBride, Sr.]

### Samuel R. Clark.

After a long illness, Samuel Reuben Clark died at his home, in Hephzibah, Ga., on December 9, 1920, at the age of seventy-six years. He was one of the most highly respected and best-beloved citizens of Richmond County and one of that gallant band of heroes of the sixties. He entered the Confederate army in April, 1862, and served in the 12th Georgia Battalion under Capt. George Hood (Henry Capers, lieutenant colonel), of Evans's Brigade, Gordon's Division, Early's Corps. He lost a leg at Monocacy Junction, July 12, 1864, and was in the hospital at Fredericksburg six weeks, then in the Baltimore hospital for four weeks. On the field of battle he was a soldier, and in civil life he was always found championing the right as he saw it, and he passed away bearing a name and reputation for the highest honesty and integrity among his fellow men.

S. R. CLARK.

He is survived by three sons and two daughters, a sister, and eleven grandchildren.

Comrade Clark was a member of Camp 435, U. C. V. He was laid to rest in the Brothersville Cemetery.

### Dr. R. T. Minor.

Dr. R. T. Minor, son of William W. and Mary W. Minor, was born at Gale Hill, the family home, near Charlottesville, Va., on January 16, 1844, and died at his home, in Lesterville, Mo., on February 11, 1921. He attended private schools in Albemarle County, Va., till February, 1861, when he volunteered as a private in Company H, 57th Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond. He was transferred in July, 1862, to Company K, 2d Virginia Cavalry, Wickham's Brigade, Fitz Lee's division, and he bore his part most gallantly in all the actions and service in which his command was engaged until the end of the war.

Returning home, he entered the University of Virginia as a student of medicine in October, 1865, completing the course and receiving his degree of M.D. in June, 1867. After working a few years on his father's farm, he began the practice of his profession near Charleston, W. Va., but soon removed to Missouri, where he spent the rest of his life in the active practice of medicine for a few years at Annapolis, Iron County, and for over thirty years at Lesterville, Reynolds County. In 1915 he was most happily married to Miss Floy Irvine, of Lesterville, and continued his residence and practice there till incapacitated by ill health.

Dr. Minor was a man of fine natural ability and gifted with a most genial and attractive personality, which made him many warm friends in his wide circle of acquaintances. Always ready to respond to the call of the poor and needy without regard to remuneration, he died a poor man, but universally loved and respected as a skilled physician, most loyal and faithful friend, and upright Christian gentleman. He is survived by his beloved wife, three brothers, and three sisters.

[W. W. Minor, Charlottesville, Va.]

### Members of Camp John M. Brady.

The following losses in the membership of Camp John M. Brady, No. 352, U. C. V., at Louisville, Miss., have been reported by Adjutant J. Pink Cagle: John F. Hopkins, Company I, 35th Georgia Regiment; Jack Stark, Company D, Perrine's Regiment of Cavalry; Maj. O. C. Watson, 35th Mississippi; W. F. Bell, Mabry's Brigade of Cavalry; Robert Compton, Company G, 20th Mississippi; J. B. Hanna, Company D, Perrine's Regiment of Cavalry; H. L. W. Hathon, 13th Mississippi; W. H. Richardson, 14th Mississippi; R. L. Webb, 5th Mississippi.

### Members of Camp Lomax, Montgomery, Ala.

Comrade George W. Hails reports the list of deaths in Camp Lomax during 1920, as follows: F. H. Merritt, Company G, 3d Kentucky Cavalry; Albert Taylor, Company B, 7th Alabama Cavalry; Benjamin Trice, Company I, 3d Alabama Regiment; James N. Gilmer, adjutant 60th Alabama Regiment; C. C. Baker, Company F, 60th Alabama Regiment; W. M. Penn, Company C, 3d Alabama Regiment; D. P. Flynn, Company K, 2d Alabama Cavalry; A. P. Wilson, Company K, 2d Alabama Cavalry.

### Robert M. Winn.

Robert M. Winn, a Confederate veteran of Hugo, Okla., died there on January 22, 1921, at the age of seventy-four years. He was born near Batesville, Ark., and enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of seventeen, fighting under Shelby. After the war he lived for many years in Johnson County, Ark. In 1906 he removed to Muskogee, Okla., where he lived for three years, and later to Kansas City, Mo. Returning to Oklahoma, he had lived at Hugo since 1914. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and five daughters.

His comrades, members of the Tige Cabell Camp, U. C. V., of Hugo, were honorary pallbearers at the burial.

### James A. Fishburn.

W. H. Tinsley, of Salem, Va., reports the death of James A. Fishburn at his home, in Roanoke, Va., on the 2d of January, 1921, at the age of eighty-one years. Although a Virginian, he was living in Texas when the war came on and joined Company F, of the 4th Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, and surrendered with his command at Appomattox.

Comrade Fishburn was always loyal to the principles for which he had fought. He is survived by six children, who are a credit to their rearing.

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Comrades at Paris, Tenn.—In the list of deaths at Paris, Tenn., page 68 of the February Veteran, the service of A. C. Trousdale should have been given as with Company A, 5th Tennessee Infantry, and that of W. A. Hill was with Company D, 19th Mississippi Regiment.

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### *A HERITAGE OF LOYALTY.*

Some months ago W. M. Everhart, of Waterford, Va., sent three years' renewal of subscription and wrote: "My mother 'crossed over' on the 6th of June, 1915. Then my father kept the paper coming in her name until he, too, went to join his comrades 'across the river.' He died June 25, 1918. My father, G. F. Everhart, joined the 35th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. E. V. White, on January 3, 1862, and served with that command until Appomattox. He was the last orderly sergeant of his company, A, 35th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry. He was twice wounded, severely in the battle of the Wilderness and slightly at High Bridge just before the surrender. He was a prisoner in Fort Delaware for three months. After the war he went to work and succeeded in laying by quite a competence. He attended all the Reunions up to and including the one at Birmingham, Ala., and greatly enjoyed them all. He loved to talk of the days of the sixties. I had the good fortune to accompany him to most of these places, and I, too, look back with pleasure to those trips. I have yet to be sorry that I am the son of a Confederate soldier. Father was a consistent member of the Baptist Church for over twenty-five years. My mother's only brother was Capt. F. M. Myers, commanding Company A, 35th Virginia Battalion. So you see I am Southern all through."

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In sending order for subscription J. B. Webster writes from Marlin, Wash.: "As I was but eleven when the War between the States began, I was not a soldier; but my five brothers were in the Confederate army, and my heart is with that first Belgium. Four of my brothers—Corydon J., Thomas F., James S., and Andrew—were transferred to the ordnance department and located at Tyler, Tex., where they remained till the close of the war; the other, J. M. Webster, was with the Missouri Volunteers. Taps was sounded for all of them except James S., who now lives in Texas, and whom I have never seen since that day in March, 1862, when he rode away to join Price at Cross Hollows, sixteen miles north of where we lived. * * * On my last visit to the South I attended the fifth Reunion of the Confederate Veterans at Houston, Tex., and I surely did enjoy every minute of it."

# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*
Paducah, Ky.

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MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn.....*Second Vice President General*
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MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## *FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.*

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* The next three months mark the best time for constructive work during the year, since June 1 brings summer inactivity, followed by the rush of convention preparation, which leaves but few working days to tbe applied to the objects to which we are pledged. With proper coöperation it will be possible to finish three tasks by June 1, an accomplishment that will open new avenues of service following the St. Louis convention. This is greatly to be desired, and my appeal is to the individual Daughter to assume a personal responsibility, for the individual obligation is the strongest force upon which we have to depend. With this definite purpose it will be possible to push to completion the Hero Fund, the book, "Southern Women in War Times," and the Jefferson Davis monument at his birthplace in Kentucky.

Mrs. Joseph T. Beal, Treasurer of the Hero Fund, has issued a statement, and from it may be seen that only a few Divisions have attained the honor roll. The individual Chapter can accomplish this for the Division, as illustrated by the cases of Maryland and the District of Columbia. Maryland's quota is $920, and Baltimore Chapter has given $1,405; the District of Columbia's quota of $920 is overpaid to the amount of $504.08 because of a generous gift of $909.33 from the Robert E. Lee Chapter of the Division; and Philadelphia Chapter of 135 members, with a quota of $153.22, has paid $1,549.29. Illinois, Massachusetts, Ohio, Oklahoma, and Washington have also overpaid the quota, and South Carolina, West Virginia, and New York have paid in full. Carefully review this report which follows:

Alabama Division: Members, 2,600; quota, $2,990; paid, $1,619.63; balance due, $1,370.37.

Arkansas Division: Members, 2,000; quota, $2,300; paid, $1,345.50; balance due, $954.50.

Arizona Division: Members, 25; quota, $28.75; paid, $4; balance due, $24.75.

California Division: Members, 1,500; quota, $1,725; paid, $764.05; balance due, $960.95.

Colorado Division: Members, 200; quota, $230; paid, $71.80; balance due, $158.20.

District of Columbia Division: Members, 800; quota, $920; paid, $1,424.08.

Florida Division: Members, 2,000; quota, $2,300; paid, $797.08; balance due, $1,502.92.

Georgia Division: Members, 5,000; quota, $5,750; paid, $2,911.31; balance due, $2,838.69.

Illinois Division: Members, 120; quota, $138; paid, $175.12.

Indiana Division: Members, 50; quota, $57.50; paid, $5; balance due, $52.50.

Kansas Division: Members, 20; quota, $23; paid, nothing; balance due, $23.

Kentucky Division: Members, 2,000; quota, $2,300; paid, $503.87; balance due, $1,796.13.

Louisiana Division: Members, 1,500; quota, $1,725; paid, $775.63; balance due, $949.37.

Maryland Division: Members, 800; quota, $920; paid, $1,405.

Massachusetts Division: Members, 45; quota, $51.75; paid, $55.

Minnesota Division: Members, 36; quota, $41.40; paid, $12; balance due, $29.40.

Mississippi Division: Members, 1,000; quota, $1,150; paid, $282.20; balance due, $867.80.

Missouri Division: Members, 2,500; quota, $2,875; paid, $1,342.75; balance due, $1,532.25.

New Mexico Division, paid $16.

New York Division: Members, 500; quota, $575; paid, $575.

North Carolina Division: Members, 4,000; quota, $4,600; paid, $1,662.34; balance due, $2,937.66.

Ohio Division: Members, 200; quota, $230; paid, $710.03.

Oklahoma Division: Members, 600; quota, $690; paid, $772.

Oregon Division: Members, 50; quota, $57.50; paid, $2; balance due, $55.50.

Philadelphia Chapter: Members, 135; quota, $153.22; paid, $1,549.29.

Pittsburgh Chapter: Members, 40; quota, $46; paid, $29.15; balance due, $16.85.

South Carolina Division: Members, 4,000; quota, $4,600; paid, $4,600.

Tennessee Division: Members, 2,500; quota, $2,875; paid, $152.60; balance due, $2,722.40.

Texas Division: Members, 2,500; quota, $2,875; paid, $2,023.83; balance due, $851.17.

Utah Division: Members, 15; quota, $17.25; paid, nothing; balance due, $17.25.

Virginia Division: Members, 6,400; quota, $7,360; paid, $1,109.81; balance due, $6,250.19.

Washington Division: Members, 88; quota, $101.20; paid, $276.09.

West Virginia Division: Members, 1,200; quota, $1,380; paid, $1,380.

Will not every interested member give some assistance to this effort to finish our memorial? Liberty bonds are accepted at par for this fund, which gives an advantage to the Chapters during this time when they can be bought at the low price.

*The Book.*—Mrs. Eugene B. Glenn, 41 Starnes Avenue, Asheville, N. C., is Chairman of the Committee on Publicity and Distribution of "Southern Women in War Times." She will send to each Division President and Director a plan of work, and I earnestly urge you to support the enthusiastic efforts of this committee to finish our obligation. For what

greater achievement can we hope than that of "establishing a clear understanding of what our fathers and mothers represented in those years of strife"? This book affords us the opportunity; we cannot wisely let it slip through our fingers.

*The Monument.*—I am informed that a generous Southerner has made provision for the last $2,000 necessary for the completion of the monument to Jefferson Davis at his birthplace in Kentucky, provided the residue of the required funds is secured in a given number of months. The pledge made by the U. D. C. is twenty-five cents *per capita,* and the one made by the veterans at Houston, that each Camp there represented would collect and send $25 from their home county, will complete the amount and insure the payment of the $2,000. Can we afford to let such an opportunity pass?

Make these three enterprises, quivering on the verge of completion, your first consideration during March, April, and May. If we do our best, the way is easy.

*The Maury Monument.*—The Asheville convention indorsed the Maury Monument Association's plan to build a monument in Richmond, Va., to honor the memory of Matthew Fontaine Maury. The U. D. C. pledged its support to the measure and decided that the work should be conducted after the manner of the Shiloh and Arlington monuments. This necessitates each Division President selecting a Director whose name should be sent to the President General for appointment. Up to this time only two Division Presidents have submitted names. Mrs. C. Felix Harvey will be the North Carolina Director, and Miss Agnes Person, of Orlando, Fla., will serve Florida. The committee representing the U. D. C. is Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Norfolk, Va., Chairman; Mrs. J. B. Doan, Cincinnati, Ohio; and Mrs. Henry London, Pittsboro, N. C.

*Necrology.*—On December 2 our organization lost a faithful member when Mrs. Virginia Sanders Scales died at her home in Starkville, Miss. Mrs. Scales was a member of the Committee on the Jefferson Davis National Highway, and her work on this committee will be carried forward by her cousin, Miss Louise Sanders.

Looking forward to the report of work well done during the next three months, and with the hope it will measure up to the standard of our possibilities, cordially,

MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## *U. D. C. NOTES.*

We are sorry that the Historians did not respond to the invitation to publish their plans for preserving and using the historical papers collected by the Chapters and Divisions. It seems very important that this material should be accessible to the public.

The following is the plan adopted bp the South Carolina Division at the convention last December:

"To purchase a bookcase large enough to accommodate all books and historical papers owned by the Division and place it in the library of the South Carolina University. (When the librarian there learned that the case was to be the depository of original historical papers, he was enthusiastic, nothing less.)

"To have the most valuable papers, those containing original material, typed and placed in ring binders of uniform size and put in the bookcase, where all persons seeking for light on the Confederate period may have easy access to what has been gathered.

"To compile a Division scrapbook every year, and these valuable books to find a home in the same place."

If any Division has a better plan than this, please send it in, for we are anxious to place before the U. D. C. the best possible way of preserving and making available our historical material.

## *DIVISION NOTES.*

*Alabama.*—The Electra Semmes Colston Chapter, of Mobile, had the pleasure of entertaining the Confederate veterans and members of the G. A. R. Post at a beautiful entertainment at the Cawthorn Hotel on January 19, in celebration of the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Every number of the program, especially the sweet music, was enjoyed by the large crowd present. At the conclusion of the program delicious refreshments were served by the Daughters.

The William Henry Forney Chapter held most appropriate exercises on Lee Day with the magnetic orator, Dr. Frank Willis Barnett, as chief speaker. Mrs. Joseph Aderhold, Chapter President, welcomed the student body and told why the Chapter celebrates the 19th of January, paying tribute to General Lee and Stonewall Jackson on the same date. "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Love's Old Sweet Song," and "We Love You Still in Dixie" were much enjoyed. Memorial hour was conducted in a beautiful manner by Mrs. L. S. Anderson, widow of Gen. "Tige" Anderson, whose memory is revered by the veterans. The luncheon table was bright with brilliant-hued nasturtiums and loaded with good things to eat. Many bright toasts were given. Many students, Daughters, and veterans from Anniston, Jacksonville, and Oxford enjoyed the happy occasion.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy of Birmingham and suburbs joined in celebrating Robert E. Lee's birthday, in which all veterans were invited to participate, using the comfortable rooms of the Boys' Club, where Camp Hardee holds its meetings. Judge J. T. Garretson, of Camp Hardee, was chairman and carried out a very pleasing program. Owing to the sudden death of Mr. George Chambers, who had been appointed program chairman of this gathering, the program had to be changed, and a feeling of sadness at the going away of this popular veteran pervaded the exercises. As the speaker of the day was absent, Judge Garretson called on some present for impromptu talks. Dr. O. T. Dozier made a thrilling and interesting talk on Dan Emmett and "Dixie," which was followed by the singing of "Dixie" with much feeling. Mr. William E. Yancey gave a eulogy of General Lee, after which were sung the dear old Confederate songs that never fail to thrill and inspire in these days as they did in the sixties. A most interesting article on the mother of General Lee was read by Mr. Joseph A. Jones, after which the meeting was turned over to the Daughters, who served the delicious refreshments furnished by the Wilcox Chapter.

*North Carolina.*—This Division has been very active since the conventions in the fall. November is the month especially selected for donations of canned goods, jellies, preserves, etc., for the Confederate Woman's Home at Fayetteville and the Veterans' Home at Raleigh; so the Chapters were busy collecting and packing boxes to be sent. The superintendents report the contributions as most generous. The members of the two Homes were well remembered at Christmas, many gifts being sent individually, besides the contributions of fruit, candy, and other good things that add to the joy of the Yuletide season. The Children's Chapters in the respective towns in which the Homes are located played Santa Claus, having a Christmas tree beautifully decorated and giving pleasing Christmas programs.

The 19th of January was universally observed in the State, the day being a legal holiday. Many and varied were the meetings held and entertainments given by the Chapters in observance of the anniversary of the births of the world's greatest warriors and the South's greatest generals, Lee and Jackson. On Sunday preceding the 19th in the churches throughout the State the favorite hymns of these two honored generals were sung.

The Johnson-Pettigrew Chapter held a meeting to honor the memory of Generals Lee and Jackson in the House of Representatives, with Senator W. H. S. Burgwyn as orator. The presentation of crosses of honor to Confederate veterans by Col. F. A. Olds and the presentation of a wreath by the senior class of St. Mary's featured the exercises. This wreath was presented as a memorial to General Lee on account of the close connection between St. Mary's and the Lee family, as Mildred Lee was partly educated there. Also during the war Jefferson Davis and his family refugeed there. It was stated that the St. Mary's girls stood as a body for increased pensions and appropriations for the Home. The wreath will be sent immediately to Lexington to be placed on the grave of General Lee. A Confederate flag, to be hung in the chapel at the Confederate Home, was presented by Miss Sarah Denson. The money with which the flag was bought was won by Miss Denson as first prize for the best cover design for a number of *Everywoman's Magazine*. This cover represented a photograph of Miss Denson dressed in an old-fashioned gown of the sixties, holding a doll which had come through a blockade in the war, and with a Confederate flag which had flown at Harper's Ferry and in other hard-fought engagements as a background. This picture was reproduced in colors and shown at the Confederate Reunion held in Washington in 1917. Miss Denson is the granddaughter of Gen. William Saunders, who was on Gen. Wade Hampton's staff and commanded Manly's Battery, and she is the great-granddaughter of the Judge Romulus Saunders who was Minister to Spain under Polk. The flag was accepted by Mrs. Henry London, President of the Johnson-Pettigrew Chapter, who said it would mean more to the veterans than any other flag at the Home, as it represented the love and the visits of the children of Manly's Battery which had brightened their lives. She invited the members of the legislature to visit the Home and to see its condition and its needs. The music was rendered by the orchestra of the State School for the Blind. Comrade Wiley Johnson gave a fife solo, and the Adrian Quartet sang "Tenting To-Night" and "Suwanee River." "Dixie" was sung by a chorus.

The memorial services in honor of General Lee and General Jackson under the auspices of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter of Fayetteville were unusually fine and attracted a large and appreciative audience, the exercises being held at the Methodist church. The sweet and inspiring music was furnished by the fine band of the 21st Regiment of Field Artillery of Camp Bragg. A pleasing prelude to the memorial exercises was a concert by the band on the church lawn. Attorney J. Bayard Clark in his address left the beaten tracks of such addresses. He took Lee and Jackson as the exponents of the Old South and of the men and women who made it and wove into his address a lesson for old and young. He did not give any of the details of the careers of these two Southern heroes, but simply dwelt on their noble characters and shining virtues and portrayed them as the true exponents of all that is best and noblest in life. He made striking reference to the pessimism expressed to-day over the season of

(Continued on page 116.)

# Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

## *PRIZES AND MEDALS OFFERED FOR 1921.*

1. *The Mildred Rutherford Medal.* For best historical work by small Divisions numbering less than ten Chapters.

2. *The Raines Banner.* To the Division making the largest collection of papers and historical records.

3. *Rose Loving Cup.*—For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on "Raphael Semmes."

4. *Anna Robinson Andrews Medal.* For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on "The Women of the Confederacy."

5. *A Soldier's Prize, $20.* For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on "Southern-Born Division Commanders in the World War, Who They Were and What They Did."

6. *Roberts Medal.* To the second best essay submitted in the entire contest.

7. *Youree Prize, $50.* Divided equally between the Division Directors sending the largest list of descendants of Confederate veterans and the largest *per capita* list of descendants of Confederate veterans in the service of our country in the World War.

8. *Hyde Medal.* For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject "The Confederate Navy."

9. *Orren Randolph Smith Medal.* Given by Miss Jessica R. Smith for the best essay on Jefferson Davis.

### *Rules Governing Contest.*

1. Essays must not contain over two thousand words. Number of words must be stated in top left-hand corner of first page.

2. Essays must be typewritten, with fictitious signature. Real name, Chapter, and address must be in sealed envelope, on outside of which is the fictitious name only.

3. Essays must be sent to State Historian, who will forward to Historian General by September 1, 1921.

Two essays on each subject may be submitted, but not more than two on any one subject from each Division.

Time limit will be strictly enforced. State Historians will please take notice that no essay received after September 1 will be admitted to the contest. No report received after October 1 will be admitted to contest for the Raines Banner.

## *U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1921.*

SAVANNAH.

Study the historic associations of this charming city and the interesting events which have occurred there. This can be either a discussion, a talk, or a paper.

## *C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1921.*

HERO YEAR.

Joseph E. Johnston, the able strategist. Tell of his campaigns and note the skill which he showed in Tennessee and Georgia as well as in Virginia.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. C. B. Bryan.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
Miss Sue H. Walker.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
Mrs. John E. Maxwell.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
Miss Mary A. Hall.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
Mrs. Bryan W. Collier..*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

*STATE PRESIDENTS*

Alabama—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
Arkansas—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
Florida—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
Georgia—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning
Kentucky—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
Louisiana—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
Mississippi—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
Missouri—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
North Carolina—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
Oklahoma—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
South Carolina—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
Tennessee—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
Texas—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
Virginia—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
West Virginia—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

## *GROWTH OF THE C. S. M. A.*

*To Memorial Women:* That the deep-rooted traditions and patriotic devotion of our mothers have not passed with their going is constantly being evidenced by some new evolution in the spirit bequeathed to their descendants, and it is with heart feelings of deepest pleasure and gratefulness to the Giver of all good that we announce a wonderful new Memorial Association, organized December 6 at Huntington, W. Va., with a paid charter membership of one hundred and four members.

Animated by the sacred purpose of memoralizing the heroic mothers of the sixties, Mrs. Emma T. Harvey, wife of Judge Thomas Hope Harvey, one of the most highly esteemed and beloved women of her State, more than a year ago began quietly to set her plans, and from the privacy of her home, where she has for a number of years been a "shut-in," she has by letter and by telephone messages brought these splendid women to her home, enthused, interested, and claimed their membership until to-day the Ladies' Memorial Association of Huntington, W. Va., stands the banner charter Association of more than one hundred members, with full-paid membership.

More wonderful still was the spirit of interest displayed, for each member who joined came with the thought that to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association was to be paid two dollars *per capita,* and a check for two hundred and eighteen dollars and fifty cents was sent to your President General, which she regretfully returned with deepest appreciation, but could only accept the regular dues of ten cents *per capita.* Should not this wonderful work of one loyal heart inspire us all to greater endeavor? Most cordially do we welcome the new Ladies' Memorial Association of Huntington and wish the members Godspeed under the able leadership of Mrs. Thomas Hope Harvey, President; Mrs. F. P. McAlhattan, First Vice President; Mrs. Charles S. Louden, Second Vice President; Mrs. John A. Paul, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Willie R. Woodyard, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Robert T. Gladstone, Treasurer.

The splendid historical book, "Biographies of Representative Women of the South from 1861 to 1920," by Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, of College Park, Ga., is out. It is already in the hands of many of its subscribers.

In speaking of this interesting volume your President General has this to say:

"You have realized that no introduction was needed, for the book includes sketches of our friends and companions of many years. It is indeed like opening the pages of old-time album that shall ever recall the years of a noble past, peopled with noble men and women. How our mothers would delight in seeing this book! Mrs. Collier is doing a wonderful work for our Southland, and her heart is thrilled with the vision of a glorious dream in which she hopes to realize as the years go by many more volumes of the 'uncrowned and unsung.'

"The book contains interesting historical sketches; especially do we prize those pages that record the lives and reflect the lovely faces of the mothers of the Confederacy. The beautiful thought she has carried out in linking the work of the mother with that of her daughter, blending in a glimpse of the children of the South, for whom this volume was compiled and to whom dedicated.

"The first page, given to pictures of the monument of Shiloh, is a masterpiece. Never before perhaps has a monument been given to us in such a wonderful way. Mrs. A. B. White, ex-President General U. D. C. and Director General for the Shiloh Monument, obtained these pictures for Mrs. Collier from the sculptor of the monument, and this is a treasure that all will prize.

"Dr. Lucien Lamar Knight's picture of the Confederate women can never be surpassed in literature, for he has portrayed in exquisite coloring the ideal Southern woman. The picture of the first flag of the Confederacy, designed by Maj. Orren Randolph Smith, is a treasure to have and to keep, and the sketch of every subject in the book will be a heritage to the family and children of the subject in years to come."

Cordially yours, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson,
*President General C. S. M. A.*

## *ASSOCIATION NOTES.*

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

It is said that the flowers are letters of angel tongue. They must be, carrying as they do the undying messages of love. Every emotion of the human heart is expressed in the language of flowers; and now that we are hurrying toward the day of all days in the South, hurrying over a flower-strewn way, let us gather together the fragrant blossoms of memory and weave them into garlands to be placed on the graves that hold what represents a place in the heart of all true Southerners that nothing else can displace. It will be Memorial Day before long, a day that stands out sacred to us, and, with the great revival of interest in this beautiful custom of decorating the Confederate soldiers' graves, let there be greater interest shown in the weaving of garlands of flowers until every wreath, every bouquet, every simple little cluster of blossoms speaks as never before to the heart of the past from the heart of the now. Let every woman in the Memorial Association make it a special duty, a love duty, to plant her flowers this year for this great day or to gather the little "words of love" later on and carry them out to the cemetery where our beloved, immortal dead are buried.

It isn't right for you to let your children grow unmindful of the custom. Don't let the great joy of placing flowers on the graves of the bravest heroes that ever went to war be limited to the few, but interest your friends. Have more Memorial Associations organized. Help your children to form Junior Memorial Associations, and when Memorial Day comes this year let every grave in the United States where a Confederate soldier lies be heaped with flowers that will have a message so fragrant that it will be heard around the whole world and penetrate into heaven.

Your President General has done, is doing, a remarkable work in reviving the enthusiasm and interest in the memorial work. (She does not know that I am going to say this, and if she did she would say with the modesty that characterizes her splendid works along all lines: "Don't, my dear; I am only doing what I love to do and what should be done.") But she has brought new interests into the work, as you will note by the charter membership of the Huntington Memorial Association, which, I am sure, will be an inspiration to others; and she is broadening her lines of work and interesting women who have never been interested before.

The Columbia Ladies' Memorial Association, in resolutions, paid tribute to the beautiful life of one of the founders of the Association there, saying: "We pause in the business session of our Memorial Association this morning to commemorate the worth and character of our departed sister, Mrs. Jane Ellison Ware Martin, who was one of the founders of this Association and who served as Secretary from 1872. Her unfailing zeal and devotion helped to make the Ladies' Memorial Association the first of its kind in America. Her research in history and biography enabled her to be of great assistance to many in establishing their eligibility to membership in the national society of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Colonial Dames of America. She remained our active Secretary until failing sight necessitated the election of an assistant. She continued to be our beloved and honored Secretary until May 6, 1920, when, at the age of eighty-eight, just as all the world was filled with the gladness of spring, she slipped away to that sweet rest in the beautiful eternal city promised to all who faithfully serve the Lord. We have lost a beloved member whose life and character glows as a beacon light of Christianity and patriotism."

Copies of the new constitution and by-laws are now ready and can be had by applying to the Recording Secretary, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans.

The minutes of the Houston convention have been delayed by the printers, but it is hoped they will be ready next month.

The President General announces the appointment of the Rev. Giles B. Cooke as Chaplain General to the C. S. M. A.

Mrs. Thomas Hope Harvey has also been appointed State President of West Virginia. The recent organization of the Huntington Association is evidence of her wonderful executive ability and the enthusiasm with which she carries forward everything that claims her attention.

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Alex McBee, of Greenville, S. C., refers to several articles appearing in the VETERAN which he thinks could profitably be republished. He mentions first the article by J. A. Richardson on "Rights under the Constitution," appearing in the March number of 1919, which can't now be furnished, and in the same number Mrs. Anne B. Hyde's article on "Early Efforts to Suppress the Slave Trade and Abolish Slavery in the South." And he refers to the article in the May number, 1919, on "Secession, North and South," by Col. E. Polk Johnson; as being in the same class.

## *DIVISION NOTES.*

(Continued from page 114).

depression in the South as of small account compared to the difficulties and obstacles which beset the followers of Lee and Jackson and of Lee himself during the days of Reconstruction at the close of the War between the States. A very impressive part of the exercises took place just before the close when the great audience rose and bowed a few moments as a token of respect and sorrow for the Southern soldiers who gave their lives in the World War. During this manifestation a soldier from Camp Bragg sounded taps in honor of our boys who lie to-day in Flanders' fields.

*Tennessee.*—Lee Day, the 19th of January, was observed this year for the first time as a legal holiday. The U. D. C. Chapters of Nashville held their exercises in the Hall of Representatives.

In the passing of Miss Corinna S. McCorry—"Miss Pet," as she was lovingly called—on January 10, 1921, at the age of seventy-one years, Jackson has lost one of its most remarkable women, a woman who had been of great service to her city and one whose kindly influence and noble character will remain long in the memory of a host of friends.

Miss McCorry was prominent in U. D. C. circles, but will be missed most in Musidora C. McCorry Chapter. She was a charter member and made herself a vital part of the organization. Hers was the heart of the true Southern woman, and jealously and with great pride and dignity she guarded every interest of the Confederate cause.

With Miss McCorry to live really was to act energetically. She kept herself young by the divine passion of love for and loyalty to her fellow man, for she felt that these virtues make the perpetual melody of humanity. She was an example of how these same qualities elevate the aspirations, expand the soul, and stimulate the mental powers.

From the highest to the lowest, the richest to the poorest, to no rank or condition in life did Miss BcCorry deny her highest boon—her great and kind heart. She had words of comfort for those in sorrow, words of courage for those disheartened, words of charity for the weak, words of praise for the struggling, but evil words for no one.

There is an unrealized loss, a link of life left out, to all who never knew her, and a loss to us who did, which we can only accept unselfishly, knowing that she is enjoying the reward of her well-done life.

*Virginia.*—Lee-Jackson Day, a Virginia holiday, was observed throughout the State by the closing of public offices and schools. Governor and Mrs. Davis and Mayor and Mrs. Ainslee were among those invited to a celebration by the Richmond Chapter, U. D. C.

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## *RULES FOR HISTORICAL CONTESTS.*

The Historian General asks that the following be carefully noted by State Historians in connection with the historical contests:

State Historians will please note that rules for all historical contests are published in this issue of the VETERAN.

These are the same rules which have always been published, and State Historians must realize that it is not just to extend time for some and not for others.

# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

*OFFICERS, 1919-20.*

**Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest**
**Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton**
**Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.**
**[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]**

Commander in Chief N. B. Forrest has appointed Lucius L. Moss as Commander of the Louisiana Division, vice B. P. Sullivan, resigned.

* * *

Sim Folsom Camp, No. 878, Caddo, Okla., has recently been reinstated. J. W. Crutchfield has been elected Commandant and F. C. Semple Adjutant of the Camp.

* * *

Judge T. C. Kimbrough, of University, Miss., has been appointed Commander of the Mississippi Division. Judge Kimbrough is instructor of senior law at the University of Mississippi and has long been a zealous worker for the cause for which the organization stands.

* * *

Commander R. E. Johnston, of Mayfield, Ky., reports many activities of the Sons in his Division. Camp Beauregard recently received from the local U. D. C. a bust of General Beauregard, which was placed in the courthouse yard in that county. Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, President General, and Mrs. Stunston, State President, U. D. C., were present on this occasion.

* * *

Through the efforts of Judge Scurry, of Wichita Falls, Tex., the Textbook Commission of Texas has disapproved the use of the "Beard and Bagley History" in the schools of that State. As the result of a strong fight by Commander Forrest the book was likewise rejected by the Textbook Commission of Mississippi.

* * *

In accordance with a plan adopted at the Houston Reunion, the following committee has been appointed to cooperate with the U. D. C. in the erection of a monument at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., to the faithful slave who gave his life in defense of his master during the John Brown raid: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.; Samuel L. Adams, South Boston, Va.; W. N. Everett, Rockingham, N. C.; J. W. Quattlebaum, Anderson, S. C.; C. W. Kimberlin, Owensboro, Ky.

* * *

At a recent organization meeting A. Boyd Sears was elected Commandant of the Lane-Digges Camp, of Mathews Courthouse, Va. Rev. Giles B. Cooke, the last surviving member of General Lee's staff, is an active member of the Camp. Dr. Cooke's father was also a gallant Confederate soldier.

* * *

Mr. Walter B. McAdams, late Division Commander of Texas, died at his home in Dallas on January 1, 1921. Mr. McAdams had been a loyal and active member of the Confederation for a number of years.

* * *

Pursuant to a resolution adopted at the U. D. C. convention at Asheville, Commander N. B. Forrest has been made business manager of the Jefferson Davis National Highway. He will appoint a board of directors, and immediate action will be taken to promote the project.

J. Gwynn Gough, Commander of Missouri Division, has appointed the following staff officers for the current year: Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Peter Gibson, St. Louis; Division Inspector, June Swisher, Marshall; Division Quartermaster, John H. Hardin, Independence; Division Commissary, William Warren, St. Louis; Division Judge Advocate, Chilton Atkinson, St. Louis; Division Surgeon, Dr. S. P. Martin, East Prairie; Division Chaplin, William B. Jarman, St. Louis.

The Camp Commanders in this jurisdiction are directed to send a copy of the muster roll and officers of all Camps to the Division Commander.

* * *

The Clinton-Hatcher Camp, Leesburg, Va., held its regular monthly meeting on January 19, 1921. The election of officers were: E. B. White, Commandant; J. H. Shumate, First Lieutenant; C. W. Atwell, Second Lieutenant; Bruce McIntosh, Third Lieutenant; John T. Hourihane, Treasurer; Dr. John A. Gibson, Surgeon; A. Dibrell, Adjutant. Dinner was served by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Following dinner, Commander J. H. Leslie called the meeting to order and asked Col. W. C. Hall to introduce Maj. E. W. R. Ewing. Major Ewing delivered a splendid address in defense of the cause of secession, which was heartily applauded.

* * *

Washington Camp, No. 305, contributed $100 to the Manassas battle field fund at the meeting held on February 8. Mrs. N. W. Turk, widow of Gen. Robert E. Lee's courier, explained the plans for enlarging and making fireproof the Lee Chapel at Washington and Lee University, where the body of General Lee is interred. Each member of the Camp present contributed $1 to this movement. Lieut. Cols. James E. Shelley and Henry Bankhead were elected to membership.

* * *

There is a tendency on the part of some of the statesmen of the North and Northwest to advocate the cause of State rights. Apparently these men have been converted to the views held by the statesmen of the South in the antebellum days. A State Senator has taken the initiative in a movement to have Wisconsin take the lead in restoring to States the rights which, he said, had been lost through concentration of power in the Federal government. If the joint resolution introduced is adopted, an appeal would be made to all State legislatures to request Congress to provide for a convention to amend the Constitution. The resolution declared that the "fundamental rights of self-government guaranteed by the Tenth Constitutional Amendment to the organic law of the nation had been encroached on by the national government."

* * *

The United Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and each State of the South have been invited by Maj. E. W. R. Ewing and Mr. Westwood Hutchinson, trustees of the Manassas battle field, to attend an organization meeting to be held at the Raleigh Hotel, Washington, D. C., on March 5, 1921. The Manassas battle field belongs to the South, and for this reason it is hoped that each of the above-named organizations and each Southern State will send a representative to attend this meeting, at which plans will be arranged under which title will be eventually held and pursuant to which monuments will be erected and the splendid battle museum, which comes also with the land, will be conducted. The time and place of this meeting are suggested to save time, vastly important in view of the option limit.

### "THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Since making his last monthly report on the progress of the official U. D. C. volume, "The Women of the South in War Times," the managing editor is pleased to record the appointment by the President General of a special committee on the publicity fund. Mrs. Eugene B. Glenn, of Asheville, N. C., is chairman of this committee, and great things are expected of her management.

The work for the distribution of this book will be a true test of insight or foresight on the part of the Daughters in regard to the greatest opportunity ever offered to present in a convincing way their cause throughout the English-speaking world. If this record of our mothers be more widely distributed in the South, there will be among the younger people more appreciative loyalty to the main principles upheld by our patriotic organizations. There will be less of that unfortunate feeling that it is not worth while to work for the truth. Again, a wide distribution of this book in the North will serve, as the Boston *Transcript* itself has said, *to set aside false but long-existent and widespread opinions concerning the South and to create in the minds of intelligent and discerning people friendliness for and sympathy with the heroic record of the Southern people.*

Furthermore, this volume presents the organization of the United Daughters of the Confedracy in a light which will be almost in the nature of a revelation in the minds of thousands or millions who regard this society in a somewhat distrustful attitude, expressed in the oft-repeated phrase, "Why stir up old embers?" and so forth. As a matter of fact, when the individuals in these organizations of the South are true to their great cardinal principles, they are doing the greatest good in setting the entire country free from sectional prejudices, for the simple truth, set forth without animus, is the only thing that will set us free from prejudice and error.

Since previous writing several of the Chapters in South Carolina have secured local reviews of the book and one or two in Kentucky, a particularly good one being the review given in the Lexington *Herald*. Three more States have subscribed for their officially marked State copies, these three States being so widely separated as North Carolina, Florida, and Oregon. The State copies which yet remain to be subscribed for are mostly in the North, but there may be those who will act as sponsors for these States and have the books presented in some way to the respective State libraries or something of that kind, or perhaps there may be individual members of the U. D. C. in those States who would secure these copies. These may be readers of the VETERAN, as, indeed, it seems that all sons and daughters of the Confederacy should be. The following States have copies set aside and inscribed awaiting the call for them: District of Columbia, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, Nevada, Rhode Island, Utah, Vermont, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

The raising of the publicity fund has aroused interest in the Baltimore Chapter, and several of the ladies have personally contributed. The first contributor was Miss Georgie G. Bright, the newly elected President of the Maryland Division, who presented her check for $25. When this donation to the publicity work was reported to Mr. Thomas B. Gresham, also of Baltimore, this loyal Confederate veteran very promptly "matched" Miss Bright's donation with a like amount.

Finally, it may be suggested that this "Women of the South" book should eventually become a revenue producer not only in the more enduring dividends of "intangible" things, but in material returns for the U. D. C. if we can be sure of getting it well started. By "revenue" we would mean not only a widespread increase in public interest in the work of the organization and a more enlightened attitude toward it, but the story of these women of war times should arouse emulative interest in the younger generations to set aside things that are trivial or personal and stand for great principles in the effort to be worthy of their mothers. Truly this volume has unlimited possibilities for good.

---

### HOME FOR NAVAL VETERANS.

With the indorsement of the United Confederate Veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy for the establishment of a home for veterans of the Confederate navy, Admiral A. O. Wright feels encouraged for the success of this undertaking. His plans are set forth as follows:

1. To raise $10,000 to provide a temporary home in Jacksonville, Fla., in leased quarters where additional rooms may be had. This sum will equip and run it for a year or more.
2. To complete our "Official History of the Confederate Navy," now being written by those who helped to make that history.
3. To establish a permanent home of our own, to be located in that Southern city that makes the best offer.
4. To create a widow's fund for the benefit of needy widows of Confederate naval veterans.

When established he feels assured that the Southern legislatures will maintain it. And after the passing of the naval veterans the home will be turned over to the naval veterans of the Spanish-American war and after them to the naval veterans of the late war.

Some contributions have been received, and all who feel inclined to contribute now should address Admiral A. O. Wright, trustee of the fund, 4 East Bay Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

---

### THE TEXAS HOME FOR EX-SLAVES.

A home for ex-slaves in Texas who need assistance is provided for in a bill now before the Texas Legislature, introduced by Mr. Morris, of Medina. By this bill the State is to take over the old Ex-Slave Home in Uvalde County and maintain the institution for the "Confederate Home Guard of Dixie."

It seems that there are something like three hundred of the old former slaves in Texas who aided the Confederacy by producing supplies for the armies or helped to protect the homes of the Southern people during the war, and at least half of these need assistance. Some are absolutely helpless, and the State will thus make provision for their care and comfort during the remainder of their lives. With their passing the institution will be used for some other purpose.

The condition on which admission is gained is by the applicant's giving the name and address of his last owner from 1860 to 1866. A board of managers will operate the Home. Only the expense of a superintendent and maintenance of the Home is sought. The property taken over is valued at about $3,500.

---

Rev. Charles Manly, of Gaffney, S. C., writes: "My father, Basil Manly, was pastor of the Baptist Church in Montgomery, Ala., during 1860-62, and officiated as chaplain at the inauguration of Mr. Davis as Provisional President of the Confederate States, and I have a copy of the prayer offered on that occasion."

*THE HEALTH COUNCIL OF NINE.*

Nine public health agencies, including the American Red Cross, have joined hands in the National Health Council for the improvement of health conditions throughout the country. This Council is the result of the efforts of the American Public Health Association, the American Medical Association, and other similar organizations begun some years ago.

During the summer of 1920 a special health study was carried on under the direction of representatives of the National Tuberculosis Association, the Council on Health and Public Instruction, the American Medical Association, and the American Red Cross. And the Health Council was the direct result of this study.

The National Health Council is made up of one representative and one alternate appointed by each of the following organizations: American Public Health Association, American Red Cross, American Social Hygiene Association, Council of State and Provincial Health Authorities, Council on Health and Public Instruction of the American Medical Association, National Child Health Council, National Committee for Mental Hygiene, National Organization for Public Health Nursing, and the National Tuberculosis Association. It is expected that each organization will set aside certain sums which will enable the Council to open an office and maintain an office force.

Each health agency will continue its particular work independent of the organization, but the Council will be used as a clearing house, so that the work of one will not overlap or duplicate that of another.

---

Mrs. Ida T. Hawes, 1817 Valence Street, New Orleans, La., would like to hear from any one who recalls Pickens C. Bennett, a young Confederate soldier who enlisted at Brookhaven, Miss., in 1863 or 1864. He was seventeen or eighteen years old. His company and regiment are not known, but his widow thinks he was under Colonel Moorman. Any information will be highly appreciated.

---

O. C. Myers, 1012 Queen Anne Avenue, Seattle, Wash., is anxious to learn if any of the members of Company D, of the 62d Battalion of Georgia Sharpshooters, are still alive, and he asks that they will communicate with him, their old commander.

*INCOME TAX IN A NUTSHELL.*

Who? Single persons who had net incomes of $1,000 or more for the year 1920, married couples who had net incomes of $2,000.

When? March 15, 1921, is the final date for filing returns and making first payments.

Where? Collector of internal revenue for district in which the person resides.

How? Full directions on Form 1040A and Form 1040, also the law and regulations.

What? Four per cent normal tax on taxable incomes up to $4,000 in excess of exemption. Eight per cent normal tax on balance of taxable income. Surtax from one per cent to sixty-five per cent on net incomes over $5,000.

---

J. G. Bishop was with the 10th Confederate Cavalry in Kentucky, then in camp at Knoxville, Tenn., and afterwards detailed to serve in the quartermaster's department at Atlanta and other places. The quartermaster's force was organized into two companies, one of which was under Capt. Fred Crass, of Murfreesboro, Tenn.; they worked also in the shoe shops until the relief was sent to Savannah; then there was service in different ways until the surrender. He was paroled May 5, 1865. He and his wife are now in the I. O. O. F. Home at Corsicana, Tex., and Comrade Bishop will be glad to hear from any surviving comrades.

---

J. W. Ward, principal of the high school at Brookhaven, Miss., wants to know if there was an organization in the Confederate army known as "Texas Scouts." He has seen an emblem, a silver star and crescent, with the words "Texas Scouts" around the five points of the star, hence his inquiry. Any one having information on the subject will please write to him.

---

If Henry S. Harris, who at the age of sixteen enlisted in Sam J. Richardson's company of Morgan's Battalion on April 4, 1864, sees this notice, please write to N. A. Smith, Marks, Miss. He was in Hill County, Tex., when last heard of.

---

Will any one having information concerning the carbine factory at Tallassee, Ala., and the revolver factory at Atlanta, Ga., making arms for the Confederacy, write to E. Berkley Bowie, 811 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md.?


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Mrs. Allie Willis, of Slater, Mo., wants a copy of "Dixie After the War," by Mrs. Avary; "Jess of the River," by T. C. DeLeon; "New Hope; or, The Rescue," author known. Any one having these books for disposal will kindly communicate with her.

---

W. A. Shoup, Adjutant of Ben McCulloch Camp, of Star City, Ark., says he would like to know what became of the little girl who belonged to "Uncle Jim," of the Confederate army, and of whom C. C. Baker, of Weatherford, Tex., wrote in the December VETERAN. Who can tell him?

---

NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT POSTPONED.—W. D. Wilson, Quartermaster of the Joseph R. Gordon Post, G. A. R., of Indianapolis, Ind., sends copy of a resolution passed by that Post in reference to having Congress pass an act authorizing the railroads of the country to make a rate of one cent per mile for all veterans of the blue and the gray at the time of the annual gathering. As the railroads have refused to allow that rate to the National Encampment at Portland, Me., the meeting at that place has been abandoned. It is to be hoped that the railroads of the South will be more generous in their treatment of the veterans of the Confederacy.

# A Fitting Memorial to ROBERT E. LEE

## Who Will Help Establish It?

As all students of the history of the subject know, the first recognition of journalism as a learned profession originated with General Lee, and the first college school of journalism was founded by him and his trustees in 1869, a half century ahead of his times. His far-seeing wisdom in recognizing the tremendous importance and influence of this new profession was only equaled by his keen insight into what has ever been and is to-day one of the most acute needs of the South. His original school of journalism has been discontinued, and few, even among his most ardent admirers, know that the matchless leader of the Confederate armies was also the founder in America of journalism as a learned profession.

## The Robert E. Lee Memorial Chair of Journalism

As part of the Lee Memorial Fund the Confederate organizations, assisted by all others who honor General Lee's character and wish to perpetuate his life work, desire to re-establish his Chair of Journalism at Washington and Lee University and solicit both gifts and bequests for that purpose.

## What It Means to the South

Whether the New South is to remain true to the high ideals of its glorious past or is to sacrifice and forsake them depends on her editors. They hold our future civilization in their hands, and their attitude, opinions, and influence will depend on their training and environment.

To establish a School of Jouralism at the home and tomb of Lee, in the most sacred shrine of Southern memories and associations, as part of the university which is his living representative, to send each year from such a nursery of inspiration and patriotism a stream of trained journalists to lead the public opinion of the South and of the nation along the lofty paths of its founder's broad-minded and unselfish patriotism, surely no benevolent enterprise ever offered such threefold inducement to those who love their country—a fitting monument to the heroic dead, an inestimable service to the present generation, a permanent and growing influence for the betterment of the future.

## How You Can Help

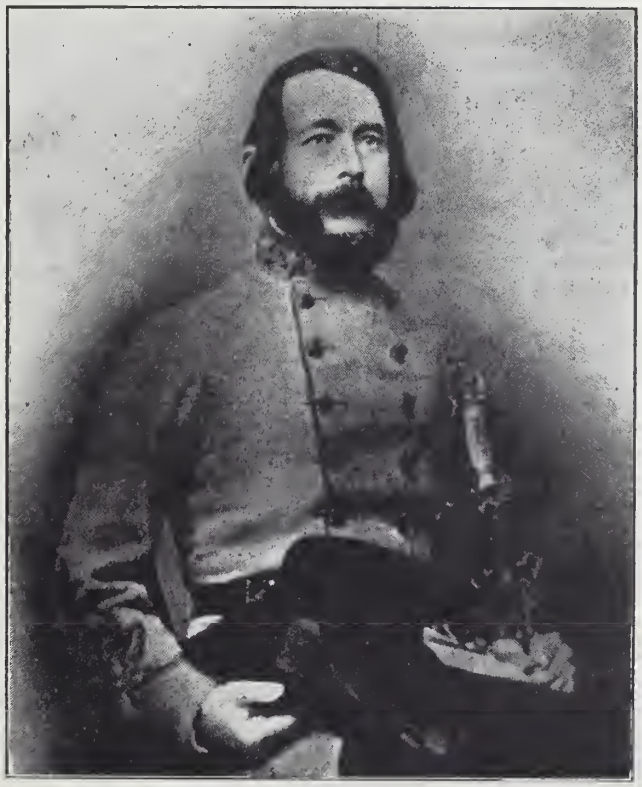
The Veterans' Committee wishes to find one hundred *FOUNDERS* of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Chair of Journalism who will invest a thousand dollars apiece in establishing this memorial. Their names will be commemorated on bronze tablets for all future time as General Lee's partners in the patriotic enterprise originated by him in 1869.

## Will You Be One?

Address inquiries, correspondence, etc., to the Executive Secretary of the National Committee of the United Confederate Veterans, PRESIDENT HENRY LOUIS SMITH, *Lexington, Va.*

# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIX APRIL, 1921 NO. 4



GEN. ALEXANDER GALT TALIAFERRO

(See page 127)

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*A GARDEN OF ROSES.*

There is scarcely a rose known to the professional florist that has not a representative in the grounds of the Chauteau Bagatelle, just outside of Paris on the road to Neuilly. Whenever a new rose is produced by the horticulturists of France a specimen is sent to the Chateau to be permanently perpetuated in the gardens of the estate.

The Chateau Bagatelle has been since 1914 the property of the city of Paris, having been purchased in that year from the heirs of Sir Richard Wallace for 260,000 francs. "Folie" Bagatelle, as it was once called, was built, however, in 1777 by the Comte d'Artois as a wager with Marie Antoinette. The Chateau was completed in sixty-four days at a cost of 120,000 francs.

Roses which will go down in history lift their fragrant heads from the hedgerows, clamber over the trellises, or stand alone in the garden plots of Bagatelle.

The Beauté de Lyon, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of William toss their regal heads beside the popular Dorothy Perkins, the Scarlet Climbers, and the Donald MacDonald; while the tiny crimson coronas of Mimi Pinson, born in 1920, and the pale yellow centers and pink petals of Des Roses Nouvelles, creations of 1920-21, grow side by side with the yellow Constances, the softer yellow of the Medaille d'Or, the Golden Butterfly of 1920, and Mrs. MacKellor, creamy white amidst her green foliage. Perhaps the most unique rose of all is the Bouquet de Lie de Vin, the small fragrant clusters of which are as purple as the dregs of rich wine.

One rose, dear to the hearts of the American people, blooms in crimson beauty among these aristocrats of the flower world, the "Red Cross Rose," perfected in 1917.

*GET OUT OF DOORS.*

Some interesting tests have recently been completed to show the effect of light upon one's enjoyment of any sport or entertainment. An audience has been carefully watched while enjoying some form of entertainment in bright sunlight, in various degrees of subdued light, and in total darkness. The tests have been scientifically accurate and the effects have been measured by reading the pulse, the blood pressure, and the general physical condition of the spectators. It has been found that the degree of enjoyment and the physical and mental benefits increases steadily as the light increases. In other words, the spectator gets much more enjoyment and benefit from the same performance if the light be increased. In moving picture theaters, where the house must be kept dark, the spectator enjoys himself less than in a lighted room or out of doors. These experiments confirm the opinions of many Scout leaders. It is good Scout philosophy and proves, what we have always believed, that sunlight and out-of door life is beneficial to us all.—*January Boys' Life.*

Mrs. J. C. Brownlow, of Denton, Tex., is very anxious to communicate with any one who knew of the service of her husband, J. C. Brownlow, who enlisted in the service from Pulaski, Tenn., as a member of John Brownlow's company, Colonel Cook's regiment, the 32d Tennessee. He was wounded at Chickamauga and was afterwards in the hospital a long while. He removed to Texas some forty years ago. His wife is bedridden and in need of help. Write to J. M. Gary, 809 North Locust Street, Denton, Tex.

Miss Susan E. Hay, 802 North Ranney Street, Sikeston, Mo., wishes to hear from some comrade of her father, who enlisted from Murray, Ky., or near there. He was wounded at Shiloh and also at Gettysburg, the latter wound causing his death some years later. Any one remembering a soldier of the name will confer a favor by writing to her.

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# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. | VOL. XXIX. NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1921. No. 4. S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

## *CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL.*

BY WILL MITT SHIELDS, COLUMBIA, TENN.

"How sleep the brave?" was sung of men
  Who, loving well a native clime,
Stood with a dauntless courage when
  Some menace called for deeds sublime.

They dared to do—dared even to die—
  And now their sacred, mold'ring dust
To all the world does testify
  Of faith they kept with valor's trust.

"How sleep the brave?" What land has claim
  Of braver sons than ours, than she
Whose children stood to guard her name
  Through storms of stern adversity?

They have not died in vain, but win
  That meed impartial justice gives
True sons. Hate's manacles of sin
  May curb, not kill, for justice lives.

'Twas not grim war alone which tried
  Their spirits as a searing flame,
But politics, with hate allied,
  Would crush them to ignoble shame.

For all that spite could hope to achieve
  By constant speech, in ardent song,
Some tried to make the world believe
  That *they* were right and *these* were wrong.

But virtues shown by these will shine—
  Refining fires but prove their worth—
While calumny must know decline,
  Nor bides with lasting things of earth.

It lessens, wanes as dies a flame
  Or light on some receding shore;
But these shall wax as stars of fame
  That gem love's sky forevermore.

Despite a fog traducers spread—
  A mist that soon must blow away—
The days to come will see our dead
  And deeds of theirs shine as the day.

Shall we who heir such glories won,
  A light to bless all coming age,
Seem by indifference to shun
  And e'en disown such heritage?

Be courage ours, though light be dim,
  As theirs to walk the way they trod,
Unswerving in our faith in Him
  Who is the source of truth, our God.

Sleep, heroes! Though years yet to be
  See not some sorrowing hearts to weep
Your death in anguish, history
  In sacredness your fame shall keep.

Sleep well, nor reck the stinging darts
  Hate ever hurls at those who've trod
In Duty's way, for in our hearts
  You live forever, blessed of God.

"How sleep the brave?" As flowers unfold
  From bud to charm with perfect bloom,
Your fame shall grow through years untold
  And glory gild each name and tomb.

---

TWO IN ONE.—The great mind of Madison was one of the first to entertain distinctly the noble conception of two kinds of government, operating at one and the same time upon the same individuals, harmonious with each other, but each supreme in its own sphere. Such is the fundamental conception of our partly Federal, partly national government, which appears throughout the Virginia plan as well as in the Constitution which grew out of it.—*John Fiske, of Massachusetts.*

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

## *THE PRIVATE.*

BY MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE.

On Fame's immortal roll,
  Of those who perished in the fight,
One name shone out above the rest
  And filled the page with light.

"Who comes?" the herald cried,
  "To join the ranks of noble dead?
Thy glory dazzles all our eyes."
  "A private, sir," he said.

## *TRUE HISTORY.*

In making a suggestion to the United Daughters of the Confederacy that such a history as they desire to be taught in the schools of the South can be prepared largely from the files of the VETERAN, Dr. J. C. W. Steger, of Gurley, Ala., says:

"Let us not forget to impress upon the minds of the youth of the South the high qualities of the men who filled the legislative, the judicial, and executive departments of the Confederate government, and especially those who wrote its Constitution. Those of us who feel a just pride in the work of the men and women of the Old South must bestir ourselves to see that their memories are revered. It has been said, 'Though a monument be crected to reach the heavens and to stand until time perished at its base,' it would be meaningless without a history.

"And it will be a calamity if such men as Dr. Shepherd, Dr. McNeilly, and others do not furnish a general history for the benefit of mankind. No one without their general knowledge of affairs could do this work so well. Let the world have the benefit of our struggle for constitutional rights, under which only can a true democracy exist. There has been no time in history when this question was so pertinent and imperative. Europe is seeking such a basis, and our example, costly as any ever made, under the best constitution ever adopted, should be given to the struggling people of dissolving dynasties. They, as we, have made the sacrifice and may, like us, be denied the beneficent results that flow from battle fields of freedom."

## *THE PILGRIM CONTRIBUTION.*

Nothing has been left unsaid about the Pilgrims, yet the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Plymouth colony finds them rather mythical figures whose primary function is to serve as ancestors.

The Pilgrims were so soon submerged by the great Puritan migration which followed a few years later that their original identity has been almost lost. They were plain, simple, uneducated folk who had gone to Holland to escape religious persecutions at home and who had definitely separated from the Church of England. The Puritan, with his passion for reforming everybody except himself, was trying to make the Church over into his own image. Many of the Puritans had wealth and power and influence. Some of them were connected with great families. Their quarrel was never about religious freedom of any kind, for they did not believe in it. They were ardent supporters of the union of Church and State, and when they came to America it was to found a theocracy of their own.

The Pilgrims have been so generally confused with the Puritans that the distinction between them is commonly disregarded. The aggressive colonization to Massachusetts was Puritan, and it was the Puritan who originally put his stamp on the colony. But the Pilgrims are entitled to recognition of their own apart from the honor that belongs to them as pathfinders. They made two definite contributions to American institutions, for it was they who established the town meeting and the public school. The town meeting was a revival of one of the oldest traditions of the English race, but the public school was borrowed from the Dutch.

We have succeeded in maintaining and developing the public school, but the institution of local self-government has long been crumbling. It is one of the curious facts in the development of the American people that the political principle which was once regarded as fundamental and at the basis of their whole system is the principle for which they have shown the least respect and in the advancement of which they have made the smallest progress.—*New York World.*

BURIAL OF SIR MOSES EZEKIEL AT ARLINGTON.—The body of Sir Moses Ezekiel, who died in Rome, Italy, in March, 1917, has been brought back to America and interred in Arlington Cemetery, where stands the handsome Confederate monument which was the product of his skill. After a memorial service by the Arlington Confederate Monument Association and the Daughters of the Confederacy in Washington on March 30, the commitment services were held in the Amphitheater at Arlington, and the interment was conducted by Washington Centennial Lodge No. 14, F. and A. M. Cadets from the Virginia Military Institute formed the guard of honor. Sir Moses was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute and fought at New Market, May 15, 1864.

ACTIVE FRIENDS.—The work of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., of Chicago, in behalf of the VETERAN is under the direction of Mrs. Joseph Johnson, who is putting special effort in the work. In order to simplify it and make it easier for her successor, she has had some slips printed with blanks for the name and time of expiration of each subscription. These slips will be sent out to the subscribers as a request for renewal at the proper time. Then she keeps a book with the names of all members of the Chapter who are subscribers or paying for some one else, which will be a ready reference as needed. The VETERAN is very appreciative of the work that is being done by Chapters, U. D. C., and wants to help them in their work.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.—On Wednesday, April 13, 1921, a joint meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association and Daughters of the Confederacy will be held in the Public Library Hall, Louisville, Ky., for the purpose of devising ways and means for the completion of the Davis monument at Fairview, Ky. All friends of this movement are invited to attend this meeting.

*LAMAR'S DEFENSE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

[Attention has been called to an error in the article on page 101 of the VETERAN for March giving the incident of Senator Lamar's dramatic speech on the proposed amendment to the Mexican War pension bill by which it was sought to exclude Jefferson Davis from the benefits of that legislation. H. D. McDonald, of Corpus Christi, Tex., writes that it was Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, and not Zach Chandler, against whom this denunciation was directed. Newspapers have a way of getting things wrong as well as of bringing out the sensational feature. But it was founded upon fact, as the following, taken from a report of the proceedings as given in the "Life of L. Q. C. Lamar," will show. Mr. McDonald writes that, "despite this 'lashing by Lamar's tongue,' in the course of time Lamar and Hoar became good friends, and Lamar had no greater admirer and at his death no sincerer mourner than Senator Hoar."]

On the 1st of March, 1879, the Senate was considering a proposition to extend the act of Congress granting pensions to the soldiers of the War of 1812 and their widows so as to make it applicable as well to the soldiers and sailors who served in the war with Mexico. Senator Hoar offered this amendment: "Provided further that no pension shall ever be paid under this act to Jefferson Davis, the late President of the so-called Confederacy."

The introduction of this resolution precipitated an exciting debate. Senators Bailey, of Tennessee, Hoar, of Massachusetts, Garland, of Arkansas, Shields, of Missouri, Maxey, of Texas, and Thurman, of Ohio, had taken part and Mr. Hoar in his last speech had said: "The Senator from Arkansas alluded to the courage which this gentleman had shown in battle, and I do not deny it. Two of the bravest officers of our Revolutionary War were Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold."

These remarks called out Mr. Lamar. He said: "Mr. President, it is with extreme reluctance that I rise to say a word upon this subject. I must confess my surprise and regret that the Senator from Massachusetts should have wantonly, without provocation, flung this insult"—

The presiding officer (Mr. Edmunds in the chair): "The Senator from Mississippi is out of order. He cannot impute to any Senator either wantonness or insult."

Mr. Lamar: "I stand corrected. I suppose it is in perfect order for certain Senators to insult other Senators, but they cannot be characterized by those who receive the blow."

The presiding officer: "The observations of the Senator from Mississippi, in the opinion of the chair, are not in order."

Mr. Lamar: "The observations of the Senator from Mississippi, in his own opinion, are not only in order, but perfectly and absolutely true."

The presiding officer: "The Senator from Mississippi will take his seat until the question of order is decided."

Mr. Lamar: "Yes, sir."

After the roll call on the question, the presiding officer said: "The judgment of the chair is reversed, and the Senate decides that the words uttered by the Senator from Mississippi are in order, and the Senator from Mississippi will proceed."

Mr. Lamar: "Now, Mr. President, having been decided by my associates to have been in order in the language I used, I desire to say that, if it is at all offensive or unacceptable to any member of this Senate, the language is withdrawn, for it is not my purpose to offend or stab the sensibilities of any of my associates on this floor. But what I meant by that remark was this: Jefferson Davis stands in precisely the position that I stand in, that every Southern man who believed in the right of a State to secede stands."

Mr. Hoar: "Will the Senator from Mississippi permit me to assure him"—

The presiding officer: "The Senator from Massachusetts will address the chair. Does the Senator from Mississippi yield to the Senator from Maschusetts?"

Mr. Lamar: "O, yes."

Mr. Hoar: "Will the Senator from Mississippi permit me to assure him and other Senators on this floor who stand like him that, in making the motion which I made, I did not conceive that any of them stood in the same position in which I supposed Mr. Davis to stand. I should not have moved to except the gentleman from Mississippi from the pension roll."

Mr. Lamar: "The only difference between myself and Jefferson Davis is that his exalted character, his preëminent talents, his well-established reputation as a statesman, as a patriot, and as a soldier enabled him to take the lead in the cause to which I consecrated myself and to which every fiber of my heart responded. There was no distinction between insult to him and the Southern people except that he was their chosen leader and they his enthusiastic followers, and there has been no difference since.

"Jefferson Davis since the war has never counseled insurrection against the authority of this government. Not one word has he uttered inconsistent with the greatness and glory of this American republic. The Senator from Massachusetts can point to no utterance of Jefferson Davis which bids the people of the South to cherish animosities and hostilities to this Union, nor does he cherish them himself.

"The Senator—it pains me to say it—not only introduced this amendment, but he coupled that honored name with treason; for, sir, he is honored among the Southern people. He did only what they sought to do; he was simply chosen to lead them in a cause which we all cherished; and his name will continue to be honored for his participation in that great movement which inspired an entire people, the people who were animated by motives as sacred and noble as ever inspired the breast of a Hampden or a Washington. I say this as a Union man to-day. The people of the South drank their inspiration from the fountain of devotion to liberty and to constitutional government. We believed that we were fighting for it, and the Senator cannot put his finger upon one distinction between the people of the South and the man whom the Senator has to-day selected for dishonor as the representative of the South.

"Now, sir, I do not wish to make any remarks here that will engender any excitement or discussion, but I say that the Senator from Massachusetts connected that name with treason. We all know that the results of this war have attached to the people of the South the technical crime of rebellion, and we submit to it; but that was not the sense in which the gentleman used that term as applied to Mr. Davis. He intended to affix (I will not say that he intended, but the inevitable effect of it was to affix) upon this aged man, this man broken in fortune, suffering from bereavement, an epithet of odium, an imputation of moral turpitude.

"Sir, it required no courage to do that; it required no magnanimity to do it; it required no courtesy. It only required hate, bitter, malignant, sectional feeling, and a sense of per-

sonal impunity. The gentlemen, I believe, takes rank among Christian statesmen. He might have learned a better lesson even from the pages of mythology. When Prometheus was bound to the rock it was not an eagle, it was a vulture, that buried his beak in the tortured vitals of the victim.

"I send to the desk a letter written by Mr. Davis upon this subject to Mr. Singleton, a gentleman who represents one of the districts of Mississippi in the other House, and with the expression of my opinion that the Senator from Massachusetts does not represent Massachusetts in the step that he has taken and the sentiments that he has uttered this day I shall take my seat."

The presiding officer: "Does the Senator from Mississippi desire to have the letter that he sent to the desk read?"

Mr. Lamar: "I do, sir. I wish it read as part of my remarks."

The presiding officer: "The letter will be read, there being no objections."

The Secretary read as follows:

"Mississippi City, 1878.

"*Dear Sir:* I am quite unwilling that personal objections to me by members of Congress should defeat the proposed measure to grant pensions to the veterans of the war against Mexico, therefore request and authorize you, should the fate of the bill depend upon excluding me from its benefits, in my behalf to ask my friends and the friends of the measure silently to allow a provision for my exclusion from the benefits of the bill to be inserted in it. From other sources you will have learned that not a few of those who then periled their lives for their country are now so indigent and infirm as to require relief, and it would be to me sorrowful indeed if my comrades in that war should suffer deprivation because of their association with me.

"While on this subject I will mention that it did not require a law to entitle me to be put on the list of pensioners, but it rather requires legal prohibition to deprive me of that right. As an officer regularly mustered into the military service of the United States and while serving as such I was 'severely wounded' in battle and could under the laws then existing have applied for and received a pension. My circumstances did not require pecuniary relief from the government, and I did not make the requisite application; therefore my name has never been upon the roll of pensioners and offers no obstruction to the restoration of those names which have been stricken from it.

"Respectfully and truly yours, Jefferson Davis.

Hon. O. R. Singleton."

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*MEMORIAL DAY.*

But, ah, the graves which no man names or knows:
Uncounted graves, which never can be found;
Graves of the precious "missing," where no sound
Of tender weeping will be heard, where goes
No loving step of kindred—O how flows
And yearns our thought to them!
But nature knows her wilderness;
There are no "missing" in her numbered ways;
In her glad heart is no forgetfulness;
Each grave she keeps she will adorn, caress.
We cannot lay such wreaths as summer lays,
And all her days are Decoration Days!

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

*GEN. ALEXANDER GALT TALIAFERRO.*

[The following statement of service to the Confederacy, prepared by Gen. Alexander Galt Taliaferro in 1878, shows patriotic determination to fight for the South, even though it might not be in the capacity he desired. General Taliaferro was born at "Churchill," Gloucester County, Va., in September, 1808, and died at his home, "Annandale," Culpeper County, Va., on June 29, 1884. His wife was Agnes Harwood Marshall, a granddaughter of Chief Justice John Marshall. The paper comes from his granddaughter, Mrs. Rex Corbin Maupin, of Baltimore, who is State Historian of the Maryland Division, U. D. C.]

When the ordinance of secession was passed I held the rank of lieutenant colonel of cavalry, conferred upon me by Governor Wise, in the Second Military Division of the State. Companies were formed and organized in some six counties of the department. Cavalry tactics out of the regular army were almost entirely unknown. I had studied and practiced them, and, presuming that I would be continued in my position, I repaired to Madison, Culpeper, Amherst, and Nelson, my orders and notices having preceded me, and devoted several weeks to the instruction of officers and men. My last appointment was made for Albemarle, and on arriving at Charlottesville I found, to my surprise, Captain Richardson, of the city of Richmond, under instructions from the Governor to inspect the companies—there were two, armed and in readiness for the field—and to send them forward to General Cooke, then commanding at Culpeper Courthouse.

Thus summarily superseded, I went to Richmond and had an interview with Governor Letcher, who informed me that all old commissions were annulled. I then asked that I might be commissioned anew, retaining my rank and arm of service. He replied that it was not proposed to organize regiments of cavalry, and only detached companies of cavalry would be required to act as videttes. The request was then made that he would give me the same position in the infantry, as I was equally familiar with its tactics. He was very kind and respectful and said all his appointments had been made, but if I would raise a regiment of infantry volunteers he would take pleasure in commissioning me as its colonel. I told him it would take two, three, or four months to accomplish that, and as many more would elapse before it could be armed and in readiness for the front, and by that time the struggle might be over, that I was no longer young, verging upon fifty-four, and if I expected to achieve anything I had no time to waste, and that I would go to Harper's Ferry, where the war had opened.

Stopping only a day at my home, I hurried to the Ferry and enrolled, entering myself as a private in the Culpeper Minutemen. Six days after a company of "Roughs" from Baltimore, who had been compelled to flee the city for being engaged in the attack upon the Massachusetts troops when passing through, organized and appointed a deputation to wait on me and request that I would take their command. This I gladly did and two weeks later marched at their head under Col. (afterwards Lieut. Gen.) A. P. Hill to Romney, W. Va., whence the Federals were expelled. Returning with the command to Winchester, three weeks only having elapsed, I found a letter from my wife conveying a commission from the Governor as lieutenant colonel of infantry, with orders to repair to Norfolk and report to General Huger, who would assign me a command. Arriving there and reporting to General Huger, he informed me that the only vacancy in the grade of lieutenant colonel had that morning been filled by

Lieut. Col. George Blow, that more troops were daily expected, and that the first opening should be assigned me. Troops arrived, but they were fully officered; and after remaining there seven weeks unattached I addressed a letter to Governor Letcher, stating the circumstances and begging an active position in the field. The next mail brought me an order to report to Gen. Henry Jackson, commanding at the Green Brier River, as lieutenant colonel of the 23d Regiment. There I was most agreeably surprised to find my nephew, William B. Taliaferro, as colonel of that regiment and as ranking colonel next to Col. (afterwards Maj. Gen.) Edward Johnson, who commanded the post under General Jackson. William B. Taliaferro commanded a brigade composed of the 1st and 12th Georgia, 23d and 37th Virginia Regiments, and I, by consequence, had the full and entire command as lieutenant colonel of the 23d.

Two days after the battle of Green Brier was fought; six weeks later the post was abandoned, the troops divided, part left under Colonel Johnson, and my nephew's brigade was conducted by him to Winchester to reënforce Gen. Thomas J. Jackson. This brigade now made the 3d Brigade of the Stonewall Division.

On the first day of January, 1862, we left Winchester to engage in the disastrous and hopeless winter expedition to Baltimore, thence to Hancock, in Maryland, and then on to Romney, W. Va.—disastrous from the number of fine and gallant young men who perished; bootless because General Jackson's plans were never communicated to his second in command, General Loring. Later I was somewhat behind the scenes and partially honored by his confidence. The plans were to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and thus cut off reënforcements to the Yankee army in Tennessee. What a great achievement this would have been, and what a different coloring this might have have given to the results of the war! To have wintered in Clarksburg, by his personal popularity (he was born there) and the magic of his name, Jackson would have aroused all of West Virginia and brought its men to his standard, and in the early spring with an overwhelming force they would have marched upon and occupied Pittsburg. What a grand turning point it would have been in the struggle had not traitors in the departments in Richmond divulged Jackson's plans, as Yankee papers captured in Baltimore gave the very day of Jackson's departure from Winchester, his destination, and the exact numbers of his different arms—infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

Returning to Winchester to winter quarters, in the early spring the battle of Kernstown was fought. This gave cheer to the Confederacy, but it was simply a repulse, not a victory, for the Federals. In this I had my horse killed under me. General Jackson, still maintaining a gallant front, retreated up the Valley. I finally crossed the Shenandoah at Swift Run Gap, where Jackson made his stand. While there the reorganization of the army occurred, and I was elected by acclamation full colonel of the 23d Regiment and was so commissioned. My nephew, Gen. William B. Taliaferro, in the meantime having been promoted to a brigadier general, I continued now in command of the 3d Brigade of the Stonewall Division, of which the 23d Regiment formed a part.

The battle of McDowell was next fought, where I had my second horse killed under me. Then the affair of Franklin was followed in quick succession by the battles of Front Royal, Strasburg, and the first Winchester, where in charging a battery I had my sword scabbard shot from my side by grape shot. Here occurred the pursuit of General Banks to Harpers Ferry, and then the second Strasburg was fought, at which time General Jackson encountered the two Yankee armies, Freemont moving from Romney, W. Va., and Shields from Fredericksburg, Va. Next came the battle of Cross Keys and the decisive battle of Port Republic, the last in the splendid services of Jackson in the Valley. In each of these I bore my part. At Port Republic I was slightly wounded, but painfully, in the shoulder, and this, superseded by an exhaustive attack of diarrhea contracted in the Valley, prevented my being present in the fights around Richmond when General McClellan withdrew to the defenses of Old Point.

General Lee centered his troops in an around Gordonsville, where I rejoined my command. While confined to my chamber, sick and wounded, the Federals under Lieutenant General Pope for the first time advanced and occupied Culpeper Courthouse, and of this I was reliably informed by a refugee and, further, that their purpose was that night to burn the railroad bridge across the Rapidan River and to capture me, as they were fully advised that I was at home and an invalid. Forthwith I dispatched my servant with my horses to Gordonsville and had another ready in the stable on which to make my escape. As a further precaution against capture, I ordered two men to report to me from the single company detailed to guard the railroad bridge, numbering some forty men—strange to tell, the importance of preserving it considered—without a piece of artillery, although higher up the river, where there was nothing to protect, there was a park of artillery numbering ten pieces. The privates reported and were stationed by me at my outer gate, near which the only roads leading from Culpeper Courthouse converged. I impressed upon them the all-importance of keeping awake, that there were only two approaches, and to give me early information of the approach of danger; therefore I retired to rest, feeling perfectly secure.

Informed somewhat of the movements of the cavalry, I expected them only at dawn; but at one o'clock I was aroused by the report of firearms, and the next instant a servant girl rapped at my window, exclaiming: "Master, the Yankees are here!" I had arranged everything for a sudden summons, but was only half dressed when they thundered upon the door with the hilts of their swords, demanding instant admission. Under my directions my wife opened the blinds and begged a few minutes to dress herself, and these few minutes I employed to dress and arm myself, and with my cocked hat upon my head and my military overcoat across my arm I passed out through a window, purposely left open to the rear, which was clear, and thus made my escape. The whole front yard was crowded, as the enemy's command numbered over fifteen hundred men, and I passed within ten feet of them unchallenged. I refer to this fact because I must have been taken for a Federal officer, as in that stage of the war the uniforms were very much alike, a light blue. I had made a foolish and stupid mental resolve that I would never show my back to the Yankees, and if I was ever straight and erect in my life it was while walking through their ranks. This seeming fearlessness doubtless contributed to save me, and upon reaching the river's bank under the sheltering trees I felt perfectly secure. Many shots were fired, but none came near me, though they reported to my family that I had been riddled by bullets and lay dead in the garden. The truth is, I had scant fear of being captured, for if challenged and halted my purpose was to impersonate one of their officers and run the gauntlet. In my safe hiding place my ears were saluted by a yell of triumph; they had found my horse in the

stable. As to the fate of my sentinels, they were found asleep upon their post by the Yankees, and in attempting to escape they were both killed.

Twelve days thereafter the battle of Cedar Mountain was fought. At its opening General Winder, commanding the Stonewall Division, was killed, and my nephew, being the next ranking officer, succeeded to the command of the division; while I, the ranking officer under him, succeeded to the command of the brigade, and as its commander I led it on that day and afterwards in all the series of affairs. We crossed the Hazel and Rappahannock Rivers and soon fought the three days' battle of Second Manassas. The first day of the battle my horse was killed under me, and on the second day in a charge upon the enemy a Minie ball struck the eagle of my sword belt and, glancing off, alone saved my life; but my stomach was badly bruised, and on the third day while leading a charge upon a battery which was doing fearful execution in our ranks my hand was struck by a Minie ball and two fingers of my sword arm crushed and mutilated.

On the first day of these battles Gen. William B. Taliaferro, still commanding the Stonewall Division, was severely wounded in the shoulder and was forced to retire. He was succeeded in command by General Starke, of Louisiana, the next ranking officer. The day after the closing battle General Lee diverted his march to Ox Hill, in the county of Loudoun *en route* for Maryland at the crossing at Leesburg, where what has been termed the affair at Ox Hill, or Chantilly, occurred. It should have been dignified with the name of battle. I had been engaged in the battles of Green Brier River, Kernstown, McDowell's, the affair at Franklin, Front Royal, the First and Second Strasburg, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cedar Mountain, at the crossings of the Hazel and Rappahannock Rivers, and in the three-day battles of Second Manassas; but for the time it raged and lasted (only one hour) and the number of men engaged it was the sharpest and most deadly of them all. In this affair, General Starke being reported sick, I, as the next ranking officer, commanded the Stonewall Division. The next day the march was continued, and General Starke, having recovered, resumed the command, my command of the division lasting only twenty-four hours.

From the bruise about my stomach I could not bear the pressure and weight of my belt and sword, and from my disabled hand I could not hold my sword or manage my horse; so under the earnest entreaties and almost commands of the surgeons I applied for a furlough and returned to my home. Three days later the battle of Sharpsburg was fought, and the gallant Starke was killed. Could I have returned to the army and survived the day and have remained with the army, I should have succeeded to the full command of the Stonewall Division. My promotion was assured without the form of application to either the President or the Secretary of War. But the disease contracted in the Valley returned upon me. I had long borne up against it, but it prostrated me, and the deaths of my children, God help me. In my heart I had no further place for ambition. I was never afterwards in active service with the Army of Northern Virginia proper. I doubt not that I was the oldest man to volunteer as a private in the ranks of either army, North or South, and so I retired from it.

I was assigned to the command the university post at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, and the military department surrounding after a service of less than eighteen months with the full command of a brigade and the brief command of a division, and this before promotion came quick and rapid. If I have no cause for pride in my military record, I am surely not ashamed of it.

After the series of battles around Fredericksburg, on the 6th of February, 1863, Gen. William B. Taliaferro was promoted to major general and ordered to the command of Fort Wagner, the most important of the defenses of Charleston, S. C., where he so greatly distinguished himself. A vacancy thus being made for a brigadier general in the 3d Brigade of the Stonewall Division, the acting position and duties of which I had filled as colonel for many months, though absent, I was not forgotten by them, but instantly upon the promotion of Gen. William B. Taliaferro its officers, field staff, and company with almost unanimity signed a petition in which they set forth my claims and services and the perfect confidence that they reposed in my leadership, begging that I might be named their brigadier general. This petition was as follows:

"Third Brigade, Trimble's Division, Jackson's Corps,
A. N. V., Camp Near Rappahannock River,
February 6, 1863.

"*Col Alexander G. Taliaferro—Dear Sir:* Brig. Gen. William B. Taliaferro, commanding this brigade, having been relieved at his own request, the post of brigadier general has become vacant.

"From your position as senior colonel of the brigade you are, according to military usage, entitled to the promotion. In the last campaign, the events of which are so well known, you have frequently and for long periods had the command of the brigade both upon the march and in battle. Your experience, the perfect satisfaction you have rendered to your superiors, and the high appreciation in which your services are held by your inferiors in command are the greatest supports that could possibly be asked for your claims.

"Knowing your modesty to be equal to your merit, we shall not here offend it by expressing the high reputation you have won throughout our whole army for courage, gallantry, ability, and all other qualities of a soldier and a gentleman; but we do most earnestly request that your claims for promotion may be presented and urged."

This was signed by the field, staff, and company officers of the 23d Virginia Infantry, 10th Virginia Infantry, 37th Virginia Infantry, 1st North Carolina Infantry, and 3d North Carolina Infantry.

This petition was sent me by an express messenger, and the pressing request renewed that I would hurry to Richmond, present it in person, and press my claim. In all human probability this was the only instance that occurred during the continuance of the Confederate war of an application of this character, and I value it and would not exchange the proud expressions of the officers of my old 3d Brigade for all the parchments that the President or Secretary of War could sign, made as to the wishes of a command and as such should have been respected; but appointments were made arbitrarily from political or personal motives. Mr. James A. Seddon was then acting Secretary of War. He told me he would give the application his earliest attention and would take great pleasure in promoting my wishes and those of the officers of the brigade. The next day I returned to my post at Charlottesville, and six days thereafter I saw Col. George H. Steuart, of Maryland, gazetted as brigadier general of the 3d Brigade, Stonewall Division.

In justice to Mr. Seddon (my health was very bad) he

asked me if my physical condition was such as to accept the command. I replied that I could not and would not return to the active army in the field as colonel of a regiment after having had the command of a brigade; but if he should give the position asked I would gladly report to the army if I died in the mud and mire. The finale was that I was promoted to brigadier general and continued in the command of my military post, which I held up to Appomattox.

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## *TRUE STORY OF THE CAPTURE OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH.*

BY WILLIAM H. GARRETT, LENT, VA.

There have been so many contradictory statements in regard to the capture of John Wilkes Booth that I shall try to write a correct account of it, I being one of the Garrett boys who were at home at the time of his capture and death.

I had just returned from the war. About three days after my arrival there came to my father's home a man by the name of Captain Jett, with a man riding behind him on the same horse. He introduced this man to my father as John W. Boyd, a Confederate soldier from the army of Lee, who had been wounded near Petersburg. He said he had returned to his home in Maryland, but the authorities required him to take the oath, so rather than do that he would return to the army. He did not know that Johnston had surrendered in the West. Captain Jett then requested my father to entertain "Mr. Boyd," and he would call for him on Wednesday.

That night when I came to the house my father introduced me to "Mr. Boyd, an old soldier." I was struck with his looks, as he was the handsomest man I had ever seen. He remained that night, the next day, and the next night, when he was shot. The first night he slept in the same room with my brother Jack and myself. He seemed to sleep well. The next day he remained about the premises with me and the younger children.

During the noon meal my brother, who had been to a shoemaker's, said he had heard that President Lincoln had been assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, and a reward of one hundred thousand dollars had been offered for his arrest. I made the remark: "I wish he would come this way. I'd like to get that amount."

Mr. Boyd looked at me without showing any excitement and said: "Would you do such a thing?"

I replied: "That is a big sum."

My father then said: "He is young and foolish. He does not mean what he says."

Then the conversation turned to other topics.

After the meal Boyd returned to the porch. My sister Annie said to him that she thought the death of Lincoln was a most unfortunate thing to have happened at this time. He replied that it was the best thing that could have happened, as Andrew Johnson would be made President, and he was a drunken sot. It would cause a revolution and would be the best thing for the South.

About three o'clock three men came to within about three hundred yards of the house and beckoned to Mr. Boyd. He met them, and they remained in conversation about half an hour; then two of the men left, leaving one behind whom Mr. Boyd introduced as a friend of his. Sometime later the two men returned, and the other man went to meet them. He came back and said he was notified that there was a body of troops coming from the direction of Port Royal. They seemed to be excited and left for the woods, where they remained until dusk. On their return they learned that the troops had passed on toward Bowling Green, which seemed to satisfy them.

My father had become suspicious that these men were not what they claimed to be, as Captain Jett had not called for Mr. Boyd, as promised, so after supper he told them they could not stay in his house that night; they had better go back to the woods. They said they were not criminals and requested him to let them sleep in some outhouse, so he told them they could stay in the tobacco house.

Brother Jack and I went with them to the barn, and after they had entered, fearing they might in the night come out and take our horses, we locked the door. Not being satisfied with that precaution, as there were doors that fastened on the inside, we concluded to sleep in a shuck house near by to guard our horses. We were aroused about one o'clock by the barking of the dogs and quite a commotion going on. Jack said he would investigate and for me to remain in the shuck house. He was met by a posse of soldiers and ordered to surrender. He replied: "Where is your commander? Take me to him." He was conducted to the house, where he found that they had taken my father out of doors in his night clothes and were calling for a rope to swing him up by because he could not tell them where the men were. Jack told them to let father alone, that he would take them to the barn, for there were two men out there, but he did not know who they were. They found the barn door locked, and I took the key to them. Then they made my brother go in and tell the men that they must surrender, as there were fifty men around the barn, and they could not escape.

Boyd said to my brother: "Get out of here at the risk of your life. You have betrayed me."

Brother reported what he said to the officer, who told him to lock the door. He then told my brother and me to pile brush near the side door, which we did. While doing so Boyd said: "Stop that. If you put any more there, it will be at your peril."

The officer then told us not to put any more there, and he commenced to parley with Boyd and his companion. He told them to come out and surrender. Boyd refused, saying: "I do not know to whom I am to surrender. I do not know who you are. You may be my friends."

The officer said: "It makes no difference; I know who you are. I came for you, and I am going to take you."

Boyd then said: "There is a man in here who wishes to come out."

The officer said: "Tell him to leave his arms and come out."

Boyd said: "He has no arms; they are mine."

The officer then ordered my brother to unlock the door. He made the man put forth his arms, and cuffs were placed on them, and he was jerked out and the door fastened as quickly as if they feared a tiger might bounce out on them. Boyd then came to a crack in the barn and said to the officer: "Captain, I have a bead on your heart. I could kill you, but I do not wish to shed innocent blood. Call your men off fifty yards and open the door, and I will come out and fight. Give me some chance for my life."

The officer said: "No, I did not come to fight; I came to capture you." He then placed my brother and me each at a corner of the barn by a light from a candle, with a guard over us with instructions that if the man inside fired a shot we were to be shot and not allowed to escape.

Boyd said to the officer: "Those men are innocent. They

do not know who I am. I will not surrender, so prepare a stretcher for me. Here is one more stain on the glorious banner. Do your worst."

Then it was that an officer, whom I afterwards learned was Colonel Conger, twisted some straw and lighted it and set the barn on fire. As soon as the barn was lighted up a shot was heard.

An officer, Lieutenant Baker, was standing near the front door, and when the shot was heard he said to me: "Give me the key; he has shot himself."

I unlocked the door, and he and I ran in and took hold of the man to lift him up. We found that he could not walk. I then left them to go and work on the fire, hoping to put it out and save the barn, but it could not be saved; it was burned with all its contents. The loss was about two thousand dollars, for which no compensation was ever made.

I then learned for the first time that it was John Wilkes Booth who had been shot. He was shot by Sergeant Corbitt, a religious crank, who claimed that the Lord had directed him to avenge the death of the President. The ball passed through Booth's neck and paralyzed him from his neck down. He was taken to the house and placed on the porch floor. A mattress was then put under him, and he lived about two hours. All he said was to Lieutenant Baker: "Tell my mother good-by. What I did I thought was for the best." Then he passed away.

I learned that the young man who came with him was David Harrold. He was tied to a tree in the yard with his hands behind him.

Booth was sewed in a blanket and a one-horse carryall was hired from a negro man, Ned Freeman, who took him to Belle Plain, a wharf on the Potomac. My brother, Harrold, and I were taken to the same place, each behind a soldier. Then we took the same boat that had brought the troops down from Washington, and we returned to Washington. We were taken to the arsenal, brother and I escorted by four detectives, one on each side of us. We were placed in a cell 6x8 feet the first night. The next day we were given the liberty of the guardroom with the soldiers. We remained there about five days. During the time the public heard of the capture and of our being confined there, and a mob made a raid on the arsenal to take us out, what to do with us I do not know unless to hang us.

They had to double the guard and place cannon in front of the gates. The commotion kept up most of the night. We were well treated, Irish soldiers guarding us. We were then taken to the old Capitol Prison under a heavy guard. They formed a hollow square and placed us in the middle. All the way to the old prison we were hissed at and followed by the cry of "Rebel! Rebel!" We were placed in a room with a Confederate colonel who had been arrested as a suspect. He seemed to be a man of means, bought his dram, and kept drunk most of the time.

We remained there about seven days, then we were taken before the chief of the detective department. We were then paroled to report each day at nine o'clock. We then learned that we were to be used as witnesses, and we were sent to a boarding house kept by a gentleman of color. We were never taken to court, but our affidavit was taken and used in favor of Lieutenant Baker as being the first man to place his hand on Booth after he was shot. Corbitt, who did the shooting, thought the reward was his, so he installed himself in a hotel, taking two rooms. He took quite an interest in us, having us to call on him, and when leaving he placed a Bible and twenty-five dollars in our hands. It was said that he died insane.

After being kept there a month we were given our transportation home. From Baltimore we took the first traffic boat that had been up the Rappahannock River since the war. Arriving home in the night, our people were wild with joy at seeing us, for they had not heard a thing from us since we left.

It has been said that my brother Jack betrayed Booth. Here are a few more facts: Two men came to Port Conway, on the King George side of the river, and hailed the ferryman, Bill Rollins, who was out fishing. He did not come at once, so in the meantime there rode up three soldiers of Mosby's command—Captain Jett and Lieutenants Ruggles and Bainbridge—who also wished to cross. While waiting one of the two men, the youngest, came up and met the three, and during their conversation he said: "That man on the log is Booth, who shot Lincoln." The man heard him and said, "I did not wish you to tell that; you have killed us," or something to that effect.

They were put across the river by Rollins and a negro, Jim Thornton, but I do not know that they were told who they were taking over. On reaching Port Royal they tried to get lodging at Mr. Gibbs's, who kept an inn there, but he was not at home; so the soldiers brought Booth to my father's place, Captain Jett bringing him to the house on his own horse. Jett then went to Bowling Green, where the soldiers found him and brought him back to my father's the night Booth was killed.

Colonel Baker, chief detective of the War Department, received notice that two men were seen leaving the Maryland shore one dark night. It was his impression that that was the route they would take, as he (Booth) had traveled it several times going to Richmond as a spy. So he ordered a detachment of soldiers, with two of his trusted detectives, and gave them orders to land at Belle Plain, on the Potomac, and to proceed to Port Conway, on the Rappahannock, believing he would strike the trail. When they arried there, they of course inquired of the ferryman, Mr. Rollins, about the men. He informed them that such men had crossed.

Now who betrayed Booth? Did Captain Jett or Bill Rollins or Jack Garrett or Colonel Baker, chief detective? I give the facts.

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*SPRING GREETING.*

(From the German of Herder.)

All faintly through my soul to-day,
As from a bell that far away
Is tinkled by some frolic fay,
  Flouteth a lovely chiming.
Thou magic bell, to many a fell
And many a winter-saddened dell
Thy tongue a tale of spring doth tell,
  Too passionate-sweet for rhyming.

Chime out, thou little song of Spring,
Float in the blue sky ravishing.
Thy song of life a joy doth bring
  That's sweet, albeit fleeting.
Float on the Spring-winds e'en to my home;
And when thou to a rose shall come
That hath begun to show her bloom,
  Say, I send her greeting! —*Sidney Lanier.*

POINT LOOKOUT PRISON, 1864.

## *SIDNEY LANIER.*

"A perfect life in perfect labor wrought."

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

Sidney Lanier is numbered among the few great poets of America and, with Edgar Allan Poe, represents the South in this high fellowship. Critics may stress different characteristics of his work, but to the unlearned there are three salient qualities which impress even the casual reader: first, intense vitality; second, the varied mental pictures suggested; and last, the pure beauty of the thoughts enshrined in words. A lover of nature, a musician, a student of the classics, and a deeply religious soul stand revealed, also a mystic, as we call those who catch a clearer vision of "the little landscape of our life" in its relation to the boundless vista of eternity. Lowell said he was a man of genius with a rare gift for the happy word. Lanier's own conviction is thus affirmed: "I know through the fiercest tests of life that I am in soul and shall be in life and utterance a great poet."

A writer of the present, in a critical estimate of Lanier's genius, says: "With the spiritual endowment of a poet and an unusual sense of melody, where was he lacking in what makes a great poet? In power of expression. * * * The touch of finality is not in his words. Lack of time to revise his work. Sickness, poverty, hard work, robbing him of the repose and the serenity essential to the development of the artist."

The "Symphony" was written in four days, the "Psalm of the West," in a few weeks, the "Centennial Cantana" in seven days. Yet, falling short of the supreme perfection he might have attained in more fortuitous circumstances, as the record of his thirty-nine years is read, where is there another life more inspiring in its heroic struggle with untoward conditions or insuperable obstacles and more bravely defiant in the long battle with disease? Sidney Lanier was born in 1842, a descendant of the Huguenots and the Scotch-Irish, two of the finest strains which have mingled in the making of Americans. From one he inherited the music and poetry which transform the clod into the finer clay which choice spirits inhabit, and from the other came the stalwart virtues and serene faith which enable mortals to endure "as seeing Him who is invisible."

Southern biography, it must be confessed, departs somewhat from Southern fiction in its financial estimates of *ante bellum* opulence. Society, as Voltaire notices, heard even then the rustling of brocades coming down and sabots going up. A static condition may be approximately maintained through primogeniture reënforced by marriage with heiresses, but in Dixie land, except for an occasional spendthrift trust, there were no artificial barriers to prevent the division of estates or to suspend the law which makes the careless and incompetent the natural prey of the diligent and efficient. Biography indicates that even in "the days that are no more" there was in the South a professional class whose modest emoluments added zest to the problem of making both ends meet and a proletariat (commonly known as poor white trash) which attained the *ne plus ultra* of sloth and ignorance.

In Macon, Ga., in the year 1842, there were many pillared porticos owned by wealthy citizens, mostly on the hills above the flourishing little town, which was becoming a railroad center, and in a small cottage down on High Street Robert Sampson Lanier and Mary Anderson, his wife, founded a home which was a center of piety and culture. He was a struggling young lawyer and in time built up a good practice, but there was evidently no surplus of either capital or income. Three children came to this home, Sidney, Clifford, and Gertrude, bound together by closest ties of sympathy and affection. Education was a tradition in the Lanier family and the love of music an inheritance which they believed was derived from a remote ancestor who was a musician in the household of Queen Elizabeth. Sidney and Clifford went to Oglethorpe College, and when the call to arms came in 1861 both answered adsum promptly and served with daring and fidelity from the beginning until almost the close of hostilities. Both took part in the campaigns in Virginia, and in December, 1864, were transferred to Wilmington, the last port of the Confederacy to close. They were signal officers on blockade runners, hazardous work, which was soon ended, for Clifford's ship, the Talisman, was lost, but he fortunately was saved, and Sidney's ship, Lucy, was captured, and he was sent to prison at Point Lookout.

The hardships endured during the imprisonment of nearly five months developed tuberculosis, and with this handicap, the price of patriotic devotion, Sidney Lanier began life again in his devastated country. The old order, the old comforts and compensations had alike vanished. Entering "the unfamiliar avenue of a new era" with precarious means of support, it was perfectly Southern and characteristic for him to take unto himself a wife. In December, 1867, he married Miss Lucy Day, and a union of ideal happiness began, tenderly depicted in the poem "My Springs." She was a devoted helpmeet and as his literary executrix the zealous guardian of his fame. For the next six years Sidney was "finding himself" and seeking health, doing some writing also, notably his one novel, "Tiger Lilies." After trying and abandoning the law, he definitely resolved to adopt music as a profession. His real life, in both music and literature, began in 1873 in Baltimore when he became flutist in the Peabody Orchestra. A congenial environment, opportunity to study in the Peabody Library, and the deepening consciousness of his own powers made the next eight years the happiest of his life. As if he realized that Balzac's "Peau de Chagrin" measured his days, the fertility of those years is amazing. Always, however, weaving through the music of the orchestra, and for Lanier its leit motif, was the howling of the wolf. Surely life's profoundest tragedy is the moratorium which necessity declares against the leisure and repose in which genius can attain its ultimate development. He was an indefatigable worker, for work meant bringing to him the adored wife and sons. Prose had a commercial value which made it expedient for him to write "the Boy's Froissart, Mabinogion," a guidebood to Florida, and other pot boilers, all permeated by his charming style and gentle humor. Ten volumes of his prose works were collected. While visiting Macon in 1874 he wrote "Corn," which appeared the next year in *Lippincott's Magazine*. With "A Psalm of the West," the "Symphony," and a few short poems, it comprises the slim brown volume, dedicated to Charlotte Cushman, which was published in 1877. There are few passages more exquisite than the comparison of the old hill to "King Lear,"

> "Whom the divine Cordelia of the year
> E'en pitying spring will vainly strive to cheer."

It presages the depth and power which later found expression in "The Marshes of Glynn," esteemed by critics his

greatest poem and worthy to rank with the best in our literature.

Although Lanier continued to play his wonderful flute and composed several melodies for it, he gave up the Peabody Orchestra and became lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins University. To these lectures he devoted the waning strength of his last years. No bitterness mars his allusions to the war which took toll of his lifeblood.

"Headstrong South would have his way,
Headstrong North hath said him nay."

The little ballad of the "Trees and the Master" and "The Crystal Christ" seem almost too intimate and sacred even for reverent comment. Through the veil they lift one has a glimpse of the resignation and the inward light as Lanier approached the final mystery. In 1881 he sought in the healing air of the North Carolina mountains the rest he sorely needed, and there, in the shadow of Mount Pisgah, came the final summons on September 7. Surely this rare and beautiful spirit found "on the Paradise side of the river of death" all that he anticipated in his last poem, "Sunrise," dictated on his deathbed.

Sidney Lanier was buried in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore's sweet, silent "sleeping place." Down in the city, deaf to its discord, is the grave of Edgar Allan Poe. Lanier was a being of courage and hope, with a heart and mind attuned to the noblest aspirations which thrill humanity; Poe a figure of supreme sorrow, a dweller in ghoul-haunted forests and the dank tarn of Auber, distilling from mingled genius and misery a few immortal poems and unsurpassed short stories. No comparison of these lives, almost identical in their span, seems possible; but it is a noteworthy fact that Poe, dying in 1849, and Lanier, a generation later, had this experience in common: each found in their happier and more prosperous Northern contemporaries the sympathy, encouragement, and discerning appreciation which are the incentive to creative effort and also its best reward. It would also seem that centers of learning and culture are a necessary environment to some natures: If the spirit's lamp does not actually cease to burn in the small town or country, it dwindles to an infinitesimal source of illumination.

Reviewing the lives of Southern literary men, the chastening thought must come that Ireland is not alone in being "the birthplace of genius, but never its home." Southern careers in literature, as well as in music and art, are pursued under difficulties, and success, if attained, is not a facile triumph, but a hard-won and well-deserved reward.

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## *THE LAST SONG IN A BURNING HOME.*

(From "Women of the South in War Times.")

In all America perhaps, but certainly in the Valley of the Shenandoah, a name which will ever be held up to execration is that of Gen. David Hunter. This execration is by no means sectional or partisan, for General Hunter was secretly and often openly scorned by many Federal soldiers who had the misfortune to serve under him, while it is said that not a few refused to obey his orders.

On his invasion of the Shenandoah Valley in 1864 the first victim to suffer under the ruthless policy of General Hunter was his first cousin, Hon. Andrew Hunter, of Charles Town, Va., (W. Va.) Not content with directing that Mr. Hunter, an elderly man, be placed in close confinement, General Hunter gave orders that Mr. Hunter's house be burned. His cousins, the women of the household, were not permitted to save either their clothing or their family portraits from the flames. Thereafter, in order to make the destruction complete, General Hunter camped his cavalry on the highly cultivated ground surrounding the site of the house until every vestige of lawn and garden had been utterly ruined.

This exploit having been brought to a close, General Hunter sent out a force with orders to destroy Fountain Rock, the Boteler residence, near Shepherdstown. Colonel Boteler was a member of the Confederate Congress and was then in Richmond. At the time of General Hunter's invasion the only members of the family at home were Mrs. Davis Shepherd, Colonel Boteler's widowed daughter, who was an invalid, her three children, the oldest of whom was not six years old, and Miss Helen Boteler.

On July 19, 1864, therefore, in pursuance of instructions from General Hunter, Capt. William F. Martindale, with a detachment of cavalry, rode up to the Boteler home. Warned of their approach, Mrs. Shepherd met the soldiers at the door. Captain Martindale stated that he had come to burn her house and its contents. Pleading was in vain, and Mrs. Shepherd and Miss Boteler made preparations to save household and personal effects; but Captain Martindale, in accordance with the orders of General Hunter, directed that everything be consigned to the flames. The furniture was piled up on the floor, straw was brought from the barn, and the soldiers busied themselves scattering over all kerosene oil, which they had brought with them for the purpose. In the midst of this work of destruction Miss Boteler, a devoted student of music, pleaded for her piano. This was denied her, and while the flames were bursting out in other rooms she went into the parlor and, seating herself for the last time before the instrument, began to sing Charlotte Elliott's hymn:

"My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way;
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done!'"

A soldier seized her to lead her out of the house, but she pulled away from him and sang again:

"Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
'Thy will be done!'"

In amazement the cavalrymen thought the girl was crazed with grief; but as the flames came nearer Miss Boteler calmly shut down the lid of the piano, locked it, and went out under the trees, the only shelter left for herself, her sick sister, and the frightened little children.

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## *THE SOLDIER'S FATE.*

Dreaming that love and hope no more
Would come to him on sea or shore,
In some fierce fray he longed to die,
But death, disdainful, passed him by.

And when, at last, glad tidings came,
The homeward call to love and fame,
Close to a fen of poisonous breath
The soldier met an ambushed death!

—*William H. Hayne.*

## *SHARPSBURG.*

BY JOHN N. WARE, SEWANEE, TENN.

Sharpsburg pulls out its shoe string length along the Hagerstown-Stepherdstown Pike, a drowsy little one-street town, a Brer Rabbit sort of a place, "jes' haltin' 'twix er breakdown an' er balk," no reason for going back, certainly no incentive for going forward, just a somnolent little lizard perpetually sunning itself. One brief day of glory it has had in its one hundred and fifty years, the kind of glory we foolish mortals associate with trumpets and powder, forgetting the toll in what was once God's own image.

And in commemoration of that one brief day and to do fitting honor to those who died, the living come back one September 17, just fifty-eight years after, and wander again over those fields and through those woods and along the banks of a narrow little winding creek. A tiny little stream indeed, but so was the Rubicon, and the Marne is not so very large. You tag along with these old men, and you hear much that thrills you, and that night you have a queer dream. This is what you dream: You are witnessing an enormous movie. You stand in front of a tiny little brick church surrounded by a few trees. By it runs a macadam road, along which goes an endless stream of automobiles. To the northwest there is a thin strip of woods, farther off to the northeast another thin strip. Between are rich fields and prosperous-looking houses and barns. Some distance off to the right there is a large walled-in place where there are many little headstones in orderly array. It is like a painting, this serene landscape. And then it fades out slowly, and a new film is before you.

It is still September 17, you notice by a calendar by the stage door, but it is now earliest dawn. You can scarcely distinguish anything, but dimly you realize that it is the same place. And yet it seems strangely different. There are more woods and less open land between; the road is the same, but it is now flanked by rail fences, and the automobiles are gone. In fact, it is entirely deserted, and this seems peculiar to you, because all around you are men. Strange-looking men they are, burned almost black, lean and long of face and frame, unbelievably dusty and dirty, clad, if you can call it clad, in fantastic rags, and shod, when they are shod at all, in absurd shoes, some with toes gone, others with soles tied on with strings or green withes. At times they scratch themselves languorously as if rather from sheer force of habit than from any hope of reaching any definite conclusion, and profanely and querulously and inelegantly they argue as to whether that pain in their middle is a belly- or a bachache, the two parts being so close together that there is no way of distinguishing clearly the limitations of each. You gather that for the past three days they have had nothing to eat but "one mess of roas'in' ears, an' raw at that," and you gather further that they "hope to God that them cooks gets finished 'fore Ole Jo begins." Ole Who begins what? you wonder. It is all Greek to you, and still more Greek is all this cryptic talk about Ole Jube being with Ole Jeb and the Ole Man and Ole Mack. But, nevertheless, though puzzled, you feel that something tense is afoot, and you look again at the calendar. Yes, it is September 17, but now you note with a start what had escaped you before. Time has turned back fifty-eight years in its flight, and you are with the Army of Northern Virginia. Over yonder in that east woods is Jo Hooker with his 1st Corps, of the Army of the Potomac. And before you can think another thought there is a crash of artillery, and a man near you remarks casually, "Thar she goes, boys," and once more tragedy stalks the boards, and that busy old miller, History, has commenced grinding more human grist.

There is in front of you a field of corn just ready to cut, and above the tassels you see the glint of bayonets. So, it seems, do other eyes, and from those innocent-looking east woods there is suddenly a roar of cannon. It is the crash that you have just heard, and bayonets and men and corn go down in regular rows under the blade of the reaper, such a reaper as never before has harvested that field and, please God, never will again.

And then in the brighter light you see the ten brigades of Jo Hooker bearing down on the seven of Old Jack and Dick Ewell. On the right is Doubleday, Gen. Forty-Eight Hours, as the seldom playful Stonewall calls him in the one known pun of his life, and there is certainly nothing playful in the meeting of the twain now. Winder and J. R. Jones are behind stone ledges and rail fences, giving and taking tremendous punishment; down the pike Stark's Louisianians and Taliaferro's Virginians and Alabamians are desperately wrestling back and forth with Meade, and near the Dunker church it is sickening. There is an open field here, and in this field yesterday you watched a young man prosily driving a harrow and whistling "Love Nest" murderously off the key, but blissfully ignorant of it. It is no love nest now, for here Ricketts is fighting Lawton and Trimble and Hayes, and the two forces are fairly tearing each other to pieces. Your friends are killing man for man, but there are too many of the others, and foot by foot the ragged gray men are forced back to the church.

An orderly runs up to a black-bearded man near you: "General Lawton's compliments, and will General Hood come at once to his support?" "I told you so," says the dirty individual who had guessed correctly that Jo Hooker would arrive before "them d—n cooks" did, and then he adds as if very much bored: "Le's go shoot us a few squirrels, an' then maybe we can eat a mess of sumpin' or other in peace." And with this benediction, grace before meals, as it were, out sweep Wofford and Laws, Georgians, Alabamians, North Carolinians, Mississippians, and, hardest fighters probably in all that army of hard fighters, Hood's Texans. And D. H. Hill, on the right, chips in with Ripley and Colquitt and Garland, and once more the red tide of battle flows across the cornfield.

And at the north edge of this, with Hooker almost destroyed, comes the 12th Corps to salvage the wreckage. Another appalling butchery of men in the open, and again you see your gray friends borne back, fighting viciously all the way. After a while what is left of them are in the woods around the little church, but now the work of "them d—n cooks" has been materially lightened. Of the two hundred and twenty-seven who went out with the 1st Texas, there are only twenty-nine now left to be fed, and of Wofford's whole brigade of eight hundred and sixty-four only three hundred and sixteen. Still unfed and undaunted, the three hundred and sixteen take position just west of the road, and not fifty yards away, behind a merciful ledge of rock, those of Greene's men who have survived the fiery furnace. They are in an uncomfortable fix, unable to advance and reluctant to retreat, the latter an unhealthy operation anyhow. Their line of retreat is over an open field, and across the road are some very hungry and therefore very irascible gentlemen extremely quick and accurate on the trigger and in no wise slow to anger. So Greene's men hang on, hoping for some one to

come along and enable them to let that bear loose, and the fighting simmers down all along the pike. Not one hundred yards apart are two bodies of utterly spent men, both watching intently for the offensive move that neither is able to make.

It is the calm before the storm, but any breathing space is acceptable in this horrible nightmare, and you find time to note two things with a certain grim amusement. You are a spectator you know, and so you can go where and do what you want to. You notice in the west wood how expert some of those men in gray are in transferring property and how they overlook the little niceties of waiting for the former owner to become the late owner before the transfer takes place. And over in the east woods you are struck by the numbers of wounded men, each one supported by from one to four very solicitous and unwounded Samaritans. No wonder that Jo Hooker complains that his corps was "for the time much scattered." Of the nearly ten thousand he took into the fight, 6,729 were present next morning, and four days later there were 13,093. You think of the American gas shell dump exploded by the Germans at St. Mihiel and of the resultant precipitate departure of the men around. One of them turns up at sunset next day. "Where have you been?" demands his outraged captain. "Captain, honest to goodness, I don't know; but it sure took me good walking all day to get back." It took over six thousand of the 1st Corps four days to get back, and, looking at the dismal sight before you, you can't much blame them.

But now your respite is over, and tensely you watch the next film. From the northeast come heavy masses of blue and from the south long lines of gray, and in a moment from the east woods come Sedgwick's men of Sumner's 2d Corps. Across the blood-soaked cornfield they come unopposed and, crossing the pike still unopposed and in a sinister dead silence, bury themselves in those ominous west woods. Even your unmilitary mind tells you that the three lines are much too close together and that there is no protection for the flanks, and you are sure that disaster is impending. Because you see what Sedgwick cannot; he is in a deadly trap, with no chance of salvation. On his right and hidden from him by a ridge are Jube Early and the mere handful that is left of D. R. Jones's brigade, on his left, behind rock ledges and trees, Walker, and in his front McLaws, in all some eight thousand men. And then the victims come to the west edge of the woods, and Gorman and Dana climb a fence and are lining up in a little wood road when the storm breaks. If there was silence before, there is noise enough now, for Sedgwick is caught front, flank, and almost rear in a raging furnace, a terrific fire, to which he cannot reply and in which he loses nearly forty per cent of his men almost in a breath. It is mercifully soon over, for flesh and blood cannot stand anything like this, and in a very few minutes the tide flows back over the pike and that cursed cornfield and clear back to the east woods. It has set so strong this time that you wonder if it can be stopped, and as if in answer to your question comes Hancock. He has no orders, but Hancock never needs an order or an invitation to fight anyhow, and with a fine Irish disregard of the amenities and apparently not caring whether is is a private fight or one in which anybody can mix, he comes out of the east woods and meets McLaws, and stops him. The gray men fall back to the place from which they started, and that seems to be a very satisfactory arrangement for everybody, for nobody follows.

But you are not sure that somebody won't, and you and the gaunt, powder-blackened men watch the opposite woods with much interest. Little by little this feeling subsides, and an air of perfect relaxation takes its place. On seeking the cause you find that some one has mentioned to the "Old Man" that it looked like the Yanks "would soon be coming over again" and that the "Old Man," with one leg thrown across the pommel of his saddle and paying more attention to a wormy peach than to anything else, had remarked dryly that "those people" were "through for the day." This uninspiring-looking somebody, it would seem, is a sort of oracle, because all hands seem to take it for granted that they are through for the day and address themselves to their several needs. These are simple enough—sleep and food. And here you leave them, for the "Old Man" was right; they were through for the day on his front.

You are glad to leave, for in the little space before you lie 5,700 gray and 6,600 blue figures, the bloody toll of six hours of insane butchery. Among these figures you see fifteen generals and brigadiers, and it is borne in on you that this is indeed some other age, an age in which officers do not send men on dreadful errands, but go with them.

And then the camera of your dream shifts, and you see that quiet little shady grass-covered road of yesterday. It is now treeless and bare and aroar from end to end with one continuous crash of musketry. It is full of Alabamians and Georgians and North Carolinians, and they crouch behind piled-up rails and kill and are killed in shocking fashion. You think of the old Yankee soldier who yesterday in the Roulette lane had the floor. You might edit his words; but as you are of those who find it profitless to gild the sunset or perfume the rose, you remember exactly what he said: "We had the North Carolinians in front of us, and we knew we were in for a nice time. I've heard fellows say the North Carolina fellows warn't as mean offensive fighters as some of them Rebs from other States, and maybe they are right. I don't know; they all looked alike to me. But one thing I know, when it come to making them turn loose from where they was, them dirty, lousy North Carolinians was the beatenest fellows in the whole Rebel army for sticking to the place they was at. You couldn't pry 'em loose. They acted like any place they was was their ticket to heaven."

And then you come back to your dream and overhear a brief and to-the-point dialogue between Colonel Christie, of the 23d North Carolina, and one of his men who is offering himself as the exception to the rule and is trading his birthright for a safer place. Says the Colonel to this safety-first soul: "Why are you away from your command?" And he answered truthfully enough in all conscience: "Colonel, that ain't no fittin' place for no white man." Indeed, it isn't you agree.

You see the assailants slowly breasting the fiery storm until they reach the high ground overlooking this road, and once there you see the road enfiladed and men dying like flies. They lie in all sorts of fantastic shapes piled up in hideous layers, and the few survivors fall back through another cornfield and line up in a long lane. They are followed, but you can't bring yourself to be alarmed because by now you have discovered an axiom. By the time any gray men have been driven out of a position their assailants have been so mauled that they have neither the strength nor the inclination to be too persistently disagreeable. And it seems further to be one of the laws of the Medes and Persians that under no circumstances must a blue attack be supported: You see two army corps of over 30,000 men twiddling their thumbs not far behind this sunken road, but you know by this time that,

though they are brave men and willing, this is all that they will do, and so it is.

In front of the lane there is a stir in the corn, and presently out comes a queer-looking little handful of some two hundred men, many of them officers, and headed by a general on foot. He has a musket and is using it. It is that dauntless old Presbyterian D. H. Hill, no long-distance, bombproof general, no, not he. Close by Longstreet is dismounted holding the horses of his staff, which is busily engaged serving two guns of a deserted battery. And you realize what a man's job it is to beat an army in which division commanders wield muskets and corps commanders serve guns if and when occasion requires. And as a further and natural result, you feel a heightened respect for the army that had to face this combination.

But now it seems to be getting late, and the action is somewhat indistinct, and the camera is flickering badly. You see a creek with high western banks and a stone bridge. Across the bridge is a low ridge, and there yesterday you heard two old New Yorkers telling each other all about it. Said he of the 51st New York, a plain-spoken old soul: "Yes, I was with Burnside. The old buzzard [only that wasn't exactly the word he used], he oughter been shot at sunrise next morning. It's a pity they hadn't done it that morning. We had been sticking around behind this ridge nearly twenty-four hours, and the good-for-nothing coward hadn't even sent out anybody to locate the bridge, and it not more than two hundred yards away. So when Crook moved out on it with no guides, didn't he miss it entirely? I'll say he did. And I reckon it's a good thing he did too, because the Rebs would have murdered him. They say there weren't more than six hundred of them there, but from the racket they made I would have sworn that there were six hundred thousand."

So, provided with this illuminating and ex-cathedra description of a leisurely, vague old dodderer of a corps commander, you take up your position with Toomb's Georgians and see them dispensing with open hands that warm Southern hospitality of which the poets sing.

Burnside has often been damned with that faint praise of being called good-hearted. It is quite evident right now that, no matter what or where his heart is, his stomach at least is not in this fight. Or maybe he is absent-minded and does not grasp the fact that not two miles away are friends of his engaged in an enterprise to which he is not entirely foreign. At any rate, with prayers and entreaties and urgent commands pouring in on him, you see him, as if he had all eternity before him, spend three hours doing what a resolute man would have done in fifteen minutes. You see him cross the bridge and line up in most leisurely fashion on the western bank. You see him aimlessly taking whole brigades out and sending them back to get the munitions that should have been right there, and then when, almost in spite of himself, he has arrived almost in the very streets of the little town, wide awake for its one time, something happens.

With victory in plain sight, and beckoning an apparently unwilling suitor, you see hurrying along the Harper's Ferry road some 3,500 men who puzzle you. They are in blue, and you know that the only men in that direction entitled to wear that colorer are 11,000 unfortunates who got caught in a trap two days before. Yet they came along in that unmistakable swinging distance-eating stride that makes a Confederate recognizable a mile away, and you realize that it is all right. It is A. P. Hill, and every man clothed in brand-new Yankee clothes. The Confederate soldier is no faddist, no blind follower of fashion's vagaries. Why not? To him clothes are clothes, and the cut and color are not as important as the fact of them. So in Yankee clothes and shoes and shooting Yankee bullets out of Yankee guns, they announce their presence to Burnside's men, already busy enough in all conscience with what they have in front of them. You see these giving back slowly and then breaking to pieces, and in a few minutes they are back once more to the little stream.

And then the camera swings slowly all around, and before you spreads a ghastly panorama, a strip of blood-soaked land only a half mile wide and covered with the mangled bodies of 25,000 American brothers. The camera clicks, the show is over, and so is your dream. You awake with a terrified start, shuddering at the mere recollection of what you have seen. But being an intelligent being, you know that such a silly, sinful, wasteful thing as this is not possible in this commonsense, practical land of ours and that it was all nothing but a nightmare. And, having thus reassured yourself, you go tranquilly back to sleep.

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## *THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.*

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

After the battle of Murfreesboro, General Bragg, in his report of the fight, after making complimentary remarks about his officers, said this of the rank and file:

"To the private soldier a fair meed of praise is due; and though it is seldom given and so rare expected that it may be considered out of place, I cannot in justice to myself withhold the opinion ever entertained and so often expressed during our struggle for independence.

"In the absence of the instruction and discipline of old armies and of the confidence which long association produces to the individuality and self-reliance of the private soldier.

"Without the incentive or the motives which control the officer who hopes to live in history, without the hope of reward and actuated only by a sense of duty and of patriotism, he has in this great contest, justly judging that the cause was his own, gone into it with determination to conquer or die, to be free or not to be at all.

"No encomium is too high, no honor too great for such a soldiery. However much of credit and glory may be given, and probably justly given, the leaders in our struggle, history will yet award the main honor where it is due—to the private soldier, who, without hope of reward and with no other incentive than a consciousness of rectitude, has encountered all the hardships and suffered all the privations.

"Well has it been said: 'The first monument our Confederacy rears when our independence shall have been won should be a lofty shaft, pure and spotless, bearing this inscription, "To the unknown and unrecorded dead."'"

### Bravest of the Brave.

In the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862, two Southern color bearers were so conspicuous for intrepid bravery that their names should be perpetuated in Confederate history, and I hope that this article will bring them to light.

The "Records" give the name of one as Sergeant Oakley, of the 4th Tennessee Infantry, who, when his regiment was lying under a galling fire from unknown parties, volunteered and did walk out with his flag in front of his comrades, and

there, standing erect and waving the colors in plain view of all, proved the fact that the missiles were coming from the enemy.

The other hero (name unknown) carried the flag of the 6th Kentucky, and after the Confederates had been repulsed and his comrades gone lingered on the field as long as there was any infantry left, then reluctantly went to rear, halting frequently, facing the enemy, and crying out: "Here's your 6th Kentucky!" He was one of the last Confederates to leave the field.

Surely there must be some survivor of these regiments who can tell the VETERAN more about these men, and I trust that they will not fail to do it.

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## *SCOUTING IN THE ENEMY'S LINES.*

BY CHANNING M. SMITH, DELAPLANE, VA.

In the fall of 1863 the Army of the Potomac (125,000 men), under the immediate command of General Grant, was stretched along the line of the old Orange and Alexandria Railroad, now the main line of the Southern from Washington on through Fairfax, Prince William, Fauquier, and Culpeper Counties, with a supply train later on of four thousand wagons drawn by twenty thousand horses and mules. Later in the fall most of this huge force was concentrated along the north bank of the Rapidan, with the Army of Northern Virginia on the opposite, or right, bank of the river and with Stuart's Cavalry picketing the fords as far down as Fredericksburg.

Having been detailed in May, 1863, as special scout for Generals Lee and Stuart with my comrade, Richard H. Lewis, of the Black Horse Cavalry, it was our duty to watch and gain all information possible of the enemy's plans and movements and report them to the commanding general. To accomplish this I had details from the Prince William Cavalry, the Black Horse, and the Little Fork Rangers, the last of Culpeper men, who, born and reared in those counties, could find their way by day or night, and whose bravery and character could be relied upon for giving me correct information. I also had William H. Lewis, brother of Richard Lewis, detailed for the same purpose, and Calvin, of the Prince William Troop.

Richard Lewis and I spent most of our time in the enemy's lines in Culpeper County, where we had many friends and acquaintances who, like all of the good people of old Virginia, were always ready to divide the last morsel with a Confederate soldier and assist him in every way possible. And right here I want to say a word in praise of these brave scouts who acted with me, especially of Richard and William Lewis. Two more gallant or truer soldiers never drew blade in a righteous cause. Intelligent, cool, and daring, they were ready to brave any risk in the discharge of their arduous duties. Richard Lewis was the coolest man I ever saw, and in great danger he never lost his presence of mind.

About the 1st of May I discovered that the army of Grant was about to move, and on the morning of the 3d of May I ascertained positively from information received from near Grant's headquarters in Culpeper C. H. that the movement would begin that day. I sent a courier to General Lee and another to General Stuart to make sure that one or the other should be informed of this movement of the enemy.

Col. R. M. Stribling, in his "Gettysburg Campaign and Campaigns of 1864-65 in Virginia," page 87, says: "General Lee, having ascertained from his scouts that Grant's army was in motion toward Germanna Ford, at midday on the 4th put his army in motion to meet it and force it to battle before it could be disentangled from the crossing of the river in a densely wooded country."

Other scouts may have reported these movements also, but I know he got my message, because he thanked me the next day (the 5th) when I reported to him.

General Grant left his headquarters at Culpeper C. H. about 9 A.M. on the 4th and crossed that day on his pontoon bridge at Germanna Ford the 5th and 6th Corps, Wilson's Division of Cavalry having already passed to the other side of the river. About twelve o'clock Richard Lewis and I, with several other soldiers who had joined us, among them J. W. Hansborough and, I think, W. A. Bowen, of the Black Horse, Green Miller, of the Culpeper Troop, and Marcus B. Chewaing, of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, rode into Culpeper C. H. The ladies and people generally of that place, having been shut up with the Yankee army, seemed delighted to see some Confederates and wined and dined us until if an excess of food and drink had proved as fatal to our diaphragms as leaden bullets not one of us would have gotten away from them alive. When night came we entered the enemy's lines on the Germanna Road below Stevensburg. All had crossed except Brigadier General Duffey, of Sheridan's Cavalry. When we got near the river we met a cavalryman, who, of course, took us for Union soldiers. He asked me, as I was riding in front, if I could tell him where to find General Duffey. I directed him by such a blind trail that if he followed it and is still alive he is looking for him yet. (This officer was captured later on in the Shenandoah Valley by Boyd M. Smith, of Mosby's command. The latter was one of the bravest and certainly the handsomest of all of Mosby's Partisan Rangers.) I then asked the courier where he was from and if he had heard anything from the Rebs. He told me that while waiting for the dispatch to General Duffey he heard the adjutant read to General Grant a message from General Gregg, stating that as yet he had seen nothing of the Rebels and would press on in the morning in search of them.

We let the courier go on, telling him that we hoped he would soon find the General, and we rode rapidly to the river, where there was a splendid bridge of boats. On the farther side was a house with a brilliant calcium light burning (I afterwards learned that this was General Grant's headquarters) which lit up the bridge from shore to shore. I hesitated a moment before riding on it, not knowing what fate might await us on the other side. Then, with a prayer in my heart and my heart in my throat and trusting to my usual good luck, I rode on to the bridge, the men following without a moment's hesitation. In the stillness of midnight the thud of our horses' feet sounded like the long roll beat by about a hundred drums. I know we all felt like jumping our horses into the river and getting back to the shore. We crossed, however, in safety and rode on up the old turnpike leading from Fredericksburg to Orange Courthouse. We were soon halted by a sentinel, who asked, "What cavalry is that?" I told him I was one of General Meade's aids looking for the general and asked him whose headquarters are in the house. He replied, "General Warren's." Farther on to the left of the pike we passed thousands of cavalrymen asleep on the ground, their horses munching hay. I supposed at the time it was Gregg's Division and that he held the front, but found later that it was Wilson's.

Some time before day we turned to the right in the direction of where I expected to find our army, and on that side of the road Sedgwick's Corps (the 6th) was bivouacked, and it seemed to me to cover the face of the whole earth. The Army of the Potomac lay sleeping, dreaming of homes, mothers, wives, and sweethearts that many poor fellows would never see again during this life, as a few days afterwards thousands lay dead in the gloomy depths of the Wilderness. As we rode on suddenly the drums and bugles of the infantry and cavalry sounded the reveille, and the men sprang up all around us, some cursing at being aroused so soon, some laughing, some singing. Each heart recalled a different name, but all sang "Annie Laurie."

We had thrown our ponchos over our shoulders to cover our uniforms and felt as safe as if in the midst of our own men. Riding rapidly, for the night was wearing away, we turned into a narrow road leading to the old plank road, when I saw the glint of the moonbeams upon a musket barrel and simultaneously heard, "Halt! Who comes there?" from the sentinel. I again replied, "One of General Meade's aids—with my escort," I added. The man brought his gun to a present, and I asked him if this was General Sedgwick's outpost. He said it was, and I then asked him: "How far in advance is the cavalry?" But he knew nothing of them. Bidding him good night, we rode on and soon struck the plank road. Riding into bushes on the side of the road, we dismounted and unsaddled our horses, fed them, and ate some of the provisions with which our kind friends at Culpeper C. H. had provided us, and after a good smoke dropped on the ground and were soon fast asleep.

About 7 AM. we were awakened by the tramp of horses and rattling of sabers passing along the plank road. Saddling and mounting, we moved parallel with their advance, for I knew they were approaching our lines and would soon strike our outposts. About a mile farther on the country opened up and the growth became less dense, and we could see the columns very plainly. Suddenly there were shots in their front, telling that they had struck our pickets. The cavalry had been riding by twos, and I heard the command. "By fours! Trot! March!" and on they went. Soon there was a heavy volley fired by the reserve picket. I heard the command given: "Form platoons! Gallop! March! Draw saber! Charge!"

It was a magnificent sight, the sabers glistening, the bugles sounding the charge, the flags streaming in the wind, the battery of brass cannon and their caissons drawn by splendid horses, and the cheers of the men. But it was not to last long, for White's Battalion, supported by Roper with the Laurel Brigade, met them, and in a hand-to-hand fight, which did not last long, drove them back in spite of all the efforts of their leaders to rally them. I was close enough then to see the officers strike the men over the shoulders with the flat of their swords and hear them cursing them for their cowardice, but to no purpose, for they soon broke and ran, leaving the road strewn with dead and wounded horses and men.

And now we were, to our great joy, once more in our own lines. I reported to General Lee that evening just after Ewell had whipped Warren and one of Sedgwick's divisions on the left of our line. And I felt thankful to General Grant for permitting us to use his new pontoon bridge without taking toll and to our kind Heavenly Father for protecting us from the perils of that eventful night.

## *THE BATTLE OF VAL VERDE.*

BY CAPT. F. S. WADE, ELGIN, TEX., LIFE COMMANDER OF GREEN'S BRIGADE ASSOCIATION.

The 21st of February was the anniversary of the battle of Val Verde, which took place fifty-nine years ago on the Rio Grande River in nearly the center of New Mexico. This was the first battle in which I ever took part.

Our forces consisted of the three regiments of the Sibley Brigade, 4th, 5th, and 7th Texas Mounted Volunteers, Piron's Regiment, Teels' Battery, Copewood's Spies, and Riley's Battery of Mountain Howitzers, all commanded by General Sibley. But the old general was sick that day, and Colonel Reilly, of the 4th, was in Mexico endeavoring to get something for us to eat, so the command fell upon Col. Tom Green, of the 5th. More Texans were engaged in this battle than in any other battle in which Texans had a part.

The Federals had four regiments of the regular army, a splendid regiment of volunteers known as the "Pike's Peak Jayhawkers," Kit Carson's regiment of Mexican volunteers, and McRea's Battery, afterwards known as the Val Verde Battery. We were armed with citizens' rifles, double-barreled shotguns, six-shooters, and two companies with carrasco poles (lances), while the Federals had fine long-range Minie rifles and splendid artillery.

The night before the battle we made a dry camp on a high mesa east of Fort Craig, which was the headquarters of the Federal army of New Mexico and Arizona, under the command of General Canby.

At daylight we tried to reach the water, five miles above Fort Craig, but the boys in blue were ahead of us and kept us back. Soon their whole army crossed the Rio Grande. While we made a desperate resistance, we were pushed back and back.

About two P.M. we made a demonstration on our right with the two companies armed with carrasco poles, but the Pike's Peak regiment easily drove them back, for the boys could not use these long lances, as the limbs of the great cottonwood trees were in their way. An hour afterwards another demonstration on our left at the foot of the mesa was made by five companies. After a severe struggle this was also defeated, but we could see detachments leave the center to reënforce that point.

A funny incident took place here. Alec Weems, whom I saw at Houston at the last general Reunion, had his horse killed under him; but as our boys retreated at full speed, he caught his Uncle Mark Oliver's horse's tail and came out, swinging fast with a death grip, at full speed.

A boy by the name of John Norvelle was near me behind a sand dune. Said he: "Fred, we are whipped, and I will never see my mother again." Then the poor boy cried like his heart would break.

About that time a slender young man, Major Lochridge, chief of Colonel Green's staff, came riding down the line yelling: "Charge 'em! Damn 'em, charge, charge, charge!" We leaped out from behind the sand dunes, not like pictures of charges in the books, but like a lot of schoolboys, yelling at the top of our voices and charging at full speed. The Federals fired by platoons, but I reckon they were scared, for the cottonwood limbs rattled down on us, but not one of ours boys was hit.

When we were forty or fifty yards from the blue line, our shotguns mowed the poor boys down by the hundreds, for we were all deer, turkey, and squirrel hunters. The Federals

threw down their guns, abandoned their artillery, and fled across the Rio Grande, which was shoulder deep and running much ice. We stood on the bank and filled the river with dead men. A large man in the water made the Mason's grand hailing sign of distress, and we Masons yelled: "Don't shoot that man!" But a moment after he floated down the icy stream.

The next morning we placed fifty-seven noble Texas boys side by side, wrapped in their blankets, in a long ditch, covering their dear forms with the sods of the Rio Grande. We had over one hundred wounded, many of whom afterwards died.

The Federals sent a flag of truce, asking permission to gather up their dead. I do not know how many of the boys in blue were killed, but there were seven wagonloads of them Not one of these boys but would have divided his last crust with us or we with him, but all day long on the 21st of February, 1862, we murdered one another.

When will this hybrid Christian world become genuinely Christian?

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## *LIFE AMONG BULLETS—THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG, VA.*

BY W. A. DAY, SHERRILL'S FORD, N. C.

There comes a voice that awakes my soul;
It is the voice of years that are gone.
They roll before me with all their deeds.

—*Ossian.*

In the VETERAN for November, 1920, Comrade I. G. Bradwell, of Brantley, Ala., gave a graphic account of the end of the siege of Petersburg, Va. In this sketch I will give a history of the beginning and the battles leading up to it.

I was a twenty-year-old private in Company I, 49th North Carolina Regiment, Ransom's Brigade, composed of the 24th, 25th, 35th, 49th, and 56th North Carolina Regiments. We served throughout the campaign of 1862 in Virginia, and after the battle of Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, we were ordered to Charleston, S. C. On arriving at Wilmington, N. C., the Charleston orders were countermanded, and we were held to defend the line from Wilmington to Richmond, Va., which kept us almost constantly on the move and in fighting several severe battles on different points on the line both in Virginia and North Carolina. The year of 1864—the year of battles—had come, and after the capture of Plymouth, N. C., we were ordered to attack and capture New Bern. When within ten miles of that place the news came that General Butler was moving up the James River with thirty thousand troops and was within a few miles of Petersburg. The New Bern expedition was abandoned, and our orders were to proceed to Petersburg with all possible speed.

Arriving at Goldsboro, after a forced march of over forty miles, we found long trains, with three engines to each train, ready for us. Men, horses, artillery, and everything but the wagons were crowded on, and we pulled out to reënforce General Beauregard at Petersburg. Arriving within three miles of the city next day about ten o'clock, we found that the enemy had been there the night before and burned the railroad bridge across a creek, with high banks on each side, and had destroyed the track for about a quarter of a mile; but our cavalry had driven them off before more damage was done. We got off the train and scattered up and down the creek, scrambling, falling, and sliding down the steep banks and pulling and pushing up the other till we all were across. The artillery found a ford somewhere and crossed over. We formed and marched up the railroad to the city, and the inhabitants flocked out in great numbers to meet us. They were in a terrible state of excitement, and when we swung down Sycamore Street they almost shouted for joy. We marched out along the Richmond and Petersburg Turnpike to near Swift Creek, followed by great numbers of negroes, most of them women. We marched rapidly, the negroes keeping right along with us, making a regular negro racket: "We're gwine to stay right wid de soldiers and see dem whip de Yankees, the trifling, good-for-nothin' Yankees, coming up here thinkin' dey can take Petersburg. We is gwine to see dem git a good whipping dis time, dat's what we is."

When nearing the enemy we threw out a heavy line of skirmishers and moved slowly along the turnpike, feeling the way and watching the negroes. Presently a big gun boomed over on the Federal side. The negroes stopped, looked at one another, then tried to see how fast they could run back toward Petersburg.

We moved on some distance farther, and the skirmishers, not finding the enemy, were halted until some time after dark, then moved slowly along the turnpike with orders to keep as quiet as possible. About dark that evening the enemy had fallen back below the turnpike, thus leaving the way open for us to pass and get between them and Richmond. We could hear the noise of their camps as we passed. The next day Butler moved a strong force across the turnpike and by a flank movement placed a large force in our rear and came very near to cutting us off, but by hard fighting we got out. We took our position in a line of old breastworks running through a large open field, on the farther side of which was a heavy body of timber and a high fence next to the field. Soon after forming in the works Generals Hoke and Ransom rode out in what we thought was our rear. They rode back to the works and ordered a line of skirmishers thrown out to the fence at the woods. The skirmishers advanced across the field in a beautiful line, led by Capt. Cicero Durham, quartermaster of the 49th, on horseback. Everything was perfectly quiet until the skirmishers were within a few yards of the fence, when a whole regiment of Federals rose up behind the fence and poured a full volley right in their faces, mortally wounding Captain Durham and killing and wounding most of his men. Captain Durham ordered the survivors to fall back to the works and, wheeling his horse, which had escaped unhurt, galloped back, reeling in his saddle. He was immediately lifted off his horse and carried to a place of safety. He lingered a few days and died. Had he lived, he would have organized a corps of sharpshooters, and Pink Collins (brave old Pink, dead in Oklahoma) and I would have belonged to it.

We had to hold our fire until the skirmishers were in, and by that time the enemy was halfway to our works. They came in mass formation, rolling over the fence and charging across the field, led by the bravest man I ever saw in battle. I could never learn his name. When the last skirmisher staggered in, a solid sheet of flame went out from our works. The Federals staggered, rolled, and pitched headlong under it; but their brave leader kept his feet, his hat in one hand, his sword in the other. Over their dead and wounded they came like rushing water, their leader still in front. I could not keep my eyes off of him. Just before the heavy volume of smoke rolled over them he staggered and fell. Flesh and

blood could not stand the merciless fire we were pouring into them. After the fall of their leader, they wavered, turned, and rushed back to the woods.

Knowing they would continue their flank movement, we evacuated the works and fell back to another line of works which had been thrown up two years before. Night coming on soon, very dark and rainy, we shivered in the old breastworks all night and next morning found the woods in front full of Federal troops armed with the latest improved guns, some of them having long stocks and were held against the hip when fired. They kept up a heavy fire all day tearing our breastworks down with their artillery. A heavy line of skirmishers was sent out to try to drive them away, but very few ever got back.

Late in the evening General Beauregard came down the line on foot, and just as he reached our company a charge of grapeshot knocked off the top of the works and almost buried the General under the dirt. He scrambled out and, shaking his fist at the Federals, said: "All I want you to do is to stay right where you are till to-morrow morning." At night we silently moved out of the works to the bridge over Kingsland Creek on the turnpike to clean up our guns. Soon after daylight on the morning of the 16th of May we had our guns all apart, cleaning and oiling them up (I even had the tube out of mine), when a gun fired, and our pickets ran in and reported the enemy advancing. We fell into line, putting our guns together as we formed. A dense fog covered everything, so we could not tell how close the enemy was. We formed line of battle and awaited orders.

General Beauregard's order of battle, it was said, would have surrounded Butler's army. Gen. Robert Ransom, an old West Pointer, brother of our brigade commander, Gen. Matt Ransom, was to move down on Butler's flank on the James, cut across below, and form a junction with General Whiting, who was to start out on the Appomattox side, thus cutting General Butler off from his gunboats at Bermuda Hundred, while General Hoke and the other commanders were to press him from above. Gen. D. H. Hill was on the field, but at that time had no command.

About ten o'clock in the morning the battle opened. Gen. Bob Ransom down the river, as was his usual custom, ran over everything that could not get out of his way and was driving with a high hand, expecting to meet Whiting halfway. We broke our line of battle at the creek, formed in marching order, and moved rapidly up the turnpike till we came in sight of the pickets, who had begun the battle all along the line. We formed line of battle and advanced across a new ground, where the brush had been left lying over the ground to a piece of woodland, where we halted and reformed. We were on the extreme right of the line, and by this time the battle was raging on the left. We moved through the woods and soon came to a field across which ran a line of breastworks we had thrown up two years before. This line and another behind it were packed full of Federals. Our brigade commander, Gen. Matt Ransom, had been badly wounded the day before, and the command fell on Colonel Clark, of the 24th North Carolina Regiment. The 49th was commanded by Maj. James Taylor Davis. Lieutenant Colonel Fleming, of the 49th, was off in command of the brigade skirmishers. As soon as we came in sight of the works the command to charge was given. We gave what our friend the enemy was pleased to call the Rebel yell and, throwing our guns to a trail, made a dash for their works through a tempest of lead, which they kept up until we mounted their works, killing and wounding one hundred and sixty men in the 49th Regiment alone, almost as many as we lost in that twelve-hundred-yard charge at Malvern Hill. The enemy did not stand for the bayonet and fell back to their second line. We could have made another charge and driven them out of their second line, but were ordered to halt and hold our position against a counter charge. We had a lively battle for about half an hour, and while busily engaged the Federals sent a heavy force around on our right flank and very nearly had us cut off before we found it out.

We fell back and formed a line of battle in the woods, and Company I, of the 49th, was sent out as skirmishers. We advanced to near the edge of the woods and lay down behind the trees and bushes. One of our boys, Woodford Sherrill, caught sight of a Federal soldier looking over their works. He called to Captain Connor, saying: "Captain, I see a Yankee." Captain Connor answered: "Let him have it, Woodford." Placing his gun against a tree and taking deliberate aim, Woodford fired through a little opening in the trees. His shot was answered by a volley from a whole regiment in the works. The air looked almost blue with bullets. We hugged the ground so close that we had only two men killed. After that volley everything was quiet.

I went to a comrade, Monroe Danna, near me and told him that as everything was so still over on the other side I would like to know what it meant, and if he would go with me we could see. We crawled through the bushes till we got in plain view of the works, but could not see any one. We lay there and studied what to do and at last concluded to go over and see. I have been in several close places, but that walk of fifty yards was about the worst. It was so hard to keep my cap pushed down on my head and to stay down on the ground, but surely they would not fire on a couple of beardless boys. We increased our pace and soon looked down in the Federal works, finding nobody there but half a dozen wounded men suffering for water. They immediately surrendered, telling us their regiment left the works soon after the volley. Sending Monroe back to report, I took the wounded men's canteens over to a small stream and filled them with water, which greatly revived them. One of them told me that a comrade lying wounded under a plank shelter up in the field had a pair of his boots and asked me to go up there and get them. I found the man and told him my business. His answer was: "I know nothing about his boots." I went back and reported what was said, receiving the comment: "Very well; let him keep them."

Butler's army retreated through the gap left open by Whiting to Bermuda Hundred, where he had his gunboats at his back. After burying our dead and caring for our wounded, we moved out and stacked arms on the turnpike and built little fires to make coffee, and with crackers and boiled ham, which we had found in abundance in the camps, we fared sumptuously while it lasted.

President Davis was on the field and witnessed the battle. I had heard the boys in camp wish they could see Mr. Davis in a battle. I told them we could not teach him anything, for he had been a soldier nearly all his life and knew all about battles. That afternoon, while lying along the turnpike, Mr. Davis, General Beauregard, and a large number of officers passed down the road in plain view of a battery the Federals had not yet removed. Just as they reached the 49th the battery opened on them, the shells passing just over their heads. Every eye was riveted on the President to see what he would do. He never even turned his head to look toward

the battery from which the shells were coming. That settled it.

The battle of Drewry's Bluff was over and the enemy safe in the forks of the river, with his gunboats at his back. But for General Whiting's blunder we would have captured General Butler with his whole army, about thirty thousand men, including his body guard of one thousand negro cavalrymen. We had been told of the plan of the battle and confidently expected to capture Butler and his whole army, but Whiting let them out. They were gone.

The James and Appomattox Rivers run together above City Point, and the point of land in the fork is known as Bermuda Hundred. Next day we moved down there and after a short battle, known as the battle of Ware Bottom Church, drove the Federals back some distance and immediately set to work to fortify the line, throwing up a line of breastworks across the country from one river to the other. The Federals made several attempts to capture the works, but always failed. A truce was finally agreed upon which put an end to the deadly sharpshooting. One day I was on sentinel duty walking on top of the works. A Federal soldier came over between the lines and, seating himself, began to read a newspaper. Gen. D. H. Hill, who had been sauntering about on the works, came up and said to me: "A beautiful target to shoot at." I answered: "Yes, sir, but, General, we can't shoot now."

We were then in Gen. Bushrod Johnson's division, and after bottling up Butler safely at Bermuda Hundred we were sent to the north side of the James, where we united with the Army of Northern Virginia, after having been parted over a year. Once more under "Marse Robert," we felt at home again. General Lee said he always claimed Ransom's "tar-heel" veterans as a part of his army.

We moved about from point to point without much rest. General Grant's army was then moving up to the Chickahominy River, and everything had to be on the alert. On the 9th of June the 49th Regiment was sent through the swamp to the banks of the Chickahominy on picket. The river at that place was about thirty feet wide, running through the swamp, with heavy timber on each side to the water's edge and back about half a mile. We deployed down the river bank, while just across the little river, thirty feet away, stood the 7th Indiana Regiment in groups watching us relieve our pickets. We had strict orders against talking, and the Federals also had the same orders. Soon after we had been posted and the officers were back at their headquarters in the swamp a Federal picket suggested that we watch up their side for officers and they would watch up our side, and in this way we could talk. Neither side could see up its own line for the trees, but had a good view of the other's line. We talked about all day, the officers seldom coming down the line. When they did come the pickets were looking at each other as surly as bears.

A high tree had fallen clear across the river, on which one of our boys walked over and was busily engaged in helping the Federal boys eat their rations, when an officer approached and told him he had better go back; he had no business over there. The two boys in my front were Horace G. Solomon, Company D, 7th Indiana Regiment, and, I think, John Rodman, both splendid-looking young men. One of them went in bathing and wallowed about in the water at my feet. I would have gone in with him, but was afraid of being caught by our officers. We had a long conversation on the war. He said they would conquer us in the end, for they had all the advantage. They had nearly all our seaports and the Mississippi River from one end to the other, and all they had to do was to send ships across the ocean and get all the men they wanted to come over and fight for their pay, while we had exhausted our forces and could not recruit our armies. Then the blockade would soon starve us out; and the sooner we gave it up, the better it would be for us. I knew he was telling me the truth, but I told him he was badly mistaken if he had such thoughts. He laughed and said he hoped we would live through the war and meet in Indiana over a big bottle of brandy.

During the afternoon several heavy guns were fired far back in our rear, but the shells all fell short. This alarmed the Federals, and they inquired what it meant. We told them we did not know, and we had no orders to fire. So we agreed among ourselves that if either side got orders to fire we would give warning, so we could have a chance to protect ourselves. Fortunately no orders came to fire.

About sundown the Federals relieved their pickets and put on another regiment, and we did not get acquainted, both sides sitting on the bank fighting mosquitoes. Every soldier who has been in the Chickahominy swamps at night knows something about the "skeeters." Soon after dark the Federals held a prayer meeting on the bank, and their chaplain prayed for the success of the Union cause. He prayed for the Confederate soldiers, and asked the Lord to show them the error of their ways; he prayed for the war to end, so we could all return to our homes and live in peace. To the last part of his prayer we could heartily say amen.

We were relieved about midnight and went up to Chaffin's Bluff, a small fort on the north bank of the James, and lay there till about sundown of June 15, when orders came to march immediately. The Union army was crossing the James at City Point and moving up the south side of the Appomattox River on Petersburg. We fell in line and marched up to the pontoon bridge below Richmond, crossed over, and struck out on a forced march to Petersburg, stopping to rest only twice on the twenty-mile march. The night was very warm. Every soldier knows how it is to march until his clothes are wet with sweat, then to lie down a few minutes to rest and get cold and stiff. He can scarcely move, but he hears the call to "attention!" pushes his legs about, gets on his hands and knees, scrambles up, and staggers on till his joints are limbered up, then he moves on as if he had never been tired.

We crossed the river at sunrise and moved through the lower part of Petersburg, halting in the street leading out by Blandford Cemetery, and lay there a short time, when we heard heavy firing in our front. We double-quicked two miles out along the Jerusalem plank road, which about winded all of us, reached a place known as Avery's Farm, where we found the Virginia militia fighting like veterans. They had been sent down into a pocket, encountering a large force of the enemy, who were driving them back and trying to flank them. When we came in sight the Federals opened on us with grape and canister. We waded through it till we came to an old road, where we were ordered to halt, lie down, and wait till the militia got in. They were retreating in good order, loading and firing as they fell back, forming on the right of the 49th North Carolina Regiment. When we lay down in the old road the enemy ceased their shelling and began fortifying by carrying logs and rails. We had no artillery, and they were out of rifle range and too strong to charge with our weak force; so we had to let them alone.

We lay in line of battle a short time, then gave up that part of the line and rushed back through Petersburg to the north side of the Appomattox, where a large force of the enemy had cut our line of communication with Richmond. General Gracie's Alabama Brigade and the 56th Regiment of Ransom's North Carolina Brigade hurled them back and opened up communication between the cities. We lay in line of battle that night, and next morning a train was sent out after us. We were hurried back to Petersburg. General Grant's armies were moving up from City Point on the south side of the Appomattox and drawing near Petersburg. General Beauregard had at that time only about eight thousand men and eighteen pieces of artillery to oppose him. We had fighting before us. We made no halt in the city, rushed on about a mile and half, and formed a line of battle. This was on June 17. Company I, of the 49th Regiment, under Captain Connor, was sent out on picket at the white house on the left of the Norfolk railroad and was supported by a battery of artillery. Our picket line was on the old line half a mile in front of the new, or short, line, as was afterwards established. The enemy not yet being in sight, Captain Connor set us to work carrying rails and digging with our bayonets making rifle pits. Our troops were lying back in the rear, not knowing yet where the new line would be formed. General Grant was moving his troops rapidly up from City Point, and we knew they would soon appear in our front. We were furnished with one hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition and ordered to hold the line at all hazards, and if we could not hold them back to set fire to the white house and surrender. The object of this was to give warning to our troops in the rear and prevent the enemy's following us in a retreat. We dug our rifle pits large enough to hold two men. About eight o'clock the enemy appeared. We could see them forming away back in the fields; soon their skirmish lines advanced. Then commenced what Lieut. Thomas R. Roulhac, of Company D, 49th, a boy soldier, thirty years afterwards called "Beauregard's magnificent grapple with Grant's army."

The moment the Federal skirmish line, which was almost equal to our line of battle, came within range the white puffs of smoke arose from our rifle pits, and the sound of our Enfields could be heard miles away on that clear June morning. We remembered our orders: "Keep them back!" Steadily they advancel, followed by a heavy line of battle, their mounted officers with them making such pretty targets to shoot at. The main line halted and lay down, but the skirmish line continued to advance until they were in point-blank range, then halted and lay down in what appeared to be an old road. A fence being near, they began carrying rails, piling them in front. We kept firing at them, but they worked on until they had their rifle pits made. About the middle of the afternoon the charge we had been expecting was made. A heay line rose up back in the field and started across. Then the "tar-heel" grit showed up. We poured the hot Minies into them, and our battery swept them with grape and canister. This was too much for them, and they fell back to the old road. A number were killed and wounded and lay on the field the rest of the day. Again began the fighting from the rifle pits, which was kept up till night. It was a hard day's work. The Federal bullets made the splinters fly off of our rails. Fortunately they used no artillery, or they would have knocked us out.

Our engineers were busy surveying the new line, and General Lee was sending reënforcements from north of the James as fast as he could, and they were taking their position in the new line as fast as they were brought in, immediately beginning to fortify the line. Fortunately the enemy never charged our line that night. To keep them from moving in on us that night a heavy feint was made by the 35th and 56th Regiments of Ransom's Brigade, with a regiment of South Carolina troops from Elliot's Brigade. They charged and carried the Federal works and did some terrible hand-to-hand fighting, in which their loss was heavy. Colonel Jones, leading the 35th, was among the killed. The 35th lost its flag, then recaptured it and two flags of the enemy. They also took a number of prisoners and sent them to the rear, After holding the line for some time, they were then ordered back to take position in the new line. We were ordered to hold our picket line and not go in the charge, which was just on our left. Everything was quiet the rest of the night. Next morning just before daylight we fell back and joined our regiment in the new line.

When we came in they had the breastworks about two feet high. Company I's space was bare. We drew a bite of rations and went to work throwing dirt. Gen. Bob Ransom used to say one shell was worth a thousand overseers to make the men work. On the morning of the 18th of June, 1864, our breastworks on the new line were begun, and when we had them about three feet high the enemy came rolling over the railroad embankment, two hundred yards in our front, and started in a charge three columns deep up the hill. We threw aside our shovels and picked up our guns. At first we shot too low, the bullets striking the ground before reaching them, caused by the slope of the hill. The order was shouted down the line: "Shot higher!" They came on through the leaden tempest until they were nearly halfway to our works, then wavered, about-faced, and rushed back over the railroad fill, leaving the ground littered with their dead and wounded. We threw aside our guns and picked up our shovels. Then we made the dirt fly; we worked in a hurry. When our works were about shoulder high the Federals made another heavy charge, getting nearer than before. We drove them back again, making another list of dead and wounded to add to the first. This was their last charge on our part of the line that day. They had charged our works that day from one end to the other and were driven back at every point. On that day began the siege of Petersburg.

Those charges were terrible; they required brave men to stand them, and both sides kept them up to the end of the war. When the Federals charged our works, we covered the ground with their dead and wounded; when we charged theirs, they covered the ground with ours. In the World War our boys in their charges were protected one way or another. In our war we had no protection whatever. They were made under the fire of every gun that could be brought to bear upon them, and very often we had to fall back under the same fire.

(To be continued.)

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Rule or Ruin.—The Republican party was asked to engage for the fulfillment of the law and noninterference with slavery in the South, and they refused both. In a word, they would have no terms. They would rule or ruin the Union. Amendment after amendment, proposal after proposal was made, only to be rejected or staved off till the retirement of the cotton States had left the Republicans masters of the field, when they peremptorily voted down every proposal incompatible with their unconstitutional and illegal platform.—*Percy Greg, "History of the United States."*

## *AS TO SLAVERY.*

BY DR. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Some years ago I published a little book setting forth what the Southern Churches had done for the spiritual interests of the slaves in the years before the War between the States. Copies were sent to a number of the Northern religious papers. As far as I could find the booklet was ignored except by one, a Chicago paper, which spoke of it contemptuously as a "defense of slavery written by a Rebel soldier." Recently I received a letter, courteous yet critical, from Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History in Harvard University, who seems to take the same view of the little book as an apology for slavery. His letter is given here:

"Your pamphlet on religion and slavery, published in 1911, has recently come into my hands and contains many interesting matters about the status of the South in your experience. This question of slavery touches me personally, inasmuch as my great-grandfather, Judge George Hornell, founder of the city of Hornell, N. Y., was a slaveholder. Futhermore, I have spent a great deal of time in the Southern States (nearly a year altogether), have written a book, 'The Southern South,' on the present Southern question, and another, 'Slavery and Abolition,' on conditions of slavery down to the Civil War, and for nearly forty years I have read and considered this question.

"As regards my ancestor, the slaveholder, I am sorry to say that the family tradition is that he was not a good slaveholder. I regret it, but I take no responsibility for his errors or delinquencies. I thank God that there is no slavery any longer in Hornell or in New York or in the United States, and I am amazed at the disposition of some of the most intelligent Southern people nowadays to go back and defend an indefensible institution.

"When you say, 'I am free to confess that I do not believe emancipation was a blessing to master and slave,' you are practically saying that slavery should be restored.

"The great indictment against slavery was summed up in the antislavery statement that 'no man is good enough to own another.' Slavery was not all bad; there were good and considerate slave owners, but there were cruel and murderous slave owners. You do not need to go to 'Uncle Tom' for proofs, which are to be found in Southern newspapers and the records made by impartial travelers and visitors. Slavery kept the South poor, kept part of it ignorant, kept it out of the track of advancing civilization. Slavery was an economic loss, as is shown by the present high material prosperity of the South. Nobody can deny that there were a multitude of cases of cruelty and crime against the slave, and to my mind the most shocking thing about the slavery of two generations ago was that not one single State between 1833 and 1861 made enactments for the correction of manifest and public abuses, such as the selling of little children out of their mothers' arms; not a single Southern State took or dared take any steps toward the education of the slave.

"Why, I should think the Southern people to-day would rejoice with great rejoicing that they were free from the curse, and I do not see that your ancestors are any more entitled than my ancestors to the sympathy of this generation. They sinned against the light, they struggled against the advancement of the world, and a great many of them, if alive now, would rejoice that their grandchildren are released from the responsibility."

Let me say at once that no opinion expressed by a Southerner as to the evils of emancipation as it was effected implies any desire to restore the institution of slavery. It is one of the ironies of history that the bitterest critics of Southern domestic slavery, holding it up to scorn as "the sum of all villanies," should be the men and women whose fathers forced the unwilling colonies to receive the brutal African savages, torn by these same fathers from their own land and brought to this country through the horrors of "the middle passage." These same descendants now gloat over the fact that at fearful cost of blood and treasure they succeeded in "knocking the shackles from the slave." And while Exeter Hall, in London, and Fanueil Hall, in Boston, were ringing with denunciations of Southern slaveholders, there was in the mines of England and in the iron and steel industries of the North a system of cruelty and oppression harsher than the Southern slaves ever endured.

It is said that the whole question is settled, and any discussion of it is only academic. Let me quote a sentence or two from the ablest Southern writers on moral philosophy, especially as to its social and civc aspects: "Among the questions of civic rights and duties that of the recent domestic slavery in the United States holds a very interesting place. It is not debated with any view to restoring that form of labor; no intelligent man among us expects or desires this. But we should understand it for three reasons. The first is that the disputes concerning the relation of bondage, whether it is righteous or intrinsically unjust, involve and illustrate the most vital principles of morals and legislation. The second is that the assertion of its intrinsic injustice, now so commonly made, involves the credit of the Christian Scriptures, and the discrepancy disclosed has become the occasion of widespread and perilous skepticism. Unless we are willing to give up the authority of the Bible as God's word, it is unspeakably important that this supposed discrepancy shall have a better adjustment than it has yet received. Nothing is more certain than that in its essence human bondage, which is the involuntary subjection of an inferior part of the human race to the will of superiors, has not been abolished and never will be until the millennium; but the relationship will reappear in civilized society under many new names and forms, often less beneficent than the one lately overthrown. But African bondage under that name belongs to the past, notwithstanding our educated young men cannot but feel a living interest in the question whether their honored fathers lived and died in a criminal relation. And this is the third reason which demands this discussion."

The propaganda of Germany from 1870 to 1914 against all other nations in the interests of German military supremacy was not more persistent, unscrupulous, underhanded, and malignant than the abolition propaganda against the South and her domestic institutions. And finally they succeeded in organizing a great political party whose bond of union was and still is opposition to the South and her civic and political ideals. That party got control of the government, and to free the slaves brought on the terrible war which desolated the Southern States.

It is characteristic of all merely man-directed reforms that they tend to fanaticism and excess, and even when successful it requires two or three generations to correct the abuses of the reformation. There are two things to be considered in every true reformation, the principle that is to be maintained and applied and the condition or circumstances that limit or

modify the carrying out of the principle. The abolition leaders assumed that their principles were just and true, and they determined to force them on the country at any cost, utterly regardless of the rights of slaveholders and of the fitness of the slaves for freedom. They demanded an antislavery God, an antislavery Bible, an antislavery Constitution, and they denounced the Constitution of the republic as "a covenant with death and a league with hell."

There were two grievous mistakes they made. They assumed that they knew about conditions in the South, that the negroes were groaning under hard bondage, and that the majority of slaveholders were cruel and oppressive, while the facts were that the slaves were the happiest working class in the world, and the masters as a class were high-toned, upright, kindly Christian gentlemen. Such assertions, as in Dr. Hart's letter, that the laws of the Southern States gave no rights nor protection to the slaves are not true, and the oft-repeated charge that negro "children were sold out of their mothers' arms" is akin to that old charge that we Presbyterians believe there are "infants in hell not a span long." Of course some hard-headed old Puritan might have denied the salvation of infants, and some brutal master may have separated a baby from its mother, but that was the exception.

Professor Hart claims to know the conditions of the South better than I do because he spent *nearly a year in the South* and wrote two books on the subject. Now one thing, I think, is generally true: when a hostile critic investigates a person, a people, or a condition, he finds what he set out to find, as is illustrated in the partisan investigations now going on as to the conduct of the great World War. And one who knows the negro character knows that a sympathetic investigator can get a gruesome statement of the sufferings of negroes under hard taskmasters. The abolitionist made the negro a hero in his own eyes. I read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when it was published. Living as I did in Tennessee, I supposed the Southern plantations rang with the piteous cries of slaves under the lash, forced to work beyond their strength. Afterwards I had a Church of fifty white members who owned four or five thousand slaves. I preached on the plantations three nights every week and was all over them by day, and I never saw a negro whipped or unduly worked.

No doubt when the negroes were first introduced into this country they were treated with severity. They were unaccustomed to regular work, and it required strong discipline to train them. But as they became trained and became identified with their masters' families, this severity was mitigated and a far kinder relation established, which recognized the negro's right to bodily care and also to spiritual training.

The whole question of African slavery presented difficulties to every conscientious Southerner. How was it best to deal with an alien race, inferior in mental and moral character, mere children, unable to take care of themselves, with the instincts of savagery lingering in their very nature? Domestic slavery seemed to be the answer that would give security to all and effectiveness to the labor of the slaves. It is claimed that the results of emancipation show that our fears were groundless, and that emancipation has relieved the white man of a burden and has given the negro opportunity to develop his manhood as a free citizen. Surely these optimists are blind to the portentous shadow of race war that hangs over the homes of those who live near large negro populations. The growing demand for social equality, the antagonism of the working classes, the frequent outrages, unknown in the days of slavery, which bring on the terrible lawlessness of lynchings stirred by race hatred—all these things suggest that the race question is not settled. And the return of the negro soldiers from the World War is emphasizing the demand for social as well as civic equality.

Recently I have read with deep interest two books which treat of history not from the point of view of language or nationality, but of race as the one unchangable thing that underlies and controls the activities of men. Madison Grant's book is on "The Rising Tide of Color"; the other book, by Prof. Lathrop Stoddard, is entitled "The Passing of a Great Race." The great races are distinguished by color—yellow, brown, red, and white. Hitherto the white race, especially represented by the Anglo-Saxon, has been dominant wherever present with other colors. But now these colored races are beginning to rise against the white. Japan is leading, but it is also showing itself in China, India, the Philippines, in Mexico. The "Passing of a Great Race" notes that the Anglo-Saxon is giving place to weaker and inferior types of white men. In the United States the Anglo-Saxon is being displaced by a horde of foreigners, utterly ignorant of and out of sympathy with our ideals. The abolition propaganda must logically admit this horde and give it rights of citizenship. It is, after all, a part of that radical socialism which says that no man has a right to anything that his neighbor can't have, even if that neighbor will use his right to destroy the government.

It seems to me that when races so widely different as those separated by color have to live together under the same government and outward conditions then there are only three possible relationships: First, equality with intermarriage and a mongrel race; second, antagonism and constant struggle for superiority; third, subjection of the weaker race, some form of servitude. Now it happens that all three of these plans have been tried. The first is illustrated in the intermarriage of the Spaniard with the Indians or negroes, of the French with the Indians. The result was a degenerate race of half-breeds. In the second case the red Indian in our own land resisted and fought the white man, and the red man is practically exterminated. The third case was the African associated with the white man in the relation of slavery. The result was a race happy, content, and growing in numbers and character.

While there were instances of cruelty by masters to their slaves, these were the exceptions, condemned by public opinion; while the regular negro trader was socially ostracized. The revelations of the divorce courts of the present show a cruelty and brutality in the marriage relation beyond anything practiced in slavery. And the same reforming spirit that was exercised by the abolitionist is now manifesting itself in an organized attempt to abolish marriage.

As to the material prosperity that has come to the South, as we note the strife of classes, the conflicts of capital and labor, the army of tramps that infest our land, a class unknown in the days of slavery, we are apt to quote:

> "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

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Lower Caste.—That social lines were observed among the slaves is instanced by the following reply of a slave to her mistress's question as to why her brother had not come to the Christmas dance: "La, missus, he cyant come here to parties, bein' hired out whar he is to po' white folkes."

## *CAPTURING THE CAPTURED.*

BY S. K. WRIGHT, LURAY, VA.

An account of the capture and recapture of part of Capt. George Grandstaff's picket line along Stony Creek in Shenandoah County, between Edinburg and Columbia Furnace, having appeared in several Northern papers and as deficient of truth as many other incidents of the War between the States from the same sources, one of my old comrades requested that I give my version ol the circumstances and facts as I remember them. It being one of the most exciting and heroic of my experiences during the war, my memory of it is as clear to-day as though the occurrence was but yesterday.

A report by one of Sheridan's scouts states that Maj. Henry Young, chief of the scouts, left Winchester at 9 P.M. on Saturday, January 21, with fifteen of his scouts and fifty picked men from the 5th New York, sixty-five in all, that they flanked all towns between Winchester and Narrow Passage, and that no Rebel knew that the enemy was within twenty miles of them. After Sheridan's ruthless burning and destruction of very nearly all substance of life for man or beast, late in the fall the 12th Virginia Cavalry was camped along Milldale road, west of Mount Jackson, doing picket duty along Stony Creek. On or about the 15th of December Company E was disbanded (J. C. McKay, captain) for the purpose of recruiting our horses for the opening of the spring campaign, Capt. George Grandstaff, of Company K, taking charge of the picket line on the morning of January 22.

Returning from a social gathering of the young folks in the neighborhood, I detected the raiding column going south through the almshouse woods, flanking my home a half mile north of Maurertown, about 4 A.M. on January 22. I crossed the Valley Pike to my home, fed my horse, and before daylight mounted and rode south. I had not proceeded far when I met J. H. Bushong coming north, he also having observed the Yankee column going south. We at once conjectured that their object was the capture of the picket line, and we determined to get the boys together and give them a warm reception on their return, he taking one direction and I another. Very soon we had a very good chain of dispatchers. Our assembling point was at an old house in Swope Hollow, one-fourth of a mile east of the Valley Pike and one mile south of Maurertown. By eight o'clock we had a very good fighting force of fourteen, nearly all having had experience under Generals Stuart, Hampton, Ashby, Jones, and the dashing T. L. Rosser. These men were: Martin Strickler, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; Abram Strickler, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; Allin Bowman, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; Silas Crabill, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; William Bauserman, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; James H. Bushong, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; B. F. Hottel, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; S. K. Wright, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; E. M. Bushong, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; George Knight, Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry; George Bushong, O'Ferrall's Battery; John H. Hoover, Company K, 12th Virginia Cavalry; Milton Crabill, 18th Virginia Cavalry; Benjamin Crabill, Company E, 11th Virginia Cavalry.

We placed Capt. Martin Strickler in command and moved south parallel with the Valley Pike, marching far enough to conceal ourselves behind the hills from view, with one scout or lookout on higher ground. When we reached the Henry Koontz woods below the John Myers place, one-fourth of a mile north of Pugh's Run, we could see the Yankees coming just south of Pugh's Run, with flankers right and left. After crossing the bridge, thinking that they were safe I suppose, they drew in their flankers, very much to our advantage. They were marching along in very good order, unaware of their enemy being not more than two hundred yards from them.

As their rear guard came up the command to charge was given, and we struck them between their main column and rear guard. They made a very determined stand about three hundred yards farther on at the "Big Pond" for about two or three minutes and then broke. We pressed right on to them, pelting their backs. About half a mile farther on Major Young managed to rally six or eight of his men, wheeled their horses square around, and came back to us, our horses' heads coming in contact. Young's horse was shot from under him. This was a battle royal. Being out of ammunition, our revolvers empty, and the enemy apparently in the same condition, we used our empty revolvers for clubs and went to clubbing. Inexpereinced ones may inquire why we didn't use our sabers—time too short, interesting, and pressing to make the change. To make the situation a little more lively, Young's horse had only been struck and knocked down by the shot, and in the "muss" he went to kicking and lunging. They managed to get Young on behind one of them and left at full speed. We fell back over the hill on the right, a short distance, at the Isaac Gochenour place, a few hundred yards north of where the Valley Pike Dunkard Church is now located, reloading as we came out to renew the attack.

Capt. George Grandstaff came up with twenty men, informing us that they had captured Lieut. Monroe Funkhouser and twenty-three of his picket line. Taking command, he ordered us forward at full speed. About half a mile north of Maurertown we overhauled them. Their next stand was made at the toll gate, Tony Flinn's place. They took the house and outbuildings for protection and put up a very stubborn fight. We divided our command, one half flanking to our left around a hill, coming in on their right flank and rear. They were not long taking in the situation and bolted north as fast as their mounts could carry them, making one more feeble stand at "Four-Mile House," four miles south of Strasburg. All that was needed here were a few shots and the old Confeds' battle yell, and they broke into one of the wildest, craziest stampedes that I have ever witnessed. We rode through them and over them. They actually jumped off their mounts and tried to outrun them. At Fisher's Hill eight or ten of them jumped over the stone wall, fifteen or twenty feet high, and crept under the cedar brush on the other side. The boys dragged them out by their legs. About three hundred yards north of the stone bridge at Fisher's Hill we recaptured the last prisoner and ceased the pursuit in the suburbs of Strasburg.

In the first two encounters the fourteen fought one to five of the enemy. We recaptured all of the prisoners, captured one-third of the enemy with their horses, killed and shot up one-third, and the remaining third was straggling back to Winchester with their dead and wounded. We had one horse killed in the encounter at the toll gate and one man mortally wounded in the first encounter, George Bushong, a mere boy who had not reached his seventeenth year, young in years, but brave, and he fought with the nerve of a Comanche until he went down. We buried him in the family cemetery with honors of war on the following Wednesday evening and planted the Stars and Bars at the head of his grave.

*ARKANSAS STATE REUNION.*

[Address by Commander B. W. Green at the annual reunion of Confederate veterans of Arkansas, held October 26, 27, 1920, in Little Rock. General Green was reëlected by acclamation. He is now serving his fourth term as Commander of the Arkansas Division. The address in part is published by request of the convention.]

*Comrades:* We are privileged to live in the most potential period in the world's history. The issues involved are vital to every nation on earth and, we might say, to the human race. Nothing in all the past can compare with the present. The agencies for good and evil are at war, and that war must of necessity be a war to the death. One or the other must be vanquished. We have just emerged from the World War, the bloodiest and most destructive and cruel in all the annals of history, the most gigantic in proportions, if the number of nations and of men and of money involved are considered. And now the reflex consequences are agitating the world, and we of America must meet the issues as we did in 1917 when the liberties of the world were challenged. The world looks to America as to no other nation. The call to arms by the Congress of the United States in 1917 startled the world when they heard the answer of ten millions of young men who were ready for action. Again, the nations came to America for financial help, for food, and for munitions of war, and were not disappointed. They found the treasure house of the world in the United States. They found that we could feed the world with our surplus.

Will America stand the test of prosperity, success, and wealth that we now enjoy, or will we succumb to lawlessness and avarice and surrender our proud position among the nations of the world, and this won by the blood of many thousands of our sons on the fields of France and Belgium? I regret to say that America has caught the contagion and thirst for sordid gold; combinations of capital and of labor demand that which is criminal in its last analysis. The mad rush and craze for gold at any cost threatens even the life of this nation; the poison of those called the "Reds," Bolsheviki, and I. W. W., permeated with treason and anarchy, is boldly taught and proclaimed in this "land of the free and home of the brave." One of the latest phases of this spirit of greed and avarice is manifesting itself in the destruction of cotton gins and cotton warehouses. This lawlessness can work only disaster if not crushed at once by the strong hand of our government. The desire to amass a great fortune in a few days has produced profiteers without number. The necessaries of life are cornered and held for starving humanity to give and yet to give. Labor of all kinds has caught the fever and makes the most extravagant demands, to enforce which they organize and make demands by masses, others yet more crazed teach anarchy, treason, and murder in order to reach their goal. It seems that neighbor is against neighbor, and "when iniquity abounds the love of many waxes cold." The fight is for self, and self alone. Patriotism, religion, and God are tabood. Nothing must stand in the way to thwart their ends.

In view of these facts, are not *the old Confederate soldiers born a reserve force for such a time as this?* I believe in a "Providence which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." We, who have come from the school of sacrifice, suffering, and patriotism of 1861, are prepared to stem this awful tide of evil and to say: "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." Will we not show our colors and stand for the right as in 1861? This is no time for the weakling or the wavering. We must be on one side or the other. Great principles are involved in the issue. Let us as individuals and as a great association of patriots, tried as by fire, stand for law, order, and the right, stand by our united voice, united action, and united votes. Let our loyalty and purity of purpose be known to all men. Our numbers are small and daily lessening, but great things have been accomplished by the few. "Only be strong and of good courage"; stand as a stone wall for the right on every question of government, economics, and social order, and the final outcome must of necessity result in "the greatest good for the greatest number," for freedom and liberty, which shall not perish from America.

To this end allow me, comrades, to urge that you keep your camp fires burning; do not become weary or forgetful of this important duty to ourselves and to history which must be written. So-called and false history must be corrected; our children must be taught the truth. For sixty long years you have made the fight for the greatest principles of government and for which you stood in 1861. The world has accepted those principles as the birthright of all nations—principles which were denied us in 1861, but which were enunciated by Jefferson and the makers of the Declaration of Independence and in 1914-18 lifted the crown from the head of autocracy and placed it upon the head of the people, and under God it will forever remain there. The world owes a debt of gratitude to the Confederate soldier which cannot be repaid, for he blazed the way and the nations followed.

You are world heroes and benefactors, and history will so record your acts of valor and patriotism if you continue true to the end. You do not represent "a lost cause or a furled banner," for the World War demonstrated that you were right and that for which the cause and the banner stood is indestructible. What the South did lose was the constitutional right to secede, making this a national government instead of a federated government of States.

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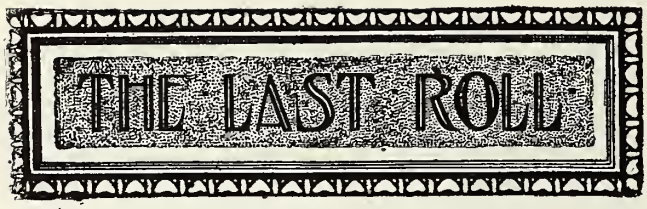
*APRIL 26.*

[In the ceremonies at Memphis, Tenn., on April 26, "in Memory of the Confederate Dead," the following lines were improvised by Dr. Ford, one of the speakers. The poem is taken from the volume of war poetry collected and published by Miss Emily V. Mason, 1866-67.]

"In rank and file, in sad array,
  As though their watch still keeping,
Or waiting for the battle fray,
  The dead around are sleeping.
Shoulder to shoulder rests each rank
  As at their posts still standing,
Subdued, yet steadfast, as they sank
  To sleep at death's commanding.
No battle banner o'er them waves,
  No battle trump is sounded;
They've reached the citadel of graves,
  And here their arms are grounded.

. . . . . .

Their hallowed memory ne'er shall die,
  But, ever fresh and vernal,
Shall wake from flowers the soft sad sigh,
Regrets—regrets eternal!"




**Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, $3.00 each.**

"Do we grieve when another star
Looks out from the evening sky?
Or the voice of war is hushed
Or the storm of conflicts die?
Then why should your soul be sad
And your heart be sorely riven
For another gem in the Saviour's crown
And other soul in heaven?"

### Gen. A. P. Bagby.

Gen. Arthur Pendleton Bagby, one of the last of the Confederate generals and a resident of Hallettsville, Tex., for sixty years, died at his residence in that town on February 21, 1921, and he was doubtless the oldest of the graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point. He played a distinctive part in the struggle between the States and was a member of a bar notable in the history of the State of Texas for its distinguished members.

General Bagby was born in Alabama in 1833. As a boy he was in Washington, D. C., during the time his father was United States Senator from Alabama. He graduated from West Point in 1855, and at the outbreak of war between the States he resigned a captaincy in the United States army and entered the service of the Confederate States, serving with such brilliancy that he rose to the rank of general. He succeeded General Green in command of the Confederate forces in the Red River campaign and took part in the recapture of Galveston from the Federals.

At the close of the war he became a resident of Hallettsville and engaged in the general practice of law until recent years, being an active member of the local bar. As a lawyer he was well known among the legal fraternity of the State. He was learned and a fine orator; and though not able to take part in the affairs of the community during the last few years, he retained his interest to the last. He was always a reader and writer and had contributed widely to papers and periodicals on historical subjects.

During his sixty years spent as a member of the bar of Texas he took part in many criminal trials. He was a vigorous defender of States' rights.

Surviving General Bagby are two sons, A. T. Bagby, connected with the State tax office in Austin, and Will T. Bagby, a practicing attorney of Hallettsville and former member of the State Legislature.

### Graybill Camp, No. 1534, U. C. V.

The following members of Graybill Camp, U. C. V., of Tennille, Ga., have answered the last roll call: J. E. Meldrem, Company E, 1st Georgia Regiment; J. A. Ray, Company E, 15th Georgia Regiment; Capt. J. D. Franklin, Company H, 28th Georgia; L. N. Batchelor, Company I, 59th Georgia; James L. Brantley, Company D, 59th Georgia; James Sumner, Company H, 28th Georgia Battalion; Corp. W. E. Murchison, Company G, 59th Georgia; G. F. Boatright, Company E, 5th Georgia State Troops.

[M. G. Murchison, Adjutant.]

### Veterans of Lancaster County, Va.

Lancaster County, Va., mourns the loss of four of its beloved veterans.

Comrade Michael Herndon Wilder was born on September 20, 1843, at Irvington, Va. Early in March, 1861, when the clouds of war were fast settling over the country, he volunteered his service to defend the beloved Southland and was mustered into service at White House, Lancaster County, as a private in Company L, 55th Virginia Infantry, under Colonel Mallory. The regiment was assigned to Field's Brigade. Comrade Wilder participated in all the battles of that brigade until he was captured at Falling Water on the 14th of July, 1863, as they were coming out of Pennsylvania after the hard fight at Gettysburg. He was sent to Point Lookout, where he suffered the horrors of that prison for eight months. He was exchanged on March 17, 1864. He was as brave and intrepid a soldier as ever fought under the Southern flag. After the war was over he came back to his old home, where he married Miss Emma V. Hammonds and settled down to live a quiet and useful life. He answered the "last roll call" in December, 1920. He was a good neighbor, a kind friend, and his memory will live on and on.

Comrade James Z. Woolridge answered the last "roll call" at his home in Molusk, Lancaster County, Va., on December 30, 1920. At the very beginning of war he volunteered his service and was assigned to Company H, 55th Infantry, where he served with bravery and gallantry until he was captured and taken to Point Lookout. There he suffered fearfully from hunger and cold. He was released on July 28, 1865. After the war he moved from Middlesex County to Lancaster County, where he married Miss Nellie Carter, who lived but a few years. He was a member of St. Mary's Episcopal Church (Old White Chapel), also a member of the Lawson-Ball Camp of Confederate Veterans, where he was honored and beloved by all of his comrades. He was a Christian gentleman, a brave soldier, loyal always to the cause for which he fought.

Napoleon B. Wingate, of Lancaster County, answered the last roll call on December 19, 1920, at his home at Molusk. In June, 1861, he volunteered his service and was mustered in as a private in Company E, 40th Virginia Infantry, where he served with honor and valor until he surrendered with Lee at Appomattox on the ninth day of April, 1865.

William Fleet Pridham, of Richmond, Va., died at the home of his son at Ottoman, Lancaster County, Va., on December 27, 1920.

[Mrs. Luther G. Connellee, Historian of the Lancaster County Chapter.]

### James Harrison Hagy.

After a lingering illness of several months, James Harrison Hagy died at his home, near Greendale, Va., on November 2, 1920, aged seventy-seven years. He was a member of Company I, 48th Virginia Regiment, enlisting at the age of eighteen years. He served throughout the entire war and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.

Mr. Hagy was married to Miss Sarah E. Roberts on July 25, 1867, and to this union seven children were born, who,

with their mother, survive him. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a good neighbor, and kind friend. He was also a member of the Masonic Lodge for more than thirty-five years.

[G. W. Garrett, a friend of more than fifty years.]

### Thomas E. Gee.

[From resolutions adopted by Martin Walt Camp, U. C. V., Brownwood, Tex.]

Thomas E. Gee was born in Sumter County, Ala., on January 17, 1838. He was educated at the university at Staunton, Va. He served as quartermaster during the four years of war between the States. He was married to Miss Willie Griffin, of Gainesville, Ala., in January, 1865, and she survives him, with their son and daughter.

T. E. GEE.

Comrade Gee moved to Cameron, La., in 1874; was elected clerk of the court in 1876 and served until 1908. He moved to Brownwood, Tex., in 1909. Retiring from active business life, he led a quiet, studious existence, always interested in the affairs of the Confederate veteran, and he was one of the best-posted men on all the topics of the day. His life was serene, useful, and well spent, and he leaves the world enriched in honor and spiritual benefits in the memory of his deeds as soldier and citizen.

On October 8, 1920, he left us for that land where he may spend endless ages with Confederate heroes gone before to rest under the shade of the trees.

[Committee: Commander J. M. McCall, G. A. Nuckols, Adjt. T. A. Witcher.]

### Thomas Reed Murray.

Thomas Reed Murray, born in Buncombe County, N. C., died at his home, near McKinney, Tex., in his ninety-first year. He was the fifteenth child in a family of sixteen, of whom fifteen reached maturity. His early home is now a part of the Vanderbilt estate near Asheville, N. C., and this old homestead had been in the family two hundred years.

In 1849 Thomas Murray was married to Miss Dila Wood, of Rutherfordtown, N. C., and a few years later removed to Arkansas, locating at Batesville. When the War between the States came on he enlisted for the Confederacy and served with Price's old army east of the Mississippi River, taking part in the battles of Corinth, Iuka, Port Gibson, Vicksburg, and Baker's Creek. He was with Price's raid in Missouri and was captured with his regiment at Big Black, Miss., three of the regiment making their escape by swimming the river. His regiment was taken north and kept in prison at Fort Delaware and Point Lookout, Md. His service extended over four years and under Colonel McCarver, a Methodist preacher, Colonel Cravens, and Lieutenant Colonel Mathena.

Leaving Arkansas for Texas in 1867, he settled on a farm in Collin County near McKinney, removing some years later to a place nearer that city, where he died.

Comrade Murray was married three times. Eight children were born to the first union, four surviving him. His second marriage was to Mrs. Fisher, and of their three children one is surviving. The third marriage was to Miss Jane Irvin, of Waynesville, N. C., who died in 1911. There are thirty-two grandchildren, five great-grandchildren, and nine great-great-grandchildren.

He was a man of much natural ability, strong intellect, and his genial disposition made him welcome everywhere. He was a member of the Throckmorton Camp, U. C. V., of McKinney, and a regular attendant at its meetings as long as he was able to get there.

### Josephus Meador.

Josephus Meador was born in Newton County, Ga., on September 22, 1833, and died at the home of his son, Judge A. D. Meador, at Covington, Ga., on February 13, 1921. After a slight indisposition from an old complaint, death came to him as he slept.

Comrade Meador was a brave Confederate soldier and a highly respected citizen. When his country called he was among the first to enlist and served with the State troops at Savannah for six months. When his time expired he returned home and enlisted in a cavalry company being formed at that time, and throughout the war he was a member of Company B, 16th Georgia Battalion of Cavalry. His command was attached to Gen. John H. Morgan, the celebrated cavalry leader, and he participated in the twenty-seven days' raid through Kentucky and Ohio, as well as other raids made by this brave commander. It can be said of him that he never shirked a duty to which he was assigned, but was at all times ready to do his part.

In November, 1865, he was married to Miss Louise E. Yancey, who died some twenty-seven years ago. Of this union was one son, Judge A. D. Meador, with whom he made his home since his wife's death. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, having been at the time of his death one of the oldest Masons in the county, and he was a member of Jefferson Lamar Camp, U. C. V., of Covington. After funeral services at the First Baptist Church of Covington, he was buried with Masonic honors at the family burial ground at Aycock's Shop.

[William Bird and W. A. Cannon, committee.]

### H. P. Mann.

H. P. Mann, a member of Company I, 30th Mississippi Infantry, Walthall's Brigade, died on February 22, 1921, at Sweetwater, Tex., while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. W. B. Carthen.

Comrade Mann was born in Carroll County, Miss., on April 3, 1835. He enlisted at Carrollton, Miss., early in 1862 with J. W. Campbell as his first captain. The company was commanded most of the time by Capt. J. G. Gibbs.

Comrade Mann had his left ankle badly shattered in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and fell into the hands of the enemy when General Bragg retired; was afterwards removed to Indianapolis, where he remained in prison until the close of the war, suffering, besides the hardships that were the lot of all Confederate prisoners, the added misery of his crushed ankle. He was married on December 30, 1875, to Miss E. F. Marshall, who survives him and was with him when he passed away. Three daughters also survive him.

[W. T. Hightower.]

### Richard M. Bugg.

Richard M. Bugg, the oldest and most beloved citizen of Potosi, Mo., died there on the 13th of October, 1920, at the age of eighty-five years. He was born in Columbus, Ga., on April 10, 1835, and was the last surviving member of his family. His early life was spent on the farm, and at the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted with the Columbus City Light Guards, Wright's Brigade, 2d Georgia Battalion, and served four years in the Army of Northern Virginia, participating in many hard and trying battles, during which were the battles around Richmond, Gettysburg, and Petersburg.

In September, 1865, Comrade Bugg went to Missouri and was associated with his aunt, Mrs. Eliza Perry, in the management of her mining properties at Potosi; later he was in the mercantile business, in which he was very successful. In 1870 he was married to Miss Annie W. Cole, who survives him with their only child, Mrs. Mary B. Eversole.

During his residence in Potosi Comrade Bugg was known as one of the most active citizens in the upbuilding of the community. He was a man of generous impulses, ever a friend to the needy, and had helped many over the rough places in life. He became a member of the Presbyterian Church in 1887 and had lived a consistent Christian life. His mother was a charter member of the Presbyterian Church at Columbus, Ga. During his invalidism following an accident several years ago he found much comfort and solace in reading the Bible, and just before falling into the last sleep he repeated after the faithful and loving wife the childhood prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep." He was most generous and kind in his home life, and his cheerful presence is sadly missed there and wherever he was known.

### A. J. Brownlee.

In the death of A. J. Brownlee, which occurred on January 11, 1921, the community of Hereford, Tex., mourns the passing of the oldest citizen, yet younger than many in the alertness of mind and keenness of interest in life. "Ninety-two years young" was the thought of him during the weeks in which life was gradually passing. Unique as a type of the stalwart strength, stanch courage, and innate manhood of the pioneer manhood, he was a worthy representative.

A. J. Brownlee was born in Campbellsville, Ky., where he grew to manhood and was married. In 1853 he started to Texas with his wife and child by way of New Orleans. On the way cholera broke out on the boat, and his child was a victim. Locating in Mount Pleasant, Tex., he operated a tanyard there, and during the War between the States supplied leather for the shoes of Confederate soldiers. His wife died near the close of the war, and he returned to Kentucky with his children and was at Campbellsville until 1874, when he again went to Texas and made his home at Granbury, where he married Mrs. Sallie J. O'Brien. In 1884 they removed to Oklahoma, returning to Texas in 1913 and locating at Hereford. Besides his wife, he is survived by five children, four stepchildren, thirty-two grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren.

When quite a young man Mr. Brownlee became a Mason, and throughout his life was a stanch supporter of its interests. In a visit to the Grand Lodge at Dallas in 1909 he was honored as the oldest Mason in Texas and presented with a Masonic emblem. The last rites of his burial were conducted with full Masonic honors.

### Kenneth C. McKown.

Kenneth C. McCown, beloved Confederate veteran, answered to the last roll call on January 14, 1921, having passed into his eighty-first year. He was born at Capeville, Va., on December 1, 1840. His early life was spent on his father's farm, near Capeville, with one term at the University of Virginia. Early in 1861 he ran the blockade on the eastern coast of Virginia, after crossing Chesapeake Bay in an open boat during a terrific snowstorm. From Hampton, Va., he crossed over to Norfolk, where he joined the Horse Artillery of the Norfolk Blues, in command of Captain Granby, Pickett's Brigade, C. S. A. He went through the war as a private, ever of good repute, received a slight wound during the latter part of the war, was a prisoner at Point Lookout for a short time, and was paroled from that prison at the close.

Some time after the war he was married to Miss Susan Thomas Roberts, member of an old Capeville family. Six splendid daughters survive them, the wife having preceded him into the spirit land by some years. Since her death he had been making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Elliott Rickenbaker, in Summerville, S. C. After an illness of several months he died at the Roper Hospital in Charleston, S. C., and was buried in the old Episcopal churchyard at Summerville.

He retained his undying love and adoration for his Confederate leaders and loved nothing so much as to talk of the days of the "great war"—always under "Marse Robert."

### William Fontaine Watson.

William Fontaine Watson, son of Dr. Overton D. Watson, was born in Lauderdale County, Ala., on January 15, 1842, and died at the Kentucky Confederate Home on March 1, 1921. His mother was Miss Annie Dickson. A sister and a brother, Miss Sene W. Watson, of Richmond, Va., and L. D. Watson, of Nashville, Tenn., survive him. He became a member of the Christian Church shortly after the War between the States and was a faithful attendant on its services for many years.

William Watson enlisted in Company F, 4th Alabama Cavalry, in 1862—Col. W. C. Johnson's regiment of Roddy's Brigade—and served under General Forrest up to the surrender. His record as a soldier is without stain. He was faithful, brave, and true, never shirked a duty, and was ever ready to go when called upon. He loved the cause for which he so valiantly fought.

Comrade Watson was an inmate for many years of the Kentucky Confederate Home and was very popular with the comrades there. Everybody liked "Billy" Watson, as he was familiarly called, and he is greatly missed.

[B. J. Wesson.]

### Members of Camp 763, Marietta, Ga.

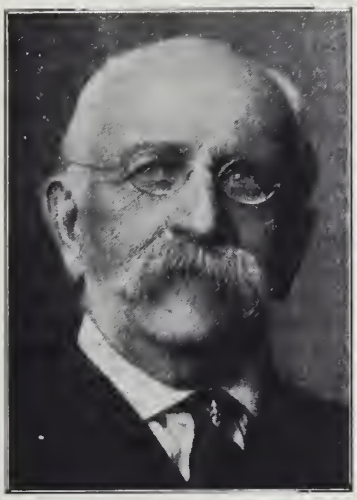
The following members of Camp 763, U. C. V., of Marietta, Ga., died during 1920: J. W. Read, Company A, 7th Georgia Regiment; John A. Massey, Phillips's Legion; B. Rainey; W. F. Murdock, Company C, Phillips's Legion; A. H. Talley; J. H. Brown; Nelson Robert, Company A, 7th Georgia; J. P. Ray, Company A, 7th Georgia; S. J. Ellis; Sidney Pickens, Company H, 7th Georgia; Jesse Martin, Company B, 38th Georgia; Grogan House, Company A, 18th Georgia; —— Bryan, 23d Georgia; B. A. Osborn, Phillips's Legion; Neal Williams, Company C, 21st Georgia; Blu Osborn, Company I, 7th Georgia.

[E. DeT. Lawrence, Adjutant.]

### Capt. DeWitt Clinton Durham.

Capt. DeWitt C. Durham, a gallant Confederate soldier, was born in Cleveland County, N. C., in 1839 and died at the home of his son in Hattiesburg, Miss., on February 25, 1921. He served in five military departments of the South. He was reared in Kemper County, Miss., to which State his parents, Benjamin F. and Elizabeth Evans Durham, moved in 1843.

Captain Durham was a scholarly man, having graduated from Irving College, Tennessee, in 1858, afterwards attending Judge Pearson's law school in North Carolina, returning to Mississippi at the outbreak of war to volunteer for the Confederacy. He enlisted in the Kemper Guards and was elected second lieutenant. This company was attached to the 59th Virginia Regiment, known as Wise's Legion, under command of General Wise, which went into West Virginia with the forces of Gen. R. E. Lee. Lieutenant Durham's first battle was at Sewall Mountain, where he took up the gun of a fallen comrade and actively participated in an engagement with Rosecrans's troops. He was promoted to first lieutenant. The regiment moved to Roanoke Island, where the entire command was captured. The officers were paroled and afterwards exchanged.



CAPT. D. C. DURHAM.

Lieutenant Durham was commissioned captain of Company K, 46th Mississippi Regiment, with which he took part in the Vicksburg campaign, participating in the battle of Baker's Creek and the forty-seven days' fightng during the siege of Vicksburg. At the capitulation he was paroled, and when exchanged in the fall of 1863 he rejoined his company, which he commanded in the Georgia campaign from Resaca to Atlanta. In the battle of Kenesaw Mountain he was hit squarely in the forehead by a spent rifle ball and was carried to the rear with the dead, but, recovering consciousness, he was soon on the firing line. On August 4, 1864, in front of Atlanta, he was more seriously wounded, a ball passing through both thighs. In the spring of 1865 he was captured for a third time while on duty in the trenches at Blakely, near Mobile. Subsequently he was a prisoner of war at Ship Island and was paroled at Meridian at the close of hostilities.

In 1868 Captain Durham moved to Meridian, where he was for many years prominently identified with the city's affairs. He married Miss Harriet C. Chatfield, daughter of the Rev. G. W. Chatfield, a prominent Alabama and Mississippi educator and divine. Captain Durham is survived by two sons—W. L. Durham and D. C. Durham—and two daughters—Mrs. C. H. Steele and Miss Eloise Durham. He was a member of Walthall Camp, No. 25, U. C. V.

### Maj. Randolph Barton.

Randolph Barton, for nearly fifty-five years a leading attorney of Baltimore, Md., died at his home in that city on March 15. He is survived by his wife, seven sons, and two daughters.

Born in Winchester, Va., on April 24, 1844, the son of David Walker Barton, a prominent lawyer of that city, and Fanny L. Jones Barton, Comrade Barton was educated in the academy at Winchester and the Virginia Military Institute. When seventeen years of age he put aside his books to take up arms for the South.

As sergeant major of the 33d Virginia Infantry, of the Stonewall Brigade, he was wounded in the first battle of Manassas and later was taken prisoner at Kernstown. After nearly five months of confinement in the Baltimore city jail and Port Delaware, he was released and became lieutenant in a company of the 2d Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade. He was severely wounded at Chancellorsville.

Following his appointment to the post of assistant adjutant general of the Stonewall Brigade, Mr. Barton was wounded at Spotsylvania Courthouse and at Winchester and was also struck in several other engagements. In 1865 he was appointed by Gen. I. A. Walker as assistant adjutant and inspector general with the rank of major, but surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse before receiving his commission. He married Miss Agnes P. Kirkland in 1869.

Returning to his home at the close of the war, "Major" Barton, as he was better known to his friends, prepared for his legal career as a student in the office of Judge Richard Parker, of Winchester, who presided at the trial of John Brown. Moving to Baltimore in 1866, he was admitted to the bar and started to practice.

He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and for a number of years was a member of the vestry of his Church and also served for some years as vestryman of the convention of the Maryland Diocese.

Of a kindly and genial disposition, he had many friends. He belonged to the University Club and also expressed his continued interest in Confederate affairs by membership in the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States.

### John Pratt West.

John Pratt West died at the Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home, Pikesville, Md., on December 1, 1920. He was born on March 19, 1837, on the "Merryland Tract," Frederick County, Md., and at the outbreak of the war enlisted in Ashby's Cavalry, later the 7th Virginia Regiment, of which Turner Ashby was colonel He was a member of Company G, together with Frank Knott, Charles Wilson, Eugene West, Blanchard Philpot, John Dunlop, Benjamin P. Crampton, Israel Graham, Thaddeus Thrasher, Clarence and Thomas Hilleary, Tom Pitts Brashears, Billy Burns, Robert Marlow, Jim Thomas, and many others from the "Tract" whose names are not now recalled. "Jack West" was with his command throughout the war, with it in the "glorious days of 1862" in the Valley, with it at Brandy Station when Stuart was outgeneraled (but his men were not outfought), present at Trevillian's Depot on that June day in 1864 when Hampton outgeneraled and his men outfought the Yankees under Sheridan and Custer and drove them back into their lines, and on many another hard-fought field Jack West did his full duty. He was a true soldier of the Confederacy. What finer thing can be said of him? Peace to his ashes!

# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn.....*Second Vice President General*
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MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newherry, S. C.....*Recording Secretary General*
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MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

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## *FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.*

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* The thirteenth annual circular of the U. D. C. Committee on Education has been issued to Presidents of Divisions, of Chapters where there are no Divisions, and to the Chairman of Education. If any of these have failed to receive copies, they should notify at once the Chairman of Education, Miss Armida Moses, Sumter, S. C.

Many valuable scholarships are available for next September. Those vacant are as follows: Scholarships in full, covering practically all expenses, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for young women, $800; Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., for young men, $380. Scholarships of various amounts covering only part of the expenses are to be bestowed for: Medical College of South Carolina, Charleston, S. C., $120; Army and Navy Preparatory School, Washington, D. C., $400; Marion Institute, an army and navy school, Marion, Ala., $150; Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C., $100; Gulf Coast Military Academy, Gulfport, Miss., $100; Brenau College Conservatory, Gainesville, Ga., $110; St. Mary's School, Memphis, Tenn. (open to day pupils), $100; Springside School, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia (open to day pupils), $300; Martin College, Pulaski, Tenn., $100; Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., $200; Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala., $50; Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Tex., $75; Southwestern Presbyterian Presbyterian College, Clarksville, Tenn., $50; Columbia Institute, Columbia, Tenn., $75; Trinity College, Durham, N. C., $50; Centenary College, Cleveland, Tenn., $65; Eastern College, Manassas, Va., $75; Harriman College, Harriman, Tenn., $100; University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., $60; University of Alabama, University, Ala., $60; University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla., $100; University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., $70; Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga., $330; Meridian College Conservatory, Meridian, Miss., $50; and at the University of Virginia, Charlotte, Va., there are vacant nineteen U. D. C. scholarships, valued at $95 each. In addition, the amount of $1,634.51 will be bestowed in hero scholarship "to honor the men of the South who served their reunited country wherever needed in 1917-18."

Applications for the Vassar scholarship must be in hand by May 1, for all others by June 1. All applications are required to go through the Division Chairman of Education, and all inquiries about scholarships should be addressed to them.

Our duty to this splendid catalogue of opportunity is to see that these scholarships are filled, and to do so the attention of ambitious young students must be called to our organization's educational advantages. This brings us again to the point of individual responsibility, and I beg you, each and every member, to find the young men and young women who need the assistance we offer.

*The Robert E. Lee Memorial.*—On page 196 of the Asheville Minutes is printed the resolution adopted by the convention assuring the Washington and Lee University authorities of "sympathy and coöperation in this patriotic task." A copy of the Lee booklet therein approved is now in my possession and is of great beauty and value. The booklet is presented as a certificate of subscription and is mailed to all subscribers to the Lee Memorial Fund by our own Mrs. C. B. Tate, the Treasurer of the Memorial Fund Committee and the custodian of the chapel with its mausoleum, the recumbent statue by Valentine, General Lee's office, and many art works of interest and great value. The purpose is to accomplish the reconstruction of the western half of Lee Chapel, to make the structure fireproof, to install a heating plant, to enlarge the seating capacity, and to bring the building "into architectural harmony with the stately Washington building opposite," to equip and endow the Robert E. Lee Memorial School of Civil and Highway Engineering, and to endow the Robert E. Lee School of Journalism in Washington and Lee University. Popular subscription in modest amounts, five dollars upward, is the method chosen. The name of each subscriber will be enrolled in a large volume to be kept in the chapel, so that future generations may know who participated in establishing the Lee Memorial Fund. The Virginia Division has accepted the responsibility and is now working on the endowment which shall maintain a permanent custodian for the mausoleum and chapel.

This great enterprise has the hearty indorsement of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and as your President I call your attention to it now in the hope that each member of the organization will have some part in the effort to create this worthy memorial. A ringing appeal comes to the heart when we stop to consider that we here have the opportunity to complete the plans General Lee himself with great vision made for the school, plans he left unfinished on that October day in 1870.

With eager interest I await results of your work for the Hero Fund, the Jefferson Davis monument, and the book, "Southern Women in War Times," and hope with your assistance to complete these three obligations before summer overtakes us.

Cordially, MRS. M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

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"A prayer
For courage to walk in the ways of truth,
And the strength to keep at last,
'Mid the frosts of winter the bloom of youth
And the fragrance of the past."

### THE HERO FUND.

*Daughters of the Confederacy:* I have been very much gratified by the response of some of the States to my appeal for the Hero Fund sent out in January. All who responded said they hoped to be able to pay their *per capita* in full very soon. I hope those who haven't answered are working to that end and will let me hear from them soon. Daughters, $1.15 *per capita* is a small amount for us to pay for such a wonderful cause. Let us all work together and complete this fund this year.

Following is my report for the Hero Fund for January and February:

| | |
|---|---|
| California Division | $ 174 55 |
| Philadelphia Chapter | 9 00 |
| Kentucky Division | 123 94 |
| California Division | 51 35 |
| Total | $ 358 84 |
| Previously reported | 6,600 00 |
| Liberty bonds | 1,250 00 |
| Total | $8,208 84 |

Very respectfully, MRS. J. T. BEAL, *Treasurer.*

### DIVISION NOTES.

*Arkansas.*—On February 12 Mrs. J. T. Beal was hostess to the Executive Board meeting of the Arkansas Division. The President, Mrs. W. E. Massey, of Hot Springs, was present and conducted the morning and afternoon sessions. An outline of the year's work was given and concurred in by the Board. All officers, as well as chairmen of standing and special committees, made reports, showing progress in all lines of work. Nine Chapters were represented and much important work was discussed. Fort Smith was selected as the next meeting place of the State Conference. A buffet luncheon was served by the hostess and her daughter, Mrs. Lula Beal Dibrell. The next Executive Board meeting will be held at the home of the State President in Hot Springs on Saturday, May 21, 1921.

At the meeting of the Hot Springs Chapter in January Capt. John Appler spoke "In Memoriam.' He had on the uniform worn by him as a private soldier the day he was left on the battle field as dead. The uniform contained four bullet holes, but otherwise was in a good state of preservation. After saluting the American flag, he gave the lines written by Will S. Hays on the death of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Captain Appler claims that this is the only uniform of a private Confederate soldier now in existence.

On February 14 the regular meeting of the Benton Chapter was held with Mrs. J. W. Bailey, assisted by her lovely daughter, Miss Elizabeth. The birthday of Robert E. Lee was celebrated with a silver tea, from which was netted quite a nice little sum for the endowment fund.

*California.*—California Division will hold ts annual convention, beginning on May 11, at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, Cal., and it is hoped some of the general officers can be present, also that any Daughter in California from other State Divisions will attend.

U. D. C. affairs in Southern California have been numerous during the winter. General Lee's birthday was celebrated by the four Chapters in Los Angeles by pretentious gatherings, Los Angeles Chapter being entertained by Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, of Chester Place, with a reception and musicale. Robert E. Lee Chapter gave a dance at Ebell Clubhouse, and Wade Hampton Chapter held memorial exercises at Trinity Church. John H. Reagan gave a luncheon of eighty covers with Confederate veterans as honor guests.

Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter celebrated the birthday of the general for whom the Chapter was named and was also hostess to some of the San Francisco Bay Chapters for the Lee anniversary. Jefferson Davis Chapter had a reception and appropriate exercises on January 19, which is also the birthday of Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, its founder, for whom memorial services of respect were held, members devoting a moment of silent thought.

*Colorado.*—The Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, of Denver, held a splendid meeting in November in the form of a harvest home festival, and a generous supply of good things was donated for a local tubercular institution for destitute women and girls. The Christmas party was also a perfect success and appropriately celebrated. The January meeting was a joint celebration of the birthdays of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Commodore Mathew Fontaine Maury, and a splendid address on the lives of these great men was given by Carl Hinton, Adjutant General S. C. V.

The State officers who reside in Denver gave a card party and luncheon in January from which a nice little sum was realized for the State work.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter of Grand Junction has paid its *per capita* to the Hero Fund and also headed the list with $10 to the Hoover Fund.

The Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter of Pueblo has paid its *per capita* to the Hero Fund.

In the passing of Mrs. O. S. Cunningham, of Pueblo, the Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter has lost a beloved member, one who had devoted herself to the work for a number of years.

*Maryland.*—The anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee was celebrated by the Baltimore Chapter at Arundell Hall, Mrs. Rufus K. Goodnow, the President, presiding. The first public reading of the prize essay, written by Miss Laura Lee Davidson, on the work of "Maryland Women in the Confederacy" was given by Matthew Page Andrews.

Miss Christiana Bond read a paper on her personal reminiscences of General Lee. These were from the diary of her first season at White Sulphur Springs and gave delightful glimpses of the personal and social side of the great general and emphasized his magnanimity toward the people of the North. Miss Jane Cary called attention to the error in John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," where General Grant is made to refuse the sword of General Lee. The famous sword of Lee was presented to Professor Maupin, of the University of Virginia, father of Mrs. R. Corbin Maupin, who is Historian of the Maryland Division, U. D. C.

A bust of General Lee was presented to the Robert E. Lee Junior High School by the Baltimore Chapter on January 17. This bust was designed by Dr. Volck. Maj. Randolph Barton made the speech of presentation, and this included personal reminiscences of General Lee. He told of a contest open to pupils of the school in which a prize will be given for the best essay on General Lee. Dr. David E. Weglein, assistant superintendent of city schools, accepted the bust in behalf of the school. The children of the school gave beautiful musical renditions of Southern melodies. Matthew Page Andrews made a short address, after which he presented a

book, "Women of the South in War Times." The bust was unveiled by Miss Mary Alricks Marshall, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lee Marshall.

*Missouri.*—The St. Louis Chapter, of St. Louis, is financing two sisters at the School of the Ozarks in Taney County. This Chapter is also aiding two elderly ladies in St. Louis who have been under the watchful care of the Chapter for several years.

The State President, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, was the guest of honor at the breakfast given by the six Chapters of Kansas City commemorating the birthdays of General Lee and General Jackson, Mrs. R. C. Orr, President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, acting as toastmistress. Crosses of honor were given the four veterans by Mrs. Allen Porter, Recorder of Crosses of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter. The Kansas City Chapter, the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, the George Edward Pickett Chapter, the Upton Hayes Chapter, and the Dixie Chapter were represented by their respective Presidents on the program.

The Dixie Chapter, of Kansas City, has given its second business college scholarship, valued at one hundred dollars, which is filled by Miss Marion Watson, a charter member of the Chapter.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Confederate Veterans was held at Springfield, Mo., in October. Maj. Gen. W. C. Bronaugh, of Kansas City, was reëlected Commander of the Division.

The M. A. E. McLure Chapter, St. Louis, Mrs. W. H. Hudson, President, gave a very beautiful ball at the Buckingham Hotel on February 4.

The Sterling Price Chapter, St. Joseph, Mrs. Elliott Spalding, President, entertained two hundred guests at a luncheon on January 19, commemorating the anniversaries of Gens. R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Blackwater, Mo., Mrs. Jesse T. McMahan, President, has supported a French orphan two years, is giving financial aid to a young woman in training for a nurse, and is doing a great deal of other educational and benevolent work.

The John S. Marmaduke Chapter, of Columbia, Mrs. Bernhard C. Hunt, President, arranged a beautiful float for the Elks' convention.

Mrs. W. E. Owen, President of the Kate K. Salmon Chapter, of Clinton, is State Recorder of Crosses, Missouri Division.

The Hannibal Chapter, Mrs. James R. Bozarth, President, presented to Admiral Robert E. Coontz, a native of Hannibal, chief of naval operations of the United States, a set of sterling silver Mark Twain spoons with "U. D. C." engraved in the bowl of each spoon.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Kansas City, Mrs. D. L. Shumate, President, has been paying the rent for the meeting place for the veterans and serving dainty refreshments and cigars after the meetings. This Chapter gave the greatest number of crosses of honor last year of any Chapter in the State.

The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, Mexico, Miss Emma McPheeters, President, has subscribed to the Confederate Veteran for the Mexico high school reading room, also for the community room. The volumes from 1916 to 1919 were bound and placed in the public library.

The Moberly Chapter, Mrs. L. W. McKinney, President, sent a fine collection of relics to the Missouri room at Richmond.

The Springfield Chapter, Mrs. George Baxter, President, has placed a picture of Robert E. Lee in the Springfield high school.

*New York.*—The New York Division began the new year with a crowded calendar.

On January 15 Mrs. James Henry Parker, President of the New York Chapter, gave a reception at the Hostel Astor for the entire New York Division and visiting Daughters. Assisting the hostess in receiving was Mrs. Skinner. The guest of honor was Mrs. Jones, the mother of Mrs. Parker. The convention at Asheville in November last graciously bestowed upon Mrs. Jones the title "Belle of Dixie."

On January 19 the Confederate Camp of New York held its annual "camp fire" and dance at the Astor. Commander Hatton made some introductory remarks and was followed by several other speakers, among whom were Colonel Chaffee and Gen. Robert E. Lee Bullard, now in command at Governor's Island, N. Y. Rev. Dr. Nathan A. Seagle, son of a North Carolina veteran, offered prayer at the close. Then followed a supper and dance. Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President of the Division, was at the head of the entertainment committee.

The one absorbing question now is the completion of the bust of Gen. Robert E. Lee to be placed in the Hall of Fame at New York University. Mrs. R. W. Jones, No. 220 West Ninety-Eighth Street, New York City, Chairman of the Division Committee, will be most happy to acknowledge all contributions, large or small, from any who wish to participate in this tribute.

*Virginia.*—Raising the endowment to keep the custodian at the Lee Mausoleum at Lexington is the largest work undertaken by the Virginia Daughters this year. Surely a stupendous task, but with one hundred and forty-eight active Chapters this can and will be accomplished.

The Confederate Museum in Richmond celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on February 22. Open house was kspt from eleven to five, addresses made, and old Southern songs were sung.

The Governor of Virginia, by proclamation, designated February 1 as Maury Day in accordance with the following: "The Assembly of 1920 appropriated $10,000 to the Matthew Fontaine Maury Association to aid in the erection of a monument to Maury. This act requests the Governor to designate a Maury Monument Day. The act further provides that the State Board of Education shall call upon Division Superintendents to have the pupils in the public school on the day designated instructed concerning the life and achievements of Maury. On this day the children in the schools will be given an opportunity to make a contribution to the monument fund."

At the request of Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, Chairman of the Virginia Committee on Confederate Scholarships, the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance, until recently known as the Bureau of Vocations, will investigate all applications for U. D. C. scholarships. Of the forty-four scholarships, twenty-nine are full tuition and fifteen for part tuition. Some member of the applicant's immediate family—father, grandfather, or uncle—must have served in the Confederate army or contributed some service to the Confederacy during the War between the States. All applications should be made to the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance, Richmond Hotel, Richmond, Va.

*Washington.*—January 19, the birthday anniversary of Gen. Robert E. Lee, was celebrated by the members of Dixie

Chapter, Tacoma, at the home of Mrs. A. W. Ollar, with the Confederate veterans of Pickett Camp as guests of honor. The distinctive feature of the program was a short talk by each of the veterans present, telling of the most important battle in which they had a part. Mrs. Barret read a poem written in honor of our great chieftain by her father, Judge Langhorne, who was unable to be present. A birthday offering of $37 was made by the members and guests to the European Relief Fund.

The members of the John B. Gordon Camp and their wives were entertained by Mrs. Harry A. Callahan at her home. Large Confederate flags were draped in the drawing room and dining room, adding to the beauty of the Christmas decorations of holly, mistletoe, and chrysanthemums.

The meeting of the Robert E. Lee Chapter at the home of Daniel Kelleher served the double purpose of doing honor to the memory of General Lee and to four of the soldiers who wore the gray with him. "Lives of great men contain the lessons of history, and out of the lessons of history are great men built," said Stephen F. Chadwick in paying tribute to the Southern leader. Mrs. R. F. Bartz, representing Daughters of the Confederacy, bestowed the crosses of honor on A. D. Richardson, William R. Garnett, A. Harker, A. J. Reyburn, and Dr. J. L. Leavel. They were little more than boys when they enlisted in the Confederate forces. Richardson fought through the Virginia campaigns in Gary's Cavalry Brigade. Garnett went with John Morgan's cavalry on his famous Ohio raid, Leavel participated in the Missouri campaign under General Price, and Harker fought under Bagley T. Johnson at Gettysburg.

*West Virginia.*—The annual convention of the West Virginia Division was held on September 6 and 7, 1920, in Alderson, when the Alderson Chapter, Miss Emma C. Alderson, President, was the hostess. From the point of reports on accomplishments, activities, and growth, as well as financial condition, and by the charming hospitality and delightful entertainments for the delegates the 1920 convention was acclaimed one of the most successful in the history of this Division and one of which all West Virginia Daughters are justly very proud. A source of gratification to all Chapters in the little mountain State was the reëlection of our very capable and beloved State President, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, of Charleston, with the following officers to assist her: First Vice President, Mrs. John J. Cornwell, Executive Mansion, Charleston; Second Vice President, Miss Kinnie Smith, Parkersburg; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Charles L. Reed, Huntington; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Charles Sutton, Clarksburg; Treasurer, Miss Mary C. Stribling, Martinsburg; Historian, Miss Ora F. Tomlinson, Charles Town; Registrar, Mrs. William Echols, Alderson; Director of Children's Auxiliaries, Miss Anna K. Kife, Buffalo; Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. T. N. Reed, Hinton.

The Huntington Chapter celebrated the joint birthdays of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson with a large reception, at which the honor guests were Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, State President, and Mrs. John J. Cornwell, the wife of the retiring Governor, State Vice President.

Charleston Chapter, No. 151, entertained the Confederate Veterans and their families, Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and all Southern sympathizers with a delightful evening of music, Confederate reminiscences, and short addresses by a number of illustrious West Virginians who are sons of the Southland's veterans. A delicious buffet supper was served to nearly two hundred guests.

At the home of Mrs. C. K. Payne, its Treasurer, Charleston Chapter, No. 151, tendered a farewell reception to Mrs. John J. Cornwell, who leaves Charleston with the change of administrations for her home in Romney. Mrs. Cornwell will be greatly missed in the capital, where she has endeared herself to a wide circle.

This Division is steadily working toward the complete accomplishment of the registration of every single Daughter (many the wives of veterans) who have been paying, active members of this great organization, but because of oversight or neglect, and particularly because of the lack of the realization of the necessity of it, have not had their registration papers recorded or even filled out.

# Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of the Confederate history."
Key word. "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

## *U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1921.*

SIDNEY AND CLIFFORD LANIER, GEORGIA POETS.

Read aloud some of their poems and have a paper on the life of Sidney Lanier and his place among American poets.

## *C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1921.*

HERO YEAR.

Albert Sidney Johnston, the hero of Shiloh. Describe this battle and the beautiful monument erected by the U. D. C. and consider how the death of General Johnston prevented a complete victory.

## *CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY IN NEW YORK CITY.*

A Chapter of Children of the Confederacy was organized in New York City on March 12, 1920, as an auxiliary to the New York Chapter, U. D. C., and has a membership of some forty children, ranging in age from one to sixteen years, and among them are grandchildren of Gen. Joseph Wheeler. Its officers are: President, Miss Mary S. Shropshire; Vice President, Miss Margaret Jones; Corresponding Secretary, E. G. Davis; Recording Secretary, Rebecca Lanier; Treasurer, Coleman Brown; Registrar, Harrison Lee Buck.

A report of the first annual meeting of this Chapter comes from Mrs. J. D. Beale, Historian of the New York Chapter, in the following: "The meeting was held on Saturday, March 12, at the home of Mrs. Alexander Smith, invited guests being Mrs. Parker, President of the New York Chapter, Mrs. Schuyler, President of the New York Division, Mrs. Alfred Cochran, Mrs. R. W. Jones, and the mothers of the members. Mrs. Beale read a paper on Gen. Joseph Wheeler and presented a picture of him to the Chapter. Reminiscent talks of their acquaintance with General Wheeler were made by Mrs. Schuyler, Mrs. Parker, and Mrs. Cochran. The children gave an enjoyable program of music and recitations, the exercises closing with the singing of 'Dixie,' led by Mrs. Kenyon, of Tennessee, after giving a group of Southern songs."

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

*STATE PRESIDENTS*

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

## *LEADING INTERESTS OF THE ASSOCIATIONS.*

*My Dear Coworkers:* I am happy in bringing to your attention some new developments of our work in conjunction with that as carried on in past years.

First, let me urge that as the day of memories—our Memorial Day—approaches, bringing in its train a flood tide of inspiration, an epochal opportunity for driving home new lessons of patriotic loyalty to the young people of the Southland, that your Associations strive to be to them shining examples in the performance of this sacred duty and privilige.

Second, let me again impress upon you the fast-passing opportunity of honoring our veteran Confederate mothers in presenting the gold bar of honor to each living mother of a Confederate veteran. Seek them out. Soon it will be too late. Send names to the Chairman at Large, Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, Pensacola, Fla.

Third, do not forget the Junior Memorial work. It is very important, more important than many things that are slipping away from their moorings in the past. The education of our children along this line, the lessons we should teach them to preserve the sentiments and traditions of our mothers of the Old South should never be neglected.

It gives me great pleasure to announce the appointment of Mrs. Westwood Hutchinson, of Manassas, Va., as Junior National Organizer. Mrs. Hutchinson is peculiarly fitted for this work, having for years been at the head of both Memorial and U. D. C. work, and her devotion to every cause inspired by Southern sentiment easily fits her for leadership, and she will be able to respond to any call for assistance in organizing Junior Memorials.

The newly appointed President of West Virginia, Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey, has as her most efficient State Vice President Mrs. Lee Wilson. No more splendid workers could be desired. With these two capable women to lead the forces in West Virginia some of our older States will have to look to their laurels or the new States will be found leading them in active interest.

I take pleasure also in announcing the appointment of Mrs. Warren A. Candler, of Atlanta, as Chairman of Resolutions. Mrs. Candler is the wife of Bishop Candler, of Georgia, and she is a woman with the spirit of the Old South and eminently qualified for the work she has undertaken to do.

Faithfully yours, MRS. A. McD. WILSON,
*President General C. S. M. A.*

## *ASSOCIATION NOTES.*

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

The Allan Seegar Library in France will be enriched by the contribution of a complete set of Martin and Hoyt's library of "Southern Literature." These valuable books have been given to Mrs. Oswell Eve, of Augusta, Ga., the chairman at large, by the firm publishing them.

The family of the late Joel Chandler Harris has contributed some interesting books of "Uncle Remus" stories to this library, and Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier has presented the library with a copy of her "Distinguished Women of the Confederacy."

This work of sending Southern books by reputable writers to the Allan Seegar Library is one that should be carried on untiringly. There has been so much written and said by Northern writers that gives the wrong impression and history concerning the South that the time has come to refute such misstatements and garbled accounts of the bravest battles that were ever fought and of the noblest race of people in whose blood coursed the purest strain of the Anglo-Saxon by placing such reading matter in the library as will verify the truth of the South's claim to the highest place on the annals of history for heroism and nobility.

The time is getting shorter and shorter every day for the Confederate mothers to be honored as the C. S. M. A. is doing with the little gold bar, and it is urgent that these mothers who have lived through many sorrows and several wars should be found and given the sacred emblem. They have not all been found. There still remain some who have living Confederate veteran sons and to whom the little gold bar of honor should be given. A few years from now there will be no Confederate mothers. So get busy and find them wherever they may be and put this remaining bit of sunshine and happiness in their lives.

Mrs. B. D. Gray has contributed the following interesting communication to this department under the head of "The Call of Memorial Day": "As the springtime approaches and we feel the stirring and revival of plant life about us, our minds turn toward the resurrections of the body and the immortality of the soul. This is the true meaning of Eastertide. Soon the wild azaleas will cover the hillsides with their lovely blooms, and in Atlanta that means that Memorial Day has come again with its sacred duties and privileges. After sixteen years of residence in Atlanta and her suburb, College Park, I am prepared to say that she surpasses all other cities I have known in the dignified, spontaneous celebration on Memorial Day."

Mrs. Gray goes on with the story of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association in this wise: "On April 25, 1866, there appeared in the *Intelligencer* and in the *New Era,* daily papers published in Atlanta, the announcement: 'In behalf of the ladies of Atlanta we request the merchants to close their doors on April 26 for the purpose of decorating the graves of the Confederate soldiers. Signed, Mrs. Joseph H. Morgan,

Miss Julia Clayton, and Miss Sallie Clayton, Committee.' The result was that by nine o'clock next morning the 'City of the Living' was deserted for the 'City of the Dead.' Time would fail me to recount similar scenes throughout the stricken Southland. Our heroic mothers who had opened their homes and churches as hospitals during the sixties for the wounded and dying Confederate soldiers, now that the war was over, turned their attention to marking the graves and building memorials to their beloved heroes. The 'History of the Confederate Memorial Associations of the South' is filled with information and records the deeds of noble women from every State in the South, women who have kept a deathless vigil over the soldier dead. Theirs was the hardest part to raise and build from desolate hearthstones and more desolate hearts; but they builded well, and we of this generation are the heirs of their undying principles and the custodians of their monuments. To us is intrusted the important task of training the children of to-day in the correct facts of history as enacted in the sixties. The Confederate Memorial Association of the South is a chartered institution, growing and still true to the ideals of its founders more than fifty years ago."

## *TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF CONFEDERATE MUSEUM.*

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., was celebrated on February 22 with special exercises. The entire building was decorated in red and white flowers. An interesting address was made by John Stewart Bryan, in which he reviewed the history of the building and the founding of the museum.

The building was erected by Dr. John Brockenborough in 1817, and by 1861 it had passed into the hands of James A. Seddon, Secretary of War for the Confederacy. When war was declared, the building was purchased and furnished by the city of Richmond at a cost of $42,000 and was offered to the Confederate government for the "White House of the Confederacy." However, the gift was not accepted, the government preferring to rent its quarters; so the building remained as the property of Richmond and thus escaped confiscation when the Federals took possession of the city. The mansion was occupied by Mr. Davis from May 29, 1861, to April 2, 1865.

It was the intention of General Canby, commander of "District No. 1," with headquarters at Richmond, to utilize this building for a negro school under the Freedman's Bureau, but it later became a public school for the city of Richmond and would doubtless have continued in some municipal use but for the idea conceived by the Daughters of the Confederacy of perpetuating the ideals of the Confederacy in the home of its President. It was in February, 1890, that this idea of making it a memorial hall of the Southern cause was carried out under the direction of Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President of the Hollywood Memorial Association, and other patriotic ladies of the city, among whom were Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss, Mrs. E. C. Minor, Mrs. George M. West, and Mrs. James R. Werth. The original board of 1896 were: Mrs. Raleigh Colston, Mrs. James H. Grant, Vice Presidents; Mrs. M. S. Smith, Treasurer; Mrs. Stephen Putney, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel, Corresponding Secretary.

The city of Richmond gave the building to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society in 1890, and it was formally delivered on June 3, 1894. Then the important work was to repair the building and make it fireproof, and the funds for this were raised in large part by a bazaar held in the First Regiment Armory, by which $30,000 was realized for this and the soldiers' and sailors' monument. On the 22d of February, 1896, the building was opened, the day being chosen because "it was the birthday of the great Rebel President and the inaugural at Richmond of the great President of the Confederacy." From the small collection of relics shown at its opening, the museum has become the greatest in the South. Among its priceless relics are the Davis, Lee, Jackson, and Stuart collections, intimate reminders of our great leaders; the original parchment of the Constitution of the Confederate States, the table on which the ordinance of secession was signed, the great seal of the Confederacy, the De-Renne collection of books, returned battle flags; paintings that show as the South was the first to invent the ironclad and the torpedo, so was she also the first to use the submarine; papers innumerable, but all in perfect order. The value of these things cannot be estimated in dollars; it is a priceless collection.

The Confederate Museum ranks as one of the places of historic interest in Richmond, and thousands visit it annually, many visitors from abroad having inscribed their names on its register.

To the women of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society of Richmond is due their country's appreciation for the work which has made this "a vitalizing, life-giving shrine for the whole Confederate cause."

## *BARTEAU'S REGIMENT OF CAVALRY.*

BY COL. V. Y. COOK, BATESVILLE, ARK.

John H. Sneed, whose obituary appeared in the March VETERAN, was a heroic soldier serving with a heroic band in Company C, Capt. M. W. McKnight, Col. Clark R. Barteau's (not Barton) regiment, which served with General Forrest until the end in May, 1865, and was known as the *2d Tennessee Cavalry,* but in reality it was the *22d.*

This regiment should have been numbered the 8th Tennessee Cavalry, but Gen. W. N. R. Beall, who commanded the Confederate cavalry in the Corinth sector when Bennett's and McNairy's Tennessee Cavalry Battalions were consolidated, out of which he formed Colonel Barteau's regiment, designated it as the *2d* Tennessee Cavalry.

Col. Henry M. Ashby had already organized the 2d Tennessee Cavalry, which organization followed closely upon the heels of Col. James E. Carter's 1st Tennessee Cavalry (there were two other Tennessee cavalry organizations claiming to be the 1st, Rogers's and Wheeler's.)

By the time General Beall's report of the organization of Colonel Barteau's 2d Tennessee reached the War Department at Richmond reports had reached that department of the organization of twenty-one Tennessee cavalry regiments, hence Colonel Barteau's 2d Tennessee became the 22d Tennessee Cavalry.

These facts were not known by Colonel Barteau until February, 1865, when he made strenuous efforts, but without avail, to have corrected what he supposed was an error by the War Department at Richmond.

This injustice, error, or whatever it may have been did not sully the splendid fighting reputation that Colonel Bar-

(Continued on page 158.)

# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

*OFFICERS, 1919-20.*

**Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest**
**Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton**
**Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.**
**[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]**

## *CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.*

J. Gwynn Gough, Commander of the Missouri Division, S. C. V., St. Louis, Mo., has appointed W. Naylor Davis, of St. Louis, Mo., as Division Historian and R. D. Johnson, of Marshall, Mo., as Division Color Bearer. The naming of these officers completes the appointment of staff officers by Commander Gough.

* * *

Washington Camp, No. 305, S. C. V., held its regular business meeting on Tuesday evening, February 8, 1921, E. H. Blalock, Commandant of the Camp, presiding. The following applicants were elected to membership: Hilary H. Micow, John A. Chumbly, Dent M. Freeman, Emmett M. Key, Joseph Graham, and William H. Conklyn.

* * *

R. B. Haughton reports that at the regular monthly meeting of the Sterling Price Camp, S. C. V., St. Louis, Mo., the following officers were elected: Walter H. Saunders, Commandant; C. A. Moreno, Lieutenant Commander; Peter B. Gibson, Adjutant; R. W. Brooks, Jr., Quartermaster; John M. Curlee, Treasurer; W. S. Hancock, Chaplain; W. N. Davis, Sergeant; Dr. Selden Spencer, Surgeon; A. Stewart, Historian.

* * *

A number of the Division Commanders have not appointed their staff officers for the current year. It appears that to these officers a start is difficult, but it is only by an effort that the goal will ever be reached. It is of course evident that the work for this year will not be under the best auspices, having in mind the fact that the year is nearly half over. It will be, no doubt, the great ambition of the Division Commanders who have not already made their appointments to show that it is possible to select officers of ability and enterprise to fill these positions. With a strong organization in each State, led by officers who earnestly endeavor to solve their local problems, it is certain that the contagion of success will permeate the whole Confederation.

* * *

Commander N. B. Forrest announces appointments on the following committees: Historical, Arthur H. Jennings, Lynchburg; Relief, R. E. Dickson, Lewisville, Ark.; Monument, Lucien L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.; Finance, Steve H. King, Jr., Tulsa, Okla.; Memorial, Dr. Byron Dozier, Birmingham, Ala.; Gray Book, Arthur H. Jennings, Lynchburg, Va.; Rutherford, Rev. A. S. Johnson, Charlotte, N. C.; Resolutions, Lon A. Smith, Henderson, Tex.

* * *

Resolution of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, U. C. V.:

"*Resolved:* 1. That this Camp wishes to put upon record grateful appreciation of the work done and now being done by Commander N. B. Forrest and his assistant officers in maintaining and building up the splendid organization of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

"2. That we recognize the fact that soon they must take our places as the sole guardians of the history of our service during the War between the States, our priceless sentiments and traditions, and to see to it that these facts are handed down in the form of true history to future generations. To this task the Sons of Confederate Veterans have committed themselves with commendable zeal, and we bid them Godspeed in their praiseworthy efforts.

"3. We also appreciate the fact that it is through the efforts, ably led by their Commander in Chief, N. B. Forrest, that we are privileged to have the great annual Reunion, which we love so dearly to attend. By the efforts of these Sons they can be perpetuated so long as there are Confederate veterans able to attend.

R. W. THOMPSON, *Commander;*
ALE PEAY, *Adjutant.*"

## *MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD ASSOCIATION.*

Plans for the acquisition of the historic battle field at Manassas, Va., were formally launched at a meeting held in Washington, D. C., on March 5, 1921. A charter was approved under which the project will be incorporated.

The first object of the incorporation will be the purchase of the Henry farm, contract for which is protected by an option at the purchase price of $25,000. Money will then be raised for monuments and suitable markers to be placed upon spots historic and sacred to the South.

The charter provides for the usual corporate officers and a board of directors composed of a representative from the United Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and one from each Southern State, including Missouri, Maryland, and Kentucky. The respective Governors, in the absence of legislation, are by the charter authorized to name the State member of the board. Thus it is seen that the promoters of the project seek to make the park a memorial to valor and a center from which will radiate a fair, truthful, and full history of the two great battles fought upon that ground.

The charter authorizes the board to accept markers or monuments offered by any State or organization, thus making it possible for Northern States or Union army units to mark spots of peculiar interest to the North.

Maj. E. W. R. Ewing was elected President of the corporation; Capt. Westwood Hutchinson, Commandant of Manassas Camp, U. C. V., Treasurer; E. H. Blalock, Commandant of Washington Camp, S. C. V., Vice President; and J. Roy Price, editor of the Sons' Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Secretary. Major Ewing was for years Historian in Chief of the S. C. V., and for a long time has been one of the most favorably known attorneys of Washington, D. C. He is the author of "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession," regarded as one of the strongest defenses of secession extant; and lawyers and students of governmental questions involved in secession will recall his "Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision" and his "The Hayes-Tilden Contest," all works of a very high order. He has also written short stories and interesting works upon local history. These evidences of Major Ewing's unbounded interest in the truths relating to his native South give assurance of the success of the park project.

The preliminary work is in the hands of an executive committee led by F. F. Conway, of Alabama, who was commissioned by the Governor of his State for this work. Other members of this committee are: Col. W. L. Wilkerson, Jesse Anthony, W. E. Dodge, and Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone. Hon. R. Walton Moore and Col. Robert E. Lee are on the Financial Committee.

Greater love of a greater nation through a greater appreciation of the fundamentals for which the Confederacy stood is one of the passwords of this organization, which believes that no man is the highest patriot who does not first love his own hearthstone. In this spirit let all the South help laurel the graves of the sacred dead of First and Second Manassas.

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### *"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."*

Since making out the March report upon the progress of "The Women of the South in War Times," there have been several interesting developments. It is a significant fact, for instance, that those who know most about the value of the volume have been those who have done the most work for it. Seeing that the volume was edited and printed in Baltimore, it is fitting that the Baltimore Chapter should be at present leading in contributions toward the publicity fund, although the Chapter yields to several others in *per capita* subscriptions to the book itself. Seventeen individual members of the Baltimore Chapter have subscribed to the publicity fund in amounts ranging from $1 to $25, the total of their subscriptions being $108.50.

Every Daughter who subscribes to this publicity fund will in after years take pride in it, as she will be mentioned among those who have supported the beginnings of the greatest monument or memorial the Daughters of the Confederacy have erected to their mothers and the cause for which their mothers endured and achieved so much. The records, names, and amounts are being carefully kept in a special "honor ledger" adapted to this purpose.

The managing editor addressed the Philadelphia Chapter on February 18, and informed those present about the progress of the work. Afterwards he was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hartman. Mrs. Hartman's mother, Mrs. Lee, of Alabama, has long since passed the mark of threescore years and ten, but is vigorous in mind and body and has recently been appointed to the staff of the President General.

Preceding this, the managing editor has spoken before the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter in New York City, this being that Chapter in the organization whose contribution proved the inspiration to send the book to press in time to be presented to the Asheville Convention.

On March 8 the managing editor was invited to speak to the New York Chapter at their regular meeting in the Hotel Astor. The President of the Chapter, Mrs. James Henry Parker, subscribed $25 toward the publicity fund. Additional subscriptions were received from Mrs. J. D. Beale and Mrs. R. W. Jones. In addition, a number of books were sold at regular U. D. C. prices.

It must not be forgotten that there are a number of smaller Chapters which are sending in subscriptions to the book. These subscriptions, in proportion to the number of members, are highly creditable. Certain Chapters in small communities throughout Virginia, for example, have doubtless sent in the largest proportion of subscriptions per membership, such as the subscriptions sent in from the R. E. Lee Chapter, Basic, and Amelia Chapter, Chester. As previously reported in part, West Virginia has come forward with Chapter subscriptions to the book.

The Arkansas Division has been heard from of late, largely through the efforts of Mrs. C. M. Roberts. Mrs. T. N. Doyle writes from Little Rock that her Chapter has seen to it that the local papers had copies for review and that the libraries were supplied, where the book was reported to be always in use.

The managing editor hopes that further contributions for the publicity fund may be sent in so that the books may be sent to England and France, particularly a few at least to the latter country, to offset some very serious misstatements circulated by Booth Tarkington in a book sent over for study by the French children, in which Tarkington represented the War between the States as being almost wholly a moral crusade on the part of the North against a section of the Union which was fighting solely for the perpetuation of slavery. A copy of the book should be sent, for example, to M. Stephane Lauzzanne, the distinguished French editor, who, in his book on "Great Men and Great Days," refers to the coöperation of America and specifically mentions the North, the West, and the East, but omits any reference to the work of the South. Monsieur Lauzzanne should read the final chapter of "The Women of the South in War Times," showing the contributions of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Certainly if he had read this prior to writing his book, he would not have ignored or omitted the South.

Finally, during the week of the writing of this report the managing editor was invited to speak before the Jefferson Davis Chapter in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Turner presiding, one of the guests of the occasion being a heroine of the book itself and a former President General of the U. D. C., Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Galveston, Tex. To the surprise of the managing editor, who has been doing purely idealistic work and giving his time gratis for the cause, the Chapter offered him an "honorarium" of $25 for his personal use. This was turned down by him personally, but received with joy for the publicity fund. Credit should be given, therefore, to the Jefferson Davis Chapter for this special contribution. By special request at this meeting, the managing editor spoke that evening before the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, whence he had to hurry to catch his train; but on parting the presiding officer, Mrs. Frank Morrison, assured him that the Stonewall Jackson Chapter "would be heard from." The District of Columbia Division, by the way, is preparing to present ex-President Wilson with a special leather-bound and stamped copy of "The Women of the South in War Times," and Mrs. Benjamin Soule Gantz, of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, has been appointed chairman of the arrangement for presentation.

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The South and the Negro.—The negro race in the South has advanced farther than any similar number of negroes anywhere on the globe, because it has had the privilege of coming into contact with the white people of the South. To the Southern white people we owe our language and our religion, all that we have learned and all that we have advanced in civilization.—*R. R. Moton, Principal Tuskegee Institute.*

### BARTEAU'S REGIMENT OF CAVALRY.

(Continued from Page 155)

teau and his intrepid regiment had achieved, for they stood high upon the list of dependable troops serving with General Forrest.

How General Beall came to fall into this error I am not advised. He was a West Pointer and a splendid soldier, whom I knew personally and favorably as a commission merchant at St. Louis for several years after the war. Delay through inadvertance at his headquarters or somewhere in transit through military channels evidently caused this confusion.

Colonel Barteau was a Northern man who had lived in the South only a few years when the war began, and, like many other Northern officers serving in the Confederate army, he was true to the cause of his adopted country. He has been dead many years, but his memory still lives in the hearts of all Southern people who knew him.

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### A VALUABLE BOOK.

A new work on "Secession and Constitutional Liberty," by Bunford Samuel, has as its theme "the right of a nation to secede from a compact of federation, and that such right is necessary to constitutional liberty and a surety of union." It is an elaborate defense of the action of the Southern States in withdrawing from the Federal Union in 1861-65.

There is, first, a clear statement of the doctrine of secession as held by the Confederate States, the political principles involved, and the nature of the Federal Union as a compact between sovereign States. This view is defended and illustrated by historic reference to the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the adoption of the Constitution. There are also presentations of the views of Mr. Madison, the father of the Constitution, and of President Buchanan's and President Lincoln's views. The discussion closes with a strong statement of the ethical principles involved. This discussion takes up one hundred and nineteen pages of Volume I. The remainder of the work is a series of appendices, confirming and illustrating the author's argument by voluminous extracts from the writings of the fathers of the republic and from eminent authorities, historic and legal, from the very foundation of the government.

These appendices indicate an amount of laborious, intelligent investigation that must have taken years of time and study. Altogether the two volumes contain a treasure house of historic learning that will be of greatest service to those who would know the truth as to the effort of the Confederate States to assert and vindicate true constitutional liberty.

Of course it will be said by the partisans of the Union that all this discussion is merely academic; that these great questions have been permanently settled and settled against the doctrine of secession. Now let it be said that there is no attempt in this work to stir the States to reassert their rights by secession. But it is asserted that no great principle in morals or politics upon which the highest interests of a people are founded can ever be permanently set aside. Again and again will they assert themselves in some form, just as the right of every people to determine their own form of government was one of the main points involved in the great World War just ended.

True principles of conduct for individual or national life need to be constantly taught and illustrated. The truth of history is to be made clear. "The eternal years of God are hers."

Two volumes, price $6.

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### EDUCATION OF SOUTHERN GIRLS.

Among the first of our people after the War between the States to realize the educational need of the young people of the South and to make some provision for it was Miss Emily V. Mason, well known for her philanthropic work during the war. Her first effort to provide funds for that educational work was the publication of a volume of poems which she had collected during the progress of the war as they appeared in the newspapers and through friends after the war. In the preface to the first edition she states that, besides publishing these as a memorial volume "expressive of the hopes and triumphs and sorrows" of the Southern cause, another design was to aid by its sale the "education of the daughters of our desolate land, to fit a certain number for teachers so they might spread throughout the Southern States the knowledge which might otherwise be denied."

In the preface of the second edition (1868), revised and enlarged, Miss Mason expresses appreciation of the response "in sympathy and generous aid" which had attended her efforts, and says: "Already through the means thus acquired I have provided for the maintenance and education of twenty-five Southern girls, and I trust that the sale of another edition will enable me to accomplish as much more."

These girls were the daughters of Confederate soldiers, some of them orphans, and the last hours of their fathers had been soothed by the promise of Miss Mason to do something for the little ones they left behind. That promise she was enabled to carry out in part by the sale of this little volume. It is now long out of print.

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### GENERAL LEE'S SIGNATURE WANTED.

The following comes from Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Director of Child Hygiene and Public Health Nursing, at Vic-sur-Aisne, France: "At a luncheon the other day in Paris I had the honor and great pleasure of finding myself next to General Maud'huy, in whom all of us who are Southerners are interested not only because of his able and gallant conduct in the late war, but because of his great admiration for General Lee. He is writing a little paper on the life of General Lee, calling him a 'modern Bayard' and speaking of him as above praise. Incidentally he has seven of his photographs, including the one on Traveler, one of which hangs in my brother's room at home, but he has not even a facsimile of his signature. This I promised him, and I have already sent for a photographic copy of a dispatch sent by General Lee to my grandfather, John C. Breckinridge, after the battle of New Market. If any reader of the Confederate Veteran can put me in touch with some one from whom I can secure an original signature of General Lee for General Maud'huy, I shall be delighted to buy it."

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From W. J. Croom, Wharton, Tex.: "As the Confederate Veteran is the only paper that will tell the truth about the War between the States, I want it for this particular purpose, so my children and grandchildren may know all the *facts*."

R. L. Armstrong, of San Angelo, Tex., writes: "The Veteran is a great publication, and is always read with great pleasure and appreciation of the things for which it stands."

*MY CROSS OF HONOR.*

[Lines written on the day he received his cross, January 19, 1901, by G. W. Merrell, Company E, 1st Georgia Cavalry, Carrollton, Ga.]

Humble badge of brass and iron,
  Plain and modest in design,
Unadorned with sparkling diamonds,
  Pearls, or gems from sea or mine;
Yet I prize it more than jewels
  Wrought with pearls and precious stones.
For the legend, "Cross of Honor,"
  Peals our praise in thunder tones.

In the dust now trails the banner,
  Wreathed upon thy silent face,
Furled the flag that floated o'er us,
  Furled forever in its place.
Yet our cause is not forgotten,
  And this little cross will stand
As a sacred "Cross of Honor,"
  Emblem of our faithful band.

Sacred badge, I'll fondly cherish
  Thee and wear thee near my heart.
Naught save death shall e'er divorce us,
  Naught but death this twain shall part,
Then to distant generations
  Let my children hand it down,
Symbol of their father's glory,
  Cross of Honor, high renown.

For to me thou hast a spirit,
  Hast a language and a soul,
For in burning words you tell me:
  "You are on the honor roll."
Honored by my fellow comrades,
  Honored by the "Daughters" fair.
Bless the noble Southern women,
  Whose fair fine hands have placed it there.

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R. T. Burr, 460 East Third Street, Pomona, Cal., would like to hear from any of his old comrades of Company D, 1st Louisiana Cavalry, under Col. John S. Scott. The first captain of the company was John Williams, resigned in 1862 and was succeeded by Capt. E. Everett. Comrade Burr was the youngest member of the company, and he is now almost seventy-eight years old. Most of the men were thirty and over, so he fears there are few of them now living.

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R. D. Steuart, 1103 Edmondson Avenue, Baltimore, Md., has a fine collection of Confederate relics, among which is almost every button and belt plate used in the Confederacy; the navy belt buckle only is missing. He will appreciate hearing from any one having that.

*NEAR-EAST RELIEF.*

Mr. Hill Montague, Past President of the National Fraternal Congress of America, has accepted the chairmanship of the National Fraternal Advisory Committee of the Near-East Relief. This committee will devise plans for the close coöperation of the fraternal organizations with the Near-East Relief in the succor of the orphans and refugees of the Near East.

Of particular interest to lodges is the Lenten sacrifice appeal, an appeal to help the thousands of hungry, homeless waifs in Armenia and Turkey through the sacrifices of the American people during this Eastertide. Such a call cannot fail to touch the hearts of those men and women who are bound together in various societies founded upon the principle of universal brotherhood. What could be more fitting, too, than that we should at this season extend brotherly help to that nation which of all the world was the first to accept the teachings of the Great Teacher of brotherly love?

Last year the members of 1,450 American lodges assumed the care of over a thousand of these orphaned children and proved by their generous support that their hearts were with this great cause. This year, the need being greater, the response is sure to be larger. It takes five dollars a month, or sixty dollars a year, to feed one orphan. Send your pledges to Near-East Relief, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, Cleveland Dodge, Treasurer.

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The book on "Women of the South in War Times" should be in every home of the country. Few can realize the courage and the patient sacrifice of our women of the sixties. The book is a revelation. Send orders to Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md. Price, $2.50, postpaid.

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Robert Meador, of Goodview, Va., Route No. 1, is anxious for something on the Ku-Klux Klan. Any one having a copy of Mrs. Rose's book or other publication of worth is asked to correspond with him. That book is now out of print.

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Mark Y. Judd, of Bandera, Tex., wants to hear from the following comrades: Jimmie Martin, Dan Couch, Gid Cole, or any one who knew him in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, Dibrell's Brigade.


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Mrs. W. F. Orr, Marlborough Apartments, 436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga., is desirous of securing her husband's record as a Confederate soldier, and asks that any surviving comrades of W F. (Billie) Orr, who enlisted at Dawson, Ga., with Capt. R. F. Simmons, Company G, 64th Georgia Regiment, will furnish proof of his service. It seems that the records of the company were destroyed by fire. She is anxious to get his cross of honor.

---

R. J. Tabor, of Bernice, La., is still anxious to learn something of his old comrade, J. K. Fomby, who served in the 10th Confederate Cavalry, C. R., of which John M. McElroy was captain, and the command was a part of Wheeler's Cavalry, Johnston's Army. He enlisted at Franklin, Ga., and was paroled at Greensboro, Ark.

---

In the inquiry made by O. C. Myers in the VETERAN for March, page 119, a typographical error gave his command as the 62d, when it should have been the 2d Battalion of Georgia Sharpshooters. It is hoped that this will locate some members of that command.

---

T. M. Lauck, of Leander, Tex., wants the address of Tom Turner, who served with Company G, 12th Virginia Cavalry.

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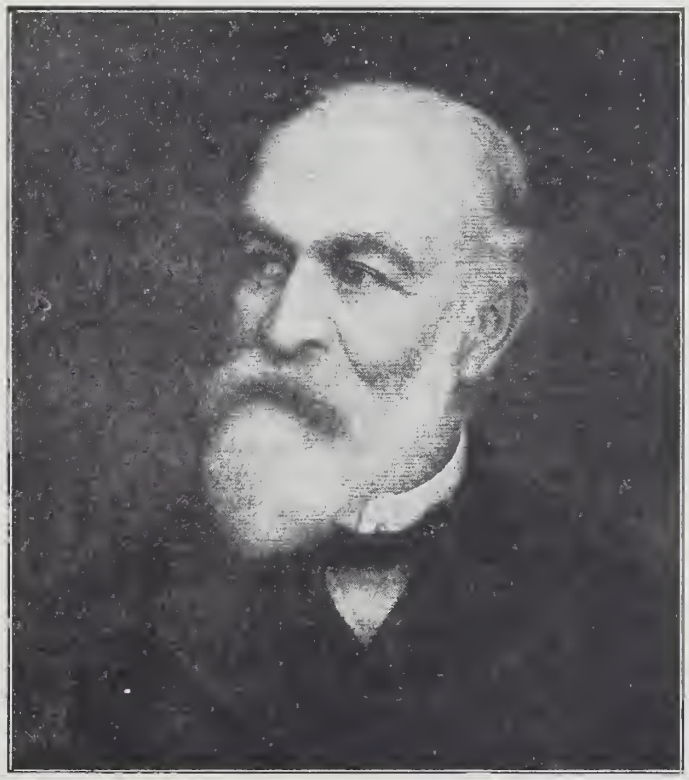
VOL. XXIX MAY, 1921 NO. 5



MAJ. CHARLES M. STEDMAN, OF NORTH CAROLINA
Last Confederate in Congress
(See page 163)

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## *LEE'S IMMORTELLES.*

BY JOHN JORDAN DOUGLASS, WADESBORO, N. C.

(Heroic figures of the Confederacy will be carved upon Stone Mountain, the gigantic monolith, near Atlanta, Ga.)

Carve in relief upon that wall
  The knightly form of Lee,
True to the Southland's martial call,
  Virginia's chivalry!

Carve there his features, noble, true,
  His placid, patient brow,
The famous face the South once knew
  And would remember now.

Carve there our chief, courageous, calm,
  With history in his face,
Although he needs no poet's psalm
  Or sculptors chiseled grace.

Mute is the stone, but time shall cry
  Till end of time his fame;
Then let Stone Mountain tell the sky
  Our chieftain's honored name,

Aye, let it stand from age to age,
  Like Sparta's sacred shrine,
To mark the soldier and the sage,
  The long gray battle line!

Carve Stonewall Jackson in relief
  Close by his chieftain's side;
Carve, if you can, the voiceless grief
  In Dixie when he died.

Carve, if you may, the soul of war,
  The stern full-bearded mouth;
Flash from his eyes the fires of Thor
  That kindled all the South.

Aye, carve him there in solid rock
  That flings the lightning's flame,
Who stood like stone amid war's shock
  And won his deathless name!

Carve Stonewall Jackson (lion-bold,
  Renamed at first "Bull Run"),
Carve there his fame in fadeless gold
  Beneath the Southern sun.

Aye, carve it well and carve it deep
  Upon yon towering stone,
Beneath the Southern stars that keep
  Their watch above their own.

Carve there the Pleiades, whose light
  Once shone in Southern sky—
Johnston, Longstreet, Stuart—write
  Their blazing names on high.

Carve Gordon, Pickett, Braxton Bragg,
  Forrest, Hampton, Hood,
Carve their memorial on the crag
  That since time's dawn has stood.

But stay! There is a long gray line,
  The privates in the cause,
The gray-clad army that must shine
  By fame's eternal laws.

Ah, carve them there, the rank and file,
  Who made their captains great,
Nor artists' brush nor sculptured pile
  Their glorious deeds inflate.

Then carve them there, though they have crossed,
  Save few, the dark divide
They were not less because they lost
  Nor traitors that they tried.

Aye, chisel there a beardless lad
  At war's red, swinging gate,
In his gray soldier garments clad—
  Wyatt, from the Old North State.

He was the first to give his life
  Of all the altared dead
In thunderous war's Niagara strife
  By crimson torrents fed.

Stay, sculptor! Hold thy chisel yet!
  Who made the South's ensign?
Who plants the blue-eyed violet
  And trains the fadeless vine?

Long as Stone Mountain has an inch to spare
  Carve the Valkyire, the vestal virgin,
The Gracchi's mother—
  They were there.

There they shall march in sculptured stone
  Till God's great reveille,
Until the last loud trump is blown—
  The army in the gray.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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## *THE REAR GUARD OF THE CONFEDERACY—CHARLES M. STEDMAN.*

BY CHIEF JUSTICE WALTER CLARK, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

When the grand army of half a million soldiers with which Napoleon entered Russia, defeated by the cavalry of the hail and the infantry of the snow and depleted in numbers, was on that disastrous and ever-memorable retreat and the last column of nine thousand men from all arms of the service under Marshal Ney reached the Beresina, the bridge had been destroyed. By the efforts of the heroic Marshal a bridge was built that night. When morning dawned eighty thousand Russians occupied the amphitheater of hills; and while their artillery and the floating cakes of ice in the river threatened the frail structure, the enemy's cavalry and infantry made continuous assaults, but were beaten back. The bridge was broken again and again, but was as often repaired, and at nightfall the last of the nine thousand had passed. Ney then ordered the bridge broken down and, snatching a musket from a private soldier, fired the last shot at the enemy.

All night that weary and broken column toiled on. The Marshal, worn out by constant fighting and two days and nights without sleep, staggered on alone far in the rear. Near dawn a solitary figure was seen climbing the hill at the first French outpost. Enlarged by the mists of winter and the rising dawn, he seemed of gigantic size. The sentinel, alarmed at the apparition, brought his gun to the charge and cried: "Who goes there?" The figure replied: "Marshal Ney, the rear guard of the grand army."

In a late memorable scene in Congress one lone Confederate, appropriately from North Caraolina, remained in those halls as the last representative of the great armies of the Confederacy. When an assault was made upon the memories of Lee and Jackson, this brave soldier rose to the occasion and in ever-memorable words defied those who would tarnish the memory of the mighty dead.

As a young soldier Charles M. Stedman, or Major Stedman, as his few surviving comrades love still to call him, was the ideal of the dashing Confederate soldier. At Chancellorsville, at the Wilderness, at Reams's Station, August 25, 1864, "the North Carolina victory," as it was called, when four North Carolina brigades assaulted and, almost unaided, drove Warren's Corps from behind their breastworks, and on many other occasions during that great war he distinguished himself. When the Confederate army was starting on the memorable retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, which has been styled appropriately "the funeral march of the Confederacy," and the enemy were pressing on our rear, Gen. Louis G. Young, of Georgia, relates ("Fourth North Carolina Regimental Histories," page 568): "In my memory is vividly stamped the face and figure of Maj. C. M. Stedman, of the 44th North Carolina Regiment, as he advanced to meet me, his sword drawn and raised, saying in loud tones: 'Our men are ready to advance and only await the command.' I was very much tempted to give the command, and many a time since wished I had." On the recent occasion when the fame of our great commanders was traduced this sole survivor of the armies of the Confederacy in Congress, with the enthusiasm of his youth and with the burning eloquence with which his voice has rung out in many a civic contest since, repelled the charge.

If the spirits of the soldiers of Lee and Jackson who sleep on many a battle field on mountain side and by many a river and they who since, falling beneath the leaden hail of the years, have filled honored graves throughout the South could be summoned and down the long lines could pass the figure of this last soldier of the Confederacy in the halls of Congress, the shadowy squadrons and battalions and brigades would salute him as "the rear guard of the Confederacy," faithful to his comrades and their fame to the last.

---

## *LAST CONFEDERATE CONGRESSMAN.*

The last survivor of the Confederate Congress passed with the death of Judge Jehu A. Orr in New York City on March 10. He had reached a great age, lacking but one month of completing his ninety-third year, and his life had been one of activity and usefulness, even after he lost his sight. An article in the VETERAN for July, 1918, gave a sketch of this distinguished jurist during and since the war. He was laid to rest in Friendship Cemetery at Columbus, Miss., attended by many sorrowing friends and relatives.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

## *AL. G. FIELD, DEAN OF MINSTRELSY.*

To the long, long list of good friends who have passed from earthly vision the Veteran sadly adds the name of Al. G. Field, famous as the leader of American minstrelsy. Though not of that soldier company which is now passing so rapidly, he was held akin, for he, too, was born under the sunny skies of the Southland, and here he was known and loved. His sentiment was that of brotherly love and sympathy for those who fought on both sides. He was often called on to speak at the Memorial Day services at Camp Chase Cemetery, when his feeling found happy expression. His interest in that prison cemetery took material form as well, for he, among others, was active in its preservation and care. The friendship between him and the late editor of the Veteran went back through many years—doubtless to the time of his first appearance in Nashville—and no one had been more interested in the Cunningham Memorial, none more anxious to build up the fund for it, to which, in addition to his personal contribution, he gave a commission on sales of his book during a certain period.

AL. G. FIELD.

Starting life as Alfred Griffin Hatfield, the surname was first abbreviated by accident when he was leading man with a circus, and, becoming known by the name of Field, also liking it himself, he had it legally changed. His parents were John and Mary Hatfield, and he was born in Virginia, at Leesburg, in Loudoun City, on November 7, 1848. The family removed to Pennsylvania when he was a boy, and he grew up in that State, later going to Chicago. He entered the show business when a young man, and his first appearance before the public was with a circus; he was with the Sells Bros. for many years. In 1886 he organized the Al. G. Field Greater Minstrels, through which he gained and held high place in the amusement world, giving the public wholesome fun and making fame and fortune for himself. His personality was pleasing, winning him friends everywhere, and he inspired others with the same straightforwardness and honesty which marked his dealings. His performances were clean and wholesome; he found no pleasure in that which was bought at the expense of good morals. Many of the most famous comedians of the day had their training with him. Mr. Field planned the performance each year, and much of it he wrote himself. His book of memories under the unique title of "Watch Yourself Go By" mirrors his own life, but it would take more than one book to tell it adequately. It is said of him that "he combined the qualities of the successful business man with the sentiment of the poet and orator, and was often found expressing in public or in print the tenderest of human emotions."

"Uncle Al" he was affectionately called by many in Columbus, which had been his home for many years. There he was a man of affairs as bank director and dealer in real estate, but the pride of his heart was the magnificent farm some twelve miles from Columbus, his summer home, known as Maple Villa. There he found recreation and rest between seasons, often donning the garb of farmer and pitching into the real work.

After a long, brave fight to restore health, his spirit found release on Sunday, the 3d of April, at his home in Columbus, with his loved ones about him. Though his earthly life of purpose and kindly deeds has ended, its influence will live for good to those coming after him.

Mr. Field was a thirty-second degree Mason and stood as high in other fraternal organizations and civic clubs. He was laid to rest with the burial services of the Scottish rite.

---

## *TELL OTHERS OF THE VETERAN.*

The Veteran is now well in its twenty-ninth year, and it would seem that everybody in the South anyway would know of its existence, yet now and then such a letter as the following is received: "I want a copy of the Confederate Veteran, if there is such a paper published. Please send me a copy. I expect to be a subscriber."

Friends can do much to advertise this historical journal by writing for sample copies and distributing them widely. Ask for club rates. The Veteran should be in every home of the country.

---

Not a Representative of the Veteran.—Recent reports from Kentucky are to the effect that one A. M. Guerrard, posing as a blind man, has been representing himself as an agent for the Veteran and taking subscriptions for it. The Veteran knows nothing of him and warns all friends not to give subscriptions to any stranger who cannot show his authority as an agent. That he has not reported any of these collections goes without saying. It is hoped that he may be apprehended before his dishonest efforts have gone much farther. The Veteran will appreciate information of his whereabouts.

---

Memorial Day at Camp Chase.—The Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Columbus, Ohio, will hold memorial services at Camp Chase Cemetery on Saturday, June 4. Any donations of flowers and money for flags will be appreciated. Address Mrs. Daniel Carroll, 63 Smith Place, Columbus, Ohio.

## THE GREAT SEAL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The recent death of the old negro, James Jones, who gained notoriety by his claim to having been made the custodian of the great seal of the Confederacy by Mr. Davis when Richmond was being evacuated, has revived the story he gave out of having secreted it and that he died without revealing its hiding place, the press of the country having republished his claim, never recalling that the great seal is now in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. Judge Walter A. Montgomery, formerly Chief Justice of North Carolina, first got a trace of the seal when he was examining papers in the War Department at Washington. The story of its recovery, as written by William B. Smith in the *News-Leader*, of Richmond, was published in the VETERAN for August, 1912, but the following recapitulation of that story in a recent editorial of the Richmond paper will be timely here, as many of our people have given credence to the Jones story:

"By a joint resolution, approved April 30, 1863, the Confederate Congress adopted a 'seal for the Confederate States.' This seal was to represent the equestrian statue of Washington in the Capitol square and to be surrounded by a wreath showing the principal agricultural products of the Confederate States. Soon after the resolution was passed Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, instructed James M. Mason, Confederate Commissioner to England, to have the seal cut in silver. Mr. Mason intrusted the work to J. S. Wyon, maker of the great seals of England. On July 6, 1864, Mr. Mason notified the State Department that the seal was ready and, with its equipment, was being shipped to Richmond. It passed the blockade and arrived in September. Here it remained until the time of the evacuation, when the seal was carried from Richmond by the wife of William J. Bromwell, a clerk in the State Department. Hidden for some time in a barn near this city, the seal ultimately was secreted in Washington.

"In 1872 John J. Pickett acted as Bromwell's agent in selling to the United States government for $75,000 certain archives of the Confederate Department of State which Bromwell had removed from Richmond at the same time his wife escaped with the seal. The agent of the United States government in negotiating for the sale of the papers was Lieut. Thomas O. Selfridge. As a 'token of appreciation' to Lieutenant Selfridge for his activity in promoting the sale of the papers Mr. Pickett gave him the great seal. The gift was kept secret, however, and was not known until the personal papers of Mr. Pickett, acquired by the library of Congress, had been examined by Gaillard Hunt. References in the papers indicated the true facts. Selfridge, who by that time was a rear admiral, retired, admitted that he had the seal.

"Mr. Hunt rightly enough thought that such a treasure should be in Richmond and communicated the whereabouts of the seal to Eppa Hunton, Jr., of this city. With William H. White and Thomas P. Bryan, Mr. Hunton began negotiations and purchased the seal for $3,000, subject to proofs of its authenticity. J. St. George Bryan carried the seal in person to England and showed it to Allen J. Wyon, engraver to the king, who had succeeded to the business of his uncle, J. S. Wyon, maker of the original seal. After inspection of the seal, Mr. Wyon wrote the following certificate: 'I have carefully examined the seal sent to me by Mr. Thomas P. Bryan, an impression of which is affixed above, together with the hall marks thereon and the engraving on the rim. I have also compared it with the wax impression, which has never left my studio, and I have no hesitation in stating that in my opinion there is no doubt that the seal which I have examined is the great seal of the Confederate States of America, which was engraved in silver by my uncle, Mr. J. S. Wyon, in the year 1864.'

"The seal itself, the various certificates, and all the correspondence were presented the Confederate Museum in 1912 and have been seen by tens of thousands. The more's the pity that the absurd story of James Jones should be circulated once more, and least of all in Richmond, where the facts are common property."

---

## LLOYD GEORGE VS. JOHN DRINKWATER ET ALS.

BY ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, HISTORIAN IN CHIEF S. C. V.

In a multitude of counsel there is wisdom, but in a multitude of propagandists, pseudohistorians, and flatterers there is frequently foolishness and confusion.

It is a pity that Abraham Lincoln, remarkable character as he must ever be in history, should be brought sometimes into a ludicrous light by the very vehemence and wild-eyed enthusiasm of his idolaters, who let neither reason, common sense, nor truth restrain them.

Mr. Lloyd George is certainly not a student of American history, except perhaps the distorted stuff handed out by the "New England" writers, which bears about as much resemblance to historical verity as the fables of George Ade do to the Songs of Solomon, but occasionally in his ramblings he will let fly a bit of truth. He was dreadfully at fault in some of his dispatches and communications to America in the recent great war, especially that Lincoln birthday cable to the New York *Times* where he stated that we were then fighting "for the same thing you Americans fought for under Lincoln." Bad taste and ignorance of fact were both displayed by this flight of the little Welsh statesman. But here he comes to-day with the following, all of which is true and all strikingly contrary to the "New England" idea and the prevalent propaganda. Mr. Lloyd George is reported by the Associated Press as saying concerning the Irish situation as compared to the War between the States: "At the outbreak of the American struggle nearly every one in these islands sympathized with the South. The war lasted four years and cost a million lives and much devastation and ruin. There was more destruction of property in a single Confederate county than has been caused by all the so-called reprisals throughout Ireland. Lincoln rejected truce and compromise, as he often said he was fighting for the Union and meant to save it, even if he could only do so at the price of *retaining slavery in the South.*"

In the face of this declaration, where stands John Drinkwater's idealization of Lincoln in his much-lauded play, "Abraham Lincoln," where the war President is represented as waging war because of a vivid impression and deep-seated dislike to slavery, which was received and started at the time of his visit to a Southern slave market in early youth? Where go the thousand and one fanciful sketches concerning the "Great Emancipator"? Where indeed goes that wretched fabrication perpetrated by Booth Tarkington and spread through our soldier camps and the schools of France in the late war by George Creel and his committee on public information in which the North is represented as an avenging host sweeping down upon the criminal South to chastise them for their crime of slavery?

The false Northern version upon which even our own people have been fed ad nauseam has persisted in depicting the war as a moral uprising of the North against slavery and Lincoln as the patron saint of that moral upheaval. There could be no falser representation. Slavery had its place in the estrangement of the two sections and the feeling between them, but the war was fought to force back into the Union the seceding Southern States; it was force and coercion on the part of the North and the resistance of these forces on the part of the South.

Occasionally some little statement like this recent one of Lloyd George's makes us feel that in spite of the barrage of Northern misrepresentations an occasional glimmering of truth penetrates even to foreign parts.

---

## *PROPAGANDA PERVERTING HISTORY.*

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, MACON, GA.

I do not know that the first school of journalism as established at Washington and Lee University included a study of propaganda, its use and abuse. If so, all teachings of that time, when the definition of the word "prapagandism," as given in Webster, was "the art of propagating tenets or principles," has become obsolete, since the original purpose has been perverted to the instilling of the subtle lie. The slang word "dope" now covers the kind of corruption of history that is found in periodical publications, newspapers, and books prepared by pseudo-educational authorities for the purpose of obscuring fact and for the myth-building around the figure of Lincoln and other unheroic men. This perverted propaganda pervades the daily press and magazines. A column in each daily paper of the Southern States could be well filled in pointing out the subtle lies that pass unchallenged and will continue to pass until the repetition will result in establishing lie for truth, until the whole matter of history becomes but a fabrication, added to or colored according to the imagination of unscrupulous writers.

Illustrations are easy to find. In the review of a biographical work by a Union war correspondent of the sixties (Villiers) may be found an anecdote of Sherman as guest at a banquet years after the "march to the sea" growing grave and frowning when the band played "Marching through Georgia" because, according to this dope fiend, it recalled to his mind a vision of his *worn and ragged* troops hearing at last the peaceful murmur of the sea after that march. "Worn and ragged" (see "Official Records") after the "heroic" exploits of facing a defenseless population, laying the country in waste, and loading themselves with loot!

A silly magazine story tells of a "grandpap" who was one of Grant's men in that "gentlemen's fight," when private property was respected by an invading army, noncombatants protected, etc., in noble contrast to the recent conduct of Germans in Belgium and France. This is the subtle lie in the form of fiction, for blazoned on the pages of history is the clear and unimpeachable record that the only invading army of that four years' war to observe the laws of civilized warfare was led by Robert E. Lee. "Grandpap" was on the other side.

There is an American history now taught in a normal school for negroes in Georgia which is poisoned through and through by subtle lies about slavery, Lincoln, Sherman's march, and all matters concerning the South. This textbook bears the name of David Saville Muzzey as author. It may be one prepared especially for negro normal schools; I do not know. Looking over the references to Jefferson Davis, finding him classed as "proslavery radical" and lied about generally, one may judge that this propaganda was devised by a black-hearted Yankee for the purpose of corrupting the black teachers of the country and keeping them in ignorance of the great man, once loved and revered as master of Briarfield, where he taught his people (called slaves) lessons of Christianity and self-government. Did Lincoln ever kneel in church and worship God with negroes, all humble servants of Christ? How many of the abolitionist radicals received holy communion from the same altar as the black man? Let the negroes of to-day study the lives of the religious teachers of the ante-bellum time—of Stephen Elliott, James O. Andrew, William Capers, and many others.

The propaganda of the subtle lie is not altogether the work of the unscrupulous Northerner trying to build his temple of fame upon shifting sands. The work is aided and abetted by the renegade pseudo-educator who is putting in schools the Lincoln myth by means of simple history stories, one to prove the humanity of Sherman's coadjutor by little fictions about saving a nest of birds or pulling a pig out of a mud-puddle! With Church papers inserting at random "Lincoln's Creed" as compiled by fake historians, with subtle references to the time Lincoln literally "lived on his knees" (while directing the destruction of Southern civilization from the White House), the tender minds of younger generations are being led to believe in a great and good Christian hero who never existed, and the real Lincoln, the unchurched vulgarian politician, will be dishonorably obliterated from history. It is one hopeful sign of this day that Americans demand in a hero a Christian gentleman; to meet this demand the mythical Lincoln is built on the approved plan. Yet with all the craft and labor what a poor figure does the propagandist boast beside God's creation in Robert E. Lee! The great English-speaking world knows the difference and will yet give the lasting verdict. When Huxley, after a blasphemous tirade against religion, asked of Margot Tennant* what man of action had ever been inspired by religion, she hesitated before pronouncing at random the name of "Gordon" (Chinese Gordon).

A man of action inspired by religion? From the tongue of how many thousands might have leaped the name of Lee! And after it Jackson, Stuart,† Ashby, Davis, Bishops Polk and Ellison Capers, and an innumerable host, devout worshipers of God and men of action.

On Stone Mountain, rising from Georgia soil, will be carved by a great sculptor a memorial to stand for all time, showing the highest type of manhood to have been the Christian heroes of the Southern Confederacy. No monument built with hands can vie with this one of living rock. From this day let every intelligent reader mark and erase wherever found that propaganda that is bought and sold to obscure and pervert the history of our people.

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## *THE SHORN LAMB.*

"Why did Wilkins decide to stay in the army?"

"He didn't see any other way of getting an overcoat this winter."—*The Home Sector.*

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*The "Autobiography of Margot Asquith." George H. Doran Company.

†Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, a chivalric soldier and loyal servant of Christ.—*Bishop Beverly D. Tucker, in the Living Church, January 15, 1921.*

*THE EIGHTIETH MILESTONE.*

Many of our veterans are now celebrating their eightieth anniversary, and the occasion is made the opportunity for entertaining comrades who shared the hardships and dangers of the sixties. A recent celebration of this kind was that of Mr. John Hurst, widely known citizen and retired business man of Clarksville, Tenn., who rounded out the eightieth year on March 29. Of his comrades of the old 14th Tennessee Regiment, the following were present:

Company A, Frank Anderson, aged 80; Joe Williams, 80; Cornelius Mehigan, 80; William M. Daniel, 83.

Company B, John B. Williams, 80.

Company H, Newt Belote, 82.

Company I, Lieut. W. T. Durrett, 83.

Company K, Dick Winn, 78; Jim Crotzer, 86.

Company L, John Kello, 82.

From other regiments there were: William Bringhurst, 76; J. H. Balthrop, 81; C. S. Daniel, 80.

The dining room was a scene of beauty and good cheer. There were place cards pinned to ivy leaves, and the favors were tiny Confederate flags. Upon a mirrored plaque midway of the table were eighty burning tapers. After a feeling invocation to the Giver of all good things, Mr. Hurst addressed his guests as follows: "Fourteen days from to-day sixty years ago the bloody conflict of the sixties began. A thousand of the noblest and best young men went with this 14th Tennessee Regiment, and to-day we can count in our midst only thirty-six left; but there must be others. The most of our comrades we know have passed to that great unknown beyond and are now 'resting under the shade' with our great commander, Stonewall Jackson. We should thank God for his loving kindness and tender mercy to us these many years and remember we are living on borrowed time and may be called when we least expect it."

The delicious and bountiful luncheon was served in courses, during which there was an interchange of interesting war reminiscences. A short speech by Rev. W. T. Haggard was concluded with this poem, so appropriate in application to the influence and helpfulness of our Confederate veterans in the remaking of this country:

"An old man going a lone highway
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

'Old man,' said a fellow pilgrim near,
'You are wasting your strength with building here.
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again will pass this way;
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide.
Why build you this bridge at eventide?'

The builder lifted his old gray head.
'Good friend, in the path I've come,' he said,
'There followeth after me to-day
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
The chasm that has been as naught to me
To that fair youth may a pitfall be;
He too must cross in the twilight dim.
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him.'"

And the speaker added that Mr. Hurst had been building bridges for others. A rising vote, upon motion of W. R. Bringhurst, expressed indorsement of Dr. Haggard's sentiment and deep appreciation of Comrade Hurst's hospitality.

* * *

In celebrating his seventy-six birthday on October 17, 1920, Col. W. A. Montgomery, of Edwards, Miss., entertained a notable assembly of friends, among whom were the following comrades of the sixties:

Col. W. A. Montgomery, commander of Montgomery's Scouts, 76.

W. L. Hemingway, 11th Mississippi Infantry, 82.

Thomas McCleland, Company F, 4th Mississippi Cavalry, 75.

Maj. Patrick Henry, major 14th Mississippi Infantry, 77.

William Taylor, Company C, 12th South Carolina Infantry, 77.

Joe Ellis, Montgomery's Scouts, 78.

Tim Walton, Montgomery's Scouts, 74.

James W. Langley, Company F, Wood's Cavalry Regiment, Adams's Brigade, 73.

Thomas Barrett, Company A, Withers's Artillery, 76.

H. C. Sharkey, Company F, 18th Mississippi, and Company C, 3d Mississippi Infantry, 76.

J. A. Webb, Company H, 4th Virginia Infantry, 77.

N. T. Jackson, Montgomery's Scouts, 80.

BIRTHDAY GUESTS OF COMRADE HURST AT CLARKSVILLE.

**Standing, left to right; Lieut. W. T. Durrett, Dick Winn, Joe Williams, Spencer Daniel, John B. Williams, William Bringhurst, Frank Anderson, Jim Crotzer, William Daniel. Seated: J. H. Balthrop, John Kello, John Hurst, Newt Belote, Cornelius Mehigan.**

W. J. Brown, Company F, Wood's Regiment of Cavalry, Adams's Brigade, 76.

Sid Pond, Company I, 18th Mississippi Infantry, 80.

H. K. Austin, Grand Army of the Republic, 90.

Robert Farr, headquarters, 29th Division, World War.

Sid Champion, second lieutenant.

Most of these veterans had been in the engagements in and around Baker's Creek and Vicksburg, and the morning was spent in rehearsing the events of 1863 and telling stories. At dinner time a feast of "befo' de wah" bountifulness was spread before them, the table being loaded with all good things imaginable, including enough fried chicken for a regiment. In the afternoon the meeting was called to order, and interesting talks were made by Maj. Pat Henry, Colonel Hemingway, John A. Webb, H. C. Sharkey, and W. J. Brown, after which all joined in singing "God Be with You Till We Meet Again."

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## *WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ANDERSONVILLE?*

BY C. C. ANDERSON, IN MACON TELEGRAPH.

The situation was desperate at Andersonville. The sickness was increasing among the prisoners, and there was not an ounce of quinine, a dram of morphine, nor a grain of calomel in the whole Confederacy. Medicines were declared contraband of war by the North, and they excluded everything that looked like medicine by a most rigid blockade.

It mattered not to them whether Southern women and children died from the want of it. They cared not whether their own soldiers, prisoners in Southern hands, suffered and died from want of it. The North was determined that the South should not have relief, regardless of the heartless cruelty of the medical situation. Neither would they consent to an exchange of prisoners, although they concealed this fact from the unfortunate prisoners in Southern hands.

Captain Wirz became insistent that relief be had. The Confederate government authorized Mr. Ould to propose to the Northern commissioner, Butler, that the North permit enough medicine for the sick prisoners of war to come through the lines; that the South would pay for it in gold and guarantee that only sick Northern prisoners should benefit by it. Butler objected because there was no way to make the guarantee good.

Butler raised the complaint that the Confederate government had refused to recognize the uniform of the North as protecting the soldier wearing it, but had restored the captured negro soldiers to the owners, from whom they had been stolen. He further threatened that unless these negro soldiers were treated as prisoners of war the North would expose Southern soldiers confined in Northern prisons to the fire of Southern batteries wherever the armies confronted each other.

This was actually done on Morris Island in front of Battery Wagner; also in the Dutch Gap Canal, on James River, near Bermuda Hundred. How many of our unfortunate Southern boys were killed by this exposure to the guns of their own friends is not remembered. But there were many.

Commissioner Ould then renewed his proposal to pay for medicine in gold and let the North send its own surgeons to Andersonville to dispense the medicine themselves to their own soldiers.

Here Stanton interposed. "No," he said. "The less able the South is to bear the burden of these sick ones, the greater is her responsibiilty for their care and the greater the odium for not providing for them. No, no, no medicine."

Captain Wirz then asked the Confederate authorities to waive our claim to the negro soldiers as property and to propose a general exchange, man for man, regardless of color or race, but to exchange all, sick and well. This was a poser. Butler was amazed. He knew not what answer to make. He had been fighting all the time for delay and evasion.

Butler applied to Stanton for instructions. Stanton lost his breath in his surprise. He told Butler to evade an answer as long as possible and hurried away to interview Lincoln. The latter was off his feet too. "We must see what Grant says," he said.

They wired Grant, and the prompt reply came back: "No, by no means. To exchange prisoners now would endanger the safety of my army in front of Petersburg. It would defeat Sherman in his march to the sea. Those exchanged soldiers would reënforce the ranks in Johnston's and Lee's armies and prolong the war at least two years longer, until we had killed or disabled them all to the last man. It is cheaper and safer to feed than to fight them. It is hard on our boys in prison, but it is mercy to our men here on the firing line. No, don't exchange." This was Grant talking.

Commissioner Ould threw down another card: "Let us exchange the sick ones only, if you object to releasing our well men."

Butler objected: "Nothing doing."

Ould tried one more proposition: "We will parole and release every Northern soldier in Southern hands, sick and well alike, if you will recognize the parole."

"Nay, nay," said Butler, under instructions.

Under authority of the Confederate government Captain Wirz allowed the prisoners at Andersonville to select ten of their number to go North and plead with their own people for the release or relief of their fellow prisoners. The plea fell on deaf ears. These ten men had to return to Andersonville and report that their mission was fruitless.

Captain Wirz suggested that Ould ask for Northern ships to be sent to Savannah to receive all the sick these ships could carry. No conditions were attached to their release. They were sent to Savannah and remained in camp there months before a ship appeared. Thirteen thousand were released. Upon their arrival in the North a goodly number of the very feeble were exhibited throughout the country as specimens of Southern cruelty and to inflame the Northern heart against the South, "because she starved helpless prisoners and refused to furnish medicines to the sick and dying."

Well, they hanged Wirz—the Yankees did. It was done by a so-called court-martial under the form of law. So was Edith Cavell executed under the form of law. So was Mrs. Surratt, and Dr. Mudd was sentenced to servitude for life on the Dry Tortugas because he dressed the wound of J. Wilkes Booth, who shot Lincoln, of which fact the Doctor was totally ignorant.

It is recalled also that another Offender was called before the tribunal of Pontius Pilate to be judged. The Victim was not guilty, and the judge knew it. Pilate was a politician, and politicians always play to the rabble. Since the rabble demanded a victim and Pilate was a politician, the poor, unfortunate Victim was surrendered to execution on the cross.

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The duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of our enemy than in our own.—*Robert E. Lee.*

## *FIRST SECESSION SENTIMENT.*

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The prelude to the War between the States occurred in the territory of Kansas over the question of her coming into the Union as a free or a slave State. That controversy won for the State the name of "Bleeding Kansas." It was a relentless and bloody contest between the forces of abolition led by the cutthroat John Brown and armed by New England sympathizers with Sharpe's rifles, and opposed to them were settlers from the neighboring State of Missouri, who strove to make the State open to Southern settlers with their slaves.

The abolition party was triumphant, the State became a stronghold of hatred against the South and its institutions, and John Brown became the hero deliverer, honored and glorified by monuments and great public parks.

Now recently in the United States Congress a very able and eloquent Congressman from that State, Phillip P. Campbell, thoroughly anti-Southern, made a speech that repudiates the principles for which the North fought in 1861-65.

In the Nashville *Banner* a correspondent, Savoyard, reviews the speech. Savoyard is a Washington syndicate correspondent, who was a true Confederate soldier. Few men are so widely read in history and are so familiar with the political history of our country both before and since the war. In his review of Mr. Campbell's speech he gives so clear a statement of the principles on which the republic was founded and so full a presentation of the imperial paternalism that Mr. Lincoln introduced that I feel that the readers of the VETERAN will appreciate the article. My only criticism of Savoyard is as to his calling it now "our glorious Union" and his writing of the North as senior partner. Virginia came before the Pilgrims. He says:

"In 1789 the North and the South entered into partnership in the business of governing the new republic. The Constitution of the United States contains the articles of copartnership, and the South, being the weaker section, insisted on a strict construction of that instrument. The North, the senior partner, was engaged in large business enterprises and handed over to the South, which had created the Union, the job of administering the government, and for seventy years the South performed that duty faithfully, wisely, and zealously. The idea of secession was of New England birth, first proclaimed in the American Congress by Josiah Quincy, a Senator from Massachusetts, when in opposing the measure to create the State of Louisiana he said: 'If this bill shall pass, it will be the duty of some of the States, as it is the right of all the States, to recall the powers granted to the Federal governmen and withdraw from the Union.' Nobody challenged the idea, for at that time, the first decade of the nineteenth century, it was undisputed. Some years later when we were fighting England the Hartford convention was convened to take New England out of the Union, and there is not the slightest doubt that it would have been accomplished without the firing of a gun or the shedding of a drop of blood had the war lasted a year longer.

"But by 1860 the South had made of our glorious Union a government so excellent, so pure, so just, so free that three millions of men offered their lives to preserve it. Had secession come in 1820, as it was threatened, it would have prevailed without a war to combat it. The South, the junior partner, sought to dissolve the copartnership in 1861 because the North, the more powerful partner, contended that there was a 'higher law' than the Constitution, and at the North an act of Congress pronounced constitutional by the Supreme Court was nullified. The South said: 'Very well, as you have made a scrap of paper of the Constitution, we dissolve the partnership.'

"But the people said: 'Nay. This glorious Union, made by the South, is too precious to be surrendered.' And three millions of men fought four years to preserve it. Now, what was that Southern-made government? Its central and paramount principle was that the Federal establishment should do nothing in the way of government the States could do, and the States should do nothing for the people that the people could do for themselves. That is the government that millions went to arms to preserve in 1861, and that is the government that Philip P. Campbell lauded to the skies in the American Congress on February 22, 1921.

"Unfortunately, the republic of Jefferson that the South had fashioned perished at Appomattox, and for it was substituted the nation of Lincoln that enthroned paternalism at Washington, that paternalism that Phil Campbell denounces in such eloquent speech. What have we now? The State shall do nothing the Federal government can be persuaded or cajoled into doing, and the people may do nothing the State can be bullied into doing. The Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution utterly destroyed local self-government in the American Union. This government that Mr. Campbell rails against with such indignant patriotism and fervid eloquence is not the American republic; it is an autocratic empire with all the power lodged in the Federal establishment at Washington. One idea and a sound one is that free government is established to protect the minority from the majority. That was the government the South made; but after sixty years of rule by the North, the stronger party to the copartnership, we have a government in which the minority has no rights the majority is bound to respect."

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## *DOWN IN DIXIE.*

BY GRACE IMOGEN GISH, ROANOKE, VA.

There are mountains down in Dixie
  Reaching up to kiss the sky;
There are lush green hills and meadows,
  Where the streams slip dreaming by;
There are woodlands sweet with shadow,
  And upon each dewy lawn
Choirs of birds that sing like angels
  Just to usher in the dawn.

There are roses down in Dixie
  Mixed with lilies pure and white;
There are hearts as true and tender
  As the days are clear and bright;
There are clover-scented uplands;
  Cool old gardens, still and sweet,
Where each passing wind reminds us
  Of the long-departed feet.

And should some good fairy offer
  In exchange some fairer shore,
That with strongest, ablest sailors
  We might sail the high seas o'er
To enjoy the golden treasures
  Of some far Hesperides,
We would answer all in chorus:
  "Give us Dixie, if you please."

### *ROBERT E. LEE—AN ACROSTIC.*

BY FANNY WALDRON MYERS, NEW YORK CITY.

**R**ighteous, God-fearing, brave, and bold;
**O**'er all the world his fame is told.
**B**orn on Virginia's honored soil
**E**'er yet dissension brought turmoil.
**R**esolved when State seceded State
**T**o share his own, what'er her fate.
**E**ndeared to all, both friend and foe;
**L**iving, though dead, for this we know,
**E**ntered on God's great book we'll see
**E**nrolled the name of Robert Lee.

[This acrostic was read at the "Camp Fire" of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans on January 19. Mrs. Myers is still a loyal Southerner and writes: "As a child I waved the first Stars and Bars in the city of Charleston, S. C. The flag was presented to the Sumter Guards and unfurled for the first time in the theater of that city on March 21, 1861. I recited a poem written for the occasion by a gentleman of Charleston and, with the aid of one Lieutenant Butler, waved the flag as he unfurled it. General Beauregard and Roger Pryor, I think, were in one of the boxes with our war Governor, Pickens. The day following I received a letter of praise from him for what I had done (I still have the letter). After that I was known as the greatest little Rebel in the South and was called by all 'Little Fanny.'"]

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### *TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL LEE.*

The 19th of January, now so generally observed throughout the South and largely in other sections of this country, is the day on which the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans holds its annual Camp fire, when music and song and heart talks give expression to the sentiment which holds them still a part of the South and followers of General Lee. In its celebration for 1921 the Camp had two prominent representatives of the government as speakers, both Southern men, both Alabamians, both sons of Confederate soldiers. Col. Francis G. Caffey, United States attorney for New York, spoke on General Lee's influence after the War between the States, and he was followed by Maj. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard, U. S. A., the most prominent representative of the Southland in the World War, known as the man who stopped the onward rush of the Germans for Paris, and now commander of the forces stationed in New York City. Their tributes to the great leader of the Confederate army are given in part.

Commander C. R. Hatton gave the welcome greeting to friends and comrades, and he later read "Lee's Farewell to His Army," prefacing it with a brief sketch of that army, its battles and trials.

Colonel Caffey touched briefly on the significance of the anniversary and General Lee's life after the war to his death, in 1870, then of the great work he accomplished, in the following:

"Four years of war had thoroughly crushed the South. Economically it was in worse plight than any country in the European war zone to-day. The impairment of its strength has been competently estimated as at least sixty per cent. So great were the losses, so serious were the handicaps, that fifteen years elapsed before there was any marked general upward movement. Indeed, it is fair to say that the section was scarcely well on its feet until 1890. Socially also the South was completely disorganized by the war. Its population consisted largely of cripples, old men, women, children, disfranchised whites, newly enfranchised blacks, and carpetbaggers—all under the surveillance of armies of occupation. Property values were gone, taxes were burdensome, capital was unavailable. The problems were how to make a living and how to preserve Anglo-Saxon civilization. It was these surroundings at the very core of the perplexities in the Valley of Virginia that General Lee chose for the rest of his days.

"Offers flooded him when the fighting ceased. He was invited to live abroad in assured comfort. He was asked to reside in many parts of this country. A great variety of positions were tendered him. Among the opportunities open to him was the presidency of a business organization at a salary of $50,000. All were put aside. He went to a collapsed college at a salary of $1,500 a year. The faculty had dwindled to four professors; there were less than forty students. The buildings had been sacked when the Virginia Military Institute was burned. The library had been destroyed or scattered; the endowment, consisting principally of securities, had become worthless. What bravery was required to undertake the task! He accepted the trust solely from a sense of duty, of obligation to assist those who had been his followers.

"When the new President laid down his work five years later, the college was crowded with students, its faculty was adequate, its courses of instruction had been amplified, its properties had been rebuilt, its finances were flourishing.

"All this had been accomplished by steady, intelligent labor and under the most discouraging circumstances. In June, 1865, General Lee was indicted for treason, and but for the sturdiness of General Grant he probably would have been put on trial. He was never granted amnesty. He was critically examined by a committee of Congress. He was widely and falsely represented through the public press as instigating his people to oppose the government. Locally, he suffered from petty annoyance by the military authorities. Race antagonisms became acute from time to time. Patiently, without display of temper, but firmly and courageously, he faced and went through all, urging his students and the many who sought his advice to support the government, assiduously to devote themselves to the rebuilding of their section, and to await the approving verdict of time. He eschewed politics, avoided controversy, left truth to its own vindication, counseled industry, economy, cheerfulness, and right living.

"A typical manifestation of his attitude is in a letter dated September 7, 1865, in which he said: 'The war being at an end, the Southern States having laid down their arms, and the questions at issue between them and the Northern States having been decided, I believe it to be the duty of every one to unite in the restoration of the country and the reëstablishment of peace and harmony.'

"The value of the example and guidance of General Lee from 1865 to 1870 is almost beyond estimate in words. It is primarily due to him and his kind that all Americans can now say with pride that the South rose from defeat without a whimper. Sidney Lanier, the poet, was a school-teacher in Alabama during the Reconstruction era. At the time he wrote to Bayard Taylor: 'Perhaps you know that with us of the young generation in the South since the war pretty much the whole of life has been merely not dying.' Despite the horrors, in many respects worse than war, to the everlasting credit of the white population, they did not lose their nerve.

"Some one has said that 'we learn from history that men never learn anything from history.' There is much substance in the witticism. It was illustrated after the War between the States; it has been illustrated afresh since the armistice. What General Lee did was among a people who had lost a war. The conditions there were incomparably more difficult than in the portion of the country which had been victorious. In the North after the war conditions were strikingly similar to those which have prevailed about us for the past two years. Then, as now, there was a swing of the pendulum from the peak of unity, which won the war, to the other extreme. Then, as now, war was followed by a riot of social and economic excesses. The aftermath of war—apparently the necessary consequence of the rebound from martial ardor—its selfishness, extravagance, waste, unrest, disorder, criticism, blame of others, yielding to the thought of the moment, forgetfulness by the mass of the teachings of experience. Of all the faults, perhaps the most exasperating is laziness, the desire to get something for nothing.

"Gen. John B. Gordon, of sacred memory, told a story of a farmer near Appomattox who, in trying to build up his fortunes after the surrender, hired soldiers for the work on his farm, dividing them into groups. A passer-by asked: 'Who are those men working over there?' 'Them is privates, sir, of Lee's army," the farmer replied. 'Well, how do they work?' 'Very fine, sir; first-rate workers.' 'Who are those in the second group?' 'Them is lieutenants and captains, and they works fairly well, but not as good workers as the privates.' 'I see you have a third squad. Who are they?' 'Them is colonels.' 'Well, what about the colonels? How do they work?' 'Now, neighbor, you'll never hear me say a word ag'in any man who fit in the Southern army, but I ain't agwine to hire no generals.'

"I think all will agree that one of the principal impediments of our country since November 11, 1918, has been the large number of generals with which we have been afflicted; not among those in military service, but in our civil population.

"It is impossible to mobilize for war—to mobilize resources, to mobilize feelings—without having to demobilize. After the War between the States demobilization continued for eight years; it ended in the panic of 1873. If we can visualize in the light of history what has actually gone on since the surrender of the Germans, we should do better—I think we shall do better—this time. There is at present really nothing about which seriously to be disturbed in this country. We need only courage, industry, optimism, and a sense of humor. With these we can get back to a genuine peace basis, we can overcome the maladjustments of war without a crash. We have learned something from history. Civilization has advanced. In our democratic United States the processes of government and of society are sufficient. And may we not expect that as the irritations of war recede the stricken leader of the world, who carried us through on a plane of such high ideals, will resume his place in the affections of his fellow men?

"There is no better expression of what should be the aims of to-day than what the Board of Trustees of Washington College wrote into their record at Lexington on August 4, 1865: 'The order of the day was resumed, and Gen. Robert E. Lee, being put in nomination by Mr. Christian, was unanimously chosen President.'

"Let the order of the day be resumed. Let unity prevail. In essentials affecting our country let us act with unanimity. Let justice be done to those who led gloriously in the greatest crisis of history. The lesson, the great lesson, of the post-war life of General Lee is the lesson in patience."

From the address by Gen. Robert Lee Bullard the following is taken:

"The birthday of General Lee is not, I take it, for us an occasion of mourning or of sadness, but rather of pride and glorifying. His career ended in defeat, but it was not failure. His life is not a subject of sadness, but of inspiration. Before it I feel myself utterly unable to do justice to this occasion. I can add nothing to what has been said, but may touch a few points that to me loom as the highest in General Lee and the cause for which he stood.

"First, as a man. Above all who took part in that great struggle, Lee best represented his cause. In the field and in battle his soldiers were content, loved simply to look at him in silent admiration and reverence. His own people and the whole world, even his late enemies, now do the same. I say late enemies, for he has no more. They look, I say, largely in silence, because no man has yet been found equal to the expression of this man's character. All who have tried it have come away feeling that they have fallen far short and that silence would almost have been better. The man has found no interpreter; all that he has been interpreted he has interpreted in himself, his own figure. This, it seems to me, is his wonderful characteristic as a man in history.

"Again, as a soldier and a leader. To him alone of all the leaders that the war produced on both sides the word 'matchless' has applied. That is true, but he is matchless among more than the leaders of his time; he is matchless, unique among the military leaders of all time. Alexander, Hannibal, Napoleon, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great, Von Moltke—all had their systems of warfare that have been expounded and followed by succeeding generations of soldiers. Lee had his system; military men see and study it in his campaigns, but he alone has practiced it, he alone has dared to practice it. He stands thus in the annals of great soldier leaders, as Colonel Swift says, 'without apostles and with imitators,' matchless, unique.

"Third, as an American. Of an old, distinguished, aristocratic family, he was yet a democrat, the outstanding characteristic of an American. The proof is that he went with his people, he was guided by his people, and to the very best of his abilty he executed the will of the people. An aristocrat, and yet a democrat; a paradox, but a fact. At the battle of the Wilderness, as leader of a trained and, for its size, perhaps the most effective army ever created, he tries to fight in person beside his soldiers. I have seen the spot, marked by a little stone which wisely repeats only the words of his soldiers: 'Lee to the rear.'

"In all capacities—as man, as leader, as American—he is to be regarded as you soldiers regard him, in reverent and mainly silent admiration.

"As a boy I saw and lived near some of our greatest Southern names—Lane, Benning, Alexander. I saw them living as humble citizens in their own ruined country. To me as a boy they seemed in their simplicity, their poverty only ordinary men. Ever since as a man, finding their names writ in history, in great, heroic battles, I have been in my own heart forever apologizing to their spirits. Is not our beloved, united country in its kindness to their memories also almost apologizing to their spirits?

"To our armies in the Word War and to the armies of the Allies our South of the War between the States gave three things of inestimable value—three things that practically saved

the freedom of the world: Conscription, represented by our selective draft, the will never to give up before annihilation, and the highest contempt the world has ever known for the deserter and the slacker. I know of no greater gift to any country in war than these. You have not been credited with them, but they are yours. You gave the first real example of them."

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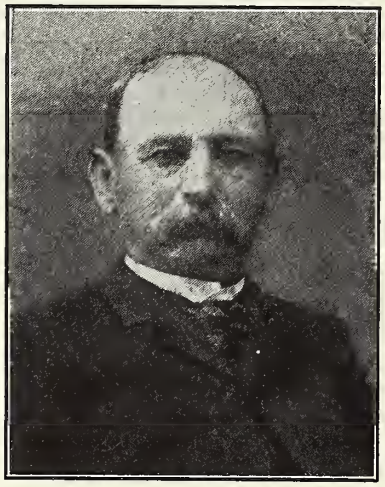
### *GEN. ARTHUR PENDLETON BAGBY.*

The list of the few remaining general officers of the Confederacy grows smaller with each passing year, and now none above the rank of brigadier general are left to represent that galaxy of daring souls who led the armies of the South. The recent death of Gen. Arthur Pendleton Bagby, of Texas, was noted in the Last Roll for April, but the life of this man as soldier and citizen deserves a fuller record, which is here given as the tribute of the William P. Rogers Chapter, No. 44, U. D. C., of Victoria, Tex.

Arthur P. Bagby was born in Claiborne, Ala., on May 17, 1833, and from that State he was appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point. At the age of nineteen he was graduated there in the class of 1852 and was promoted in the army to brevet second lieutenant of infantry, after which he served in garrison duty at Fort Columbus, New York, 1852-53, and on frontier duty at Fort Chadbourne, Tex., in 1853. During this time he was also studying law, and he resigned in September of that year to fit himself for the practice of that profession. After being admitted to the bar he practiced at Mobile, Ala., until 1858, when he moved to Gonzales, Tex.; but ere he was well established there in the new home and profession the War between the States began, and he was among the first to volunteer. During 1861 he served as major of the 7th Texas Cavalry and in a few months was made colonel of the regiment. This was a part of Sibley's Brigade, composed of the 1st, 7th, and 32d Regiments of Texas Cavalry, and participated in all the hardships and victories of that campaign of varied experiences.



GEN. A. P. BAGBY.

"On January 1, 1863, having been promoted in the latter part of 1862, he took part in the memorable victory at Galveston, which was of substantial benefit to the Confederate cause. The land and naval forces were under the command of General Magruder, who thus referred to Colonel Bagby's part in the affair: 'Col. A. P. Bagby, of Sibley's Brigade, commanded the volunteers from his regiment for the naval expedition, in which every officer and man won imperishable renown.' Gen. Richard Taylor during his operations in West Louisiana in 1863 frequently spoke of Bagby in complimentary terms. Referring to the battle near Berwick Bay, he said: 'Colonel Bagby was wounded seriously, but not dangerously, in the arm, but remained on the field with his regiment until the enemy had been driven back and ceased his attacks.' So frequently is Colonel Bagby's gallantry alluded to in the reports of both Taylor and Magruder that it is certain that the rank of brigadier general, which was conferred upon him during 1863, seldom if ever was bestowed upon one more worthy of the honor. During the Red River campaign, before, during, and after the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, his services were very great. The high esteem in which he was held by his superior officers is shown by the fact that after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, but before the final submission of the Trans-Mississippi Department, he was in Gen. Kirby Smith's general orders promoted to major general on May 16, 1865. After the war he went back to his law business, continuing to reside in Texas, his adopted State." ("Confederate Military History.")

It was during the Red River Campaign, upon consolidation of the 4th, 5th, and 7th Regiments with Waller's Battalion of Texas Cavalry (forming Tom Green's old brigade), he was assigned command in Bee's Division, and in 1864 he was made division commander over the gallant brigades of DeBray and others.

The father of General Bagby, whose full name was borne by the son, was a native of Louisa County, Va., and located in Alabama in 1819. He was twice elected Governor of Alabama and served two terms in the United States Senate, resigning during the last term to represent the government at the Court of St. Petersburg, where he discharged the duties of the high office with great credit. After his return to Alabama he was appointed on the commission to codify the statutes of the State. This was his last public trust. A portrait of him was placed in the library of the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington.

The son worthily wore the name of his illustrious father; and though his life was cast in a far different mold, he bravely met his duties and in every emergency played a man's part. Not his to sit in the councils of the nation nor to be honored in the court of kings, but to struggle on the plains, to endure the four years of losing contest, to suffer the humiliation and poverty of Reconstruction, and to make a home for his gentle wife and little children.

His bearing was marked by a quiet reserve and modesty. The beloved wife was called to the better land a few years before him, and he waited in the home, brightened by the ministrations of devoted daughters and son, until the summons came. He was a devout member of the Episcopal Church.

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"Yes, though their flag ne'er floats again,
  Be never more unfurled,
It's glory bright, without a stain,
  Still glorifies the world.

And while the cycling seasons roll,
  And time with earth shall still remain,
The Stars and Bars, their fallen flag,
  So fair, so bright, so free from stain,

Will still survive on history's page,
  Where naught can dim its lustrious light,
For God above, the God we love,
  Knows that it's cause was just and right.

## THE BREASTWORKS AT PETERSBURG.

BY W. A. DAY, SHERRILLS FORD, N. C.

The breastworks were so laid off that our artillery could play on any part of our own line, and the Federals laid off theirs so they could play on any part of ours and have an enfilading fire where the works ran straight. To prevent this we built pens of logs brought in from the country on cars and hauled in wagons as close to the works as the wagons could venture, then carried in to the works by details at night. These pens, called traverses, were built in the trenches at the most dangerous places considerably higher than the works and filled with rocks and dirt, which made almost a solid wall. The enemy tried them severely with their artillery, but could not knock them down.

We dug the trench eleven feet wide and four feet deep, leaving a step two feet high, called the banquette, to stand on when firing. The dirt was all thrown over on the front side, making the works higher than our heads when we were standing down in the trench.

This was the beginning of the siege and that wonderful line of works with its forts, redoubts, rifle pits, bombproofs, chevaux-de-frise, and covered ways, which at the end of the war was over forty miles long.

At first we had no protection from the shells bursting in the air and scattering the pieces down among us, and our losses were heavy. One-third of the men were kept on duty in the works day and night, and the other two-thirds were kept at work digging bombproofs and mending the breastworks where the Federal guns knocked them down. We cut deep ditches, forming covered ways, leading from the works to the rear to enable us to get in supplies and for the men to pass in and out of the trenches. One of these covered ways ran through a corner of Blandford Cemetery. In digging it we threw out old coffins and bones. We built dams across the streams to save men for other parts of the line, but they were constantly breaking and kept a force of men repairing them who could have manned them in battle had they not been there. The picket line on the left of the Norfolk Railroad and running up to within seventy-five yards of the Federal line was known as "Gracie's Mortar Hell." It was captured by a part of General Gracie's brigade by charging in and driving the Federals out and was held by them in spite of all the enemy could do. They threw mortar shells in by the hundreds, but the "Yellow Hammers" held, aided by the troops in the main line on the hill when the enemy made counter charges. Gracie's men could load and shoot faster than any troops I ever saw in battle. Well may Alabama be proud of Gracie's Brigade. This picket line was held as long as we remained in the trenches.

After getting the breastworks in good shape, we settled down to enjoy life among bullets. All we had to do was to keep the works mended up when the "swift jacks" knocked them down or a 64-pound mortar shell broke up our bombproofs, put out the chevaux-de-frise at night, put out a picket in the rifle pits at night, and by reliefs keep one-third of the men on duty in the trenches and dodge mortar shells. We soon learned to tell by throwing up a hand where the shells were going to land. If it rose above the hand, it was going over, provided it did not burst and send the fragments down on us; if it sank below the hand, it would fall short; but if it kept hidden behind the hand, why, then look out. Dodging them was called the "mortar drill" (not found in Hardee's tactics). The first mortar shells thrown in the siege were from a 24-pounder on our side, planted on the City Point road near the iron bridge, which landed in the Federal works near where Fort Steadman was afterwards built. Neither side knew what kind of shells they were, flying hundreds of feet high and landing behind and in the breastworks. This raised quite an alarm over on the other side. We could hear them shout, "Look out!" when they saw the shells coming. In a few days the Federals had mortars, ranging from 12- to 64-pounders, planted all along their line and paid us back with interest. At night they made a brilliant light as they flew over high up in the air, and when both sides were firing we watched to see if any of them struck while passing, but they always went over clear.

Early in the morning on July 13, 1864, began the great artillery and mortar battle which lasted throughout the day. I had spent my last dollar that morning for half a dozen little Irish potatoes, intending to have a square mess of soup, about half a gallon. I had my potatoes cooking over a little fire and was off some distance watching the boys fire through the port hole. A mortar shell flew up and started over toward us. I made a dash for my soup, but the shell got there first. It struck the ground and burst, tearing out a hole and filling my pot of soup with dirt. When I got to it, I found it a pot of red mud with a few potatoes mixed in. The firing soon became general all along the line and kept up all day. The mortar shells were sometimes thrown in volleys, landing in and on the breastworks, tearing them down and tearing up our bombproofs, killing and burying the men who were brave enough to seek refuge in them. Some of them burst in the air, scattering fragments down on us. The guns from the Federal works kept up a continual fire all day, knocking holes in our works and playing havoc with the houses in Petersburg and the monuments and tombstones in Blandford Cemetery. The firing ceased at night.

We were afterwards informed that it was the intention of the Federals to shell us out of our works that day; but when the firing ceased at night the hot-blooded Southern boys were still in the trenches. The 49th North Carolina Regiment lost forty men killed, besides a great number wounded. One day news came in that the enemy had evacuated their works and were gone in front of Ransom's Brigade, and the next thing to do was to take possession of them. Accordingly Company I was deployed along the works in the 49th Regiment, the other regiments in the brigade doing the same to be ready to cross over at the command. A few pieces of artillery were brought in through the covered ways, the skirmishers standing in the trenches awaiting the signal to advance. It was thought best to open fire before the advance was made. The moment we opened our fire it was replied to by the Feleral guns all along their lines, showing that they were all there. In front of our brigade was a cut in the Norfolk Railroad half a mile long, thirty feet deep, and at the end two guns to rake it from end to end. How they expected us to cross that cut and advance on the enemy is something I don't know. A great many things appeared foolish to the private soldiers in the war. It was said that an old negro had slipped through the lines and brought the news to headquarters.

Amidst all the dangers to which we were exposed both day and night we had a great deal of fun. We carried our dead to Blandford Cemetery every day and didn't know what day would be our time to go, but we were used to that thought and had to do something to stave off the blues. Soldiers from camps out in the country coming in to visit

relatives in the trenches received particular attention. We walked half bent, although the works were two feet higher than our heads; they walked just as we did, and it was told that they walked half bent two or three days after going back to camp. When recruits came in, as they did all through the siege, there were some that we could scare almost out of their wits; others could not be moved. One day a raw young mountaineer came in to Company A, our mountain company; in a few minutes a 64-pound mortar shell came sailing over and burst before it hit the works. It scared Company A almost to death, while they tried to hide behind one another. The young recruit stood still and watched the shell till it burst, then said: "You fellows must be a set of d—n cowards. That shell was rotten; it burst all to pieces." Company A gave it up; there was one fellow they couldn't scare.

At Gracie's "Mortar Hell" the picket lines were little more than fifty yards apart, in which we kept pickets both day and night. Both sides had good breastworks. One day I was amusing myself by throwing rocks over into the other line, when a Federal picket shouted out: "Johnny, you quit throwing rocks over here." I guess one of my rocks had hit him.

We were moved about in the trenches, never staying more than a month in one place. One company was sent out of each regiment every day to the wagon yard on the other side of the city to rest, wash clothes, and bathe in the river. Company I's time came on every tenth day. How we enjoyed ourselves! Nothing came over but "quartermaster shells," and we paid no attention to them. At night we went back to the trenches. Our rations were cut down to the lowest possible notch. We were hungry all the time; anything we could get to eat tasted good.

A trading post was established in the "Mortar Hell," the closest place in the lines, by some of the boys who went across on dark nights and traded tobacco for crackers and other luxuries. Strict orders were given the pickets to arrest the blockaders, but the post was in a dark corner, and it was hard to arrest a hungry boy slipping across on a dark night to get something to eat.

The first month in the trenches was very hot and dry, but one evening there came a hard storm, and the water ran through the trenches like a creek, flooding some of the bombproofs and making the ground miry. It washed away the Federal picket works where it crossed a low place in the field, which left them in bad shape; but we Tarheels wouldn't fire on them. We were all as wet as water could make us, and we watched them stagger through the miry field to their main line. In some places on the line we kept out pickets all the time, in others only at night.

### The Crater.

The battle of the Crater has gone down in history, story, and song and never will be forgotten by those who participated in that bloody fight. Pegram's Battery stood in a redoubt on a hill which sloped gently down to a steep bluff near the railroad. The Federals started a tunnel behind the bluff, ran it up to our works, and cut great magazines under the battery and, filling them with twelve thousand pounds of giant gunpowder, had the mine ready to spring two hours before day on the morning of July 30. But the fuse went out, and they had to put out another. By that time it was getting light in the east, and the mine was sprung at daylight, tearing a hole in the ground where Pegram's Battery stood ninety feet long and thirty feet deep, sending men, guns, and clods of dirt as large as flour barrels high in the air, demoralizing the men the length of a regiment on each side and making them break rapidly to the rear.

The 49th Regiment was stationed at the time on the hill across the ravine on the left of the Crater, with the 25th North Carolina between us and the Crater. I had been out on picket all night and had heard nothing unusual on the other side. I came in just a little before daylight, crawled into a bombproof, and in a few minutes was sound asleep. I was suddenly awakened by a heavy jar and found myself almost buried in the dirt. I was first under the impression that a 64-mortar shell had struck the bombproof, as the timbers overhead had been thrown apart and the dirt was pouring in. Suddenly the enemy opened two hundred guns on our lines, which shook the hills and made the glass fall out of the windows in the city a mile and a half away. I seized my gun and ran out to the works, where I found the men starting down the line. We rushed down the line across the ravine and up the works toward the Crater as fast as we could run, shouting to our retreating comrades to hold, hold, we were coming. They turned and ran back to the line and joined in the battle.

Sometime before a line of works, called the "Cavalier line," had been thrown up in the rear of the battery, connecting with the main line some distance on each side of the battery. We ran up the works and filed into the "Cavalier" till we met the troops coming in from the other side of the Crater, which left our regiment half in the "Cavalier" and half in the main line. Then a sight met our eyes enough to chill the warmest blood. The men who had been blown high in the air were lying around, the smoke was rising in great clouds out of the Crater, the field in front was full of the charging enemy, with their flags flying, negroes in front, the drunken brutes shouting, "No quatah! No quatah!" and butchering every man they saw alive in the works. We saw the position we were in; to be captured meant death. It was said that their orders were to break through our lines at the Crater, drive through to the high ground on the left of the cemetery, where the whole country around would be at the mercy of their guns, then send the negroes into the city. We thought of the old men, women, and children in Petersburg who would be at their mercy. The earth was quivering. In the city and far in our rear the shells from two hundred guns were raining. Our officers ran up and down the line, waving their naked swords and shouting: "Hold them back, boys! Hold them back! By everything you hold dear on earth, hold them back!" Ammunition was rushed in, the wrappers torn off, and the cartridges strewn along the banquette. We had no cowards. Every man stood square to his post and fought with the heroism of men reduced to desperation. We shot and shot to kill; our targets a field full of men, distance forty yards. We mowed them down; they fell on top of each other in piles. Captain Wright's battery, which until then had been masked, cut great roads through them with grape and canister. After the battle was over I heard Captain Wright say that he fired six hundred rounds from his guns.

Flesh and blood could not stand the withering fire we poured into them, and they began to roll back over their works. We fired on them until they were all out of sight behind the hill. Those in the Crater and works on each side remained until charged out later on. This gave us a chance to sit down, pant for breath, and let our guns cool. About the time we were rested and ready for business they made another charge on the works on the left of the Crater, but a

few volleys sent them back out of sight. We watched the Crater after the charges were over and dropped every man we saw trying to slip back. The artillery fire ceased, and everything was quiet except the fire of the sharpshooters and the pitiful cries of the wounded heard on every hand by the Cavalier line we had held, but the Crater and the works for some distance on each side were packed with the enemy. We were moved to the left across the ravine up the works to guard against a counter charge we expected them to make and to give good room for the assault that was soon to be made.

### The Charge.

General Mahone's Virginia brigade, with the 25th North Carolina Regiment of Ransom's Brigade, moved along the covered ways to the ravine in the rear of the Crater, formed their lines, and moved slowly up the hill until they were in full view of both armies. Then they started. It was a grand charge. The Federals opened on them with balls, shells, grapeshot, and bullets; but they went on, their flags waving, leaving a trail of dead and wounded, the cheers of their comrades holding the line on each side ringing in their ears. They dashed up to the works, fired one volley, and sprang in among the Federals, using the butts of their guns and the bayonet. They spared the white men as best they could, but negro skulls cracked under the blows like eggshells. They begged pitifully for their lives, but the answer was: "No quarter this morning, no quarter now." They soon cleared the works. Some of the Federals escaped by running back to their lines and some by running back behind ours. The wounded negroes crawled back to the spring in the rear of our works and, lying along the branch below, filled up on water and died like flies. The white men were walking about in our rear and helping themselves at the spring, and we were too tired to pay much attention to them. A young Rhode Island soldier came up to where some of us were lying and said he knew their officers made a mistake when they sent the negroes in first. He asked the way to Petersburg, and we put him in a covered way, told him to follow it, and it would it lead him to the city.

General Bartlett was captured and carried down to the spring by four of his men on a litter. He appeared to take his capture with good grace, sat upon his litter, and said: "Boys, I have a broken leg, but it don't hurt me," at the same time striking it with his other foot, knocking it around to one side. Noticing our expressions, he laughed and said: "Boys, this is a cork leg." He lost his leg at Yorktown and had his cork leg broken at the Crater.

The battle of the Crater was over, but the dead and wounded were thick on the ground and could not be cared for until next day. Years afterwards I read a sketch of this battle written by a Northern soldier, who said that the negroes in their camps the night before the battle were in great glee, singing:

"We are a band of soldiers;
We looks like men ob wah.
When we meets de Rebels,
We'll show dem what we ah."

And sure enough they did.

### Burying the Dead.

Early next morning the task of burying the dead was begun. A white flag was planted midway between the works, and a large detail of Federals dug two graves about forty yards long, ten feet wide, and ten feet deep. Their dead inside our lines were carried over by our men. They were packed in the graves with heads at the sides and their feet in the middle, white and black together, one layer on top of another, until the pits were nearly full. The dirt was then packed on top of them and leveled over. They wanted to mound the dirt over them, but this request was refused, as they would have used it for breastworks.

It was said that the Federal loss was five thousand; ours was about twelve hundred. Lieut. Col. John A. Fleming, a daring officer in the 49th Regiment, lost his life that day. While they were burying the dead I saw Generals Beauregard and Gracie, both dressed in private soldier uniforms, standing on our breastworks taking a good view of the other side.

I visited the old Crater forty years after the battle. It was still there, with large pines and cedars growing around and in it; the breastworks about it had been leveled, and good crops were growing where we used to fight. The land belongs to a Northern man, who has it inclosed, and an admission fee of twenty-five cents is charged.

(Concluded in June Number.)

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## *THE WASTE OF WAR.*

Give me the gold that war has cost
  Before this peace-expanding day,
The wasted skill, the labor lost,
  The mental treasure thrown away,
And I will buy each rood of soil
  In every yet discovered land,
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
  Where many peopled cities stand.

I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth
  In needful, aye, in brave attire,
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
  Which kings might envy and admire.
In every vale, on every plain
  A school shall glad the gazer's sight,
Where every poor man's child may gain
  Pure knowledge free as air and light.

I'll build asylums for the poor
  By age or ailment made forlorn,
And none shall thrust them from the door
  Or sting with looks or words of scorn.
I'll link each alien hemisphere,
  Help honest men to conquer wrong,
Art, science, labor, nerve, and cheer,
  Reward the poet for his song.

In every free and peopled clime
  A vast Valhalla hall shall stand,
A marble edifice sublime
  For the illustrious of the land—
A Pantheon for the truly great,
  The wise, beneficent, and just—
A place of wide and lofty state
  To honor and to hold their dust.

[From "Southern Poems of the War," compiled by Miss Emily V. Mason, 1866-67.]

*THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF MARYLAND.*

[The following article appeared in the Baltimore *Sun* of June 6, 1920, and its reproduction in the VETERAN now will be a reminder that Memorial Day is again at hand, when thought of the living as well as the dead should have place, and that day can be made more beautiful by giving some pleasure to the lonely hearts that are just "waiting." This description of a visit to the Confederate Home of Maryland, near Baltimore, where "twenty-six gray-clad veterans make their home and dream away the days with visions of the past," was written by Wilbur F. Coyle.]

To-day is Confederate Memorial Day; hence this story, detailing a visit to the Confederate Home at Pikesville, is very timely. It has been stated that Maryland gave upward of twenty thousand of her best manhood to the cause of the South, and a number of those participating, as the article shows, attained very high rank in the army and navy of the Confederate States. This fine race of men is rapidly vanishing, and each Memorial Day takes on a new significance. The survivors of the great American conflict have become comparatively few. Those of the gray will devote the day to decorating the graves of their comrades who have gone.

They were grouped about the entrance of the Confederate Home at Pikesville—were half a dozen of those gray-coated Johnny Rebs of '61 and in characteristic fashion waved me a welcome. Even the movement of the hand upward—half military, yet altogether informal and wholly hospitable—bespoke another age and another time. What unique types they are, those once rugged men who had followed the fortunes of the Stars and Bars, who now in the sunset of life are dreaming away their remaining days, existing in the present but living in the past! And what a privileged past! To have followed Lee and Jackson and the rest, to have gone on, on, on to the end, even if that end was Appomattox. Is it any wonder that these old men, removed as they are from the crash, the thunder of intensified industrial strife, and the sordid, selfish, throttling struggle now going on in the world, have their day dreams? Of this world's goods they have none; let them keep their past, with its memories, bitter and sweet. Let them refight their battles. Stop time in is flight; yea, turn it back and give them their yesterday. Don't begrudge them that; it all they have.

"There are only twenty-six here now," said a little man in gray in answer to my question.

"I suppose recruits come in from time to time," said I.

The little man shook his head: "Thirteen were carried out last year. No more will come. We are old. We are going fast."

Mournful thought! "No more will come; we are going fast!"

And yet these men are not mournful nor downcast. Men who faced death so often on fields scorched by the blaze of battle, who beat forward and backward as the fight surged this way or that, are not made of the stuff that shrinks its destiny. The traditions of the past are the meat upon which they feed, the air which they breathe. No, these old fellows at Pikesville are not quitters. They are content; perhaps they are happy.

At the same time I am convinced that the people of Baltimore should take a little more personal interest in this little group. They need it. For instance, wouldn't it be a splendid thing to transfer the whole bunch down to Fort McHenry for the summer and thus give the old fellows the breezes from the water and a new outlook on life.

"Could that be done?" eagerly asked one.

I had to confess that I did not know. It seems very simple of course. I suppose there would be mountains of technical objections and much barbed red tape to stumble over, but it's a pity those fine men could not be given the benefits of a real change for a while. Change—that's the thing they need, a change. Monotony is a fearful thing to combat.

"I have been here twenty-five years and have been in an automobile once. Some one took me to Gettysburg. It was mighty fine. I'm eighty-four and helpless. When you get old and useless folks forget you. That's all right; we understand that. But even an old useless chap does like to get out some time. I'm not complaining, only a fellow wants company and to get about a bit." That's the way one wholly incapacitated, half blind veteran puts the case.

"I haven't been in Baltimore for quite a while," chimed in another gray-clad veteran. "They tell me there have been many changes. What's this about tearing down blocks of buildings and making sunken gardens? I wonder if I'd know the place?"

I tried to explain that all the old dwellings between Courtland and St. Paul Streets, north from Lexington, had been demolished; that the cleared area had been parked and was later the victim of much landscape treatment.

"Well, well, who would have thought it?" My friend was much surprised. I think some one with a particularly fine machine should show him these sunken gardens. Don't you, Mr. Autoist?

"I ran away from home in Baltimore, marched along this very road, and joined the Confederates up the pike," said my venerable friend. I think he said he met the Rebs at Reisterstown, but I am not sure. He was then sixteen. Wasn't it the irony of fate that decreed that that boy as an old man should spend his declining years in the Pikesville arsenal, past which he had run to enlist with the Southern forces, then hovering in the vicinity of Baltimore, the loss of which to the Union did not at that moment seem unlikely.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Eighteen years."

Now I know my friend deserves to see those sunken gardens, with a nice long auto ride and a good dinner in the bargain. Mr. Autoist, just run out there and give that old Rebel a peep at Baltimore. O shucks! take the whole crowd out.

I wandered about the place for some time, observing on every hand evidence of the active rôle this State played in the stirring period of the War between the States. In some way Maryland has let slip the credit that should be hers for the prominent part that many of her sons played in the great conflict on the side of the South. Their names are set forth in the pages of history, but everybody does not read history. It takes such evidence as one sees at the Home to make an everlasting impression. Memorial Hall contains one of the most fascinating exhibits imaginable. It is a splendid picture of departed glory. It reminds one that the two most famous ships of the Confederacy were commanded by Marylanders.

Admiral Franklin Buchanan, the captain of the Merrimac in its fight with the Monitor, was born in Baltimore on September 17, 1800. This city has yet to build a monument to his memory, but the United States has honored this man by naming a destroyer after him. The Buchanan was launched at Bath, Maine, January 19, 1919. Commenting upon this event, the Bath *Times* said: "The launching of the destroyer Buch-

anan to-day marks a new page in history, for she is the first destroyer named in honor of a Confederate officer. The man for whom she was named commanded the famous ram Merrimac which fought the Monitor. It is believed by Secretary Daniels that such acts as this will bring the North and South nearer together. The craft will be commanded by a Southerner, so that the launching of to-day must have peculiar interest among the people of the South."

How many school children have had this driven into their minds, that Buchanan, the famous commander of the Merrimac, was their fellow townsman?

As I looked about this hall at the Confederate Home I noted a big, jagged plate of rusty iron, possibly an inch thick. "One of the plates of the Merrimac," explained an old soldier at my elbow, "and there is Buchanan, a fine man, a great sailor."

And, sure enough, from his place on the wall Admiral Buchanan was watching us intently. Hard by was a spectacular picture of his thrilling fight with the Monitor. What a splendid company that old, crude hall shelters! What a mine of memories! what a great storehouse of blasted hopes! You can't enter there without taking on the spirit of the place. It is so pathetic, so permeated with dead romance, so unreal, and yet we know the great historic, unalterable fact it represents, the grim tragedy back of it all. What a galaxy is there, and yet they are gone! Gone! Gone! The spirit, the sentiment, is there; that is all.

Semmes, the great captain, keeps watch with Buchanan—Admiral Raphael Semmes, I mean, whose name is inseparably linked with the fortunes of the famous Confederate frigate Alabama, which he commanded. He was born in Charles County, Md., and entered the navy in 1826. He had a notable career in both navies, that of the United States and the Confederate States. Yet, as Professor Shepherd once said, "the story of Semmes's life, in Maryland at least, should be as familiar in our mouths as household words, so that its mere recital would seem to suggest a gratuitous task, a work of supererogation. Yet, lamentable to admit, to the coming race he is scarcely a shadow of a mighty man, while to those of riper years he has faded into a tradition or developed into a legend and myth."

Too true, Semmes, the heroic commander of the Alabama, is unknown in his native State. If he is recalled at all, it is as the man whose ship finally went down in an unequal fight with the Kearsarge off Cherbourg, France, in 1864. His wonderful exploits up to that time are unsung, yet how many men of less magnitude are paraded before the children of Maryland as idols to be worshiped. It makes no difference how we may view the dead issues of the War between the States. That is not the point, but this is: That Raphael Semmes stands forth a great and glorious historical fact. Buchanan and Semmes, what a pair! Maryland should be proud to claim them as her own.

There are too many in that silent conclave in the relic hall to attempt a complete enumeration. Such would necessitate the preparation of a book for illustrious names and portraits that link Maryland with the Southern cause and are on every hand. There are Brig. Gen. Henry Little, a Baltimorean; Capt. William H. Murray; Lieut. Col. Ridgley Brown, killed on June 1, 1864; Lieut. Col. Harry Gilmor, that famous horseman of the 2d Maryland Cavalry (Colonel Gilmor's history is a story of romance); Maj. Gen. Isaac R. Trimble, a West Pointer from this State, who at Gettysburg commanded Major General Pender's division; Brig. Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, another West Point graduate, who was killed in action on May 16, 1863; Brig. Gen. James J. Archer, of Harford County; Maj. Gen. Arnold Elzey, a distinguished officer of the regular United States army, who resigned in 1861 to enter the Confederate service; Maj. Gen. E. Kirby Smith, who also resigned his commission in the United States army early in the war and cast his fortunes with the South (it devolved upon him to make surrender of the last army of the Confederacy); Brig. Gen. William N. Mackall, of Cecil County; Brig. Gen. Charles S. Winder, another West Pointer; and many others make up the silent assembly, every man with a splendid record of achievement, whose fame should not be permitted to perish.

In one group I confronted General Longstreet, of the Confederate army, and Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, of the Union forces. These two men had opposed each other at Gettysburg, but the picture was taken thirty years after. What an object lesson! Here were men who as deadly enemies had helped make history, later fraternizing where the Southern hosts had been rolled back and the knell of the Confederacy sounded.

I saw Mosby, the young, dashing, mashy Mosby, surrounded by his dare-devils, whose deeds read as romance rather than the performances of real men of the flesh. Is it possible that such dashing men grow old, become decrepit and totter on until eventually the grave claims them as its own?

That seemed the grim paradox of the situation. To stand in the presence of these mighty men, to have a subconscious feeling that they were there, and yet to know that half a century had rolled by and that you were surrounded only by the dead past was depressing.

I saw, among other things, a camp chair that had belonged to Gen. Robert E. Lee. In this crude seat the mighty Jackson, wearied beyond endurance, had slept. He, after a hard ride, called upon his chief, Lee, with whom he was to confer. Jackson sat for a moment, and he slipped into sound slumber. That is the story they tell of the chair—the chair in which Jackson slept.

In one corner were a lot of old sabers and muskets, each with a thrilling history, I warrant. Over the walls were battle and regimental flags, engravings of battle scenes, faded gray uniforms in cases, all a reminder of the pageantry, the romance, the tragedy of war.

As I stepped out the gate the old fellows—those who could get out of the rooms—were still dreaming in the shade.

"Who is the oldest man here?" I asked.

"Key," came the response. "He's nearly ninety-three. He is in the hospital now."

"Who is the youngest?"

"That man there. He's seventy-two. He is the baby; enlisted when he was a boy."

The group waved me good-by and then fell to dreaming again. I hope some of my friends with automobiles will go out there and break in on those dreams.

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## *CONFEDERATE PRISONERS AT MORRIS ISLAND.*

[The following article was written in 1901 by Capt. Walter G. McRae, of the 7th North Carolina Infantry, who was one of the prisoners sent to Morris Island. The article was sent to the VETERAN by Gen. James I. Metts, commanding North Carolina Division, U. C. V.]

In the month of August, 1864, a report spread among the prisoners of war at Fort Delaware that six hundred of their number were to be sent off and placed under the fire of the Confederate batteries in Charleston Harbor in retaliation for alleged cruelties to Northern soldiers confined in the South.

It was only a few weeks since that about fifty field officers went away under a similar threat, and they had been duly exchanged. We were so certain that this last move was a bluff that every one was anxious to go. Many whose names were not on the list gathered up their poor belongings—watches, rings, a little money, anything and everything of value which had escaped confiscation—and came and laid them down at the feet of the elect, if haply they might persuade some one to exchange places. They cared not what was to come. Anything for a change! The list was made up of six from Maryland, one hundred and eighty-six from Virginia, one hundred and eleven from North Carolina, twenty-four from South Carolina, sixty from Georgia, ten from Florida, twenty-six from Alabama, twenty-two from Mississippi, thirty-one from Louisiana, five from Texas, twenty-seven from Arkansas, eight from Missouri, thirty-five from Kentucky, forty-nine from Tennessee—six hundred in all. Of these, twenty-eight were field officers, one hundred and seventy-two were captains, three hundred and ninety-three were lieutenants, six were enlisted men, and one citizen.

On the 20th of August these formed up and were marched aboard the steamer Crescent, those left behind shouting messages for "Dixie" and wishing the crowd a safe trip. In the hold of the ship rough bunks, four tiers deep, stretched from stem to stern, and into these the men were crowded. Only one hatch was left open, so that the place was very close and dark. The August heat was intense even on deck. Imagine, then, the situation in this foul hold, near the steaming boilers and glowing furnaces, with six hundred seasick men, already enfeebled by close confinement, sweltering and gasping for water, which was doled out hot from the condensers! Every day as we voyaged south the conditions grew more unbearable. Two gunboats, with shotted guns bearing upon the Crescent, acted as escort, and a battalion of infantry patroled the decks and guarded the open hatch. A few of the field officers were permitted to remain in the cabin on deck. It was from them that the tenants of the hold learned what was going on above, and it was clearly understood that if any chance for escape should offer the line officers would risk a rush for the deck and a fight with the guard. Improbable as it seemed, the opportunity came, but was not seized, owing to the treachery of one or more of our own men or the secret work of spies. It was this way: Just before day one morning when we were off the South Carolina coast there came a sudden jolt and a stoppage of the machinery. Pretty soon word came down from the field officers that the transport had become separated from the gunboats and was ashore near Cape Romain and that they had summoned the guard to surrender. The captain had asked for a half hour's grace, promising to give up without a fight at the end of that time in case the gunboats did not come up. The counsel of Ahithophel was to take the ship at once and escape to the beach. But some traitor prevailed against this advice. We had promised to be ruled by orders from the cabin. Before the half hour was out the gunboats were alongside. We heard that the pilot who ran us ashore was a Southern man; that he was immediately arrested and later tried for his life; but we had no means of verifying this "grapevine telegram."

The Southern soldiers were always cheerful. The greater their trials, the brighter shone this quality. When pushed to the utmost on forced march, when rations failed, through biting blasts or scorching heat, they maintained their good humor and took "fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks," breaking into songs, gibes, and chaffings like Mark Tapley under very adverse circumstances.

This happy disposition helped to keep us alive in the Crescent's hold. There were several of Morgan's officers aboard, and, though invisible in the darkness, you might hear them calling to one of their mess, a tall cavalry captain, who was a fine story-teller and a clever mimic: "Say, Hammock, tell us about the hair-lipped man. What did he say to Mrs. Gillespie?" etc., and pretty soon would follow shouts of laughter as Hammock progressed with his yarns and imitations. Long afterwards, when many had died and all had starved, and when the scurvy had plowed lines of suffering on every face, when the war in the field was over and we were about returning to face the more heartless war of Reconstruction, Captain Hammock stood before the poor, emaciated crowd, spread out his legs, and, with arms akimbo, personated the "Loyal" Irish woman and said: "Now, yez must all go home and be clever fellies, bekaze the government's trated ye so leniently."

On August 25 the Crescent anchored for a short time at Hilton Head, and during the night two or more prisoners managed to slip overboard, swim ashore, and escape.

On the 7th of September we disembarked at Morris Island, and when we finally came out into the light of day and had a look at one another we were astonished to note the ravages made by the terrible heat and the nauseous confinement. One could scarcely recognize his best friends. There were six of us from Wilmington, N. C., all badly damaged. Had we been consigned to any good business man, he would have rejected the cargo and refused to pay the freight.

We were turned into a stockade, built immediately in front of what was formerly Battery Wagner. Our position was such that every shot or shell from the guns of Sumter and Moultrie and the other Confederate batteries must either pass close over our heads or right through the pen. Any which fell short or exploded a tenth of a second too soon must strike death and destruction into our crowded ranks.

As soon as the Federals got us "fixed" to their notion, they opened fire right over our heads upon the Confederate positions. They may have counted on receiving no reply, as our men knew we were in front of Wagner, and I think the Southern artillerists were slow about taking the challenge. Perhaps they were selecting their best gunners. Any way,

one fine morning when the Yankees opened up and were getting "gay" we saw a puff of smoke blow out from Fort Moultrie, and almost immediately heard the rush of a fine, large shell. It passed howling over our heads and smashed into the nearest embrasure, where it exploded with much havoc. We noted signs of great excitement within the battery, and an ambulance dashed from the rear to the scene and took away the wounded. Our officers fervently shook hands with each other, and not one lifted up a voice of lamentation. It was a good shot.

At night, when the firing was going on, the burning fuse was plainly visible, and one could mark the flight of the shells from the moment they left Moultrie until they burst near us. Always some fellow would shout a warning: "Here she comes! Here she comes! Grab a root!" Albeit there were no roots to grab on that bald sand beach. Very few of our men were killed or wounded, and we had reason to thank God and give praise to the good Southern gunners who sighted so true. It is certain our enemies made every provision for our annihilation.

The rations consisted of sour corn meal which would stand alone when the barrel was knocked from it, stuff, as we were informed, which had been condemned by the Union commissaries as wholly unfit for their troops. Occasionally we received a piece of hog meat about one inch square and, say, half an inch thick, with as many pickles, put up in something near akin to vitriol, as we wanted. Of the rotten meal we received daily six or eight ounces.

Some of the prisoners, for the sake of the record, complained to the colonel. He replied that it was all right; there was meat enough in the meal, bugs and worms, and that if he had his own way he would be only too glad to feed us on greasy rags. This man, it was said, commanded a Massachusetts negro regiment and was not a veteran. We heard later that some of his own men killed him. But perhaps the wish was father to the rumor.

In striking contrast to this vile treatment was the conduct of Col. P. P. Brown, of the 157th New York, who, when the prisoners were sent to Fort Pulaski on October 24, treated them with great courtesy and respect and did everything possible for their comfort. He had met the Southerners on the line of battle, where he was doubtless worth a regiment of the other kind. But the government was determined, as Captain Hammock said, to be "lenient" with us, so they at once removed Colonel Brown, who was a gentleman and therefore unfit for the work, and substituted another. The truth is that wherever we came in contact with veterans we received only kindness.

It is always the noncombatants who are the most venomous. It was one of this kidney, a certain Douglas, of an Ohio regiment, who murdered Col. E. P. Jones, of Virginia. The Colonel, a wounded officer, was not walking fast enough to suit the cowardly sentinel, who ordered him to get a better move on him, and when the prisoner turned to explain the difficulty the fellow heartlessly shot him to death and threatened a like fate to some brother officers who wanted to take up the body.

The United States government termed this treatment of Southern officers retaliation, but retaliation implies the paying back in one's own coin. And that is what we have never admitted. No rumors, reports, affidavits, no exhibitions of sick and disabled prisoners, no judicial hangings could then or ever since convince us that Davis, Stephens, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, or any other of the great and good men of the South would have maltreated unarmed prisoners of war. Did not Jackson say while he lay mortally wounded at Chancellorsville when the physicians wished to send him off the field less he should fall into the hands of the enemy, "And if the enemy does come, I am not afraid of them; I have always been kind to their wounded, and I am sure they will be kind to me." And any of our leaders might have said the same.

It is well known that supplies and medicines and clothing were not always to be had for our own soldiers at the front. We know that a large part of the army had been more than a day without food when they fought the battle of Sharpsburg and that the thin gray line in front of Petersburg never knew a full ration, and we know that because of all this our leaders exhausted every effort to exchange prisoners, offering several for one, but without avail. So we resolved to take what came with a good courage, knowing that to us was not the shame. And this resolve was kept by many unto death. A few, as many perhaps as might be counted upon the fingers, worn out with exposure, scurvy, and starvation, "fell away to the Chaldeans."

But all of these things and much more—the many attempts at escape, always betrayed, the sickness, the wounds, the deaths, the organized efforts for mutual help, though there was little to give except sympathy and literally a cup of cold water for His sake, the names, rank, command, and native States of all the six hundred—are they not written and minutely set forth in Col. John L. Cantwell's book of statistics and notes which he began to collect from the start and which, with untiring zeal and great patience, he continued to enlarge and perfect on the spot and down even to the present day and which he preserved, Heaven knows how, amid all the chances and changes of our prison life, so that it furnishes the only authentic statement of those trying times which is now extant, though I believe he has permitted the authorities at Washington to copy the list of names and deaths, and several other copies have appeared in the South without the proper credit? Glancing over this little book, the eye rests on this pathetic sentence: "Was not allowed to mark the graves of brother officers at Fort Pulaski, though headboards were prepared (by the prisoners) for all the dead." What need of any further comment?

On March 4, 1865, we left Fort Pulaski, and on April 26 Colonel Cantwell, Capt. John T. Rankin, John Cowan, and other Wilmingtonians left for the South. To Capt. Thomas C. Lewis the writer is indebted for his notes of prison life which have been followed in this account. It would require a book to tell the whole story.

When Queen Anne told Dr. South that his sermon had only one fault, that of being too short, he replied that he would have made it shorter if he had had more time.

I have purposely refrained from details, since we have settled down to the arts of peace and are trying to forget the hate and bitterness of the past. One may see now the smoke of thousands of factories and furnaces where grim-visaged war left a waste. The South has risen as if by a miracle. The government and the Morris Island man could maltreat us, but some of his prisoners have attained to national fame; all have done well, and their land God himself hath blessed it, and neither Baalam nor his ass can curse it.

## "THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S" STORY.

BY T. H. LAUCK, LEANDER, TEX.

[Permit a foreword as to my reasons for submitting this free and easy narrative to the readers of the VETERAN. It was written last June for the special delectation of Captain Grayson, of Washington, D. C., and Lieutenant Bell, of Lynchburg, Va., honorable relics of the "Immortal Six Hundred," and to be read before comrades of the Pat Cleburne Camp, of Waco, Tex. One of the two heroes of my story, Colonel Andrews, I never saw again; but I saw and heard Lieutenant Morgan on May 7 or 8, 1864, when he jumped over the breastworks of the battle field of May 5 and went, rifle in hand, down our picket line to try a shot at a Yankee sharpshooter who was giving us a great deal of annoyance. He wasn't gone long before he came limping back with a crestfallen air, saying: "By George, boys, he nipped me." He had been shot through the calf of his leg, and instead of a show of sympathy he received a teasing laugh from every one. He was a general favorite with the 10th Virginia, and we had reason to rejoice that the mishap saved him from capture on the 12th at the "Bloody Angle" and from the horrors of thirteen months' imprisonment at Fort Delaware, Morris Island, and Fort Pulaski. I did not know until recently that Colonel Andrews was wounded, but I'm sure that he was not beside the gun on the bridge at full daylight, for Lieutenant Morgan and Jim Matthews, of Company K, 10th Virginia, and two or three others were all that were left facing the right flank of the Yankee line in the edge of the woods about, as I take it, sixty yards off. How that battery came to be so near the front of the brigade and why it was placed in such an exposed position has ever been a mystery to me. General Johnson must have intended to place it on the Valley Pike, facing Winchester, when he threw us across the road.

Stephenson's Depot was a noted location in my war history, for I was there a while in 1861 under Jo Johnston, under Stonewall there in 1862, and was put off the cars there in June, 1865, fresh from Elmira, N. Y., because the rails were not then laid to Winchester.]

On that long-drawn-out and leisurely executed advance of General Lee's "Incomparable" army from Fredericksburg to Gettysburg Ewell's Corps encompassed Winchester, Va., horseshoe fashion, leaving the north side open. Surely General Milroy never would have been caught in such a trap if he had guessed the weight of the force moving against him, but my judgment is that our cavalry pickets kept him from getting word of the seriousness of the movement. Anyhow, he dared to stay in Winchester with his two or three brigades and let an army corps almost surround him.

Between midnight and day of Monday morning, June 15, Gen. Ed. Johnson's division moved from the east side of the town and struck off north and northwesterly by way of Jordan's White Sulphur Springs, lying several miles northeast of the town, with the 3d Virginia Brigade in the lead and the 10th Virginia as leading regiment, with Company K as advance guard, marching about one hundred yards ahead of the whole column and commanded by First Lieutenant Grayson, Second Lieutenant Bell, and Junior Lieut. C. F. Crisp (afterwards "Mr. Speaker Crisp"), west of Culpeper Courthouse, to the tune of cannon at the Big Brandy Station fight on the 9th, the three having a "right smart" sprinkling of men at their heels.

The night was a starlit one, and the roads were mostly hidden in the shade of big, overhanging trees. The "boys" were on edge from the start, for they intuitively felt that something peculiar and important was ahead of them. When we got opposite to a big gate in a high fence an hour or so before day, our column was halted by General Johnson in person. We were informed of the name of the place, and Lieutenant Grayson was ordered to accompany him to the ell of one of the big buildings with a corporal's guard. I was told to cut out two files and come along, and we were also ordered to answer no questions except to say "I don't know" to everything. When we reached the nearest building, the General knocked at a side door, but immediately turned the doorknob, and, much to my surprise, the door opened. As he reached the middle of the hall he was met by a man in his shirt sleeves bearing a flickering candle. The General, putting his finger on his lips to urge quiet, must have asked a question, for he exclaimed with emphasis and deep satisfaction the one word "Good!" and turned away immediately as though his way was clear. But in the meanwhile a light had been struck in the room above us, and a woman in white sat on the window sill and began to question the callers she could not see. To our answer, "I dunno, mum," she replied: "Why, you are the strangest men I ever met!" And this came near causing an explosion of our hard-suppressed merriment.

We were soon in the road again and on the march, but had not gone one hundred yards before we heard a most horrifying scream from a woman and the words: "O, what are you going to do with my husband?" The agony of the cry struck a chill to our very marrows, but I soon worked out the solution of the matter to my entire satisfaction. This arrest was a fictitious one, and that family was a divided one, the woman being a Yankee spy and her husband a Confederate, and that he found it easy to escape during the ensuing battle and to return to his wife to pursue the double life and the double-crossing in a debatable land to the end of the war, for, as I heard a weeping woman say in 1862: "O, you put us in the Confederacy one hour and leave us in Yankeedom the next."

After marching a few hundred yards farther a peacock screamed out in such an outrageous manner that Company K would have lost its shoes if they had not been tied on, and more than one man came back to earth again cussin' mad, swearing that that blankety peacock would wake every Yankee picket in five miles of us. It is plain to my mind that General Johnson counted on putting his division square across the Valley Pike and gobbling up the while of Milroy's command, but things tured out differently, as we shall see.

When we came to a narrow wooden bridge spanning a railroad, which bridge was raised on an artificial approach and abutment only so high as to permit the passage of the small engines of that day, Lieutenant Grayson halted us, I suppose by a command from some one higher up, and we threw ourselves down on the side of the road to rest; but that same minute Lieutenant Grayson requested me to take a position upon the bridge, it seeming always handy for him to impose extra duty on his messmate.

(Now this was to be termed forever afterwards my "pet battle," and I wish the knowing ones among the readers of our very own magazine to count the sensible things I said and did in the next hour at the very properest moment.)

As soon as I had taken my stand upon the bridge I let my gun slide gently to the floor, put both hands to my ears, and turned in the direction I supposed Winchester to be. Soon I heard the sound of horses neighing, wagons rattling, and the confused murmur of a moving column of men. I called the lieutenant to my side and told him I believed that

the Yankees were deserting Winchester. He listened intently and said he thought I was right. At that very moment the general and his staff rode up on the bridge, and he proved it by saying: "General, the Yankees are evacuating Winchester." The general said: "Hush! Let me listen!" And in less than a minute he proceeded across the bridge directly toward the pike. (I never did know until very lately what became of him, but he got back safely without being fired upon, as his great chieftain was a short while before.)

When he passed out of hearing I shouldered my gun again and stood guard in proper style; but it was not five minutes until Brigade Adjutant Williamson rode up on the bridge from the rear and, hearing the approach of advancing horsemen (whom I took to be the returning general and staff and had come to a rifle salute), cried out "Halt!" and then something surprising happened. "Bang!" went a pistol or carbine within five steps of him, and he said afterwards that he felt the bullet fan his left ear. Without orders I turned quickly to my right, dropped on my right knee, and banged away at a dark blur in the middle of the road, but failed to get any skylight behind the group to help my aim. I was conscious of Captain Williamson's great excitement just at my left shoulder as he tried to remove his pistol from its holster. Next somebody gave the command, "Skirmishers out!" and, being a member of that volunteer battalion, I waited for the members to gather from the whole length of the regiment.

Lieutenant Samuels soon had us in line in the narrow field lying between the railroad and the heavy timber that bordered the country road and reached to the Valley Pike, about three hundred yards west of us. I found myself to be left guide just within the woods, with a faithful comrade (Printz) next to me, and I afterwards recognized a comrade farther to the right by the flash of his gun, but could hardly see the big oak trees beside me in the extreme darkness just before day. I have no recollection of firing a single shot before the slight increase of light showed that we had reached the north side of the woods, and the Yankee position was made evident by the fitful popping of guns in nervous hands. At the very right moment of time, by tuition or grim experience, I cried out to Printz, "Jump, Phil!" and hugged a big tree and he hugged me as "Boom!" came the regimental volley, which I felt presaged a charge. Then I knew my work was done on the extreme front; so I cried out, "Now, Phil!" and with all the legs and wings I could muster I flew back to the railroad cut, Phil being a good second. I saw nothing of our commander (Samuels) in my retreat, but as I jumped down into the cut I heard him say with abounding emphasis: "I'd like to know who in the hell wouldn't run from a whole line of infantry!" So, you see, I did the best thing ever on my own initiative.

The regiment had by this time filed down the railroad, and Company F, the rear company, faced to the front a few steps below the bridge, which towered above our heads about twelve feet. I found Colonel Warren there in the very loveliest place he'd ever found on a battle field, four feet of perfectly trustworthy yellow clay embankment towering above his head.

Being now under Lieutenant Samuels's command, and he having no further use for me at present, I became for the nonce a free lance, and from that time on acted according to my lights. I went above the bridge to look for a point from which to fire, because I thought it would not be long before the Yankees would be in the east edge of the woods, about sixty yards away, the narrow field adjoining having no fencing. I climbed up the embankment about four feet and sat down against a low stone wall where it joined a four-foot wall running west to the pike. I don't remember whether I had fired from that position or not before I felt a stunning blow right on top of my head, like a fellow had hit me with a pistol butt. To say that I was astonished and puzzled but half satisfies my desired powers of description. While stooping over and rubbing my scalp I saw in the dim light of approaching dawn a whitish-looking object lying at my dangling feet. Slipping down the bank and picking it up, I found it to be a brand new sliver of fence rail about sixteen inches long; then I remembered that I had heard just before I was hit a roar of artillery back of me, and I rightly guessed this sliver was some of its work; hence I did a very sensible thing by scrambling down to the railroad bed to study what to do next.

When a member of Company L, Utz by name, almost immediately took my place and came rolling all doubled up down into the cut, saying that he had been shot through both thighs, and I had heard a cannon roar for the second time, I grasped the situation instanter and ran up the bank on the east side of the cut and stood upon a low wall topped off with two runs of new fence rails, and, barely discerning a small group of men moving around a small piece of artillery, I screamed and yelled with all my might, while waving my hat to help attract their attention: "Cease firing over there! You are wounding your own men!" The man with the ramrod stopped short in his whirl of the rod, as though turned to stone with astonishment, and I heard no more noise from that part of the field. The cannoneers had neither light nor knowledge to go by, so they must be excused; but somebody blundered.

When I jumped down from the wall and was hurrying to find a position below the bridge, I ran full tilt into a Yankee without a gun, who had stumbled into the cut above the bridge and was either crazy from a scalp wound or scared out of his wits. The blood was streaming from beneath his hat brim (not cap), and when I grasped him by the shoulder and yelled: "Have you any cartridges?" he tried to pull away from me, mumbling all the time like a swarm of bees. I held onto him until I peeped into his cartridge box and saw but two empty spaces, so found out that I had captured a prize. I pulled the shoulder strap over his head and down over his arms and let him go on his way "to Richmond," for which journey he had long been drilled.

I then joined Company F, where I found Colonel Warren and presumed to ask him if he wouldn't untie and lay out my captured cartridges on the shelving bank. This he agreed to do, and just at that moment I heard a loud rumble on the bridge and made out a twelve-pounder brass howitzer and saw a tall officer with his hands cupped at his mouth, who bellowed: "Two-second shell he-ah!" Well, that put me on edge, for I had been told by an artilleryman at Chancellorsville that two seconds would carry a shell six hundred yards, and I inferred at once that the officer was going to try to demoralize the enemy hurrying down the pike and was ignorant of the exact distance. That made me dare to cry out: "My goodness, Colonel, that won't do! The Yankees are right here in the woods!" I did not presume to suggest what he should do in the premises, but he pleased me to death by throwing up his hand and crying out: "Grape them, captain! Grape them!" The officer again made a trumpet of his hands and bellowed: "Camp kettle he-ah!" (Which our lady readers must understand to be his pet name for a sheet-

iron can holding about a quart of mixed grapeshot and cannister.)

Then the battle was on in earnest. I found scant footing halfway up the bank, standing on my toes with my shoulders above the cut, and fired at the streak of flame just inside the woods. At the ninth shot my gun set me down nicely on my feet, and as I burst out laughing the Colonel asked me if the gun did that. I told him yes, that it was getting dirty; but I kept it from doing so again. It was not many minutes before I saw an artilleryman laid out on the bank behind me with his hands folded on his breast, and in a little while longer there was a call for reënforcements, and I knew pretty soon that Jim Matthews, of Company K, had volunteered, for I heard a voice like that of Lieutenant Samuels cry out: "Get down there, Matthews! You're too —— brave!"

When it got light enough to see the small squad above me, I recognized Lieutenant Morgan, who, I doubt not, sent a wordy compliment to the "Blue Devils" who were crowding him with every shot he helped send them. When day was fully broke the Yankees fell back to the pike and gave up the fight, and I could faintly make out the fact that they were being massed in the field west of the pike, our forces having intercepted them. Before we were marched out of the cut, Lieutenant Morgan called for a loaded musket, saying he believed he saw a Yankee up a tree. I watched him as he knelt and rested the barrel against the right-hand railing of the bridge, and when he fired he jumped up and shouted: "I hit him!" I turned away before I saw what had become of his target.

I don't remember in what order the colonel got us out of the cut, but I know that we passed a dead horse badly mangled lying at the corner of the woods directly in front of the howitzer with an officer's saddle on it, showing that there was at least one brave man in front of us who had doubtless tried to get his men to charge across that deadly open space, but in the three charges they made against us failed to get them to leave the shelter of the big trees.

I had fired thirty-three rounds and was as black as a negro when the fight was over and did the only unwise act of the day by washing my face before entering the town along with the other guards to the one thousand prisoners, for there I met four home folk who had followed close upon Early's mens' heels when they charged the (empty) forts on the southwest and west of the town at daybreak.

In reference to the lay of the land at Stephenson's Depot (where I never saw a depot), it is almost a level, and there would have been no necessity for a railroad cut if it had not been for the need of a bridge on the country road running at right angles to both railroad and Valley Pike. The right companies of the regiment had but little protection and kept on their knees during the whole time, and some fired sixty rounds while I was firing thirty-three. The second and third regiments down the railroad had, I think, woods in rear of them as well as in front. If the Federals had deployed even one regiment in the field on the south of the country road and charged with confidence, they would have swiped us out of the cut and into our graves or Northern prisons, taking us, cannon and all, back with them.

When we got into the field on the west of the pike among the prisoners, I was taken suddenly and unaccountably sick with cholera morbus. The assistant surgeon was called to my relief, and he asked me if I could stand the walk to town, for he had no ambulance at hand. I told him I thought I could by the time the regiment got into line with the prisoners. The 10th was given the post of honor, and the joy of the victory stimulated me to meet the necessity. I was given a pass to the York Hospital, but instead of going directly there I went to a friend's house, where I ran in on my home folk, who had hoped to get a sight of me before I was marched into Maryland. My brother took the pass to the surgeon in charge of the hospital and asked permission to convey me to Front Royal, eighteen miles nearer home. His request was granted, and he followed the same tactics at the latter place, and the surgeon told him he was glad to make that arrangement, for he intended to break up on the next day anyhow and would move farther north. In this way I got a good long furlough, but was not quite at my normal vigor when I rejoined the regiment at the foot of the Blue Ridge, east of Luray, on its return from Gettysburg.

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## *THE BATTLE OF DUG GAP, GA.*

AUSTIN PEAY, IN CLARKSVILLE LEAF CHRONICLE, 1892.

The fight at Dug Gap, in which our brigade made the most successful battle of all of its campaigns, perhaps saved Johnston's army from serious disaster, for which it was complimented by that great soldier.

Sherman was beginning his advance southward, and Johnston confronted him near Dalton, Ga.—Sherman with seventy thousand men, Johnston with forty thousand. Johnston was forming his army in line of battle to resist Sherman's advance along the line of foothills north of Dalton, while the cavalry was massed on the plains in the rear. There was desultory firing of musketry and the occasional boom of cannon, premonitory symptoms of battle. The news came that a column of Federal infantry was coming through Dug Gap and would soon turn Johnston's left and be in his rear. Our command then consisted of the 1st, 2d, and 9th Kentucky Regiments and the 3d Arkansas, already in position at the Gap, four regiments of veteran cavalry, a part of Armstrong's Division, Wheeler's Corps. The column was formed, and in a long gallop we struck out for Dug Gap, five miles away. As we swept over the field in the rear of the infantry we passed General Johnston and his staff, and that great and beloved commander arose in his stirrups and waved us on.

Reaching the Gap, we were dismounted, our horses left with holders at the foot of the mountain, and we were double-quicked to the top, and none too soon, for the enemy was swarming up the acclivity on the farther side. The line was formed, the 1st Kentucky on the right, the 2d Kentucky in the center, and the 9th on the left, while the 3d Arkansas occupied an isolated spur still farther to the left. It was an admirable place for defense, the crest crowned with rocks and trees, while the mountain side in front was very steep, with open ground and forest. On came the Federal infantry—Hooker's Corps. When within easy firing distance our line opened fire, and the crest blazed in sheeted flame. The enemy was driven back in disorder, but formed lower down and continued a heavy fire on our line, which was well protected. Their sharpshooters climbed into the tall trees and did some damage. Every now and then one would fall headlong from his perch as some Kentucky rifleman marked him for his own. Four determined assaults were made on our position. The courage of the trained and veteran soldiers excited our admiration. At the fourth assault they swept in double line of battle up that mountain side, and such was the impetuous ardor of their charge that our men did not have time to

reload, but threw aside their guns, handled rocks and stones, and loosened great bowlders which rolled down and made great gaps in their ranks. It was in vain. Our line could not be dislodged from its position, and the enemy retreated and came no more. One company in front of our regiment came through our line and surrendered. Each had on his breast a star, the emblem of Hooker's Corps.

Our casualties were not great. Lieut. Ed Hyeronimous, of our company (A), Elliott's, of the 2d Kentucky, in the last charge was standing up waving his sword and cheering the men when a bullet smashed his ribs and tore through his lungs, making what seemed a mortal wound. After the fray he was carried feet foremost down the mountain, and I never saw him more; but after months of dreadful suffering he submitted to heroic surgical treatment, and from Dr. Yandell's skill he became a sound man and is now an honored citizen of the Crescent City. In this fight the enemy fired detonating bullets. They would strike the rocks and explode with the sharp report of a rifle, and the splintered lead peppered the boys like a charge of small shot. "Billy" Bringhurst was near to the end of the 1st Kentucky, as was Elliott's whole company. A man of that regiment was shot through the head and rolled over dead. As we were going down the mountain that night this man loomed up by the side of Bringhurst, much to his surprise. Said Billy: "Look here, I thought you were dead." "I was," said the soldier, "but Lazarus has risen from the tomb."

About dusk we were relieved by Cleburne's Division of Infantry, but the trouble was over, and Sherman was defeated in his movement. As we filed down the mountain this veteran division opened to let us pass, many of them with heads uncovered, and we could hear such remarks as these: "Boys, you covered yourselves with glory. We will never call you 'Buttermilk Rangers' any more." Some of Cleburne's men afterwards told us that in front of our position they gathered sixteen hundred stands of arms and that the enemy's loss was over four hundred killed and wounded.

We fed our horses and ourselves and about midnight mounted and hurried to Snake Creek Gap, twelve miles distant, for Sherman was again pushing to the left. All night we rode, and just as morning came we debouched into the plain fronting the Gap. The mist and fog were heavy; but as the rising sun dispelled the gloom, we could see his glinting rays reflected back from the burnished bayonets of long lines of Federal blue, which had already passed the Gap and were massed in front. We were in a dilemma, which was soon solved, for the infantry opened fire and the cavalry charged us. It is useless to say that a sudden leaving possessed us. In haste the brigade fell back to the woods, then formed a line and checked the advancing foe.

The Federal cavalry pushed us hard, and Maj. J. Q. Chenoweth, of the 1st Kentucky, was ordered to take a hundred picked men, chosen from each regiment, and drive them back. This he did, charged them, and drove them pell-mell on their infantry supports. In imagination I can see the gallant Chenoweth now as he was that morning when he led his men to the charge. He rode a Kentucky thoroughbred, and he sat on his steed with the nerve and grace and finish of Young Alexander of Macedon when he curbed the fiery Bucephalus before the astonished court of Philip—a broad-brimmed hat pinned up on one side with a star, a military cloak, the inside a fiery red, thrown back over his shoulder, his naked sword glittering in the sunlight. Brave spirit! Not Arthur's knights or Richard's paladins would pierce deeper into hostile array than he.

Johnston formed a new line at Resaca to meet this advance of Sherman, and again Sherman forged to the left. Again the command was hurried across the Etowah River and down the classic stream to beat the enemy to the ford. Again we were too late, for the Federal infantry had crossed and had entrenched on the southern side.

These were our services for only a few days, and yet men were found to deride the cavalry. The truth is, there was no easy or safe place in any arm of the service. We had in our company a man, Milton H. Seward, whose face was smileless, whose countenance lugubrious, and yet there hung around his sayings true Attic wit. Milt said that the world was divided into three classes—smart men, fools, and damphools. When the war began the wise men remained at home, the fools joined the cavalry, and the damphools the infantry. I do not wish to appear irreverent, but it seems to me that in these piping times of peace, when the rattle of musketry and the clash of saber are hushed and the war drum has ceased to throb and nothing is heard but the clash and clang of the almighty dollar, that Seward's first class has ceased to exist and of the other two that the latter largely predominate.

On the battle of Dug Gap, fought May 8-11, 1864, John C. Stiles gives the following from the "Official Records":

"Report of Gen. Joe Wheeler: 'Griggsby's Brigade was attacked at Dug Gap by Geary's Division, of Hooker's Corps, who made several assaults upon this brigade. Griggsby repulsed them with great slaughter, killing and wounding nearly as many of the enemy as the total effectual of our force. The relative number engaged was about ten to one.'

"Report of General Geary: 'The enemy had posted skirmishers across the steep face of the ridge behind rocks, logs, and trees, and their fire was galling and destructive. The atmosphere was hot and stifling and our ascent of the greatest difficulty. The palisades were charged impetuously by two brigades. The attack was a most gallant one, officers and men rushing through the few narrow apertures or clambering the precipice. Many of them gained the crest, but were met by a tremendous fire from a second line of works, which were invisible from below, and were shot down or compelled to jump back for their lives. Here hand-to-hand encounters took place, and stones as well as bullets became elements in the conflict, the enemy rolling them over the precipice, endangering our troops below. Failing to hold the crest after two separate assaults, our front line was withdrawn and reformed in preparation for another effort. My batteries now opened a steady fire on the enemy's position, and under cover of this three of my regiments rushed again to the assault; and althought a portion reached the summit, it was impossible to stay. I deemed further continuance of the action unnecessary and decided to withdraw to the foot of the mountain. My loss was 49 killed, 257 wounded, and 57 missing.'"

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Roger B. Taney.—It was the conviction of his life that the government under which we live was of limited powers and that its Constitution had been framed for war as well as peace. Though he died, therefore, he could not surrender that conviction at the call of the trumpet. He had plighted his troth to the liberty of the citizen and the supremacy of the laws, and no man could put them asunder.—*Severn Teackle Wallis.*

## *A NIGHT OF TERROR.*

BY MRS. ELLEN H. NEWMAN, DADEVILLE, ALA.

During the War between the States, when only the old men and boys were left at home to protect the women and children, the women naturally had to perform many duties which called for courage and sacrifice.

In the neighborhood where my mother lived there was an aged almost bedridden, woman dwelling alone with the exception of her granddaughter, a young girl in the last stages of tuberculosis. The girl's father and uncles were in the Confederate army, and her mother was dead. These women were poor, and the neighboring women and their daughters took turns in visiting and ministering to their needs.

For several days there had been vague rumors that the Yankees were coming, that warning which sent a thrill of horror and alarm to the hearts of the Southern people. In that portion of Alabama there had been no fighting, neither had any division of the Northern army been through the country. My mother had never seen a Yankee. Terrible stories of their cruelty and depredations had been told. Many of these stories were no doubt greatly exaggerated, but she did not know this; hence one can readily see from my story why she should have been so frightened.

It chanced that it fell to the lot of my mother and her younger sister to sit up with the sick girl on a certain night. The home in which she and her grandmother lived was off from the main road by a distance of two or three hundred yards. Near nightfall, when the girls reached their destination, they found the sick girl in a precarious condition. As is often the case in such diseases, the patient will sometimes rally, and the fears of friends and loved ones will be lulled in the hope that the progress of the disease has been checked. For several days previous reports concerning the young girl's condition had been flattering. She had even been able to sit up for a time each day. But to-night she was very weak and could scarcely speak above a whisper. Ignorant as the girls were concerning illness and death, they realized that they had to deal with a critical situation.

Darkness fell early, and they were afraid to go for assistance. So they did what they could to relieve the sufferer, and with fear and trembling they faced the vigil of the long night. To add to their loneliness and terror, a storm cloud in the distance sent out muttering thunder and vivid flashes of lightning.

Imagine the scene for a moment! You in your homes of to-day, well lighted, with a physician and neighbors in easy reach by voice and telephone, contrast it with this lonely, out-of-the-way cottage, the two frightened girls who were accustomed to a large family life with father, mother, brothers, and sisters, the old, helpless grandmother muttering in the corner, and on the bed the dying girl. One sputtering candle gave out a feeble, flickering light, which wavered in the fitful breeze.

About ten o'clck the stillness of the sick chamber was broken by unusual sounds. There was the trampling of many horses, hoarse murmurs from many throats, quick shouts of command, the clanking of bayonet and canteen against irritated thighs, the rattle of sabers. It could mean but one thing to the terrified girls—the Yankees had come!

Almost frightened to death already, this unspeakable danger seemed more than they could bear. The young sister, Addie, a timid young thing, threw her arms about my mother and broke into hysterical weeping. She soothed her as best she could and begged her to be quiet for the sake of the sick girl. But to her the near approach of death shut out fear from earthly foes, for she had lapsed into unconsciousness. About midnight the feeble heartbeat ceased, the lingering breath spent itself in one convulsive movement. The young girl's brief life was over. For her there was to be no more the horrors of war, no more dreading the news of battle to hear that father or lover was among the slain. To her peace had come, "that peace which passeth understanding."

But to the other girls the terrors had only begun. The long hours of the night must pass, while every moment they expected the Yankees to approach the house.

The rumble of the artillery and caissons broke the monotonous tramp, tramp of the marching feet. Curses and imprecations were heard as the panting horses occasinally failed in their tasks. The storm cloud had receded into the distance, and the moonbeams played hide and seek on the trappings of men and horses. The seemingly never-to-be-ended procession kept on and on. Finally near daybreak the sounds grew fainter, and when the sun came up the last straggler had vanished in the distance.

Thanks to a merciful Providence, the inmates of the little cottage had not been disturbed by a single intruder. As soon as the coast was clear the girls went for the nearest neighbor, about half a mile away, for assistance in caring for the body of the dead girl.

As a child I liked nothing better than to sit at mother's knee while she told stories of the old régime—of the slaves with their quaint sayings, of the wonderful hospitality of the Southern planter, the heroic deeds of the men in gray. I cherish with a peculiar reverence the traditions and history of the Old South.

Those of us who are descendants of the women of the sixties have a priceless heritage. No women in all history were more loyal to a cause for which they worked, prayed, sacrificed, and endured. From them came in large measure one of the mighty influences which kept up the morale of the Confederate army.

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## *IN THE YEARS OF WAR.*

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM THE "OFFICIAL RECORDS," SERIES III, VOLUME II, 1863.

*Signaling with Fires.*—General Ewing, U. S. A., said on November 1: "The enemy are signaling across to Lookout Mountain by raising and extinguishing or covering a small fire." Copied from the Indians undoubtedly, but the Confederate signal officers do not make mention of this method.

*Some Traders.*—General Chalmers, C. S. A., on December 15 wrote Col. Jacob Thompson: "I believe that a trade should be opened, with proper restrictions, with men in the Federal lines. Frederick the Great, one of the wisest of military rulers, did not hesitate to trade with his enemy. The Yankee was born for trade and for a sufficient consideration would build boats to navigate on spring branches and bring us food for our naked and starving armies." Only those who know what a minute stream a spring branch is can appreciate the General's irony.

*Why They Wanted Bragg Removed.*—On November 11 a private letter intercepted by the Yankees said: "All are down on Bragg and want him removed. I can see for no other reason than to be promoted themselves." Well, the command was offered to one of these parties (Hardee), and he didn't want it.

*Variety of Arms in One Command.*—The ordnance officer of Richardson's West Tennessee Brigade, C. S. A., reported in November that they had one hundred and sixty-five Enfield rifles, sixty-five Austrian, two Mississippi, nineteen Sharps, one Colt, three Maynards, 7 Springfields, ten shotguns, one musket, one hundred and eighteen Colt's navy, and thirty-three Colt's army pistols. And he must have had to scratch to get ammunition to suit each firearm.

*Censorship.*—General Beauregard on December 8 said: "To insure the success of a plan of operations, the press must be led to preserve complete silence touching all military movements." Not possible then.

*Simon Bolivar Buckner.*—After the battle of Chickamauga Generals Bragg and Buckner got tangled up in a controversy which brought forth the following communication from the latter to the President: "In the beginning of the war I discarded alike the allurements of fortune and high position in the Northern army because my heart and my convictions of duty and right were with this people. In thus following the fortunes of the South I do not claim that I made a sacrifice, for nothing can be weighed against principle; but in voluntarily choosing poverty and inferior military positon I have at least given evidence of my sincerity. Had I been a soldier of fortune, I would have been in arms against you. Could I have reconciled it with my sense of duty, I might have been living luxuriously in Europe and left the contest of principle to others." The "Records" show that a commission as brigadier general U. S. A. was made out for him, and they also show that he went into the Confederate service early in the game, so his assertion was true.

*Deserters.*—General Bragg wrote Joseph E. Johnston on November 19: "The deserters are an encumbrance to me and must be shot, or they run off again. General Maury consents to take them on his forts at Mobile for laborers, and I ask no exchange." If they had shot a few of them, it would have soon put a stop to the business.

*All's Fair in War.*—Gen. U. S. Grant wrote one of his subordinates on November 29: "Inclosed please find dispatch in duplicate for General Burnside in Knoxville. The one in my own writing marked "A" you will send by some one whom you can trust with instructions to let it fall into the hands of the enemy without fail." If it fell where intended, no mention was made by the Confederates, but it was right smart of Ulysses.

*Forrest the Ubiquitous.*—On December 27 General Grierson, U. S. A., telegraphed Maj. Datus Coon (some name) and various and sundry other Union commanders the following very significant message: "Forrest has gone South like hell." I tell you when Forrest commenced to scratch gravel it was mind your eye.

*Showing Them How.*—Colonel Williamson, 4th Iowa, says that during the battle of Ringgold, Ga., in November "three regiments of Hooker's Corps came up and, despite our protest, insisted on going ahead, although they were warned of the enemy being close at hand; but they replied that they would teach 'Western troops' a lesson and advanced a short distance farther, when the enemy opened a terrific fire on them. They stood manfully for a minute or two, when they gave way and came back like an avalanche, carrying everything before them and to some extent propagating the panic among my regiments." Probably showing the Westerners what they did at Chancellorsville.

*Some Lightning Changes.*—Gen. Joseph Hooker, who with his notorious 11th Corps had been sent to the succor of Rosecrans, told General Butterfield on October 9: "Do not place too much reliance on Colonel Galbraith's advices. Yesterday morning he had the enemy completely routed and last night had our forces in the same category, with the prospect of soon being able to turn the tables on the enemy again. Successes and reverses do not alternate with such rapidity." Not often, but did at Marengo, Italy, in one of Napoleon's campaigns.

*Expected to Go and Stay.*—Colonel Atkins, 92d Illinois, reported: "The enemy were fixing to leave, as they have burned up all the public records of Hamilton County. Tenn., and they would not be likely to destroy records of a country they expected to permanently occupy." Just as a negro when in a rented house begins to burn the yard fence.

*Those Stubborn Georgians Again.*—A deserter from a Kentucky command told the Yankees: "It was rumored in camp that a difficulty occurred between the Georgia troops and Bragg. Bragg ordered them to the front, and they refused to cross the Georgia State line. He said: "I heard firing, and it was generally believed that they had a fight. It was kept a secret from us. I do not know whether the Georgians were forced to the front or not." With this and what the Tennessee lieutenant said there must have been something in it, and if any one knows anything at all about the matter let him speak out right now before it is too late.

*Didn't Like Dying That Way.*—General Gillem, U. S. A., on October 2 said: "I shall organize and arm the negroes. If the Rebels object to being killed by them, they can stay out of the way." Which was the truth.

*Sherman the Flatterer.*—On December 29 Sherman wrote Grant: "Your reputation as a general is now far above that of any man living. Preserve a plain military character and let the others maneuver as they will. You will beat them not only in fame, but in good in the closing scenes of the war, when somebody must heal and mend the breaches made by this conflict." The first part was buncome, but the latter panned out to a nicety.

*Grant the Drunkard.*—We all have heard that when President Lincoln was told that Grant was a "booze fighter" he asked for the brand of the whisky the latter used, so that he could get a few barrels to send to some others; but the only place in the "Records" that mentions his drinking that I can find is when General Hunter wrote Secretary Stanton in December: "Grant is modest, quiet, never swears, and seldom drinks, as he took only two drinks during the three weeks I was with him." Two drinks in three weeks certainly is no sign of a drunkard, but then Hunter may not have been invited to participate in any more.

*What He Loved Better Than His Wife.*—A personal letter, intercepted by the Yankees, from a Confederate soldier to his wife said: "They soon shelled my old friend Alf Davis and myself off the point. I remarked to him when he heard the whistle of a shell did he not love to hug the ground better than his wife. He replied: 'Them things would make any one get down on the ground.'" Yes, not only *on* but *in* the ground if possible; at least I am sure it would affect me that way.

*Hooker Again.*—On December 28 the above gentleman wrote Secretary Chase: "Sherman is an active, energetic officer, but in judgment is as infirm as Burnside. He will never be successful." Started right, but made a poor finish.

# THE LAST ROLL

**Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, $3.00 each.**

"Nor will those brave, chivalric men,
Whose hands upheld that banner bright,
Who carved their names in deeds sublime
On glory's everlasting height,
Be e'er forgot or honored less
While centuries shall speed away;
For earth will never more behold
Another band so grand as they."

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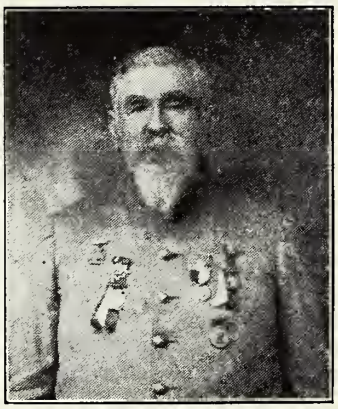
### Capt. Benjamin Sessions Boatright.

Seldom have I ever felt so called upon to pay a tribute to a loved and honored comrade as has come to me by the death of Capt. B. S. Boatright, who died on December 20, 1920, at his home, in Tennille, Washington County, Ga., at the age of seventy-eight years. He was the eldest son of George E. and Elizabeth Sessions Boatright, born on July 26, 1842. He joined the Baptist Church in September, 1859, and lived a consistent member all his life. His ideals of citizenship were of the highest order; he was generous to a fault and always looked on the bright side of life.



CAPT. B. S. BOATRIGHT.

When the tocsin of war sounded in 1861, he volunteered his service as a private in Company E, 1st Georgia Regiment, which was mustered into the Confederate army on March 18, 1861, for twelve months. The regiment was sent to Virginia and stationed at Greenbrier, now West Virginia, under General Garnett until its time expired. In May, 1862, six companies of the old regiment met in Savannah, Ga., and the 12th Georgia Battalion was organized, and Comrade Boatright was elected sergeant in Company B. He was elected lieutenant in March, 1863, and captain in November, 1864. He was wounded in the battle of Hatcher's Run in February, 1865, and sent to Camp Winder Hospital, at Richmond, Va., where he remained until June, 1865, when he was paroled and sent home. Captain Boatright chose farming as his calling in life and made a success of it. He was married to Miss Malissa Veal in November, 1866. To them were born two sons and seven daughters, who, with his wife, are left to mourn their loss.

In 1875 Comrade Boatright was elected captain of the Governor's Horse Guards and commissioned by Gov. James M. Smith. When Camp Graybill, No. 1534, U. C. V., was organized he was elected Commander, which office he held until his death.

A braver soldier never went to the firing line.

[M. G. Murchison, Adjutant of Camp Graybill, U. C. V.]

### Veterans of the Confederacy.

David Gamble Van Meter was born on September 1, 1844, in Hardy County, Va. (now W. Va.), where he lived till the breaking out of the War between the States, when he joined Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, and fought all through that desperate struggle, being wounded at Gettysburg. He was a brave and faithful soldier. After the war he moved out West and died in Frontier County, Nebr., aged seventy-six.

Edward Payson Van Meter was born in Hardy County, W. Va., on July 22, 1845, and died in Chillicothe, Ohio, on November 11, 1920. He entered the Confederate army at eighteen in the summer of 1863, joining Company F, 7th Virginia Regiment, Rosser's Brigade. He was taken prisoner the following fall at Culpeper Courthouse and was held one year at Point Lookout and eight months at Elmira, N. Y.

William J. Powers died near Old Fields, Hardy County, W. Va., on December 24, 1920, aged eighty-five years. He served in Company A, 18th Virginia Cavalry, being twice wounded. His captain said of him: "He was as brave a soldier as I ever saw during the war."

David M. Parsons, a gallant soldier and trusted scout of McNeill's Rangers, died on March 1, 1921, at Staunton, Va., aged seventy-nine. He was born and reared in Hardy County.

Isaac Newton Grapes, Confederate soldier, died on January 9, 1921., aged eighty-two years. He served with Company B, 62d Virginia Infantry.

Solomon Mongold, an aged Confederate veteran, a good and brave soldier, died on November 13, 1920, near Moorefield, W. Va., where he was born and reared. He was a member of Company B, 11th Virginia Cavalry.

John G. Ellis was born in Boone County, Ky., in 1842, and died in Sayler Park, Cincinnati, Ohio, on September 14, 1920. He served throughout the war in Morgan's Cavalry and had clerked in Pogues's big department store in Cincinnati for forty years, at the end of which time the firm retired him on a substantial pension.

Thomas H. Jennings was born in Louisa County, Va., in 1836, and died in Sayler Park, Cincinnati, Ohio, on January 26, 1921. He enlisted at the beginning of the War between the States in the 23d Virginia Infantry, under Stonewall Jackson, and served throughout the war.

Arthur B. Parker was born in Boone County, Ky., on October 25, 1838, and died in Downey, Cal., on April 9, 1920. He served the first year of the war in General Buckner's escort, thereafter in Company G, 5th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command. He held the office of county court clerk of Boone County eight years, deputy internal revenue collector under Cleveland four years, also postmaster at Petersburg, Ky. He was one of the first from Boone County to enter the Confederate army from his vicinity and served faithfully to the close.

### Comrades at Victoria, Tex.

The following members of William R. Scurry Camp, No. 516, U. C. V., of Victoria, Tex., died during 1920-21: I. Kibbe, Company A, Waller's Battalion of Texas Cavalry; Joseph

Ernst, Company B, 6th Texas Infantry; George O. Stoner, Commander Scurry Camp; James W. Crawford; Frank Polka; G. Onderdonk; A. Goldman; —— McDonald; W. G. Craig, Company B, 6th Texas Infantry; G. H. Hanschild; F. Sibley; —— DeLeon, 6th Texas.

### Capt. H. W. Head.

On December 5, 1919, at his home, in Santa Ana, Orange County, Cal., Dr. H. W. Head passed to his reward. He was born in Obion County, Tenn., on January 1, 1840, and at the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted in the famous Obion County company called "The Avalanche," of the 9th Tennessee Regiment. He was rapidly promoted and soon was made captain of his company, remaining in command until the surrender to General Sherman at Chapel Hill, N. C. After the war Captain Head studied medicine and was graduated from Nashville Medical College in 1868. He practiced medicine in Obion County for a number of years and was married there in 1869 to Miss Maria E. Caldwell. In 1876 he removed his family to Santa Ana, Cal., where he lived to the time of his death. He served as a member of the State Legislature of California and took an active part in public affairs of his adopted State.

Dr. Head was a man of the most noble character, and his life abounded in kindly acts and good deeds. He was a brave soldier, a competent officer, a good and useful citizen. The world was made better by the life of this courageous captain of the Confederacy.

[M. E. Head, Santa Ana, Cal.]

### Edward Rose.

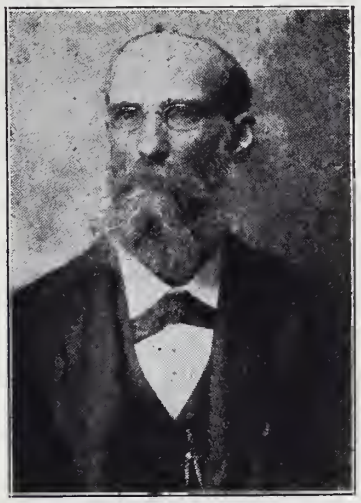
Edward Rose was born in Germany on February 22, 1838. He lost his father at an early age and came to America when fifteen years old. Immediately attracted to the South, he went to Columbus, Ga., in 1858, and later started his business career in LaGrange, where he was living when the war broke out. Enlistment with the 4th Georgia Regiment followed, and it was his good fortune to fight under General Lee at Fairdales and Seven Pines. Young Rose was discharged because of illness in the spring of 1863. He then went to Washington and was actively engaged in business there until the end of the war. The next move was to New York, where an older brother and family resided. Here he met and married the woman who for forty-one years was his true helpmeet and companion. In the year 1871 he moved to Chicago, where he resided until his death, on March 16, 1921. Four daughters survive him.

During this fifty-year period Edward Rose became identified with the educational, commercial, and charitable organizations of Chicago and held high office in many of them. During his term of office as a member of the board of education he was responsible for many reforms in the public school system. He was untiring in his efforts to advance the work of the charitable organizations with which he was connected. He was also a patron of all the higher arts, encouraging the young talent as it drifted into the city of promise. In the world of commerce he not only built up a big name for himself, but put many young men on the right path toward honorable and successful careers. In his home life and all social relations Edward Rose was revered as well as loved. In 1917 he became Commander of Camp No. 8, U. C. V., which post he held until his death. His devotion to the cause found its just reward in this honor. Camp No. 8, U. C. V., the Illinois Division, and Chicago and Stonewall Chapters, U. D. C., paid a last tribute to the leader they mourn at Rosehill Chapel on March 18, 1921.

[W. C. Vaughn, Camp No. 8, U. C. V.; Ida F. Powell, U. D. C.]

### W. E. Murchison.

The last roll call was answered by Corp. W. E. Murchison on January 21, 1918, at his home in Tennille, Ga., aged seventy-one years and seven months. He was born at Stephensville, Wilkinson County, Ga., in 1847. In 1861 he left school and joined Company H, 2d Georgia State Troops, then stationed at Savannah, Ga., for six months. At the expiration of his enlistment in April, 1862, he joined Company G, 59th Georgia Regiment, and went with the regiment to Virginia. The command became a part of the Tige Anderson Georgia Brigade, Hood-Fields's Division, Longstreet's Corps, and remained with it until the surrender. For meritorious conduct on the field of battle on May 6, 1864, Capt. Milton Brown appointed him second corporal in the company. He was wounded in a skirmish December 10, 1864, was sent to Richmond, and nursed back to health at Camp Winder Hospital. He rejoined his company in January, 1865, and surrendered at Appomattox. No truer or braver soldier ever went to the firing line.



W. E. MURCHISON.

W. E. Murchison was married late in life to Miss Eliza Stokes and is survived by his wafe and daughter, three brothers, and two sisters. He was a deacon in the Baptist Church, his ideals of citizenship were of the highest order, and he was always on the side of right as he saw it.

[M. G. Murchison, Adjutant Graybill Camp, No. 1534, Tennille, Ga.]

### Comrades at Gainesville, Tex.

Report of deaths in Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 119, U. C. V., during 1920: J. P. Milton, sergeant Company A, 11th Tennessee Cavalry; Henry Bowman, Company H, 60th Tennessee Infantry; Dr. J. A. Landis, assistant surgeon 62d Tennessee Infantry; R. C. Bone, captain Company D, 4th Tennessee Cavalry; W. M. Midkiff, Gilbert's Company, Taylor's Regiment, Texas Cavalry; J. R. Manahan, Adjutant.

[W. C. Brown.]

### A Federal Veteran.

The following letter comes from W. F. Wendell, of Oakland, Cal., under date of February 7, 1921:

"*Dear Friend:* It is my sad duty to carry out the request of my dear father, A. C. Wendell, and to notify you of his passing on January 24, of this year. He was spending the winter here with me, and his health had been remarkably good. He would have been seventy-three years old on his next birthday, May 11, 1921. He died peacefully, with no pain, going

after an active day of visiting with friends and while he lay asleep.

"The G. A. R. gave him a beautiful service, and he now rests in Mount View Cemetery, Berkeley, Cal.

"We are not sad at his passing, but glad that he went so peacefully after a happy and useful life."

### Dr. T. J. Harris.

The following tribute is from the memorial resolutions of Camp Jenkins, No. 876, U. C. V., of Parkersburg, W. Va., on the death of Dr. T. J. Harris a few months ago:

"As a young man Dr. T. J. Harris entered the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington., Va., and very soon was made one of the assistant professors of that institution. He was a consistent student, respected by his faculty and loved by his associates. Determined to enter the medical profession, he took courses in schools in Pennsylvania and New York and returned then to Virginia and entered the medical department of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville.

"Immediately upon the call of the State of Virginia to her sons in her defense Dr. Harris enlisted under the command of Gen. D. H. Hill and was in the principal battles down to the Seven Days' fight. After that the Confederate government saw fit to remove him and place him charge of the general hospital at Richmond, where he faithfully served until the close of the war.

"He made West Virginia his home after leaving Richmond in 1866, and there he had been in constant practice ever since. Upon the formation of Jenkins Camp of Confederate Veterans Dr. Harris was one of the charter members, and since that time has been a constant and faithful member.

"As a physician and surgeon he had not a superior in the State, and in years he had reached the age where he was the oldest physician and surgeon in West Virginia. The people of Parkersburg held him in the highest esteem as a citizen and as a physician and surgeon. This Camp respected and loved him for his sincerity, his honorable bearing, and his devotion to what he believed to be right."

[Committee: J. G. McCluer, George W. Niswander, Phillip Wells, R. C. Tucker, J. R. Mehen, Edgar Heermans, J. C. Frederick.]

### Comrades at Franklin, Tenn.

From memorial resolutions passed by McEwen Bivouac, No. 4, Starnes Camp, No. 34, U. C. V., at Franklin, Tenn., in tribute to comrades who have passed away since the last report, the following brief sketches are taken:

"Comrade John A. Miller enlisted on May 1, 1861, at Columbia, Tenn., as a sergeant in Company G, 1st Tennessee Regiment, with which he served for about one year, when he was discharged as being unable to perform the duties of infantry service. He then became a member of Company F, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, and was with that command until he was captured on February 4, 1864. He was sent to Fort Delaware and there remained a prisoner of war until released on February 26, 1865, and sent to Richmond, Va.; was finally paroled on May 9, 1865. He died at the home of his son at Ridgetop, Tenn., on January 16, 1921. As a soldier Comrade Miller was first class, performing the duties of every station punctually and with cheerfulness. He was brave and gentle, in every respect a gallant, courteous Southern gentleman. In his death the Bivouac loses one of its oldest and most faithful members, the community an honored citizen.

"Comrade T. R. Priest enlisted in the Maury Artillery at Columbia in the summer of 1861, was captured at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and sent to prison at Camp Douglas. After being exchanged at Vicksburg he was sent to Port Hudson, on the Mississippi River, and after the capture of that place the Maury Artillery was disbanded, and he joined Forrest's Escort. He was wounded near Selma, Ala., in April, 1865, and was paroled from the hospital in June, 1865. His death occurred on July 22, 1920.

"Capt. John Smith was born at Brentwood, Tenn., and died at Franklin on February 15, 1921, at the age of eighty-six years. As a young man he volunteered for the Confederacy and joined Company H, of the 20th Tennessee Infantry, serving under Capt. M. B. Carter. When discharged at the end of the year he joined Company G, of Starnes's 4th Tennessee Cavalry. His service as a Confederate soldier was that of a man of courage, diligence, and faithfulness. He was promoted for gallant conduct on the field of battle and made captain of Company G. His regiment was one of the old Forrest Brigade, commanded by Gen. G. G. Dibrell, which escorted President Davis and his cabinet from Charlotte, N. C., to Washington, Ga., where on the 9th of May, 1865, Captain Smith was paroled. Returning to his home in Williamson County, Tenn., he was married to Miss Mary Bradley, with whom he lived happily for over forty years. In every relation of life Captain Smith measured up to the highest standard. He was a man of deep piety, a faithful attendant at his church. He was proud of his Confederate memories and associations, loyal to his comrades, and delighted to meet with them in reunion."

### Capt. John H. Sharp.

On the morning of March 31, 1921, at his home, Sea Gate, New Hanover County, N. C., near Wilmington, Comrade John H. Sharp passed over the river, aged eighty-three years. He was born in the city of Norfolk, Va., the son of the late William W. Sharp, a prominent member of the bar and ex-President of the old Exchange Bank of Virginia, one of the State banks in ante-bellum days.

John H. Sharp was educated at the Norfolk Military Academy, William R. Galt's school, and the Virginia Military Institute. Soon after reaching manhood the War between the States came on. He became a member of Company F, of Norfolk, Va., and went into the war at midnight on the 18th of April, 1861, that company having been ordered out by Governor Letcher, and was marched to Fort Norfolk, about two miles down the river, and took part in the seizure of the naval magazine located there. Soon afterwards he was appointed captain in the commissary department, C. S. A., but did not retain the office long, preferring to become a member of a combatant corps, and enlisted in the Otey Battery of Light Artillery and served with it in Virginia until the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox, where he received his parole. During the last twelve months of the war he was on detail as courier at the headquarters of Gen. E. P. Alexander, chief of artillery of the 1st Corps, A. N. V. He served in many battles in which that army was engaged; so he experienced many phases of the life of a soldier in active service and performed his duties bravely and energetically, the duties of a courier in the field being almost the same as those of aid-de-camp.

Since the close of the war Captain Sharp had been a prominent citizen of the State of North Carolina as a planter in Vance County and afterwards as treasurer of the Carolina Central Railroad Company, then treasurer of the Seaboard

Air Line Railroad. About the year 1868 he was married to Miss Sophie Hunter, of Western North Carolina, who survives him with their seven children, two sons and five daughters, all of whom are married and settled in different parts of the United States. His remains were interred in Vance County on Saturday, April 2, 1921.

[William W. Chamberlaine, of Camp 171, District of Columbia, U. C. V.]

### Gen. David Cardwell, U. C. V.

Gen. David Cardwell, who died at a hospital in Columbia, S. C., on February 19, 1921, following a brief illness, enjoyed the distinction of having been in continuous service of the Southern Railway and its predecessor lines for over fifty-two years. He started his career at Columbia, S. C., on January 9, 1869, as auditor for the Columbia and Augusta Railroad, and remained at Columbia during his entire service, having been assistant general freight agent at that point for ten years prior to his death.

David Cardwell served with distinction as a private in the Confederate army, going into the service when sixteen years of age. He was under fire sixty-seven times; was at Seven Pines, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Five Forks, Appomattox, and many other engagements.

After the war he was made a Colonel eleven times, and several months ago was made Brigadier General in command of the First Brigade of South Carolina Confederates. He was a member of the famous Stuart Horse Artillery, McGregor's Battery, of which he was justly proud. He was in his seventy-fifth year.

He married Miss Anna Cook Sinton, of Richmond, Va., who survives him with the following children: David Cardwell, Jr., of Greenville, S. C.; Edward S. Cardwell, Thomas Davant Cardwell, and Mrs. Frank M. Durham, all of Columbia, S. C.

### J. M. Caddleman.

The death of our beloved veteran, J. M. Caddleman, who served with Company C, 57th North Carolina Regiment, C. S. A., on the 22d of February, 1921, at the age of eighty-two years, took from among us one of the faithful in Church, community, and home life. He was always willing and glad to assist the Daughters of the Confederacy in any way possible, and many of our members' application blanks were signed by him. He greatly enjoyed meeting his comrades in reunion and had attended several of the general Reunions, of which he could give most interesting accounts. His pallbearers were Confederate comrades, and the Daughters of the Confederacy attended the funeral in a body.

[Mrs. B. S. Shuford, China Grove, N. C.]

### George H. Johnson.

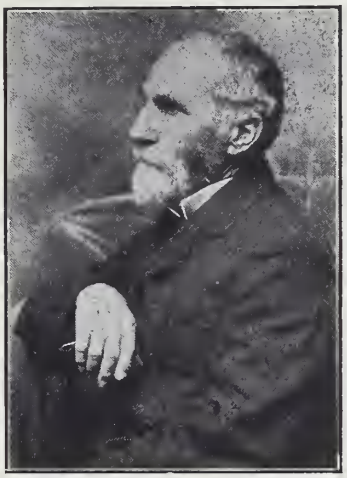
The death of George H. Johnson removed one of the best citizens of Hampshire County, W. Va. His illness had been of some years' duration, following an attack of paralysis, from which he never recovered; but he ever maintained a cheerful spirit.

Comrade Johnson was born on Patterson's Creek, in what is now Mineral County, W. Va., but then Hampshire, some seventy-five years ago. He followed farming, but had also served as sheriff of the county. During the War between the States he was a member of Captain Sheets's company, of Rosser's command, and for some years he had been Adjutant of the West Virginia Camp, U. C. V. He is survived by his wife and three sons. He was laid to rest in the churchyard of Greenwell Church, on Patterson's Creek.

### Dr. Robert Iverson Hicks.

One of its oldest and most highly respected citizens was lost to Fauquier County, Va., in the passing of Dr. Robert Iverson Hicks, who died at the Garfield Hospital in Washington, D. C., on October 16, 1920. He was born in Granville County, N. C., on December 30, 1833, and received his academic education at Hillsboro, N. C., and Jefferson College, Philadelphia, graduating in medicine from the University of Pennsylvania in 1856.

On the breaking out of war in 1861 young Hicks offered his services to his State and applied for a commission as assistant surgeon of the 23d North Carolina Regiment. He was immediately appointed surgeon; and when he said his application for assistant surgeon was made because he had no experience in gunshot wounds, his colonel replied: "Who has had any more experience than you?" He became brigade surgeon under General Early and was acting division surgeon for awhile under General Rodes. He was among the surgeons called to General Jackson when he was wounded at Chancellorsville. In a sketch written by himself Dr. Hicks states that he was in all of General Lee's battles in Virginia except Second Manassas, was with Early in his Valley Campaign, and also with General Johnston at Williamsburg. He was brigade surgeon after the battle of Manassas and was under General Garland when he was killed at South Mountain.



DR. R. I. HICKS.

After the war Dr. Hicks practiced medicine in North Carolina for some years, attaining distinction in his profession. He was selected as orator and President of the State Medical Society and was a member of the State Medical Examining Board. Removing to Virginia in 1878, he was there likewise honored and held in the highest esteem. He was noted as a diagnostician and numbered among his intimate friends some of the most prominent medical men of his time.

Dr. Hicks was the son of Dr. John Raven Hicks, of North Carolina, and his mother was Jane Downey, of Oxford, N. C. He married a daughter of Capt. Charles Randolph, of "The Grove," Fauquier County, Va., and two sons and a daughter were born to them. One son, Maj. John R. Hicks, gave his life for his country in France during 1918.

### Mississippi Comrades.

The following deaths in the membership of De Soto Camp, No. 220, U. C. V., at Hernando, Miss., have been reported by Commander W. L. Glenn: Capt. Henry Cooper, 18th Mississippi Infantry, Barksdale's Brigade, A. N. V.; Matt Channell, 29th Mississippi Infantry, Walthal's Brigade; W. P. Lewis, 18th Mississippi Cavalry; Alfred C. Davis, 42d Mississippi Infantry, Davis's Brigade, A. N. V..

### Capt. W. F. Solomon.

Camp Tom Moore, No. 556, U. C. V., of Apalachicola, Fla., through memorial resolutions expresses sorrow in the passing of Comrade and Camp Commander W. F. Solomon, in his seventy-fourth year, at Jacksonville, Fla., on March 17, 1921. His record shows that while a boy in his teens he enlisted as a Confederate soldier on May 10, 1864, in Capt. A. F. Perry's company (I), 5th Battalion of Florida Cavalry. This company was paroled at Marianna, Fla., on May 10, 1865, by Maj. W. H. Milton, commanding the battalion.

In the death of Comrade Solomon the Camp has lost another veteran member and loyal soldier, whose companionship is sadly missed. He was a gentleman of unusual energy, sociable, generous, devoted to his family, true to his friends, and faithful to his comrades. His wife preceded him in death some five years.

[Committee on resolutions: A. R. Sharit, W. J. Donahue, P. W. Belleau. Fred G. Wilhelm, Adjutant.]

### Comrades at Paris, Tenn.

Report of Adjt. P. P. Pullen shows the following late losses in Fitzgerald Kendall Camp at Paris, Tenn.: Dr. J. P. Mathison, second lieutenant Company H, 3d Kentucky Mounted Infantry, aged eighty-one years; First Lieut. J. W. Callicutt, Company F, 46th Tennessee Infantry, aged ninety-one years; Ed R. Bumpass, Company K, 5th Tennessee Infantry, aged eighty years; J. S. Vandike, Commander Fitzgerald Kendall Camp, Company G, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, aged seventy-nine years.

Adjutant Pullen adds: "All of these men were splendid soldiers, and we miss their companionship."

### Felix C. Smith.

Felix C. Smith was a soldier of Company K, 6th Regiment of Arkansas Volunteers, in the Hardee-Hindman, Liddell-Govan Brigade, Pat Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. He enlisted in Ouachita County, Ark., in May, 1861, and served continuously throughout the war, making a splendid soldier. He was wounded in the hand at Chickamauga and was sent to a hospital in Florida, but ran away from it and returned to his command. During the latter part of the war he was detailed to carry the soldiers' mail home, and on his return trip got as far as the Mississippi River when he learned that his command was at Raleigh, N. C., and that General Lee had surrendered. He lived and died a Confederate, never having been paroled or surrendered.

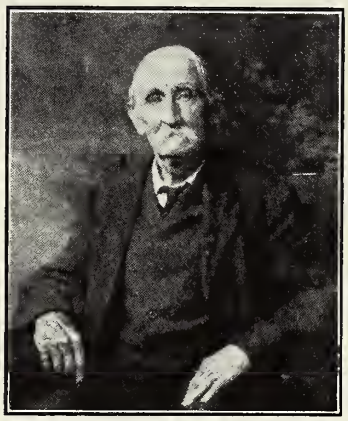
F. C. SMITH.

In November, 1865, he was married to Mrs. Margaret C. Thompson, and some years later removed to New Mexico. He was a member of the Bedford Forrest Camp, U. C. V., at Portales, N. Mex., and was a delegate to several Reunions. He died at the age of seventy-nine years, loved and respected by all who knew him.

### Samuel Richard Meade.

Samuel Richard Meade was born in Bedford County, Va., on January 20, 1838, and died March 21, 1921, aged eighty-three years.

He was married on January 7, 1868, to Miss Bettie Hopkins, of Amherst County, Va. Eight children survive him. He spent the greater part of his life on his farm, in Bedford County. He was a man of intelligence and education and took a deep interest in the affairs of his county and State up to the time of his death.



S. R. MEADE.

In 1861, when the clouds of war were fast settling over our beloved Southland, he volunteered his services at Liberty, Bedford County, Va. He was in Bowyer's company, one of the first that left Bedford County. He was later transferred to Blunt's Battalion, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. He was badly wounded in Pickett's great fight at Gettysburg, Pa., a bullet passing through each knee, which made him partially lame the remainder of his life.

### Henry M. L. Torbett.

Henry Montier Lafayette Torbett died at his home, near Devine, Tex., on November 22, 1920, in his seventy-ninth year. He was born in New York City in 1842, the family removing to Columbus, Ga., before the war, and from that city young Torbett enlisted for the Confederacy, going with the City Light Guards in June, 1861, to Norfolk, Va., first, thence to Sewell's Point, where his command became a part of the Georgia Battalion under Brig. Gen. Rains Wright, the brigade afterwards commanded by General Mahone. He remained to the end. A comrade who went with him into the army says: "Lafayette Torbett was a brave, valiant, and true soldier, liked by every one, and he made good in everything." Another comrade said he was one of three men of the company who did not drink any intoxicating beverages or take a chew of tobacco during their service in the army.

Returning to Columbus after the war, Comrade Torbett removed to Texas in 1868, and there he was married to Miss Laura Perkins, whose parents were pioneer citizens of Devine. To them were born two sons and a daughter, the daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hokit, with whom he made his home, being the only survivor. Two sisters of his family are also left, both living in Devine.

By his business thrift and honorable dealings Comrade Torbett made a success and accumulated a competency. He was a member of the Christian Church and a Mason. After years of patient suffering he passed into peace eternal, regretted by many friends.

### Comrades at Summerville, Ga.

Commander J. N. Taliaferro reports the following deaths in Camp J. S. Cleghorn, No. 422, U. C. V., of Summerville, Ga., in less than a year: G. T. Horton, T. J. Woods, Lieut. W. M. McCollum, Lieut. M. A. C. Bennett, and Jones Cargle.

NIXON ELLIOTT.

Nixon Elliott, one of the early residents of Pueblo, Colo., died there on the 30th of March, after a long illness, in his eighty-second year. He was born in Quincy, Fla., on February 11, 1840, and when the war came on he enlisted in the Confederate army and served gallantly until captured. He was a prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio, in 1864 and was paroled in May, 1865.

Returning home after the war, he tried superintending the plantation, but the negro help was too unsatisfactory. He went to Denver in 1867, and there took railroad contracts. After about a year he removed to Missouri and then to Kansas, and during his residence in that State he held several public offices. He located at Chetopah, served as sheriff for five years, and was later city treasurer, and he was manager of the town while its sheriff; he also purchased the county paper, which he edited. About 1880 he became a resident of Wichita, where he was very successful in different enterprises, especially his real estate business until such property began to depreciate. Attracted by the outlook for Pueblo, Colo., he located there in 1890 and made that his permanent home, his business ventures meeting with good success.

Comrade Elliott was a man of fine intellect and an affable and happy disposition, devoted to his family and friends, and held in high esteem wherever known. He was an honorary member of the U. D. C. of Pueblo and a Mason of high standing. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter.

WILLIAM D. YOUNG.

Comrade Young was born in Edgefield District, S. C., on December 19, 1845, and was married to Miss Annie Copeland on April 12, 1877, who died many years ago. Of this union, one daughter was born, who married George G. Petigrew and now lives in Dallas, Tex. Comrade Young attended the Reunion in Houston, Tex., and on his return visited his daughter, where he was taken suddenly ill and passed away. His remains were brought to Arcadia, La., and laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery by his comrades and friends.

W. D. YOUNG AND GRANDCHILDREN.

Comrade Young enlisted as a Confederate soldier in July, 1862, in Capt. John A. Hawkins's company, Major Bird's battalion, Trans-Mississippi Department, and fought bravely until the close of the war for the cause he knew to be just. He was discharged on June 28, 1865, at Monroe, La. Comrade Young was a devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a member of Arcadia Camp, U. C. V., and a highly respected citizen. His daughter and family, two brothers, and children of his deceased sister survive him. A good man has gone to his reward.

[Committee: J. J. Hiser, W. B. Beeson.]

MRS. PERNEACY MORGAN HALEY.

With the passing of Mrs. Perneacy Coleman Morgan Haley, of Columbia, Tenn., on January 31, 1921, ended the life of a real Daughter of the Confederacy. She was born on December 4, 1842, at the old homestead of the Morgan family, Camp Branch, Tenn. Her ancestors came from Wales and settled in Maryland and Virginia in early colonial days and were "men of affairs," being members of the "Committees of Safety" and officers in the Revolutionary War. Her father, Capt. Joseph Morgan, and her mother, Lucy Alderson, together with the Colemans, Tylers, and Aldersons, were among the early settlers of Hickman and Maury Counties, Tenn. As Miss Perneacy Morgan she was graduated from the Tennessee Conference Female College at Columbia in 1861.

MRS. P. M. HALEY.

Going with her uncle, Rev. John B. Hamilton, chaplain of a company of Confederate Grays, to a dinner given by the company to the young ladies of the neighborhood, she met John Francis Haley, a handsome, blue-eyed young soldier, who returned when the war was over to "woo and win" her for his bride. John Francis Haley, a member of the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, Ashby's Brigade, was descended from a long line of illustrious Virginia families and from Thomas Rodgers, of the Mayflower. He died in 1904. Five daughters and a son survive: Mrs. J. S. Rushton, of Nashville, Tenn; Mrs. Benjamin Heath, of Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. Walter Walker, of Fayetteville, Tenn.; Mrs. Walter Johnson, of Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. Fred Wiley, of Columbia, Tenn.; and Mr. Clifford Haley, of Corsicana, Tex. A daughter, Mrs. Thomas Blair, and a son, Francis Jefferson, died several years ago.

Mrs. Haley was noted as a cultured and entertaining conversationalist. Her reminiscences of the War between the States from a young girl's viewpoint were of special worth, and a number of these have been preserved in U. D. C. scrapbooks.

SAMUEL S. CRAGHEAD.

S. S. Craghead, one of the old landmarks of Toledo, Callaway County, Mo., died on February 1, 1921, lacking one day of being seventy-nine years old. He leaves a wife and three children: Elmo, of Windsor, Colo.; Orion, of Mexico, Mo.; and Mrs. Venie Keittle, with whom he made his home. Comrade Craghead enlisted in Company E (Captain Brooks), 9th Missouri Infantry, in 1862 and served to the end of the war. He had two brothers killed in defense of the Southland. A good man is gone. He was a deacon in the Unity Baptist Church for forty years.

# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn.....*Second Vice President General*
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[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

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*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* Mr. Dunbar Rowland, Director of the Department of Archives and History, State of Mississippi, is preparing for publication the "Life, Letters, and Speeches of Jefferson Davis." He is very anxious to secure every letter written by Mr. Davis that is in existence and appeals to our organization for assistance. Mr. Rowland has at his command everything in the custody of historical agencies throughout the country and now seeks the privilege of the use of letters in private hands. Of these there are many, and I earnestly urge all Daughters to assist Mr. Rowland and in so doing have a part in presenting to the reading world this life of Jefferson Davis. Address Mr. Rowland at Jackson, Miss.

*Law Memorial.*—It gives me pleasure to commend to your consideration the Law Memorial Park. The people of Bartow, Fla., are providing a municipal park in memory of a distinguished citizen, the late Maj. Gen Evander McIver Law. The Polk County Trust Company, of Lakeland, Fla., is furnishing without any charge the executive head and stenographic work necessary to so large a plan, and the memorial has the hearty approval of Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, President of the Florida Division, U. D. C. Just as soon as the obligations to the Hero Fund, the Jefferson Davis monument, and the book, "Southern Women in War Times," have been met this park, wherein will be erected a handsome statue of General Law, is worthy of your interest.

*Sir Moses Ezekiel.*—The Arlington Confederate Monument Association and the United Daughters of the Confederacy directed the commitment services and the memorial services in honor of the late Sir Moses Ezekiel, sculptor of the Arlington Confederate monument. The commitment occurred at the Amphitheater at Arlington on Wednesday, March 30, at 2 P.M. A Marine Band rendered "Love's Dream," by Liszt, and "The Dying Poet," by Gottschalk. A letter from the President of the United States was read by Mrs. Marion Butler, Vice Chairman of the Association, of which Col. Hilary A. Herbert, now deceased, was Chairman. An address by the Secretary of War was followed by a tribute by Rabbi David Philipson. Flowers were presented by the Washington United Daughters of the Confederacy in memory of Col. Hilary A. Herbert. The Washington Centennial Lodge, No. 14, F. and A. M., conducted the interment, which was followed by prayer. Sir Moses was a cadet at Virginia Military Institute and fought in the battle of New Market. In appreciation of the great alumnus, cadets from the Virginia Military Institute formed a guard of honor. At 8 P.M. the memorial service was held at the House of the Temple under the auspices of Washington Centennial Lodge, No. 14, F. and A. M., Mrs. Marion Butler presiding. Hon. George F. Moore spoke on "Sir Moses Ezekiel as a Mason," Mr. Henry K. Bush-Brown on "Sir Moses Ezekiel as a Sculptor," Col. Robert E. Lee on "Sir Moses Ezekiel as an American and a Southerner," and his excellency, Senator Vittorio Rolandi-Ricci, on "Sir Moses Ezekiel as an Adopted Son of Italy." The District Daughters have the appreciation of the U. D. C. for this tribute to the great Virginian, and I am especially glad that Maj. and Mrs. Wallace Streater arrived from overseas in time to take part in the ceremonial.

*The Cunningham Memorial.*—The following State Directors have been appointed, and Mrs. Birdie A. Owen, Chairman, Jackson, Tenn., is making every effort to have a good report at St. Louis: Alabama, Mrs. C. W. Daugette, Jacksonville; Arizona, Mrs. George Olney, Phœnix; Arkansas, Mrs. C. M. Roberts, Hot Springs; California, Mrs. W. A. Brown, 1822 West Twelfth Street, Los Angeles; Colorado, Mrs. W. N. Due, Grand Junction; Florida, Mrs. J. P. Hickey, Apalachicola; Indiana, Mrs. F. A. Owen, Evansville; Illinois, Mrs. John A. Lee, Chicago; Kentucky, Mrs. George R. Mastin, Lexington; Louisiana, Mrs. James Dinkins, New Orleans; Boston (Mass.) Chapter, Mrs. E. Wilson Lincoln; Maryland, Mrs. F. P. Canby, Hagerstown; Missouri, Mrs. Elliott Spalding, St. Joseph; Mississippi, Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, Greenwood; New York, Mrs. F. M. Teuch, Princess Bay, Staten Island; Oklahoma, Mrs. R. M. Cavett, Chickasha; North Carolina, Mrs. R. E. Little, Wadesboro; South Carolina, Mrs. J. L. McWhirter, Jonesville; Tennessee, Mrs. G. A. Woods, Shelbyville; Virginia, Mrs. E. J. Nixon, Petersburg.

*Maury Monument.*—Miss Allie Garner, of Ozark, will serve as Director for Alabama; Mrs. L. C. Hall, of Dardanelle, for Arkansas; Miss Agnes Person, of Orlando, for Florida; and Mrs. C. Felix Harvey for North Carolina. Other appointments will be made as rapidly as nominations are received from Division Presidents.

*Necrology.*—Miss Sara McIlveeve, a charter member of Boston Chapter, died on March 15. She was a faithful, earnest member of the U. D. C. and lives in the hearts of her coworkers.

With all good wishes, cordially,

MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

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When the palpitating breeze
Smote the gitterns of the trees,
Like the shout of distant seas;
When the jeweled birds that sing
Wooed on rainbow-tinted wing,
  I behold thy face of splendor
  Blushing with the wild and tender,
Silver spring! —*James Ryder Randall.*

### THE HERO FUND.

REPORT FOR MARCH, 1921.

| | |
|---|---|
| Kentucky Division: Check of Mrs. Clay T. Ewalt, Treasurer | $ 58 65 |
| California Division: Check of Mrs. Frank McM. Sawyer, Treasurer | 46 15 |
| Florida Division: Check of Nina Hill Blocker, Treasurer | 23 80 |
| Kentucky Division: Creck of Mrs. H. R. Lawrence.. | 23 60 |
| Louisiana Division: Check of Mrs. Pendleton Morris. | 62 00 |
| Pittsburg Chapter | 16 85 |
| Total | $ 231 05 |
| Previously reported | 8,208 84 |
| Liberty Bonds | 1,500 00 |
| Total | $9,939 89 |

### U. D. C. NOTES.

In Washington, D. C., on March 30 the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Arlington Monument Association held at the House of the Temple memorial services for Sir Moses Ezekiel, sculptor of the Arlington Confederate monument erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in 1914, and then held commitment services in the Arlington Amphitheater and placed his body, brought from Italy, where he died in 1917, in the Confederate Circle near the monument.

Through a bill introduced in the Tennessee Legislature by Hon. E. J. Travis, of Henry County, at the request of Mrs. Alexander B. White, the thirteenth day of July, the birthday of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, has been made a legal holiday in the State of Tennessee. July 13, 1921, will be the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the "Wizard of the Saddle" and will be observed by many Confederate organizations.

On April 13 a joint meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association and the Daughters of the Confederacy was held in the Public Library Hall of Louisville, Ky., to devise ways and means for the completion of the Davis monument at Fairview, Ky., as a fitting tribute to the great leader of the Southern Confederacy. This work was suspended during the World War, but now it is being pushed to ultimate completion, and all Confederates—Veterans, Sons, and Daughters—are requested to help the Board by suggestions and contributions so as to finish the monument speedily.

The absurd story circulated throughout the country that the old negro, James Jones, servant of President Davis, had taken to the grave with him the secret of the hiding place of the great seal of the Confederacy makes it necessary to tell again that the seal now reposes in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. The story of its loss and recovery is given in this number of the VETERAN.

### DIVISION NOTES.

*Maryland.*—The Maryland Division held a rummage sale on March 15 and 16 at the Reid Memorial House, Baltimore, for the benefit of the World War Hero Educational Fund. A great many saleable articles were contributed, and quite a considerable sum of money was realized.

*Tennessee.*—The annual convention will be held in Clarksville May 10-13, and a good attendance of delegates is expected.

*Virginio.*—Mrs. Cabell Smith, State President, recently visited Mrs. N. H. Hanston, Chairman of the First District, at her home in Roanoke and made a most intersting talk at the meeting of the William Watts Chapter. The following afternoon the William Watts Juniors had the pleasure of having Mrs. Smith address them. The William Watts Chapter will be hostess to the meeting of the First District in the city of Roanoke the first part of May. The Jubal Early Chapter, of Rocky Mount, will entertain the Second District in April. The Executive Board of the Virginia Division held a meeting in Richmond last month.

Mrs. Smith reports that at the fourth district meeting at Orange on April 14 and 15 resolutions were passed condemning the use of the name "Ku-Klux Klan" for any other than the Confederate organization of historic fame.

Nearly all the Chapters in the district were represented, and much important business was transacted, reports showing great activity in all Confederate work. The visitors were taken to Montpelier, the home of President Madison, and were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Taliaferro at their beautiful home, Mount Sharon, near Orange.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of the Confederate history."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

### U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1921.

Mobile, its importance as a port. The battle of Mobile. Admiral Semmes, whose exploits are an imperishable chapter in Confederate history. Have talks or papers on these three subjects.

### C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1921.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

In command at Charleston when Fort Sumter was captured and at First Manassas. Describe these events.

### TABLET TO VETERANS OF THE WORLD WAR.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Savannah, Ga., have a very handsome Chapter house, where their monthly meetings and other entertainments are held. During February an interesting occasion was made of the unveiling of the bronze tablet giving the names of the kinsmen of members who served in the World War. This "Honor Roll" bears one hundred and ninety-eight names, four of whom made the supreme sacrifice.

Mrs. A. B. Hull, President of the Savannah Chapter, presided over the exercises. The address was made by J. Ferris Cahn. The tablet was covered with the United States and Confederate flags, which after the unveiling hung on either side.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

*STATE PRESIDENTS*

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
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OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

## *SPLENDID WORK OF THE C. S. M. A.*

*Dear Memorial Women:* There are many interesting things to report to you since our last communication. One of paramount interest at present is the report of the splendid work of Mrs. Oswell R. Eve, Chairman of the Allan Seegar Memorial Library at Paris, who reports about forty volumes on hand and the prospect of at least one hundred by June, when she hopes to send over the first installment.

If your Association has not already sent in either book or the money for purchasing books, please attend to this at once, so there may be no delay in getting the shipment off. Send to Mrs. Oswell R. Eve, Chairman, 444 Green Street, Augusta, Ga.

Miss L. B. Abbott, President of the Memorial Association of St. Augustine, Fla., reports five volumes sent.

An invitation was sent to your President General to represent you at the burial of Sir Moses Ezekiel, sculptor of Arlington Confederate monument, in Arlington Cemetery on March 30, and another to be present in Washington for the organization of the Manassas Park Association, the purpose of which is to preserve the battle field as a memorial park; also an invitation to be present at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Confederate Memorial Association of Richmond, Va., and the unveiling of a tablet by the Daughters of the American Revolution, marking the spot at the Wayside Inn where General Lafayette was entertained during his visit to Macon, Ga.

We are very happy to add to our official family Miss Mary E. Cook, of Columbus, Ga., as Vice President for that State. Miss Cook, who truly represents the splendid womanhood of the Old South, is still living at Belmont, the ancestral home, and she brings to her work a loyalty and interest that will go toward making it a great success.

Cordially yours, MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
*President General C. S. M. A.*

## *ASSOCIATION NOTES.*

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

The world to-day is blossoming with the flowers of love, a love born of service, and it is by that magic word that peace and happiness will eventually come out of the turbulence and hatred that has seized upon the human heart and brought death and destruction to the peoples of the earth. It is this love and spirit of unfaltering service that has kept the Memorial women together in a bond that is as lasting as the firmament.

Fifty-five years of loyalty to the Confederate cause has shown what the women of the South meant when they organized to carry on the sacred duties of keeping the graves of our heroes fresh and covered with flowers. And each flower has been a flower of love, and in every heart has been the unspoken prayer, and every hand has done its service and done it well.

With another half century will the Southern women still be caring for the graves of our silent sleepers? I believe they will. I cannot fancy for one moment that the beautiful work will ever falter or ever die. But perhaps I should not have said "silent sleepers," for never for one day have these dear men who guarded our homes, our women, and our children been silent. The spirit of them has walked the earth and played upon our heart strings until we have felt their presence and kept faith with them who gave their lives for us.

Now, to be sure that this precious Memorial work will go on, let us not forget to teach our children what Memorial Day means, what it means to do this service, which God knows is little enough after all that the gallant men of the South did for us. There are other heroes of other wars to be remembered, to be extolled, whose memory we must treasure; but somehow there is something different in the remembrance we have for the boys who wore the gray, and fifty years from now, even a hundred years and more, the earth will be better, the hearts of women and men purer and cleaner if we keep true to the sentiment that prompted the organization of the Memorial Associations.

The past Memorial Day was a day of sunshine in the hearts of the South. It was a day overful of flowers of love and service, and before another Memorial Day comes around let's see how many young girls and young boys each Memorial Association can organize into a Junior Memorial Association. It is a work that will typify the spirit of the South when it stood foremost in the world's place of honor, culture, and bravery.

Interest centered around the celebration of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society when that body observed the twenty-fifth anniversary at the White House of the Confederacy at Richmond, Va. Miss Sallie Archer Anderson is President of the organization.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association was represented at Manassas recently when a movement was made to organize for the preservation of Manassas Park.

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the C. S. M. A., and Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, Corresponding Secretary General of the C. S. M. A., attended the State Convention, D. A. R., held at Dalton, Ga., the first week in April. Mrs. Wilson as President General C. S. M. A. was a guest of honor and carried to the convention a message of fraternal greeting for the Association.

It is a source of great satisfaction and joy to note the wonderful reception that has been given Mrs. Bryan W. Collier's book, "Representative Women of the South, 1861-1920." Letters are continually coming to her from all over the South expressing pleasure in having this beautiful volume and testifying to the great need of such a work. Some have written that they have already made a place in their last wishes, directing that this priceless book shall be placed among the permanent treasures of their homes. When the Atlanta *Journal* gave a page of lovely pictures from the book, it was said that the sales of the paper surpassed all previous records, showing that the world still loves the women of the Confederacy. Mrs. Collier is now compiling Volume II, and she hopes to have it completed by the last of the year.

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## *"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."*

The outstanding feature of the managing editor's report this month on the circulation of "The Women of the South in War Times" is in regard to the work of Mrs. R. P. Holt, of Rocky Mount, N. C., in arousing action throughout the Chapters of the Old North State. In addition, her Junior Bethel Heroes Chapter, C. of C., has reported a second subscription of $5 to the publicity fund, the first Children's Chapter to have come forward in doing work for the circulation of this book.

In regard to *per capita* effort, the New York Division, with its much fewer Chapters, has done exceptional work in membership orders. This Division has concentrated its effort and under the leadership of Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler has sent in $30 for the publicity fund, $5 of which is credited to Mrs. Schuyler and $25 as payment by the New York Division in return for the money made on the first shipment of books which were sent out to the Division at the originally stipulated price and which were sold at an advance to the members.

The South Carolina Division has contributed through Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton $50 additional to the publicity fund, and it may be said that South Carolina and New York are the Divisions which have returned the profits on the first distribution to the publicity fund—a fund which, although by no means raised to the limit desired, has been the only thing that has enabled the book to make progress. Otherwise it must have failed to get beyond the first distribution. One of the aims, that of securing copies for distribution in editorial offices and in other countries, has not yet been attained; but this must come in time, for the best progress has been made in the last few weeks, and it only remains for some of the other Divisions which have not been particularly active in additional orders to bring the volume well into a second printing.

Some of the most interesting reports are from Daughters of the Confederacy who have been having the book read to their own children or to Children's Chapters. Mrs. D. L. Vaughn, Secretary of the Kirby-Smith Chapter, Sewanee, Tenn., writes in a very interesting way to this effect. Children are very greatly interested in this book. A somewhat similar report has come in from Mrs. H. M. London, of Raleigh, N. C., where the managing editor had the pleasure of speaking before the membership of the Johnston-Pettigrew Chapter.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter at Washington, D. C., has been active, and the Divison Distributor, Mrs. Frank Morrison, has reported additional circulation, plus a $10 contribution to the publicity fund from the Stonewall Jackson Chapter.

The large cities which have responded best to the circulation campaign have been north of the Potomac. These have been Washington, Baltimore, and New York. Strange to say, none of the large cities in the South have yet been conspicuous in the work of distribution. The Committee on Publicity hopes, therefore, to hear further from the cities of the South.

Since making the previous report of $108.50 contributed by individual members of the U. D. C. in Baltimore, the managing editor would state that additional subscriptions have been received from Mrs. John Quitman Lovell, Mrs. Edward J. Croker, Mrs. Arthur W. Machen, and Mrs. W. Wallace Dunbar, with an anonymous contribution of $1.50.

The committee is able to report the first "benefit" given in the South for the publicity fund of "The Women of the South in War Times." This took the form of a "window sale" by the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, of Frankfort, Ky., at the suggestion of Mrs. W. J. Stone, Historian of that Chapter. The proceeds from the sale netted the publicity fund $32, which has been received with the greatest appreciation, especially as it represents the activities of a comparatively small Chapter. If only a few other Chapters throughout the country were to arrange for similar benefit entertainments, the problem of the circulation and distribution of "The Women of the South in War Times" would be solved.

Although the book has as yet scarcely made a dent in the consciousness of a population of over one hundred million people, "The Women of the South in War Times" is doing a great deal of good wherever it goes: in the North in removing prejudice, ignorance, and misunderstanding in regard to the South; in the South it arouses interest in historical themes, one of the prime objects of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Furthermore, wherever the book is read it reflects exceptional credit on the organization itself, and this is reflected in the views of the press and people.

Send orders to Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

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## *THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON.*

### In Memory of a Deathless Cause.

BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY, MOBILE, ALA.

Our Davis, Lee, and Jackson, all the rest
  Of our own peerless leaders gone before,
And men who followed them in freedom's quest—
  Near all are waiting on death's mystic shore
Until the remnant of their dauntless band,
  Still left to dream awhile of woe-filled times,
Shall, weary, seek hope's storied Beulahland
  To dull the echoes of Fate's tragic chimes.

When all are met, have answered bugle call—
  Woe-hallowed host, robed in etherial gray,
Davis and Lee and Jackson—each and all—
  Shall calmly wait that Armageddon Day,
When all shall plead the cause of martyrs slain
  Who died in right's defense—till then in vain.

[Written for Memorial Day at Confederate Home, Mountain Creek, Ala., April 26, 1921.]

# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

*OFFICERS, 1919-20.*

**Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest**
**Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton**
**Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.**
**[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]**

## *CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.*

G. W. Sidebottom, Commander West Virginia Division, S. C. V., Huntington, W. Va., has appointed his staff officers and Brigade Commanders for the current year. Commander Sidebottom has started an active campaign to put West Virginia on the Confederate map. The assistance that he is receiving in this connection from the S. C. V. Camps in that State is very gratifying.

* * *

R. B. Haughton reports that the Sterling Price Camp, S. C. V., St. Louis, Mo., has appointed a committee to arrange for the entertainment of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at their annual convention to be held in St. Louis next November. The Camp is continually increasing its membership; two applicants were elected at the March meeting. At the conclusion of this meeting the Veterans were entertained with speeches and good music.

* * *

The Philip B. Mitchell Camp, S. C. V., Booneville, Mo., has elected the following officers: James A. Cunningham, Commandant; R. B. Smith, First Lieutenant; U. L. Miller, Second Lieutenant; James D. Mitchell, Adjutant; Dr. L. L. McDougal, Surgeon; Rev. J. W. Ward, Chaplain; C. R. Lacy, Treasurer; James F. Dobbins, Color Sergeant; W. A. White, Historian.

* * *

Commander in Chief N. B. Forrest announces the appointment of Judge Edgar Scurry, of Wichita Falls, Tex., as Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, vice C. F. Carter, of Houston, Tex., resigned.

* * *

Washington Camp, No. 305, S. C. V., held its regular business meeting on April 12, 1921. Claude L. Moore, Thomas E. Neill, M. R. Bumgarner, J. Earnest Dulin, and Cloughton West were elected to membership of the Camp.

* * *

Arthur H. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va., Historian in Chief S. C. V., again requests all Division Historians to communicate with him concerning the historical work of the Confederation. The work so far has been confined to the refutation of untruthful statements, the correction of errors affecting our history which are constantly appearing in publications, public addresses, etc., the country over.

* * *

Dr. W. E. Quin, Commander Alabama Division, has appointed the following staff officers and Brigade Commanders: Judge James A. Croley, Division Adjutant, Fort Payne; B. C. O'Rear, Division Quartermaster, Attala; J. H. Dobbs, Division Inspector, Adamsville; Thomas Dosier, Division Judge Advocate, Birmingham; A. D. Bloch, Commander First Brigade, Mobile; J. W. Hooper, Commander Second Brigade, Roanoke; D. A. Oden, Commander Third Brigade, Birmingham; O. S. Roden, Commander Fourth Brigade, Cullman; L. E. Haralson, Commander Fifth Brigade, Attala.

* * *

The most recent subscribers to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN through the Sons' Department are: Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, Senator from Alabama; R. Johnson Neely, Commander Virginia Division, S. C. V.; Mrs. Alice S. Morrison, President Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., Washington, D. C.; Mrs. C. C. Calhoun, President General of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Southern Commercial Congress, Washington, D. C.; Hon. William de C. Ravenel, Assistant United States National Museum; E. H. Blalock, E. W. Mercier, and A D. Deason, Washington, D. C.; and D. F. Vass, Remington, Va.

* * *

The psychology of the Northern antislavery movement, a somewhat neglected field, was presented to a capacity audience of the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Washington, D. C., on April 4 in a rousing appeal by Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Past Historian in Chief S. C. V. and now President of the Manassas Confederate Battle Field Park. The speaker, after quoting some startling misrepresentations of Southern history, drew a vivid picture of the soil in which the antislavery movement in the North, which never proposed a single sane method of negro emancipation, germinated and spread until a dangerous part of that section was ready to lead or encourage slave insurrection in the South. He distinguished between a sane element of the North and the fanatical and dangerous element, to escape which our Confederate fathers found secession the most constitutional remedy, and pointed out that the great masses of the North inherited tendencies which made them easy prey to untruth and to false conception of duty toward Southern slaves. He declared that the antislavery wave gathered volume at a period when there were in the North no railways, few mails, and little social opportunities short of lectures and religious gatherings in no few of which the preachers prayed for Southern slave uprisings.

Major Ewing said:

"During the long, cold winters such men as Emerson, Parker, and Sumner, speaking and preaching wildly here and there and everywhere in New England, molded sentiment and inflamed the inherited natural tendencies to fanaticism. Even to-day a distinguished Northern writer boasts that Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher, did the thinking and furnished the intellectual implements to the abolitionists. Little by little it came about that the fighters went to Emerson as to an arsenal for their intellectual weapons. So it is very important to see just what kind of a reasoning power Emerson had upon the subject of slavery. A fair standard of measurement is furnished by his words uttered before a vast gathering met in honor of bloody-handed old John Brown about the time that that old criminal was being justly hanged by the State of Virginia. That poet, essayist, and philosopher said: 'Nothing can resist the sympathy which all elevated minds must feel with Brown. * * * It would be far safer and nearer the truth to say that all people in proportion to their sensibility and self-respect sympathize with him. All women are drawn to him by their predominance of sentiment; all gentlemen of course are on his side.'

"And these are not isolated instances. The bulk of the North had been mesmerized into believing that slave insurrection in the South, regardless of results to the families of

individual will against the Constitution in case of a conflict between the two. What he said in his speeches about the binding power of the Constitution was chaff as compared to his dangerous doctrine of the 'higher law.'

"Such were the men who added to the wild delirium against the South and against an institution which time would have removed without the price its going, untimely and savagely cruel, finally cost. Perhaps nothing added more to the illogical attitude of the North than the antislavery poems. These poems were published in the newspapers, were recited in the schools, quoted in the pulpits, and used by the orators as feathers for their arrows. It was the far-reaching untruths of these poems, entirely unrepresentative of Southern slavery, that proved the irresistible and alluring *ignis fatuus*. They brought the fanatical tendencies of the Northern mind to a feverish state regarding slavery evils, which were in the main imaginary, the dreams of poets based, if founded at all, upon stories of runaway slaves."

In conclusion the speaker said that the evidence proves that slavery in due time would have passed from the South; and had a visionary, fanatical, impatient, and self-appointed North let our fathers alone, that passing of slavery would have been minus the havoc, without heartaches, devoid of the blood and nightmare of the war which closed at Appomattox in 1865.

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## *THE BLUE TO THE GRAY—AMERICANS ALL.*

BY JOHN C. PICKENS, SOLDIERS' HOME, CALIFORNIA.

Hello, boys! Got any tobacco to trade for some coffee? Bring it over. I want to swap some gossip too.

Were you in either of the two fights at Warm Springs, N. C., in the fall of 1863, where Maj. John Woodfin was shot, or the one on the Jonesville, Va., road to Ball's Bridge, where Col. Alex. Vandeventer was your commander and Maj. A. J. Bahney was ours? This was in the fall of 1864 when the Confederate tanyard at Jonesville was fired. Or were you at Wyerman's Mills on the 22d of February, 1864, when Gen. W. E. Jones's cavalry captured two hundred and fifty of us? Or were you among the Salisbury, N. C., prison guards or garrison who were captured in the spring of 1865 and escorted over the mountains by Boone, N. C., and down the Watauga River to East Tennessee Railroad? If you were of this party, I would be glad if you remember the seventeen yearling guard with a shiny new tin coffee pot in his hand with which he was kept busy dipping up the cool, crystal water of that beautiful stream at the request of the weary, marching prisoners. It is one of the most pleasant reflections of my war experience, for I was that youngster, and I had then been twice a prisoner of war myself. But the kindness was not all on my side.

When Jones's Brigade was marching the Federal prisoners to Bristol, Va., the ladies along the roadside came to their front gates with pies, cakes, and other things they had at hand and gave them to the Yankee prisoners. And I noticed that our guards did not protest. Another time I was captured alone and taken to a small Confederate camp in Powell's Valley, near Mulberry Gap, East Tenn., on the farm of Roland Denham. There I was treated more as a guest than as a prisoner. One of my guards, a man from Louisville, Ky., several times took me out to the near farmhouses to get a nice breakfast of home cookery. One day my captors had a nice mutton for dinner at the camp, and some one said: "Now, boys, let the prisoner take all he wants, then we will divide the rest." Yet I was ungrateful enough to make my escape from these hospitable boys when they started to take me to Richmond.

Now, boys, just one other little affair. Were any of you there? It was near Waynesville, N. C., after the general surrender, May 7 or 8. Four of us Federals were fired on by some of Thomas's Indians, and one, Ed Arrowood, of our party, was slightly wounded—not killed, as reported—and he lived to a ripe age near Marshall, N. C. The three others—Calvin Maner, of Weaverville, N. C., Patterson Reese, ex-mayor of Mars Hill, N. C., and I—are all still living. This action was never reported in the Federal records, but was mentioned in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN some twenty-five years ago as "The Last Gun" of the war east of the Mississippi River.

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## *BATTLE AT LEBANON, KY.*

The following list was sent by L. S. Pence, of Lebanon, Ky., Box 76, as found "among the books of Govey Hood, 'a Southerner to the core,'" and gives the names of the Confederate wounded remaining at Lebanon, Ky., on October 24, 1863, in the Male Academy. The battle was on July 5, 1863. If any of these are now living, Mr. Pence would like to know: W. M. Schrum, Company F, 31st Tennessee; W. D. Adkerson, Company G, 33d Tennessee; Sergt. S. D. Boggry, Company G, 15th Tennessee; W. S. Quisenbery (blotted out); Sergt. John Golden, Company C, 15th Tennessee; P. H. Hudson, Company B, 27th Tennessee; B. A. Ware, Company D, 16th Tennessee; W. W. Gribble, Company D, 16th Tennessee; J. S. Boon, Company H, 8th Tennessee; A. M. Ridges, Company H, 6th Tennessee; Frank Kindall, Company H, 6th Tennessee; A. G. Glimp, Company G, 4th Tennessee; N. S. Lindley, Company K, 27th Tennessee; W. H. Chumley, Company D, 23d Tennessee; B. F. Scudder, Company F, 16th Tennessee; Loyd Blair, Company K, 41st Tennessee; M. A. Inglehart, Company D, 44th Georgia; R. N. Nance, Company C, 45th Alabama; W. Huppman, Company D, 41st Georgia.

Nurses: J. S. Brown (dead), Company H, 38th Tennessee; J. B. Sullivan, Company F, 31st Tennessee; W. A. Holland, Company D, 41st Tennessee; W. A. Kimball, Company H, 8th Tennessee; B. E. Tilman, Company C, 51st Tennessee; Dr. Redume (dead); John Ledston, surgeon C. S. A.

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## *ADJUTANT GENERAL A. N. V. DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.*

DURHAM, N. C.

Gen. John Fuller Lyon, my Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, having passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees with the immortal Lee and Jackson and the hosts of other Confederate chieftains and privates who have gone to their reward and whose sweet memory lingers like the perfume from the broken alabaster box, I hereby appoint as General Lyon's successor Mr. Edgar D. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., with the rank of Brigadier General, and he will be recognized and respected as such.

A suitable memorial touching General Lyon's life will appear later. JULIAN S. CARR,

*Lieutenant General Commanding A. N. V. Department.*

## OKLAHOMA'S VETERANS OF THE SIXTIES.

BY WILLIAM D. MATTHEWS, COMPANY F, 2D KENTUCKY CAVALRY, MORGAN'S COMMAND, OKLAHOMA CITY.

Missouri and Oklahoma are the only States that maintain both Confederate and Federal Soldiers' Homes. The Confederate Home, located at Ardmore, Okla., has at present seventy veterans twenty-eight having their wives with them, besides three Confederate widows. Each of the veterans and the widows receives, in addition to their maintenance, five dollars per month from the State Pension Fund. There are 2,761 on the pension roll at the present time. Of them, 1,061 are totally disabled and over seventy-six years of age. They are in Class "A" and receive fifteen dollars per month. Seventeen hundred are in Class "B" and receive ten dollars per month, paid quarterly.

The present legislature has appropriated $375,000 annually for two years, beginning July 1, 1921, to pay Confederate pension claims and $6,065 annually to pay the commissioners' salary and office expenses, including a secretary's salary of $1,500; to maintain the Home at Ardmore, $38,300 annually; total appropriations for Confederate soldiers and their widows, $838,730 for two years.

Col. R. A. Sneed, of Company C, 18th Mississippi Infantry, is the present State Commissioner of Pensions.

The Federal Soldiers' Home, located near Oklahoma City, has forty men and thirty women inmates at present. The appropriation for maintenance of this Home is $85,175 for two years, commencing July 1, 1921. The State of Oklahoma does not pay pensions to Federal soldiers or their widows, as each one receives a pension of not less than $30 per month from the United States government.

In addition to the above, the State has set apart two large memorial halls in the State Capitol building, which is one of the finest Capitol buildings in the West, and by joint resolution given one to the Confederate and the other to the Grand Army and Spanish-American War veterans in perpetuity. These halls are handsomely furnished with rugs and heavy furniture, and the present legislature has passed a bill appointing a custodian for each hall at a salary of $1,200 per year. The custodian for the Confederate hall is to be a Confederate soldier, and the custodian for the Federal soldiers' hall a member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Oklahoma Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, has furnished handsome draperies for the windows, and on the walls around the entire hall are large pictures of many of our leading men of 1861 and 1865, including Jefferson Davis, Generals Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and prominent men of this State.

A library of interesting books on the stormy times from 1861 to 1865 has been started. When we take into consideration that Oklahoma as a State was only thirteen years old on the 7th of November, 1920, and that a large portion of the State was settled by Northern men, is there another State that is doing more for the "old boys" of the sixties?

---

MEMORIAL TO GENERAL FORREST.—Mrs. C. W. McMahon, of Livingston, Ala., writes that the movement to erect a memorial on the spot at Gainesville, Ala., where General Forrest surrendered is again under way after being held in abeyance during the World War. All who are interested are asked to send their contributions now.

## CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

North Carolina put up a great fight for an increase in the appropriation for Confederate pensions, and by a margin of one vote the Lower House passed the maintenance appropriation bill which provides one million dollars as a pension fund for the Confederate veterans of the State for the next two years. The Daughters of the Confederacy took part in getting this legislation and feel well satisfied with their work.

Hon. Frank H. Harris, of Brunswick, Ga., thinks it would be a good idea to get up some rivalry between the States as to Confederate pensions, and he suggests that each State should pension its soldiers wherever they may be living. In that way no State will be burdened with pensioners who have come into the State because of the larger pension paid, for only those who served with the troops of that State can benefit by its pensions. Florida is now paying the largest pension of any of the States, and it seems that much of this goes to pensioners who have made that State their home on account of the liberal pension.

Oklahoma has made very liberal provision for veterans of both armies in her Soldiers' Homes, but pays pensions only to Confederates. An article on what she is doing for her veterans appears in this number.

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## FIRST WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

For many years the women of Montgomery, Ala., worked to preserve the house in which President Davis lived while the capital of the Confederate government was in that city—the house being known as the "First White House of the Confederacy"—and it is gratifying that their efforts have been rewarded by the State taking up the work. As it was not practicable to leave the house on its original site, it has been removed to the Capitol grounds and will be used as a museum for relics of the Confederacy. It will be dedicated on the 3d of June with appropriate ceremonies, and, "reborn, rechristened, and by love made new," it will stand through the ages a treasured shrine of the Confederacy.

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## SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by the company.

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THE KEY FAMILY OF MARYLAND.—In the article on the Confederate Home of Maryland in this number of the VETERAN there is reference to John Francis Key as being the oldest man in the Home. He has died since that article was written, after reaching the age of ninety-two years. Three relatives of the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner" have spent their last days in that Home. The VETERAN recalls having gotten up a fund years ago to bring one of the name from Mexico to end his days in that haven, a man of culture and ability, whose health had given way while he was in a strange country. He had fought for the South, as did others of the name doubtless besides the three whose lives ended in this Home.

*LAND SETTLEMENT.*

Land settlement provision for soldiers is discussed in "A Stake in the Land," a book issued as the fourth of a series of Americanization studies made under the auspices of the Carnegie Corporation of New York. The book was written by Dr. Peter A. Speek, head of the Russian section, Library of Congress. The following is an excerpt:

"With the close of the war there began to appear on the calendars of State legislatures the subject of land settlement provision for returning soldiers. Up to the time this report was written twenty-three States had passed some legislation relative to this need.

"In more than half the States the laws refer to Federal legislation, in a few cases specifying that the appropriation shall be contingent upon a national appropriation. Several States signify their approval of coöperation with Federal provision, but make no appropriation for the work.

"The largest appropriation in the form of a bond issue for popular approval of $10,000,000 was passed by the California Legislature. Similar provision was made by Missouri, South Dakota, and Utah to the amount of $1,000,000. Nevada arranged for the borrowing of $1,000,000 for 'reclamation, improvement, and equipment of lands * * * for soldiers, sailors, marines, and other loyal citizens.'

"Washington appropriated a revolving fund, beginning with $1,050,000 and eventually to reach $3,000,000, to create a State reclamation service. Although other States provided smaller amounts, there is much evidence of an awakened State interest and concern in making land-settlement provision for soldiers. Federal provision has not yet materialized."

---

A. T. Wright, of Choudrant, La., writes that he enlisted in the Confederate army in Saline County, Mo., in October, 1862, under Capt. William Jackson, and the command then made its way to Price's army. He wants to hear from any survivors of the nine in his party.

---

Any surviving comrade of John H. Cantwell, of Company D, 29th Tennessee Infantry, will confer a favor by giving some information of his record to his widow, Mrs. Annie E. Cantwell, of Vinita, Okla., who has applied for a pension.

*A SCENE IN POLAND.*

In Warsaw, Poland, the snow has been drifting down for days, but the sun isn't shining. Somehow it always seems dark and gray. On the great, gloomy plain outside the city gates a few boys are plodding heavily. They are carrying burdens of wood so heavy that they stagger with the weight.

They say nothing to each other as they plod along. They dare not. They are so weak that even the slight effort of talking would exhaust them. One or two of them leave faint red markings in their tracks where the crust on the snow has cut through the old ragged shoes and into their feet. Their ragged coats, of those lucky enough to have coats, are hugged as closely as can be around their bony bodies.

When they have covered the long distance back to their homes, they will find little or nothing to eat waiting for them. There is almost nothing left to eat in Poland. If those boys get anything like a square meal, they will have to go to the American kitchens for it, and even then, no matter how hungry they are, they can't have it if they are more than fifteen years old; for there isn't enough American food to feed all the hungry children. The little ones come first, and when they are fed there is nothing left for the older ones.—*January Boys' Life.*

---

BOOKS WANTED.—A number of inquiries have recently been received for Miss Mason's collection of war poems, and any who have this book for sale are asked to report to the VETERAN. Other books wanted are the "Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury," by his daughter, "Morgan's Cavalry," by Duke, "Wearing of the Gray" and other works by John Esten Cooke, "Rebel Rhymes" and other collections of war poems; Semmes's "Service Afloat" also wanted. Let the VETERAN place such books for you. State condition of book and price wanted.

---

The United States Public Health Service calls attention to the fact that only twenty-three States have efficient birth registration laws, eighteen have imperfect ones, and five have none at all. Inability to prove age may cause all sorts of legal troubles later in life—in proving citizenship, in voting, and in inheriting, for instance. Don't forget to make sure that the new arrival in your home has been registered.


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Capt. W. L. Jackson, of Mangum, Okla., is interested in securing a pension for Mrs. A. E. Pearson, whose husband, Smith Pearson, was a member of Company G, Colonel Craven's regiment of Arkansas, she thinks. She recalls some comrades—Thomas Brown, Abe Lankson, of Arkansas—who, if living, could testify to his service; and any others who remember him are asked to write to Captain Jackson at 217 East Jeff Street, Mangum, Okla. Mrs. Pearson is now eighty-two years old.

---

C. W. Drake, of Clinton, Mo., wishes to get the words of the song, "The Battle of Manassas," and asks it publication in the VETERAN. Will some one please furnish a copy?


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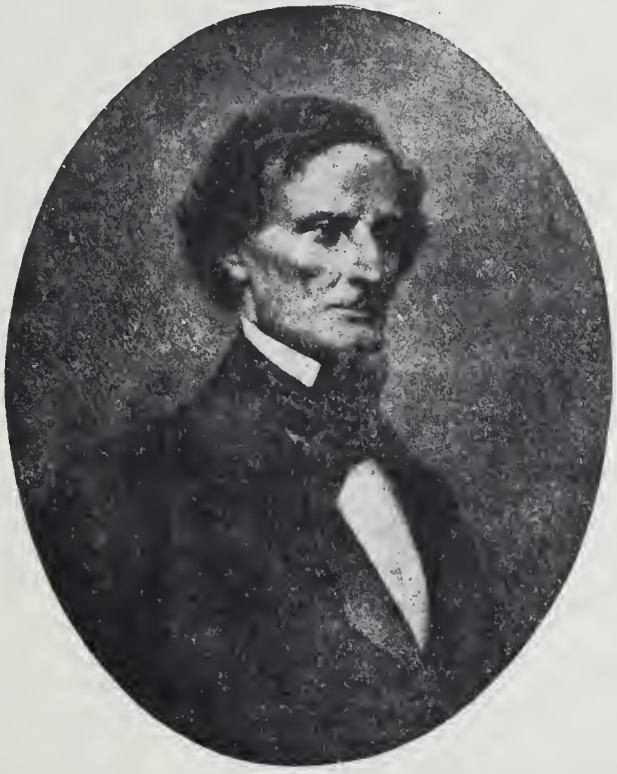
# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIX JUNE, 1921 NO. 6



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Alex Sanger, of Bay City, Tex., now eighty years of age, wishes to locate some one who served with him in Company H, Hobby's Battalion, in order that he may procure a pension. He is almost blind and partly deaf. The following served with him: Jack McGowan, Joe Cunoy, Jim Denn, John Meyers. He enlisted at Corpus Christi on May 24, 1862. Any surviving comrades are asked to write to John F. Perry, Bay City, in his interest.

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Wanted.—A copy of the old steel engraving of "The Burial of Latane," about 27 by 36 inches. Address Manly's Battery, Raleigh, N. C., stating condition and price.

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Judge John J. Chase, of Point Pleasant, W. Va., is interested in relics of the Confederacy—books, newspapers, periodicals, etc.—and will appreciate hearing from any who have these things for sale. He also wants Indian relics, and the books by John Esten Cooke are especially desired. Write to him.

---

Capt. R. T. Bean, of Wichita, Kans., needs the Veteran for January, 1902, to complete the Camp's file of the Veteran. Any one having this copy for disposal, in good condition, will please write to him.

---

Information of Thomas P. Gary, of South Carolina, who located at Warsaw, Ky., in 1860, is wanted by an old friend, Mrs. Kate E. Perry Mosher, 1556 Madison Avenue, Covington, Ky., who would perhaps be better known as "Faithful," the friend of Rock Island prisoners.

---

W. J. Speer, State Treasurer, Atlanta, Ga., is trying to locate one W. P. Hart, known as "Pink" Hart, whose last address was Waco, Tex.; lived in Navasota, Tex., in 1867-68. As he is a Confederate veteran, he is doubtless a member of some U. C. V. Camp. Information of his present address will be appreciated.

---

Miss Julia Bennett, 1215 Thirty-Fifth Street, Denver, Colo., wishes to hear from any comrades of her father, J. N. Bennett, who enlisted in the Confederate army at Galveston, Tex., or in Liberty County. He was under General Magruder, serving three years and fifteen days, and was wounded.

---

Mrs. Guy Atkins, 430 Curay Avenue, Grand Junction, Colo., wishes to get the records of her father, John M. Oliver, and grandfather, Lewis Sharp, who enlisted from Bulloch or Screven County, Ga., and were both in the Confederate army at the close of the war, but their company and regiment are not known. Surviving comrades will confer a favor by furnishing any information of their service.

# Confederate Veteran.

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*OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:*
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. } VOL. XXIX. NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1921. No. 6. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

## *PRAYER AT INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.*

"O thou great Spirit, Maker and Lord of all things, who humblest thyself to behold the things that are done on the earth and before whom the splendor of human pageantry vanisheth into nothing, by thee rulers bear sway; thou teachest senators wisdom. We own thy kind providence, thy fatherly care in the peaceful origin of these Confederate States of America. We thank thee for the quiet, considerate unanimity which has prevailed in our public councils and for the hallowed auspices under which the government of our choice begins. Let thy special blessing rest on the engagements and issues of this day. Thou hast provided us a man to go in and out before us and to lead thy people. O vouchsafe thy blessing on this thy servant! Let his life and health be precious in thy sight. Grant him a sound mind in a sound body. Let all his acts be done in thy fear, under thy guidance, with a single eye to thy glory, and crown them all with thy approbation and blessing.

"With the like favors bless the Congress of the Confederate States and all who are or may be charged by lawful authority with public cares and labors. Put thy good spirit into our whole people, that they may faithfully do all thy Fatherly pleasure. Let the administration of this government be the reign of truth and peace; let righteousness, which exalteth a nation, be the stability of our times; and keep us from sin, which is a reproach to any people. Establish thou the work of our hands upon us, turn the counsel of our enemies into foolishness, and grant us assured and continual peace in all our borders. We ask all through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

---

In response to many requests for a copy of his father's prayer at the inauguration of President Davis, Rev. Charles Manly, of South Carolina, sends an extract from his father's diary of the proceedings of the occasion with a copy of the beautiful prayer offered for help and guidance in the government of "these Confederate States." His father, Rev. Basil Manly, was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Montgomery at the time and ardently devoted to the Southern cause. The record in the diary is as follows:

"*Monday, February 18.*—This day the inauguration of President Davis took place, he standing on the steps of the Capitol. I was selected by the committee of arrangements to serve as chaplain. I rode in a coach drawn by six gray horses in company with the President and Vice President and Captain Jones, our military escort. * * * The ceremonies were prefaced by prayer. * * *

"Hon. Howell Cobb, President of Congress, administered the oath of office, the President laying his left hand on the Bible and reverently holding up his right hand. At the close of the oath the President audibly repeated the concluding words: 'So help me God.'

"The day was pleasant, and the pageant was very fine. I believe it was the largest crowd I ever saw together. * * * May the blessing of God rest on this government of the Confederate States!"

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## *FIRST "WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY."*

The dedication of the first White House of the Confederacy will be a notable occasion in Montgomery, Ala., on June 3. This house, in which President Davis lived while Montgomery was the capital of the Confederacy, has recently been moved to a site on the Capitol grounds and will be used as a museum for Confederate relics. Its formal opening will be on June 3, and the dedication ceremonies will be elaborate and impressive. Invitations have been sent to descendants of President Davis, General Lee, and other leaders of the Confederacy, and many of the Governors of the Southern States and veterans are expected to attend. The opening feature will be an imposing parade, following which the exercises will be held on the Capitol grounds.

The removal of this historic house and the acceptance of its care by the State is the result of long years of effort for its preservation by the White House Association of Alabama, of which Mrs. President Jefferson Davis was made Queen Regent, with Mrs. J. D. Beale as Regent, and the valuable work of the latter was later recognized by making her Honorary Life President. This museum will have, among many other valuable things, the priceless relics of the Davis family, given by Mrs. Davis.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

## *MARCH OF THE MYSTIC MEN.*

BY GUSTAVE FREDERICK MERTINS.

Comes a lilting song of bugles down the balmy winds of spring,
As my heart calls back its heroes to the world's bright flowering.
Treading roseate clouds of glory, march these mystic men in gray,
While I kneel with all the Southland, for to-day's Memorial Day.

These men sleep no more in valleys; no more hillsides claim their dust;
No more death and no more anguish; gone the canker and the rust.
And the living men, their comrades, lift we also to those skies
Where now march the white-souled warriors in a love that never dies.

All are Lee and all are Jackson as our brimming eyes behold:
For in love are all commissioned, wearing each the gray and gold.
Marching, marching, ever marching, come these heroes without stain,
And the Stars and Bars precedes them, never to be furled again.

Not for wars and not for battles does that silken banner float,
Not for signal to wild combat comes that silvery bugle note,
But as symbols of a glory that shall never fade away.
O my soul, be at attention, for they pass—the men in gray!

(Recited at Memorial Day exercises, Montgomery, Ala., April 26, 1921, by Miss Cassie Leta Garrett.)

## *DEDICATION OF THE SOUTH'S "BATTLE ABBEY."*

The Confederate Memorial Institute, familiarly known as "The Battle Abbey of the South," was formally opened on May 3 with appropriate exercises, Gen. Julian S. Carr, of North Carolina, President of the Board and Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., presiding. On account of the inclement weather the exercises were held indoors in the presence of distinguished guests, Confederate veterans, and others interested in Confederate history. Opening with the invocation by Rev. James Power Smith, D.D., the only survivor of the staff of Stonewall Jackson and his chaplain, the exercises closed with the benediction by Rev. C. C. Randolph, D.D., who was a courier for Jackson. The address of the occasion was made by H. Snowden Marshall, of New York City, son of Col. Charles Marshall, of General Lee's staff and a close friend of the great general. This masterly address, published in large part in this number of the VETERAN (page 208), brings out some points in connection with the War between the States which have not before been touched on so strongly.

In his sketch of the origin and erection of the Confederate Memorial Institute, lately published, Judge George L. Christian has reviewed the history of the undertaking from its inception to the present and sets out the difficulties under which it was brought to completion. Judge Christian filled the office of Treasurer of the Confederate Memorial Association for nearly twenty years, and no one is more familiar with the work which has secured this magnificent structure for the South, wherein will be deposited books and papers and paintings which tell of those four years of the Southern Confederacy.

It was in 1895, at the first Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Houston, Tex., that the matter of establishing a memorial hall, or "Battle Abbey," for the South was brought before the veterans in convention through the generous offer of Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss, a Virginian living in New York City, to contribute $100,000 for the purpose, provided the people of the South would make up a like amount. In the twenty-five years since then the work has been delayed in different ways; but the corner stone was laid on May 20, 1912, and the building was ready for the mural paintings the next year. The services of Mr. Charles Hoffbaur, a distinguished French artist living in New York City, were secured for this work, and considerable progress had been made on the paintings in 1914, when the World War came on. France needed all her sons, and, without waiting to be called, he hastened to join his colors and served to the end gallantly, to which his several decorations attest. Returning to Richmond in 1919, he has given two years to complete these paintings, which represent the best, the very best, of his art.

The mural paintings are eight in number to correspond to the paneling of the hall, and each of the four large paintings, representing the different arms of the service, has a different season as the background. The first seen on entering is on the south wall, twenty-six feet in length, and represents General Lee with some of his distinguished associates of the Army of Northern Virginia—A. P. Hill, the immortal Stonewall, John B. Gordon, Joseph E. Johnston, Beauregard, Longstreet, and many others who figured in those campaigns. The artillery is depicted on the north wall, and in connection with that the sharpshooters are seen intent on their work. The cavalry is shown in a thrilling charge by Stuart's troopers, and Partisan Rangers, led by Mosby, are after a wagon train. Jackson's "Foot Cavalry" is seen moving in the double-quick, and the navy is represented by a naval officer directing the fire of coast artillery. The last small panel gives a scene of the arrival of a train of wounded soldiers at a small railroad station of the period. Even a full description of these paintings could not convey an adequate idea of their impressiveness.

In addition to these mural paintings, there is to be a collection of portraits of heroes and statesmen of the Confederacy gathered by Lee Camp of Richmond, doubtless the most complete collection in the world, which will be hung in the annex, and the State of Virginia has loaned a valuable collection of paintings donated by Hon. John Barton Payne to the State.

The archives of Lee Camp have also been donated to the Battle Abbey, and the library will be most complete in works on the subject of the War between the States.

## *ABOLITION, SLAVERY, AND THE YEAR 1833.*

BY LLOYD T. EVERRETT, BALLSTON, VA.

In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for April, 1921, we find in one of Dr. McNeilly's splendid articles on Confederate history the copy of a letter to him from Dr. Albert B. Hart, historian and Northerner. The immediate subject of discussion there is "slavery," and we find Dr. Hart, Northerner, with no word of apology or regret for the orgy of invasion, conquest, bloodshed, and devastation in the course of which negro slavery in the South was *incidentally* overthrown. He voices his shocked regret that "not one single State between 1833 and 1861 made enactments for the correction of manifest and public abuses" and because "not a single Southern State took or dared take any steps toward the education of the slave."

That slavery was indeed merely an incident of the great intersectional quarrel which culminated in the war of 1861 Dr. Hart's past writings themselves help to show. But to begin a brief discussion here of the particular point raised in the above quotations from the learned Doctor let us quote from an earlier writer—viz., Thomas Jefferson. Relative to the fierce controversy over the admission of Missouri as a State Jefferson on April 22, 1820, wrote to the Northern Democratic leader, Holmes—wrote in truly prophetic vein: "But this momentous question, like a fire bell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror. I considered it at once *as the knell of the Union.* It is hushed indeed for the moment. But this is a reprieve only, not a final sentence. *A geographical line coinciding with a marked principle, moral and political, once conceived and held up to the angry passions of men will never be obliterated,* and every new irritation will mark it deeper and deeper. * * * The cession of that kind of property [slaves], for so it is misnamed, is a bagatelle which would not cost me a second thought if in that way a general emancipation and *expatriation* [emphasis in the original] could be effected. * * * Of one thing I am certain, that as the passage of slaves from one State to another would not make a slave of a single human being who would not be so without it, so their diffusion over a greater surface would make them individually happier and proportionally facilitate the accomplishment of their emancipation by dividing the burthen on a greater number of coadjutors. * * * I regret that I am now to die in the belief that the useless sacrifice of themselves by the generation of 1776 to acquire self-government and happiness to the country is to be thrown away by the unwise and unworthy passions of their sons and that my only consolation is to be that I live not to weep over it."

Jefferson was eternally right in deprecating a political division along geographical or sectional lines. The agitation over Missouri was a prelude to the war of 1861, which in truth destroyed *the* Union of the fathers and erected in its stead something very different.

The formative and transformative period for American political parties and American geographical sections that had begun with the War of 1812 was well rounded out during this decade of 1820-30. By 1830 New England, the North generally, and the then Northwest are found pretty solidly lined up for a high tariff "protecting" manufactures and for a strong central government as the best favoring such paternalistic legislation; the agricultural, slave-labor South against such.

Now, before 1830 abolition as a cause or propaganda and aside from its growing political aspect was of a distinctly mild and nonsectionalist type compared with its later history. In Dr. Hart's book, "Slavery and Abolition," we read that in the decade of the twenties "the hostility to slavery became a distinct propaganda which took on three different forms: an attempt through Churches and other existing means to arouse public sentiment, an organized emancipation agitation directed by a national society, and colonization. *Unlike later abolition,* this whole movement was carried on *by people who lived in or adjoining slaveholding States.*" It was in this decade, according to Dr. Hart, that the earlier and milder abolitionism reached its full growth and began to decline. "When Jackson became President [1829]," says the Doctor (page 165), "antislavery seemed, after fifty years of effort, to have spent its force. The voice of the Churches was no longer heard in protest; the abolitionist societies were dying out; there was hardly an abolitionist militant in the field; the colonization society absorbed most of the public interest in the subject, and it was doing nothing to help either the free negro or the slave; in Congress there was only one antislavery man, and his efforts were without avail."

The question arises, Why this decline in the antislavery sentiment this time as thus depicted circumstantially by Dr. Hart?

By way of a summary statement of affairs political at this juncture: The year 1830 found the question of new Western States (which had involved a crisis over the admission of Missouri, 1819-21) as a sectional issue between North and South, no longer to the front for pressing present settlement, but bound to recur in the future; "protectionist" sentiment, having overspread the whole North (New England last of all), was regarded as firmly established in national legislation, but was beginning to lose its grip at least on the masses of the people as distinguished from the manufacturers in the Northern States; antislavery was at ebb tide throughout the border States and in the North, while as yet it had at no time made any considerable headway in New England even when strongest elsewhere. Mark well each of the several sets of facts summarized in this paragraph and bear in mind their *respective situations* at this juncture of affairs before we take up the ensuing developments.

Just at this time came a great political crisis, the nullification episode of the early thirties (most interesting and informing chapter in itself). The outcome of this nullificationist clash is well known—South Carolina and the cause of a *constitutional* revenue tariff triumphed, but not until the United States had been brought to the brink of war among themselves. The compromise tariff act of 1833, a direct result of South Carolina's bold stand, scaled down the customs duties, although by easy stages, to a revenue basis.

Big was the wrath and consternation of the high "protection" advocates. Introduced as the measure was by Henry Clay, the great high priest of "protection" and of the "American system," Clay's defection was likened by *Niles's Register,* a "protectionist" organ, to "a crash of thunder in the winter season."

Dr. Hart in the book above mentioned remarks (chapter 12) on the prevailing apathy in the North about 1830 on the subject of abolition and asks: "Why did the antislavery movement, which had been going on steadily for half a century, apparently die down in 1829 and then suddenly blaze up with renewed fierceness?" The Doctor then essays to answer his own question. But, after thus arousing the curiosity of his readers by this pointed and pertinent query, he

proves rather disappointingly short on assigned causes. "One reason" he finds in the fact that "the Western world was growing tired of human bondage, the last vestige of serfdom was disappearing in Central Europe, and the same spirit extended to the European colonies in America." He says further that "slavery was also unfavorably affected by the sudden opening up of new fields of economic activity. The development of manufactures, the growth of large cities, and the exchange of products far and wide called for *a kind of laborer who instinctively felt that the slave was a competitor.*" Very good, Doctor; but all in all scarcely a full and satisfactory explanation for both the general falling to pieces of an ancient agitation and then the sudden rehabilitation of the same, although the words we here put in italics are of considerable significance.

So let us take up the inquiry at this point. By 1830 a "protective" tariff, theretofore of general popularity in the North after once the sentiment there for it had grown, had become apparently a permanency in Federal legislation. But immediately thereafter, just as the tariff-nurtured barons were saying, "Peace and safety," sudden destruction came upon them in the shape of Clay's compromise tariff of 1833, to them the bitter fruit of South Carolina's resolute course.

Now, mark this: in the midst of the debates in Congress, A.D. 1833, over nullification John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, ex-President and now in the House of Representatives, uttered this highly portentous language: "Well, *if they must withdraw protection from the free white labor of the North, then it ought to be withdrawn from the machinery* [slave labor] *of the South.* Let them disband their [the United States] army; this would go as far as four or five millions toward reducing the revenue to the wants of the government. The next step was to abolish the navy, for why commerce and navigation continue to enjoy protection when it was withdrawn from the other interests of the country? Well, when this had been done and Congress had been so very generous as to give away all the public lands, what, he asked, would remain for the general government to do? Nothing. There would be nothing for it to do. * * * No government would be needed. Let it go back to its original elements, let it go back to the States, let it go back to the Confederation—go back to the people. This was the legitimate consequence of those arguments urged by gentlemen who would not longer submit to a system of [customs] protection."

As pointed out at the time by Representative Drayton, of South Carolina, this from Adams amounted to a threat of withdrawal of protection to slave property in the Southern States in retaliation for withdrawal of "protection" of Northern manufactures and to a demand for continuance of such tariff "protection" as the price of continued union between the States of the South and those of the North. This, too, we may add, when the protection claimed by the South was one of the terms of the Federal Constitution, while that sought by the North was but a statutory one.

Before this time Mr. Adams, according to Dr. Hart, had never been noted for his active antislavery sympathies; rather the reverse. And he reviews Adams's record in this regard. But now simultaneously with South Carolina's triumphant check to Northern "protectionism" and with "protectionist" Adams's appearance as an active antislavery champion in the halls of Congress began a new chapter of antislavery agitation in what was now firmly "protectionist" New England. We learn from Dr. Hart that about this time *abolition* and *antislavery* in the North approach a coalition; that "political abolitionists" now first make their appearance. He tells us that New England was "still inactive" in the cause as late as 1832. Now, 1832 was the year *before* Mr. Clay's bolt from the "protectionist" reservation and the resultant thunderbolt from the blue. But soon, presto! we learn from the same authority that *"outside of New England"* gradual emancipation, as distinguished from ceaseless agitation for immediate and complete abolition, was acceptable with the agitators.

And as typical of his native New England in this respect Adams, now that at last he had got to going strong, kept up the pace. On May 23, 1836, in an extended speech he predicted Congressional interference in case of a general slave insurrection. In 1842, April 14, Adams declared in Congress that "when a country is invaded and two hostile armies are set in hostile array the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory," which last speech, according to his own gloating comment, "stung the slavocracy [sic] to madness." Yes, once enlisted in the "antislavery," anti-Southern cause, New England appears to have speedily overtaken and passed the earlier starting Middle-Atlantic and Ohio-Valley North. And forget not that these were, from the "protectionist" standpoint, the beginning of the lean years under a reduced tariff.

The year 1833, then, checked in the interest of the South the tariff-fed exploiters at the North. The year 1833 marks the beginning of the new abolitionist drive by Northerners, with John Quincy Adams as one of the most aggressive leaders. Active agitation of this sort threatened, of course, those "servile insurrections" deprecated in the Declaration of Independence and exemplified in the Nat Turner uprising of this very period and in the John Brown raid of some twenty-five years later. Is it any wonder that from 1833, as mentioned by Dr. Hart in his letter to Dr. McNeilly, there was a cessation in the South of remedial legislation in behalf of the slaves?

In the sharp clash between the South and North over conflicting economic interests during the four decades preceding the war for Southern independence the poor negro was merely a stalking horse or a pawn on the chess board. The fervor of a few honest fanatics was turned to good account by the "practical" leaders in the North, who knew just what they wanted in the matter of tariffs, public lands to be settled by whites alone, etc. Yea, verily the whole story of "abolitionist" and "antislavery" agitation in the Northern States is merely another chapter in the long, sinister story of cant and hypocrisy on the part of white races in dealing with alien and backward peoples of darker skins—exploitation of the weak by the strong.

But there was this difference: The North, for its own selfish, material interests, for the sake of obtaining favors in the way of Congressional legislation and at the expense of the South, further complicated an already delicate interracial situation. The South, facing a condition rather than a theory, was driven to the defense of her home and hearthstone under nature's first law, that of self-preservation. So Dr. Hart in his letter to Dr. McNeilly has been already answered by the stubborn facts of history set forth in large part in Dr. Hart's own book. But Dr. A. W. Littlefield, of Massachusetts, hits the bull's-eye when he declares that with the radical differences of interest in those times in the matter of a tariff between the South and North a great war between them was bound to come, even had there never been a slave in the Southland.

*THE ORLEANS CADETS.*

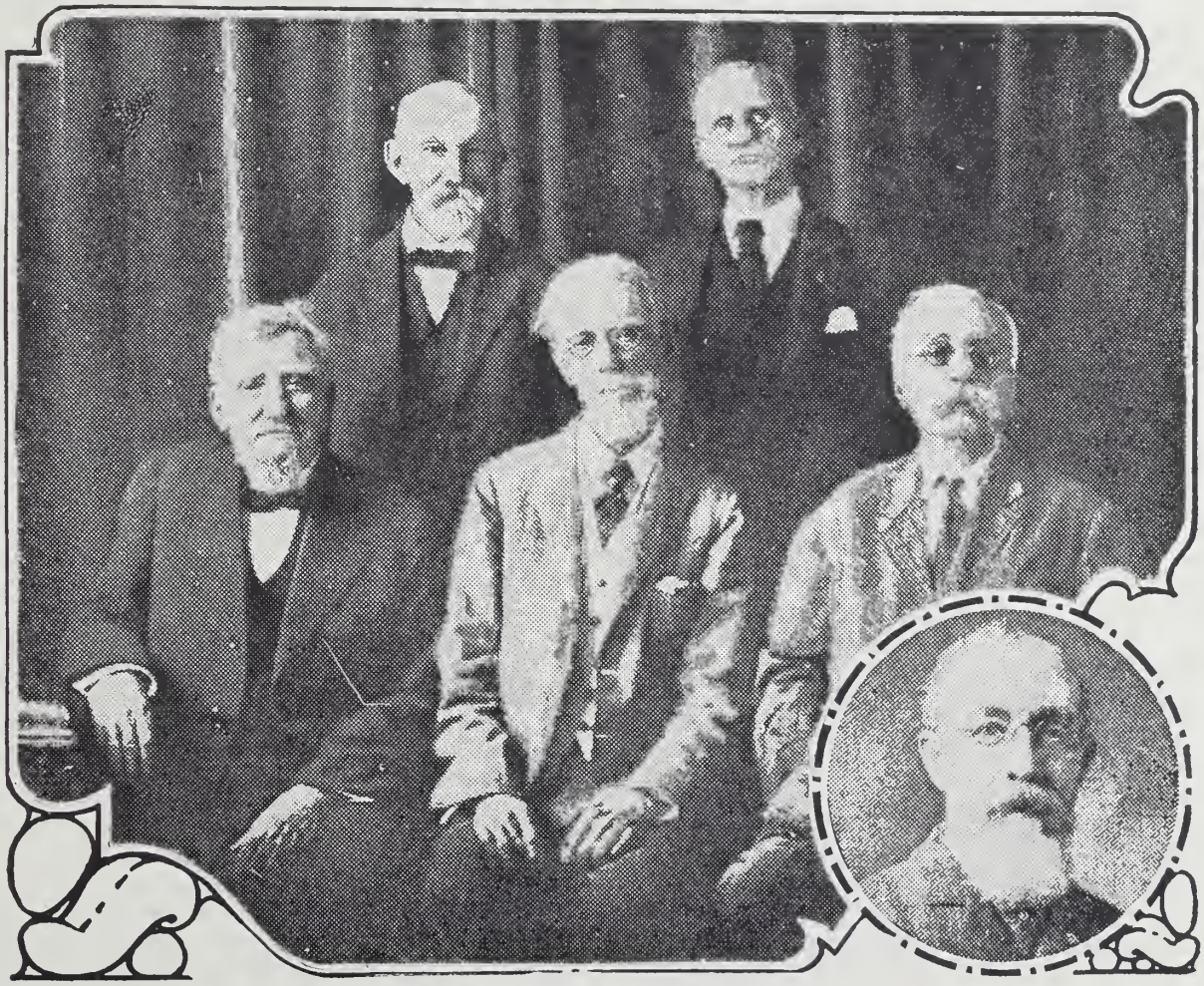
The six comrades in this picture represent the sole survivors of the Orleans Cadets, the first volunteer company that left the State of Louisiana for the war. It was a gay company, one hundred and three strong, that marched with Captain Dreux through the streets of New Orleans on April 11, 1861, to take the train for Mobile on the way to Pensacola. The story of their four years' experience is here given as written by J. K. Renaud, one of the survivors, an active member of the Confederate Association of New Orleans and of the Confederate Home Board:

"The Orleans Cadets, the first volunteer company mustered in for the war from Louisiana, arrived at the Pensacola navy yard on April 15, 1861, after a strenuous four days' camping and marching expereince. That evening Captain Dreux marched his company down the beach to the long bridge crossing Grand Bayou and pitched their tents along the sandy shore of Pensacola Bay, whence they gazed across the waters at Santa Rosa Island, some miles away, where the enemy was located. The daily drills for six weeks on that sandy spit, if not sport, proved good and healthy exercise.

"Dreux's efficiency was noticeable in all matters, especially in that of preparedness, and when the call came for his company to march to the front he was ready for active service within a few hours.

"The five companies—Orleans Cadets, Crescent Rifles, Louisiana Guards, Shreveport Grays, and Grivot Guards from Terrebonne Parish—were formed into a battalion of which Dreux was elected lieutenant colonel. Early in June the battalion was in camp at Richmond, Va. The battle of Bethel (June 8) was responsible for its speedy departure for the Peninsula in response to a hurry-up call from the Confederate commander for reënforcements and, leaving Richmond one evening, arrived at Yorktown the next morning. The enemy had retired to their position near Newport News, leaving a wide space of 'No Man's Land,' where the white flag of neutrality flew from every house.

"Toward the end of June the Confederate forces moved down toward the Federal lines in an effort to induce them to come out for an open fight, but without avail. Dreux camped his battalion at Young's Mills, several miles away. At a barbecue dinner given by the Shreveport Grays Dreux obtained permission from General Magruder to take one hundred of his battalion, two pieces of the Richmond Howitzers, and a squadron of cavalry to intercept and if possible capture a party of the enemy on one of their periodical raids. By daylight Dreux had posted his command in a strip of woods parallel with the road some twenty-five yards away, the cavalry being in the rear. The men were ordered to lie



**SURVIVORS OF THE GALLANT ORLEANS CADETS.**

**Standing—E. H. Fooley and J. K. Renaud. Sitting—G. P. Harris, J. W. Noyes, E. A. Brandao. Insert—J. Waston Gaine, of Amite, La.**

down and cautioned to await the command of the colonel before firing.

"The advance guard of the foraging party, upon reaching a point opposite the end of our line, realizing from the numerous tracks in the dusty road that they were about to be ambushed, and catching sight of Colonel Dreux standing in an old road some little distance away, hastily fired a half dozen shots in his direction, then, turning about, fled to the rear, escaping by their speedy exit without knowing the results of their volley and before the Confederates realized that their commander had been killed.

"A very mournful procession with reversed arms followed the cart bearing Colonel Dreux's body back to his tent, whence he had departed just a few hours before.

N. H. Rightor succeeded to the command of Dreux's Battalion, and it was known thereafter as Rightor's Battalion; and the history of the Orleans Cadets is a part of this command's record in all of its fights and marches until May 1, 1862, when, with discharges in their pockets, they turned their faces homeward, to find upon reaching Jackson, Miss., that New Orleans had been captured. More than forty of the cadets joined in forming Fenner's Battery, while the rest of them joined other commands."

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## *DEDICATION OF THE SOUTH'S "BATTLE ABBEY."*

ADDRESS BY H. SNOWDEN MARSHALL.

[In his introductory remarks, Mr. Marshall reviewed conditions in this country during the World War "when there was no sectional spirit except an honorable rivalry in the efforts of each section to do more for the common cause than any other section," bringing into contrast that period from April, 1861 to 1865, "when the whole power of a large majority of the United States had been directed at the subjugation of a small Southern portion of the country," and those years following war—"years of unquenchable hatred directed against the South," when the principal business for which the government of the United States seemed to exsit was to devise new schemes of torment for its inhabitants and to try to destroy its civilization, placing its white people under domination of negroes scarce redeemed from savagery, years which brought suffering far worse than those of war. Such conditions would not be credited by any spectator from another planet viewing the unity of 1917, for he could not believe that those wounds had healed.]

We are consecrating this building to-day as a memorial to the generation which bore these trials and as a lesson to the descendants of the men and women of our Southern country who lived in those dark and terrible times. We are asking all of their posterity to understand and believe the same thing that we know about them.

We look back with happiness and pride on many things that have been done by our ancestors. Why is it that we rate, first of all, the accomplishments of this generation in whose honor we are dedicating this building? Why is it that, when we arrange the places at the table of that Valhalla of our history where sit our heroes, we put the place of General Lee at the head, and rank below him even such commanding figures as George Washington?

It is not only because our generals and soliders made our country and its cause glorious throughout the world. It is not only because of the modest, unpretentious courage that did not gloat in victory or falter in the face of dire disaster. It is also and chiefly because they were "thrice armed for that they had their quarrel just," because the blood of our dead is part of that ceaseless stream that has for so many ages been flowing as a sacrifice to the cause of the freedom of English-speaking peoples before the throne of our God.

I do not intend to relate to you in detail facts which you have all known since you were children, but there are some occasions, and this seems to be one of them, when it is in order to make a short statement of the causes which evoked the deeds which are commemorated wherever we look in this beautiful building. General Wade Hampton said: "We of the South have been derelict in not presenting to the world our version of the causes which led to the War between the States." We still are derelict in this respect, and the repetition of falsehood, unchallenged by weary listeners, sometimes produces an accepted fact.

It is said that we learn from history that no one ever learns anything from history.

We surely can learn nothing from false history.

If our people fought for the preservation of slavery, we ought to tear down this building and wreck the statues that beautify this historic city.

If they were rebels or traitors to any government that was entitled to their allegience, we ought to teach the next generation to despise their memory.

Let us carry ourselves back to the fateful date of April 15, 1861. On that day the President of the United States proclaimed a war against the inhabitants of the seven States then constituting the Confedcracy—that is to say, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. He called for volunteers to invade these States and appealed to "loyal citizens to maintain the honor, integrity, and existence of our national Union and the perpetuity of popular government and to redress wrongs already long enough endured."

Let us examine for a moment what had gone before this order of mobilization and declaration of war.

The institution of slavery had been established at the close of the Revolution in all of the American colonies except one. It was a decadent and doomed institution, dying out among all civilized peoples. It had among its antagonists many people in the Southern States. Movements to get rid of it in the Southern States had had the backing of the leading men of the South. Thousands of slaves had been liberated by individual slave owners.

For example, in Virginia in 1832 a bill for emancipation by deportation and colonization of free negroes and those who should become free was passed by the lower house and only failed of passage by one vote in the senate.

In other countries in which the worn-out system of slavery still found itself in existence in the nineteenth century the effort to get rid of it had been met helpfully and successfully, and slavery was disposed of peacefully and easily in almost every other country through the change of sentiment brought about by modern thought and by conditions which rendered the institution an entire anachronism.

It was not destined to be so in this country. There arose in certain Northern States a party which found for itself more political profit in using the existence of slavery as a means of stirring up factional and sectional strife than could be gained by coöperating in the efforts of slave owners themselves to get rid of this ancient yoke, which rested as heavily upon the white man as upon the black. Intemperate objurgation took the place of any sensible discussion of the questions involved. Violent, malignant, and vicious abuse of

the people of the South comes sounding down in raucous uproar out of those times. At the same time that these people engendered discord between the two sections of the country, there were placed powerful obstacles in the way of that large party in the South which was trying to get rid of slavery. State after State in the North passed laws making it impossible for a man who wished to free his slaves in the South to obtain land for them in any of the States where negroes were free. The difficulties of transporting freed negroes to Africa were almost insuperable. The freeing of slaves and leaving them in States where slavery existed was of little or no benefit to the freedmen.

It is to be borne in mind that this movement did not get under way until the white people of the North had practically rid themselves of the curse of slavery. They had comparatively few slaves to dispose of, and their task was not difficult. Some were freed, and some sold into slavery in States where slavery still existed. But the slave traders of England and New England had filled the Southern colonies with a disproportionate number of African slaves, and the problem of getting rid of them was very difficult when the public sentiment of the civilized world called for the termination of the ancient system of slavery.

The preaching of the gospel of hate against the Southern people went on.

The dissolution of the Union between the North and the South was openly urged by the abolitionists; one of their favorite demonstrations was to burn the Constitution of the United States, which they described as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell, involving both parties in atrocious criminality."

They openly advocated the stirring up of civil war in the South; they avowedly aimed at arming the slaves and repeating in the South the bloody history of San Domingo and Haiti; they applauded in their public meetings and in their churches the efforts of a fanatical band actually to incite the slaves in the South to bloody insurrection.

For thirty years before 1860 the efforts of these people continued, and after awhile it became apparent that a political party could be organized which could get the benefit of votes produced by this malevolent propaganda.

Nearly every great statesman who took part in the organization of our government and in its early history had pointed out in clear and convincing terms the certainty of disintegration of the Union which would ensue if a party should arise which did not make its appeal to all the people in all the States, or which was frankly at political war with any section of the country as a section.

In the face of these warnings there was organized, in 1856, a party which elected its President in 1860, and which did not seek for votes in the South or nominate candidates to office in the South, or ask for delegates to its conventions from any but a very few of the Southern States.

To this party, as had been expected and intended, the abolitionists attached themselves. It is true that the party did not dare to openly espouse the whole program of hate; they did not openly advocate the dissolution of the Union; they did not clamor for the propagation of civil war in the Southern States. They put in their platform and in their official declarations the statement that they did not oppose at all the institution of slavery, and yet, by inflammatory utterances, in many respects similar to the statements of the most extreme abolitionists, they sought to gain the advantage of the voting power which had been established by this venomous and malignant set of agitators.

This party selected, as a passably legal cover for their antisectional propaganda, the assertion that a slave owner ought not to be allowed to take slaves out of the States and into the Territories. Practically no slaves were ever so transported, either before the Supreme Court, in 1857, decided that a man could transport his slaves into a Territory of the United States, or after that decision. The whole pretended issue was a fictitious one, but it furnished a more legalistic position for frothy denunciation of the white inhabitants of the States where slavery remained than the more frank proposition of the abolitionists, that the Union should be destroyed and the slaves aroused to massacre the white people of the South.

The election of a President in 1860 by this party was deemed by the States from South Carolina to Texas to be a just cause for withdrawing from the Union. These States accordingly withdrew and formed the Southern Confederacy. South Carolina seceded on December 17, 1860, and was followed by the Cotton and Gulf States, the last to go out being Texas, which withdrew from the Union on March 2, 1861.

With this brief statement of what had preceded April 15, 1861, let us note the condition of affairs on that important day.

The States which had seceded from the Union contained about one-third of the voting population of the Southern States. The remaining Southern States, containing two-thirds of the population of the South, had not seceded, and, wherever a vote had been taken, had voted strongly not to secede.

In each of the States which retired from the Union and which had formed the Confederacy there was a strong minority opposed to secession and in favor of a return to the Union. This minority in each of these States had been vastly strengthened by the fact that such States as Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland, Kentucky, and Arkansas had refused to secede. The voices of many of the strongest and best-beloved leaders of the South had been urgently opposing secession and advocating the return of the States which had left. Allow me to read to you what General Lee said on the subject, writing from Texas in January, 1861:

"The South, in my opinion, has been aggrieved by the acts of the North, as you say. I feel the aggression and am willing to take every proper step for redress. It is the principle I contend for, not individual or private benefit. As an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and her institutions, and would defend any State if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force. Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it were intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. It is intended for perpetual union, so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government (not a compact) which can only be dissolved by revolution or by the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established, and not a gov-

ernment, by Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and all the other patriots of the Revolution.

"Still, a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness has no charms for me. I shall mourn for my country and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved and the government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people and, save in defense, will draw my sword no more."

The Southern States which had refused to secede had joined in an effort to have a peace conference, feeling, as they did, the certainty that they could bring about a restoration of freindly relations without the disruption of the Union.

I have tried to make the foregoing statement brief, as I want to ask you to put this question to yourselves: Was there any substantial difficulty, if the United States government wanted peace and not war, in restoring the union of the United States without firing a shot and without the tragedy which was to follow? Of course, as every one saw at the time and as events proved, the situation was one in which war could easily be provoked.

Ask yourselves this question: Suppose the Southern States had not seceded, but the New England States had carried out the threats which had so frequently been made to secede from the Union; suppose part of them had retired from the Union and the rest had remained in the United States, protesting against the secession of their brethren; suppose the New England States which remained in the Union had sent a peace mission to the other Union States imploring time for the preservation of peace—would this appeal have met with the same response? Would an expedition have been sent to provoke a fight in some harbor of one of the seceding New England States? Would this have been followed by an executive declaration of war and an order for the invasion of New England?

If the party in power had been a party which represented the whole country; if the President had been the President of the whole United States; if he had not been nominated by delegates in a convention to which the Southern States were not asked to send delagates; if he had been accountable for his reëlection to a constituency which comprised the whole people of the United States—would there have been the least difficulty in bringing about a peaceful restoration of the Union?

But the constituency to which the President owed his election was composed in large degree of people to whom hatred of the white man of the South was a cardinal article of faith. The prevailing party had control of the organization of the government; they had the army, the navy, and the treasury. They had none of our people among them and knew nothing of our people. They expected a prompt submission to their overwhelming power. They thought that their war on the South, which they were planning, would not last more than ninety days at the outside. The Southern people seemed small and helpless; the chance had come to destroy them, and the edict for their destruction went forth on this 15th day of April, 1861.

Thus there was presented to the whole people of the South a question. They were told that the people in the States which had seceded were to be compelled by force of arms to submit themselves to a government whose ultimate principle was that the just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed. They were asked to contribute their share of military force for the purpose, among others, "to redress wrongs already long enough endured." They were thus summoned to a war of vengeance, dictated by a party which had no other stock in trade than hatred of the South.

What was their answer to be? What was to be said in answer to this challenge by that generation of men and women of our people whom we have met here to-day to honor? Would they stand and argue that the chances were all against them? Would they give consideration to the fact that in man power and resources and wealth the odds were four to one against them and that this advantage was enormously multiplied by the fact that they had no organized government? Would they take the easy course, or would they resolutely tread the hard path of honor?

The answer which they were destined to give had been written for each of them before he was born. People of the race from which they came could not have given a different answer had they tried. Had their brains commanded their tongues to say, "We submit to this odious oppression," the tongue of each one of them would have cloven to the roof of his mouth before these words were spoken.

You all know what they did, what happened after this declaration of war among the States which had seceded and those which had hopefully clung to the Union and refused to secede:

The pro-Union minority in the States which had seceded disappeared overnight.

The convention of Arkansas, which on March 18, 1861, had rejected an ordinance of secession, met again on the 6th of May and passed that ordinance by a vote of 69 to 1.

North Carolina, which had refused in February to call a convention for the purpose of considering secession, called a convention on the 20th of May which passed the secession ordinance the next day.

Tennessee, which had refused to call a convention for considering secession in February, passed the ordinance of secession by an enormous popular majority on the 24th of June.

The Virginia convention, which had rejected an ordinance of secession on the 4th of April, 1861, and as late as the 11th of April had refused to adopt a conditional declaration in favor of secession, passed the ordinance of secession on the 17th of April by a large majority.

Maryland and Missouri were overrun before State action could be taken, but their sons have nothing to be ashamed of. The best people of each of these States found their way to spend their lives and fortunes in the great cause in which their people were engaged.

I do not know of any way to give you a better picture of the change of sentiment brought about by the proclamation of April 15, 1861, than to tell a story attributed to the late Senator Vance. He said that he was making a speech against secession at a town in North Carolina. He had his arm raised in a gesture to emphasize a point he was making when a man came into the room and announced that the President had called for volunteers to invade the South. He said: "The arm which I had raised to emphasize my point against secession fell by the side of the most convinced secessionist in America."

And so it came about that these people took their place in that high rank which history gives to small nations fighting for the right. Leonidas might have made his peace with the great king of Persia, and history would have had no Thermopylæ. King Albert of Belgium might have submitted to

the overwhelming power of the German empire, and the most glorious page of Belgian history would never have been written. Our people might have taken the easy course of dishonor, but had they done so they would have lost the chance to write their names in the place which they occupy upon the monument of history.

On April 15, 1861, where were the ancient allies of our people? Where was New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and other Northern States in which the party of sectional hatred had gained but little foothold? In other times of trouble Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia had not been niggardly in helping them. There was no cause of war between them and old friends bound to them by historic ties. There were numberless links of kinship that seemed unbreakable How did they come to array themselves among our enemies? They could have stopped this war of hate and vengeance. Why did they not do so?

After the election of President Lincoln, the expression of their views was plain enough. They deplored the secession of the Cotton States, as did Virginia and North Carolina and the other border States of the South. They shared the views of the Southern border States that secession was unnecessary and uncalled for. But the great majority of their people were utterly and on principle opposed to the use of force to subjugate the Cotton States. They had not forgotten the American Revolution. They still believed that King George III was wrong and that George Washington was right. Mr. Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune*, a paper which has said: "If it (the Declaration of Independence) justified the secession from the British empire of three millions of colonists in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Federal Union in 1861. If we are mistaken on this point, why does not some one attempt to show wherein and why."

I could multiply such quotations indefinitely, but I take it that no one will deny the statement that the vast preponderance of opinion in New York and many other Northern States was utterly opposed to the use of force against the South. When the party in power determined to wage war upon our people, it was essential to them to overcome this feeling and array these powerful States upon their side. How was it done?

Oceans of ink have been spent to prove that the fight at Fort Sumter was not deliberately provoked by the administration at Washington. Northern historians have not been deterred by the hopeless improbability of the proposition that the little State of South Carolina started without cause actual warfare against the United States.

I shall not debate these shop-worn arguments, but would like to read to you the account of this affair written by a careful and accurate English historian. He says: "The Confederates had obviously done their very utmost to postpone or avert hostilities. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and their colleagues intentionally and deliberately forced on the collision, determined to leave the South no choice but between surrender at discretion and instant war. They gained their end. Northern feeling would not sanction an offensive war till every effort at peaceful settlement had been exhausted. Hence it was imperative, if Lincoln's presidency were not to be signalized by the immediate dissolution of the Union and to bring the Republican party into universal odium and contempt or the Chicago platform to be ignominiously retracted, that the North should be hurried into war on false pretences. The authors of the collision, the men who had publicly pledged themselves to peace while secretly preparing for war, profited by their own duplicity and concealed the transactions which had rendered the reduction of Sumter an instant necessity of self-defense. The North was persuaded that the South had struck the first blow, had 'fired on the uniform,' 'had insulted the flag.' The imperious self-will of a dictatorial democracy was successfully inflamed to fury, and from this point it would be as profitable to trace the sequence of fancies in a fever dream as to follow the unreasoning impulses of a deluded people."

And he says further: "The double policy of the Republican cabinet—the peace negotiations, the war measures of Lincoln and Seward—had served their double purpose, had baffled the earnest efforts of the Confederates to keep the peace and hidden those efforts from the great majority of the Northern people. The South had been forced, the North tricked into war. The players of that double game have gone where 'all hearts are open, all desires known.' Their secrets cannot long be hidden from the scrutiny of biographers and historians; already enough is known to reveal, not perhaps their individual intentions, but their collective responsibility."

Was this war fought on the part of the North to abolish slavery or on the part of the South to maintain slavery?

In the first part of the first inaugural address of President Lincoln he quoted and repeated past speeches of his and declared: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so."

I need not follow up like statements of his made from time to time, orally and in writing. It was not until the war had made considerable progress that any step was taken looking toward the abolition of slavery. The grotesque pretension of the people who had provoked the war, that the weaker side had been the assailant, was treated with derision by the enlightened opinion of the whole world. The idea suggested by them that they were subduing the South for the purpose of giving to the Southern people the blessings of that "liberty" which had been won for the American people by the sword of George Washington was equally derided. Mr. Gladstone on the 28th of April, 1862, in a speech at Manchester, referring to the attitude of the Federal government and the Northern people, said: "We have no faith in the propagation of free institutions at the point of the sword."

It had proved to be no war of ninety days into which the party that hated our people had deluded the people of the Northern States.

The stout hearts of our soldiers fighting for their altars and their firesides, the flaming patriotism which has so often been in history the reaction of honorable people against intolerable wrong, had made of this war a war which was to exact, to use the language of the people of General Smuts, "a price which would stagger humanity."

It was not until the party in power in the United States ascertained their situation in the face of the public opinion of the world and until they discovered the difficulties which had arisen between them and what they had thought to be an easy victory that they sought to camouflage a war of oppression by masquerading as crusaders attempting to abolish slavery.

I need go no farther with this subject. If the people in the South had been interested in the question of retaining their slaves, a short and easy way to keep them would have been to remain in the Union and rely upon the constitutional provisions then protecting slavery and the announcement of

the President of the United States, to which I made allusion a few moments ago.

Did the war prove that secession is wrong, that the resistance by a minority of the people to wrongful aggression is not right and not honorable? If it is supposed that this principle was established by the war, what view must be taken of the secession of the American colonies under the leadership of George Washington?

What did the war prove beyond the fact that a powerful and wealthy majority of the people can conquer and subdue a small minority. I think it proved one thing conclusively, and that is that the people who founded this government were right when they predicted that the formation of a sectional party would necessarily cause disruption of the United States. That fact was true in 1861; it is true to-day; it will be true to-morrow.

When the people of this country have been political antagonists, they have always found ways to settle their differences. When the members of a party become not political antagonists of the opposing party, but physical enemies of a section of the country, the consequence which ensued in 1861 will occur again.

There is one more thing which the war proved. It established the fact that there was in this new country a set of people who, in the language of Edmund Burke, had "that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound." It showed that in this country there existed people who were willing to make those extreme, unselfish, prodigal sacrifices to which alone history has accorded the *opima spolia* of fame. It demonstrated that in this country, discovered not four hundred years before 1861, there had been bred a race of people who could do a thing which can be fairly compared with the greatest things that have been done by any people in the history of the world.

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## *IN THE WILDERNESS.*

BY CHANNING M. SMITH, SCOUT OF STUART'S CAVALRY.

In the April number of the VETERAN I described briefly the bloody fight of Ewell's Division with a part of two corps of Grant's army on the old turnpike running through the Wilderness of Spotsylvania. This fight closed on the evening of the 5th of May, with his lines well established and his men much encouraged by the result of the day's battle; and well they might be, as Ewell had in the fight only 10,000 men (see Gordon's Report), while Warren's 5th Corps had 32,341, with Wright's Division of Sedgwick's Corps.

The men who fought this fight were inspired by their confidence in and devotion to the genius of their great leaders, R. E. Lee, Jackson, Johnston, Stuart, Hampton, and others whom God Almighty had raised up and given to the South to defend the principles for which such statesmen as Madison, Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry, and others had pledged their lives and sacred honor to support and defend; principles and the rights of States under the Constitution of 1787 that Washington, George Mason, Lee, and others so logically proclaimed as the keystone of the arch upon which rested our every hope of a peaceful union of the States.

"The 5th of May closed with every advantage resting with Lee, he having arrested Grant's flanking movement, forcing him to confront his army in the Wilderness, where there were but few roads and the country so densely wooded that but little of Grant's immense artillery force could be brought into action."

About 6 P.M. on the 5th of May, when for a time there was a lull in the firing, I rode through the dense growth of bushy trees covered with a tangle of wild grapevines and poison oak. The battle smoke had settled like a funeral pall upon the scene, and by the dim crepuscular light the faces of the living along the front looked as pale and ghastly as the dead at their feet. Trees six inches in diameter had been cut to pieces and scarred by the rain of musket balls, and it seemed to me miraculous how the men of either army could have survived so deadly a hail of death and destruction. In our front the ground was blue with the bodies of the men on the other side, some of them having fallen dead within bayonet reach of their foes. Those were brave men, who fought us gallantly on that fatal day and gave their lives for a cause they believed as just as we did ours. The Union loss in the battle of May 5 and 6 was 17,666 men, and, to add to the horrors of the scene, the woods caught fire, and many of the wounded of Grant's army were burned alive. The scenes depicted in "Dante's inferno" could not be worse.

The Confederate officer directed to collect the arms from the Wilderness battle field after the armies moved reported to Lee that he found almost as many muskets as Lee had men. After talking with our boys on the firing line, whose lips were parched with thirst and blackened with biting off the cartridges before ramming them into their guns, I rode farther to the front. The smoke and dense growth prevented my seeing more than thirty yards ahead, and presently I got so close to the enemy that I could hear them speaking in subdued tones, probably softened by the terrible struggle they had gone through. I discovered a wounded officer lying on the ground, and, dismounting, I kneeled beside him and asked his name and rank. He told me both and the regiment to which he belonged. I thought possibly that his wound was not mortal and directed two of our litter bearers to take him to the rear; that in case he survived he might be exchanged for a prisoner of equal rank. I saw from the insignia upon his collar that he was a colonel.

That night I went alone for General Lee into Grant's army and was talking with two Union officers (they, of course, taking me to be one of them) when one of them said: "Poor Colonel —— [I have forgotten his name] was killed and left in the hands of the enemy." Involuntarily I remarked: "No, he wasn't." They replied: "What do you know about it?" "I only hope he was not," I said. In the dark our uniforms were of the same color, and they suspected nothing. They spoke of many of their wounded being burned alive. It was not difficult to locate the position of the Federal troops so as to report the fact to General Lee.

On the 8th of June General Grant wrote to Halleck to send him the 10,000 reserves at once, "for the safety of the country," and soon the retreat of the Grand Army of the Potomac was "in the air." The correspondent of a Cincinnati paper was, by special order, drummed out of camp with a big placard hung on his breast inscribed, "Libeler of the Press," because he had written for his paper that "Meade wished to retreat at this time, but was prevented from so doing by General Grant." Grant began the campaign with 80,000 more men than Lee. (See the reports in Washington.)

General Grant was glad to get his army out of the Wilderness, a place of gloom, the home of the snake, the bat, and the owl; and if the souls of departed heroes are permitted to visit the spot where their bodies lie, it is surely visited by specters who wander in the gloom of the forest until cock crow.

## *RECOLLECTIONS OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.*

BY MRS. SUE CHANCELLOR, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

[At the time of this great battle Mrs. Chancellor was a girl of fourteen years, and those scenes of war and desolation are still a vivid memory. This compilation of her recollections by Mrs. W. Fleming, of Fredericksburg, is a revelation of the courage and endurance of our Southern women "in the midst of the enemy."]

Chancellorsville was not a village, but a large country home. It was built for my grandmother, Anne Lyon, by her uncle, Alexander Lorman, of Baltimore.

My grandmother was married twice—first to Richard Pound, a descendant of Pocahontas through his mother, Fannie Underwood, great-granddaughter of William Underwood, who was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1652 and married a great-granddaughter of Pocahontas. My mother, Fannie Longworth Pound, was his only child, and in her the Indian features were strongly marked.

My grandmother's second husband was George Chancellor, of Chancellorsville. It was after his death that the large Chancellorsville house was built to be used as an inn, for the Plank Road ran through the estate, the main road between Orange, Madison, and all those rich up-country counties and Fredericksburg, the head of navigation.

My mother married Sanford Chancellor, younger brother of her stepfather. He served in the War of 1812 as a major on General Madison's staff. My father's home was at Forest Hall, near United States Ford. He had a bark mill on the canal, which ran by the side of the Rappahannock up from Fredericksburg, and I remember the canal boats which used to come up with groceries, dry goods, machinery, and other things and carry down the bark and other produce. The engineers who built the canal stayed at our house, and on leaving they made my mother a present of a silver tea service, which is still in my possession.

After my grandmother's death Chancellorsville was sold and passed out of the family. My father died at the very beginning of the War between the States, and my mother bought back Chancellorsville and, with her six unmarried daughters and one son, moved there. I had one married sister, Mrs. Thomas Charters, and another brother, a surgeon, Dr. Charles William Chancellor, afterwards medical director of General Pickett's division.

My first recollection of the war is about the Confederate pickets. They used to be stationed near us and would come in and get their meals from my mother. We had plenty of servants then, and my mother was a good provider, so they thought themselves in clover. My sisters were very nice to these defenders of our country and played on the piano and sang for them, and they taught my sisters to play cards, which my mother disapproved; but they all seemed to have a good time. They were mighty nice to me too. I remember one Sunday a drove of sheep came down the road, and one of the soldier boys said: "Sue, wouldn't you like to have a pet?" Of course I was delighted, so he went out and got me a beautiful white lamb. This soldier's name was Thomas Lamar Stark, from Columbia, S. C., and I named the lamb "Lamar" and kept it until the house was burned. When the Confederates went away and the Yankees came, I brought the lamb into the house every night to keep it from being killed.

When the enemy made their raids things were different. My sisters were cold and distant. Mother had her whole crop of corn shelled and put into under-beds in the bedrooms of the house, and all her stock of meat was hidden under the stone steps at the front door. There were several of these steps, and the top one was lifted and the whole stock of hams, shoulders, and middlings were packed in the space underneath and the top step replaced. On the whole, however, the Yankees were kind and polite to us, but I can remember how they used to come in a sweeping gallop up the big road, with swords and sabers clashing, and I how I would run and hide and pray. I reckon I prayed more and harder then than I ever did before or since. One of them once spoke to my sister as "You Rebel women," and she said: "Yes, you call us Rebels, and we glory in the name." We all know better now. Washington and the Continentals might have been rebels, but we stood for our rights, and under the Constitution the war was a "war between the States."

After the battle of Fredericksburg the two armies went into winter quarters, the Northern troops on the Washington side of the Rappahannock and our men on the Richmond side. After the Emancipation Proclamation our servants ran away to the Yankees, who were, I think, not very far away in Stafford County. General Posey and General Mahone had their troops very near us, guarding some of the river fords, and they were at our home a good deal. I remember both of them well. General Mahone was a little man, but he was a big little man and just as brave and gallant as he could be. It was such a pity he became a Republican after the war. And General Posey was a nice man with a long beard. I can see him now. General McLaws and General Anderson used to come too, and General Stuart. We all loved General Stuart; he was so nice and had always a pleasant word for every one.

We had refugees from Fredericksburg in the house too—old Mr. and Mrs. F., their married daughter, Mrs. Dr. T——, of Fall Hill, their young lady daughter, Miss Kate, and her "mammy," old "Aunt Nancy." They brought their driver, carriage, and horses.

The main body of our men was down below Fredericksburg. As spring opened up there were a great many rumors. It was said that the Yankees were in Fredericksburg, then that they had crossed below Fredericksburg, that they had crossed above us and were going around by Gordonsville—all sorts of things. For several days old Mr. F—— had been mighty anxious to go into town to attend to some business, and his wife and married daughter, who both had sons in the army, wanted to go too and hear from them; so on the morning of Wednesday, the 29th of April, Mr. F——'s desires got the better of his apprehensions, and he had the carriage hitched up ready for the trip. They told us all good-by and gave Miss Kate and Aunt Nancy into my mother's care, leaving with Miss Kate a covered basket of valuable papers and securities. It was two years before they saw her again.

That evening there was a rendezvous at our house of Generals Anderson, Posey, and Stuart, with some of their aids. My sisters, who now that the servants had gone did everything themselves, prepared a good supper and took great pride in waiting on the table and having everything nice. While we were all at the table enjoying the good things suddenly a courier came with dispatches saying that the enemy was crossing at United States Ford. Immediately all was confusion. Hastily the generals bade us good-by, but General Stuart, always so charming, took time to say to my sister: "Thank you, Miss Fannie, for the good supper; and as it is always my custom to fee the waitress, take this from me as a little

remembrance." And he gave her a tiny gold dollar. I have it yet, one of my most cherished possessions.

There were in the house my mother, her six daughters, her half-grown son, Miss Kate F——, Aunt Nancy, and a little negro girl left by her mother when she went away to the Yankees. We put on all the clothes we could, and my sisters fastened securely in their hoop skirts the spoons and forks and pieces of the silver tea service which the engineers had given my mother. Thus they were preserved, and I have them still. Other valuables were secreted as best they could be. Presently the Yankees began to come, and they said that Chancellorsville was to be General Hooker's headquarters, and we must all go into one room at the back of the house. They took all our comfortable rooms for themselves, while we slept on pallets on the floor. I often think of all that old mahogany furniture, and how glad I would be of some of it now. General Hooker did not come until the next day. He paid no attention to my mother, but walked in and gave his orders. We never sat down to a meal again in that house, but they brought food to us in our room. If we attempted to go out, we were ordered back. We heard cannonading. but did not know where it was. We were joined by our neighbors, who fled or were brought to Chancellorsville house for refuge, until there were sixteen women and children in that room. From the windows we could see couriers coming and going and knew that the troops were cutting down trees and throwing up breastworks. I know now that they were pretty well satisfied with their position and were confident of victory.

In the meantime old Mr. and Mrs. F—— had run right into what is called the second battle of Fredericksburg. Miss Kate was miserable about them, and they were filled with anxiety for her, caught in the lines of the enemy without help or protection. Their youngest son, James, was killed just at this time, and their cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing.

Well, we got through Thursday and Friday as best we could, but on Saturday, the 2d of May, the firing was much nearer, and General Hooker ordered us to be taken to the basement. The house was full of wounded. They had taken our sitting room as an operating room and our piano as an amputating table. One of the surgeons came to my mother and said, "There are two wounded Rebels here, and if you wish you can attend to them," which she did.

There was water in the basement over our shoetops, and one of the surgeons brought my mother down a bottle of whisky and told her that we should all take some, which we did, with the exception of Aunt Nancy, who said: "No, sah, I ain't gwine tek it; I might git pizened."

There was firing and fighting, and they were bringing in the wounded all that day; but I must say that they did not forget to bring us some food. It was late that day when the awful time began. Cannonading on all sides and such shrieks and groans, such commotion of all kinds! We thought that we were frightened before, but this was beyond everything and kept up until after dark. Upstairs they were bringing in the wounded, and we could hear their screams of pain. This was Jackson's flank movement, but we did not know it then. Again we spent the night, sixteen of us, in that one room, the last night in the old house.

Early in the morning they came for us to go into the cellar, and in passing through the upper porch I saw how the chairs were riddled with bullets and the shattered columns which had fallen and injured General Hooker. O the horror of that day! The piles of legs and arms outside the sitting room window and the rows and rows of dead bodies covered with canvas! The fighting was awful, and the frightened men crowded into the basement for protection from the deadly fire of the Confederates, but an officer came and ordered them out, commanding them not to intrude upon the terror-stricken women. Presently down the steps the same officer came precipitously and bade us get out at once, "For, madam, the house is on fire, but I will see that you are protected and taken to a place of safety." This was Gen. Joseph Dickinson, but we did not know it at the time. Cannon were booming and missiles of death were flying in every direction as this terrified band of women and children came stumbling out of the cellar. If anybody thinks that a battle is an orderly attack of rows of men, I can tell them differently, for I have been there.

The sight that met our eyes as we came out of the dim light of that basement beggars description. The woods around the house were a sheet of fire, the air was filled with shot and shell, horses were running, rearing, and screaming, the men, a mass of confusion, moaning, cursing, and praying. They were bringing the wounded out of the house, as it was on fire in several places. Mammy Nancy had old Mr. F——'s basket of papers, and she and the little negro girl were separated from us and bidden to stay behind. A Yankee snatched the basket from the old woman and was making off with it when Aunt Nancy gave a shriek: "Miss Kate, for the Lord's sake git your pa's basket!" An officer turned and, sternly reproving the miscreant, gave the basket into Miss Kate's hands. Slowly we picked our way over the bleeding bodies of the dead and wounded, General Dickinson riding ahead, my mother walking alongside with her hand on his knee, I clinging close to her, and the others following behind. At the last look our old home was completely enveloped in flames. Mother with six dependent daughters, and her all destroyed!

We took the road up toward United States Ford, which was held by the enemy, and after a while got out of sight of the battle. After walking about half a mile one of my sisters, who had been sick, had a hemorrhage from her lungs. General Dickinson stopped a soldier on horseback, made him get down, put my sister on his horse, and then walked behind her to hold her on. After a while Miss Kate stopped, completely exhausted, and said she could go no farther. General Dickinson asked her if she could ride, adding: "If so, you can take my horse and I will walk at his head." She said she was too much exhausted to attempt that, but she could ride, pillion, behind him. "That is impossible," he said sternly. "I fear I cannot provide for you." After a few minutes pause, we went on. Presently we met an officer, who wheeled on his horse on recognizing our leader and demanded with an oath: "General Dickinson, why are you not at your post of duty?" I will never forget General Dickinson's reply. He drew himself up proudly and said: "If here is not the post of duty, looking after the safety of these helpless women and children, then I don't know what you call duty."

After walking three miles we reached the ford, where the Yankees had crossed on a pontoon bridge four days before. Here at the old La Roque house General Dickinson left us in the care of a New Jersey chaplain and went to see about getting us across the river. We saw here the corpse of an old negro woman who, they said, had been frightened to death. We all sat on the porch waiting, not knowing what would happen next. Presently General Dickinson returned, went with us to the bridge, and bade us good-by. A nobler, braver, kindlier gentleman never lived.

The chaplain went with us across the bridge. I will never forget the "wobbly" sensation as we walked across those boats. When we reached the other side, the chaplain got a horse from somewhere, put my sister on it, and took us to the top of the hill. There my sister fainted and was laid out on the grass. A little drummer boy named Thacker was so kind to us. He got some ice and a lemon for my sister and took his clean bandanna handkerchief and tied up her head. He said: "If this is "On to Richmond,' I want none of it. I would not like to see my mother and sister in such a fix."

We stayed there for some time. After awhile an ambulance, sent by General Dickinson, drove up. My sister was put in it with my mother, Miss Kate, my little brother, and myself. The others had to walk, and so we finally came to the house of John Hunt at the Eagle Gold Mines in Stafford County. This was in the Federal lines, and we were kept under guard for ten days, during which my sister got better. We had good food, and the guards were very kind. My sisters were very cool to them at first, but after a while they relaxed and relieved the irksomeness of our confinement by talking, playing cards, music, etc., and I even think there was some flirtation going on.

General Dickinson sent word of our safety to my brother, Dr. Chancellor, and also to Miss Kate's friends, and to my mother he sent a message in return from my brother. Miss Kate had a brother who was a professor of distinction in the medical college in Philadelphia. With her basket of papers, she was sent to Baltimore, where she was met by her brother and spent the last two years of the war at his home. General Dickinson went to see her there and, it was said, paid her marked attention, even courted her, but I don't know how that was.

When the order came for our release, one of my sisters said to one of the guards: "Well, I reckon you are glad your prisoners are going." "Not at all," said he. "I am glad for you, but sorry for ourselves. I am going to write my mother and tell her what a good time I have had with these Rebel ladies." We were put into an ambulance and carried back to United States Ford, where we were met by my sister, Mrs. Charters, who received us as recovered from the very jaws of death. At home we found Mammy Nancy and the little negro girl, and here we learned the particulars of our glorious victory and the sad news of the death of our beloved Stonewall Jackson.

The following fall we went to Charlottesville, where I was put to school. Two of my sisters got positions as teachers in the Valley, and my mother was made matron of the Midway Hospital and afterwards of the Delevan Hospital. There were three hospitals in Charlottesville under the charge of my uncle, Dr. Edward Chancellor, and he got her the place. Here we stayed until the close of the war, and just about that time a cousin, Mr. Lorman, of Baltimore, died and left my mother some money; so we fared pretty well.

I cannot close without commenting on the enduring friendship which sprang up between my mother and General Dickinson. They corresponded; and as he was deeply interested in verifying the war history of this section, he several times visited the battle fields and never without coming to see her. He attended her funeral in 1892, thus testifying to the respect and affection he felt for her.

In 1876 a party of us and our connections boarded the train in Fredricksburg on our way to the Centennial at Philadelphia. The name "Chancellor" caught the ear of a distinguished-looking gentleman sitting near, and presently he came up, asking if we were the Chancellors of Chancellorsville. When he found that we were, he said: "And I am General Hooker." Of course we were surprised, but we invited him to join our party. He shared our bounteous luncheon, and we had a very pleasant day, a contrast to the three days spent in our house with him thirteen years before. We never saw him again, but for years we had visits from soldiers, North and South, who remembered "the ladies of Chancellorsville."

I married my cousin, Vespasian Chancellor, and have preserved the name. How many on both sides have passed away! and the years have dimmed my memory as to incidents and occurrences, yet the horrible impression of those days of agony and conflict is still vivid, and I can close my eyes and see the blazing woods, the house in flames, the flying shot and shell, and the terror-stricken women and children pushing their way over the dead and wounded, led by the courageous and chivalrous General Dickinson.

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## *A MEMORY.*

BY JOHN P. AUSTIN, WILLOW SPRINGS, MO.

"Here's to the tattered coat of gray,
To what it means we rev'rence pay."

I take my seat in an old armchair
To sing of a youth with auburn hair,
With bright blue eyes and face so fair,
Who rode with the boys in gray.

He left his home while in his "teens"
And often lived beyond his means;
His life was filled with frightful scenes
While with the boys in gray.

With Shelby's men he cast his lot
And followed his company, cold or hot,
Or whether he had his food or not,
While with the boys in gray.

Though hungry himself, on every morn
He fed his horse on oats and corn
And rode him hard, just sure's you're born,
While with the boys in gray.

He faced the "Yanks" with a reckless air,
And "Captain Jinks, of Madison Square,"
Had nothing on him anywhere
While with the boys in gray.

Now Captain Jinks, if him you should meet,
With winning smile he would you greet,
Or perhaps he'd say with haughty air:
"You should hate the youth with the auburn hair."

But I say to you, and I say it loud,
That you ought to be very overly proud
Of that tattered, hungry, bravest crowd
Whose heads and hearts were never bowed—
Those boys who fought with the gray.

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Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest, and admiration.—*Matthew Arnold.*

## *LIFE AMONG BULLETS—IN THE RIFLE PITS.*

BY W. A. DAY, SHERRILL'S FORD, N. C.

### Battle of the Yellow House.

We remained in the trenches sharpshooting, shelling, and carrying our dead to Blandford Cemetery until the 19th of August, when we were relieved and sent out on the Weldon Railroad to a place we called the "Yellow House" (the Federals called it the "Globe Tavern"), where General Grant was making another flank movement on our right. This was something we didn't like. We were perfectly willing to stay in the trenches and fight every day—we were used to that—but to be relieved by troops camped back out of reach of shells and sent out to fight what we considered their battle went strongly against the grain.

We arrived on the grounds on the 19th of August, 1864, and all the troops were formed in line of battle half a mile from the enemy's front. A heavy picket force was immediaetly sent out. I was among the pickets sent from Company I, 49th Regiment. We went out through a large cornfield and formed our picket line at the edge of a swamp. An occasional shot was fired from the other side, but did no harm. We dug our rifle pits with our bayonets large enough to hold four men. Three of us and a corporal were in one pit. Night coming on, we huddled together and kept a close watch in front. An hour or two before day next morning I became so sleepy that it was impossible to hold my eyes open. I begged the corporal to let me sleep just one minute, but he said: "No, there will be no sleeping in this rifle pit to-night." I slept a few minutes in spite of the corporal's gun punching and shaking, waking up bright. In a short time another went under and slept a few minutes, then another, until the three of us had our short naps; then the corporal went down. We forgot his trying to keep us awake, and we let him sleep. After his short nap we were all in good shape. I went back to the cornfield and pulled three large roasting ears and ate them raw. They tasted sweet as sugar.

About sunrise the line of battle moved down and formed on the picket line. Lieut. Col. J. T. Davis was in command of the 49th Regiment, and he explained to us the order of battle. General Mahone had gone around the enemy's flank and rear with six brigades, and when we heard his artillery open it would be the signal for our advance. About eight o'clock the artillery opened. We moved forward in line of battle through the swamp and came to a level pine wood, where we halted and reformed our lines. A narrow road ran through the pines out toward the enemy's line. A Federal sharpshooter fired down the road and killed one of our men. This so alarmed a comrade standing by his side that he cried out: "O Lord, I can't go in there!" With a terrible oath his captain sprang to his side, thrust a cocked revolver in his face, and said if he did not move forward at the command he would shoot him dead in his tracks. The poor fellow moved on, crying and praying.

We moved steadily through the pines and came to an open field about a hundred and fifty yards wide. On the farther side was a line of breastworks full of Federal soldiers standing up looking at us. The command to charge was given. We threw our guns to a trail and, with our well-known yell, made a dash for their works. Still they stood and looked at us. We knew what it meant; they had the "white-of-the-eye" order, which meant, "Don't fire a shot until you can see the white in their eyes." Thus they stood until we were within twenty-five or thirty yards, then threw their guns across the works, and just as they stooped to fire we dropped as one man, and the whole volley went over our heads. None were killed and very few wounded. As we fell as one man, we arose as one man, and before they could reload we were in the works among them. They did not stand for the bayonet. Some surrendered and others broke for their rear, where they had another line crowded with artillery behind a pine field, whose trees had all been felled with the tops toward us. They must have had openings somewhere for their men to pass through, as they soon disappeared. We followed them from the first line in another charge. A Federal soldier with a heavy knapsack on his back was running in front of me. Before I could catch him he dropped his knapsack and let out another link. In passing I picked it up.

We soon became so entangled in the fallen trees that we could make no headway whatever. John Landen, the color bearer of the 49th, was up in the tree tops with the flag in one hand and fighting his way through the limbs with the other. The enemy opened on our left with all their artillery, double-shotted with grape and canister, giving us an enfilading fire which mangled our men terribly. Seeing that we would all be uselessly slaughtered in that death trap, Colonel Davis shouted to us to fall back to the other line; but in that din of shouts, crashing tree tops, and bursting shells only about half the regiment heard the order and fell back, while the other half were still trying to get through the pines. Adjt. J. H. Sherrill, of the 49th, ran back, found Landen with the flag, and, collecting the men as best he could in the storm of grapeshot, brought them back to the line. To make bad matters worse, we had a battery of artillery in a field half a mile off on our right which, mistaking our retreat for a charge of the enemy, opened all their guns on us, killing and wounding a number of our own men who had escaped death in the battle.

I always had a fear of being shot in the back, and in that falling back race I threw my big knapsack over on my back, thinking it would help some; but I went through without a scratch. The firing soon ceased.

I opened my knapsack to see what was in it, and, among other things, I found a large packet of letters. I began to read them, but soon learned what they were. It was beneath the dignity of a Southern soldier to read letters a loving wife had sent to her soldier husband, so I destroyed them.

The Federals were driven back from the railroad at that place, and some of our troops remained to take part in the hard-fought battle at Reams's Station a few days afterwards. We lay in the captured works all evening, and at night picks and shovels were sent in, and we were set to work strengthening the works. We worked till midnight, then fell in line and marched back to Petersburg and took up our old trade of sharpshooting, shelling, and dodging mortar shells in the trenches. From the Norfolk Railroad to the river pickets were kept out only at night, as the works were in plain view of each other all the way, the pickets going out at dark and coming in at daylight next morning. It had become so dangerous for the pickets to cross over, numbers of them having been shot, that we had to dig tunnels under the works for them to pass through. From the Norfolk Railroad to the river was the most dangerous place in the whole line of works. At one time Joseph Fisher, of Company I, and some one from Company G were out together and started in at daylight. Just as they started a 64-pounder came over. They made a break for the tunnel and, both jumping in together,

became wedged. The shell fell in on them and burst, literally tearing them to shreds.

We kept the trenches mended up and clear of mud all the summer and fall months, but as winter came on we began to suffer. Our uniforms were wearing out, and our rations had been cut down to almost nothing. The men began to desert, crossing the works at the dam on dark nights and sometimes from the picket line. The enemy sent over circulars promising every man who would desert free transportation to any part of the North they wished to go, never to draft them in their armies, or they would give them work if they wished at good wages far in the rear, where they would be out of all danger, and if they brought their guns along they would pay them the government price for them. After that we had to keep close watch on our guns. One fellow went over one night with as many stolen guns as he could carry.

After the weather got so cold that we could no longer do without fire a few sticks of cord wood and about a bushel of coal were issued to a company to last twenty-four hours. We had to burn it in our bombproofs, and it smoked us as black as negroes. When the cold rains came we could not keep the mud out of the trenches, and our so-called bombproofs leaked muddy water on us. General Lee came through every few days, wading sometimes almost to his boot tops, but he never said a word about the mud. He knew we couldn't keep it out. Almost every cold, rainy night the Federals opened up their mortars and kept us pushing about through the mud nearly all night. This was more than some of the boys could stand. According to the circulars they read, over there they would be out of danger, out of the war, their fighting days over; over here they had nothing to look forward to but starvation, battles, wounds, and death. Their patriotism vanished, their Southland was forgotten; they left us, and we had no way to stop them. Most of them returned after the war and took sides with the negroes, scalawags, and carpetbaggers in the Reconstruction days, which will never be forgotten by those who lived through them.

In the dead of the winter a permanent detail was made for fatigue duty about the trenches. I was on that detail, and our duties were to work nearly all the time. We dug our bombproofs in a hill behind the lines, but did not get to stay in them very much. I suppose our boss, whose rank was captain, had a soul, but it was a very small one. One cold, dark, rainy night in December he sent me out in front to count the joints in the chevaux-de-frise, so they could be doubled. I went through the picket line at our company and passed down the line between the pickets and the chevaux-de-frise, counting the joints, which were about every twelve feet as near as I could guess; I couldn't see them. Thinking of danger only from the enemy, whose bullets were striking the chevaux-de-frise occasionally, I was suddenly startled by the command: "Halt! Come here, d—n you. I will show you whether you go to the Yankees or not." This gave me a good scare. I went to the rifle pit as quickly as I could and found three men down in the mud, with a little light not much larger than a glow worm stuck in the bank. I called for the officer commanding the pickets. He was in the next rifle pit and came scrambling over. I told him my business and asked him if he would send a man with me, as I was afraid to go by myself. His answer was: "No; go on and do as you are ordered. I will pass the word down the line for the pickets not to molest you."

I felt my way on down the line and fell in an old rifle pit full of ice water up to my shoulders. I scratched out, with the cold water pouring in streams from me, went back to the detail, reported the number of joints, and asked the captain to excuse me for the night, as I was freezing to death. He refused and ordered me to go to work. Had I dared, I would have told him where to go. I helped carry out one section and then found I could stand it no longer, so I slipped off to our bombproof, where the boys had a nice lot of wood borrowed from the artillerymen up on the railroad when they were asleep, built a roaring fire, hung up my clothes to dry, and went to sleep and slept till the boys came in next morning. They never reported me, and that was the last of it. I soon got tired of this business and went back to the company, and Pink Collins and I were added to the corps of sharpshooters.

On Christmas, 1864, the people of Richmond and Petersburg were going to give the soldiers in the trenches a Christmas dinner with cabbage, beans, chicken, beef loaf, bread, and a lot of other good things, enough to give every man a square meal. How glad we were when we heard that the rations were in Petersburg; but, alas, they had to start at the top and come down through all the departments, and when they reached us it hardly paid to throw the tobacco out of our mouths for what we got. It was told that the bombproofers in the rear had all the rations they could eat for a week.

A lot of roughs were loafing and hiding about the city, stealing everything they could lay hands on, especially watching out for boxes of rations from our home people. Some of these roughs had been soldiers. One of them stole a trunk from Colonel McAffee, of the 49th, containing a new uniform and was caught with the goods. The Colonel took him up the canal above the city, bucked him down, and gave him six hundred lashes. The doctors worked with him all night to save his life. Some of the crowd stole an overcoat from me. The weather was very wet and cold all winter. The citizens told us it was the worst winter they had had for years. We were in a bad plight, half frozen, half starved, and deserters were leaving us every night.

Before the battle of Fredericksburg we were encamped near Orange Courthouse. One day a detail of ten men under a lieutenant was sent out to a crossroads a few miles from town on picket. I was sent from our company. We were to stay out until ordered in. One day I had filled my canteen at the spring and was starting back when I heard a little noise. Looking back, I saw an old lady coming out of the spring house. She was so old and wrinkled that she looked black. She asked me if I belonged "up there," meaning the picket post. On telling her I did she asked: "Do you get anything to eat?" "A little bit," said I. "Well," she said, "I'll be d—n if I would stand it; I would run away. Give me your canteen; I'll fill it with buttermilk." If the old lady could have seen us in the trenches, what would she have said?

February came in with a heavy sleet which froze some of the pickets to death, and they were carried to Blandford Cemetery. I was in the Mortar Hell one very cold night, standing on the banquette to keep out of the mud. Looking through the porthole, I saw one of the Yanks crawl out of their works and begin chopping on a little sapling. He would chop a few licks and stop, then a few more and stop. I had a notion to tell him to chop on; I wouldn't shoot him. At last his little tree fell with a crash, then he rolled over and over down into the works. In a short time he crawled out again and pulled his little tree into the works and soon had a bright light in there.

We were war weary. When the peace commission passed through the lines to meet President Lincoln in Hampton Roads, we fondly hoped, the Federals as well as ourselves, that they would come to some terms to end the war. But the conference accomplished nothing, and both sides then knew that it was fight, fight to the bitter end. Our rations were about gone and our uniforms worn out, but we had plenty of ammunition, and our guns were kept as bright as silver; so we chose to fight on.

About the middle of March we were relieved by General Gordon's troops. We had been in the trenches nine long months, except the few days we were out fighting on the line, and we would rather have remained in there to defend them to the last, which we knew would be soon; but we were relieved. When the Georgians came in, they asked a great many questions about the trenches, and it would take a big book to hold all the lies told them. We moved out and bivouacked a mile from the city. What a glorious place! We could lie down on dry ground and sleep all night, no mortars or Minies to bother us. On the next day we marched out to Mahone's old winter quarters, good log huts, where we could keep dry when it rained. We piled up leaves, and what good beds they made! We were drilled like raw recruits, but when it rained we were in the dry. We enjoyed this easy life until March 24, when we were sent back to the trenches to aid in General Gordon's celebrated attack on Fort Steadman, which was the last general attack made on the enemy by General Lee's army. Fort Steadman was a strong work built on the enemy's main line where Mr. Hare's white house stood before they burned it down. Another fort on the river bank, called Fort Haskell, had an enfilading fire up the line and annoyed us greatly during the siege. Three more forts crowned the rear hills and with their line of breastworks made it a death trap where the assault was made.

We lay in the city until the next morning, then followed Lieut. Thomas R. Roulhac, of the 49th, and Lieut. W. W. Fleming, of the 6th North Carolina Regiment, both eighteen-year-old boys, across the field, each at the head of one hundred men, half of Fleming's men with axes, the others with guns, Roulhac's all with unloaded guns. They moved in front, and we followed, the other troops along the line moving across their ground in the same manner. We caught the enemy asleep, captured Fort Steadman and the works for some distance on each side, but could not hold them long. The guns from the forts plowed the ground, and the Federals charged in countless numbers in front. We held on until they were on the works, when they drove us out, killing and capturing the men by the hundreds. Lieutenant Colonel Davis, of the 49th, was among the killed. At last the order came to fall back. The few of us that were left started back in that terrible retreat across the field under the fire of every gun that could be brought to bear on us. The few who reached the works fell over inside and lay there panting for breath. After all were in we asked for a truce to bury our dead, which was granted. We buried our dead and carried off our wounded, then marched back to a hill near the iron bridge and lay there till dark. Our army in that battle had lost three thousand men who could never be replaced, and the lines were still just as they were that morning.

We marched back through Petersburg for the last time, the old regiment not much larger than a company. Our hearts were sad. We knew the end was near, the end of our hopes, perhaps our lives. We were at the last ditch. A few more battles would drive us to the wall.

We marched that night to Hatcher's Run and during the week had several skirmishes with the enemy at different places. President Davis visited the lines and ordered a gill of whisky issued to every man. I was out on the firing line with the sharpshooters when the whisky was brought in. One of my comrades drew my gill and, I suppose from fear that I would drink too much, drank it himself.

At Chamberlain Run the deafening shouts and murderous roar of the carbines of our cavalrymen told us that the tide of battle was moving swiftly to the left. Our sharpshooters were formed and moved rapidly through an old field of pines and cedars with the intention of getting a fire in the flanks of the enemy. Passing through the pines, we came to a large open field, on the farther side of which was a fence and beyond that a piece of woodland. We were deployed at five paces apart. We had a beautiful line. When about halfway across the field, a heavy line of the enemy rose up behind the fence and fired a full volley. The air looked almost blue with bullets. I looked down our line. Not a man staggered or fell; it was a clear miss. After their fire they broke back through the woods. They were dismounted cavalrymen. We rushed on, but when we reached the fence they were out of sight in the woods. When we reached the road and open field on the other side of the woods, the cavalry came up at full gallop, halted, and reformed their lines. We were then ordered back to our command. We moved about from one place to another. Sheridan's Cavalry charged us. We hurled them back. General Lee, on his well-known horse, Traveler, rode out to our front line, the last time a great many of us ever saw him.

One dark, foggy night we lay in a piece of woods, and the next morning we found a body of troops lying near us. General Ransom rode out and asked what troops they were. The answer was, "Sheridan's." We had lain close together that night, neither side aware of the other. Ransom rode back and ordered us to fall in quietly. We marched up the White Oak road toward Five Forks, and Sheridan's Cavalry charged us. We drove them back and formed line of battle at Five Forks, General Pickett in command. We hastily threw up breastworks of logs and dirt. The sharpshooters were ordered out. We deployed, moved out, and formed our line in the woods two hundred yards in front of the main line, Lieutenant Bowers, of the 49th, in command. From my position I could see a field over on our left and cavalrymen galloping across to our right. Soon the Federal skirmish line appeared among the trees in our front. We opened the battle by firing on them. They replied with their repeating carbines, both sides behind trees. My tree was too small to hide me. One bullet went through my empty haversack, another cut my coat on the shoulder, and several others struck the tree, knocking bark in my face. I swapped for a larger tree. We kept up a lively picket battle for some time, and then, as if by mutual consent, both sides ceased firing and lay behind the trees watching each other. In order to meet Grant's flank movement, General Lee had to take all the troops out of the line on the left of Five Forks, thus leaving about a mile undefended. The Federals, quickly taking advantage of this, moved General Warren's corps, twelve thousand men, through the gap and gained our rear, leaving Sheridan with, it was said, fifteen thousand men in our front. We had but six thousand men all told.

While we were watching each other on the picket line a heavy peal of musketry rang out in our rear, and a shower of bullets flew over our heads. Pink Collins—brave old Pink,

the only time I ever saw him scared—said: "Lord God, our own men are opening on us." I told him that firing was too distant for our line; I believed it was the enemy in our rear. The firing gradually grew hotter, and we began our picket fight again, when Bowers ran in and ordered us back to the main line. Reaching that, we found the 24th North Carolina Regiment standing in line firing square back in the rear, and the 49th standing in line with their guns cocked facing the rear. The pickets we had been fighting now came up heavily reënforced and began throwing in their bullets, and about that time the enemy in the rear came in sight through the woods. They had no lines; the woods were full of them. A regiment of Virginians was sent in to reënforce the 49th. They rushed in and formed with us, but they came too late; they were destroyed with us. The enemy came on, shouting: "Don't shoot, boys; don't shoot. It will only be a needless waste of life, and we'll overpower you anyway." But we could not stand idle and let them run over us. Our old flag was shot to pieces, nothing but a bunch of rags tied to a stick, but we stood by it like a wall of iron. The 49th was fighting its last battle. We poured the hot Minies into them as long as we had time to load our guns, but we could not stop them. They surrounded and crushed us. The end had come.

The old 49th North Carolina Regiment that Ransom trained and Fleming and Davis had led no longer had an organization, but they could not see the end; they were all in their graves. The regiment had fought its last battle; it was "off duty forever."

The battle of Five Forks was over. General Pickett had six thousand men; five thousand were lost, the other thousand scattered everywhere. The officers were sent to Johnson's Island, the privates to Point Lookout. We marched through the Federal army to City Point. Until then we did not know what we had been fighting. All the way through were camps; some of the commands had not even received marching orders. Not a house marked the way, nothing but blackened chimneys. It was a country of army graveyards, graves everywhere, which showed that we had played havoc with them in the siege.

After we were captured and started back we met several lines of battle going in. The battle was over, but they didn't know it. They had their lines well dressed and marched as if on parade, their mounted officers riding up and down the line. Whenever a man tried to flank out, they knocked him about ten feet with their swords and made him get back in the line. Away back in the rear we struck the brave men. We knew they were brave, for we had them in our army. O how they wanted to fight! They could scarcely keep off of us with their bare fists. This raised the guard who had helped capture us, and the language they used on these brave men I am sure they never learned in Sunday school.

Point Lookout next, with its negro guards, spoonful of raw meal, pint cup half full of water with one bean in it, sometimes a small bit of raw fish that a hungry dog wouldn't eat. I wish I could say a good word for Major Brady, but I can't without lying. Paroled and sent home, our first work was to prepare to make a living; our next was to rid the country of the Northern carpetbaggers, Southern scalawags and negroes, and lay the foundation of our dear Southland as it is to-day.

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In 1832 T. J. Randolph proposed in the Virginia Assembly a plan for the emancipation and colonization of the negroes.—*"Dixie Book of Days."*

## *FATHER RYAN.*

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL, U. D. C.

If kind nature had endowed me with something versatile and elastic in the way of a conscience (like the New England variety), I could frankly entitle this piece "Personal Recollections of Father Ryan," but when I review the facts candor compels me to admit that this title would be misleading. Imprimis, my impressions of the poet were decidedly blurred by the environment. The occasion upon which I could have garnered the material for recollections was a lecture delivered at the University of Virginia in 1883, with a copy of Raphael's "School of Athens" for a background and a good many "Eli Bananas" and Greek letter individuals in the foreground. I was a débutante and found the middle distance occupied by an elderly celibate the least absorbing part of that panorama. Truth is so rare that I hope the frightful iconoclasm of this admission will be forgiven, also time has convinced me that Father Ryan, then in the late forties, was barely in the maturity of his powers; but it would have been futile to have intimated to me then that forty was not a period at which life was pretty much over, especially for women.

The subject of the lecture was "Ideals." The word had not then become hackneyed and world worn, but alas! I did not have Mr. Lansing's useful habit of jotting down impressions, and not one single thought in that address can I recall. This circumstance I now regret, for it would have helped in piecing together a mosaic picture of an unusual and gifted character, as what may be termed the source books for information about Father Ryan seem to me rather inadequate. Our dear Miss Mildred Rutherford's sketch in "The South in History and Literature" appealed to me greatly for its insight no less than its sympathy, and I hope this book finds a place in every Southern home. Not even the Elis, however, efface the vivid impression of Father Ryan's personality, the leonine head and strongly molded features. His noble face, framed in curling brown hair, was strikingly attractive. Three years later he ended the pilgrimage between "the dark mount of sorrow and the fair mountain of prayer" at a Franciscan Monastery in Louisville on April 23, 1886.

The birthplace of Abram Joseph Ryan is in doubt, like that of Poe, to whom he has often been compared. Whether it was Norfolk or Hagerstown, and whether in the year 1836 cannot be positively affirmed. Of Irish parentage, he inherited his religion and the mysticism of the Celtic temperament. With his parents he went to St. Louis when he was about eight years old and seems to have chosen the priesthood for his vocation at an early age, for he had the rare spiritual nature which finds its fruition in a life of service and consecration. He became a chaplain in the Confederate army soon after he was ordained and was noted for his fearlessness. His poetry centers on two themes, religion and the Confederacy; doubtless they became interwoven in his mind. The best-known poem of the South is "The Conquered Banner." It has the rhythm of an old Gregorian hymn and is one of the most perfect and exquisite expressions of sorrow and resignation which can be found in the English language. A more martial tone is struck in "The Sword of Lee." His wonderful poems were occasional inspirations during the scant leisure of his life as a busy priest, for always he put the priest before the poet. If this reduces the volume of his verse, it enhances its spontaneity and charm. While officiating at St. Mary's, Mobile, a friend and neighbor, Mr. Hannis Taylor, persuaded him to collect and publish his poems. They

have since passed through many editions, and Father Ryan realized a considerable sum for the coypright, all of which he gave away, for generosity was one of his dominant traits.

During the yellow fever epidemic in Mobile Father Ryan remained at his post, caring for the sick and burying the dead. Such deeds are the fitting accompaniment to the poet's song.

Father Ryan lived in many places, edited the *Banner of the South* for five years in Augusta, Ga., and was a noted lecturer and preacher. One of his most famous poems, "The March of the Deathless Dead," was read for the first time by him in an address delivered at Fredericksburg, Va., on one of the Memorial Days observed there.

That delightful book, "Representative Southern Poets," by Charles W. Hubner, contains a charming appreciation of Father Ryan and the following summary of his life: "As a priest he wore unstained the livery of his divine calling. As a poet he wrote out of his own heart and therefore wrote himself into the hearts of others."

As his final requiem what could be more appropriate than this stanza from "When"?

"I know it will be sweet
To leave the haunts of men
And rest beneath the sod,
To kneel and kiss thy feet
In thy home, O my God."

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## *CHASING GUERRILLAS IN ARKANSAS.*

BY A. B. LEWIS, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

In 1862 there lived in Greene County, Tex., three brothers, Hardin D., Wilson, and Fox Hart. The latter two conceived the idea of going to Fort Smith, Ark., which at the time was garrisoned by a Confederate force under the command of General Steele, and there obtaining commissions in the Confederate service with permission to raise a company to operate in Northwest Arkansas, which was then to some extent pro-Union. This plan was carried out with little difficulty, the Hart brothers taking with them to Fort Smith nine other Texans to form the nucleus of the proposed company.

After the Harts had secured their commissions, the little command immediately started north, and some time in the early fall of 1862 reached the northern outpost of the Confederate force at Callahan Springs, which is half a mile northeast of the present location of the depot in Rogers, Ark. At this place they exhibited their credentials and were allowed to proceed on their way.

The next that is known of these men is when they appeared in Springfield, Mo., a few days after leaving Callahan Springs, and applied to the commanding officer of the Union forces stationed there for commissions in the Union army and for permission for the company when raised to operate against the Confederate forces in Northwest Arkansas. Both of these requests were granted. It is supposed that soon after securing these commissions in the Union army they met a young man from Illinois named Hayes, whom they induced to join in their enterprise. From this time on Hayes was associated with the Hart brothers and was made first lieutenant of the company.

The leaders of this guerrilla band, being now equipped with commissions and credentials from both Confederate and Union authorities, were ready to launch a campaign of plunder against the sympathizers of both the North and the South.

After enlisting a few additional men in the vicinity of Springfield, this band of freebooters started south and, especially in Washington and in Benton Counties, Ark., left a trail of rapine and plunder, at no time operating against an armed and organized enemy, but confining their operations solely to plundering unarmed and inoffensive women and men too old and enfeebled to be with either army. During the winter the band continued south, until on January 10, 1863, we find them camped near old Crawford Courthouse, and on that same day they crossed the Arkansas River at Thurlkill Ferry, proceeded south across Grand Prairie, and camped the night of the 11th on the plantation of Judge Aldridge. The next morning they went to the home of Judge Aldridge, placed him under arrest, abused his wife and his daughter, and took away such provisions and other plunder as met their fancy. Judge Aldridge was an elderly gentleman of very charming manners and pleasing address, and these qualities may account for his not receiving bodily harm at the hands of these ruffians.

After leaving the Aldridge plantation, Hart's gang proceeded west to the village of Charleston, at which place lived Mr. Edmond Richardson, a man of some means and of strong Southern sentiment. He had incurred the enmity of some of Hart's men who had been recruited in the vicinity of Big Creek Bottom by forcing collection of money loaned to them. When Hart reached Charleston he led his band to the home of Mr. Richardson, called him from his house, and, after abusing him, murdered him in cold blood. The band then retraced their route east to the plantation of Col. DeRosey Carroll, a brother-in-law of Judge Aldridge, and whose plantations joined. Colonel Carroll and his two sons, Henry and Charles were officers in the Confederate service, and the Colonel had left his command for a day's visit to his family. By their activity in the cause of the South before and during the war the Carrolls were very much hated by the same men of Hart's gang who instigated the killing of Richardson.

About nightfall Hart reached the Carroll plantation. Holding the rest of his men at the big gate, about one hundred feet from the house, Hayes and a companion crept to the front of the house and stationed themselves on either side of the door. When Hayes and his companions were in position, Hart hailed the house. (Hart and most of his men were wearing Confederate overcoats.) Colonel Carroll came to the door and, thinking the men were Confederate soldiers, invited them to come in and started to meet them. Just as he stepped from the door Hayes and his companion stepped from their concealment and shot him in the back, killing him instantly.

Two other men living in the vicinity of Charleston, Thomas Carter and Gideon Pearl, were marked for slaughter by Hart's cutthroats; but good friends of these two prominent citizens warned them, and both made their escape.

The village of Charleston is located on a tongue of timber land which extends from Big Creek on the west to the outskirts of the village on the east. On both sides of this tongue of timber land, to the north and to the south, lay an extent of rolling prairie land. That to the north is known as Grand Prairie and to the south as Potato Hill Prairie. From near the center of this southern prairie rises Potato Hill, which has an elevation of six hundred feet, is almost a perfect cone, and can be seen from any part of both prairies.

After the battle of Prairie Grove, December 7, 1862, General Cabell's brigade moved south, and some time during the winter two companies from this brigade were transferred to Fort Smith to garrison that post. These two companies were under the command of Capt. Mac Reiff and were made up of men from Washington, Hempstead, Lafayette, Clark, and Sevier Counties. Soon after Captain Reiff's command reached Fort Smith Colonel Crump, in command of a battalion, arrived from Texas and took over the command.

After the battle of Helena, General Spaitt, in command of seven regiments, was ordered to proceed by marching to the Indian Territory and there join General Cooper's command. On this march the command passed through Charleston and camped ten miles west of the town in Vache Grass Bottoms a few days before the murder of Richardson and Carroll. General Spaitt had ordered forage to be furnished his command from McLain's Bottom, and three wagons loaded with this corn from McLain's Bottom camped the night of December 12 a mile west of Charleston. On this night a deep snow, six inches or more, fell. On this same night Mr. Nelson Hewett, of Washington County, was camped one mile west of Spaitt's wagons. He was on his way to Texas, having under his charge the negroes of Mr. Jerry Kennedy, of Fort Smith.

On the morning of the 13th Hart's outlaws reached the camp of Spaitt's teamsters, took possession of the negroes and mules, cut the wagons down, and attempted to burn the corn. Proceeding west, they passed the camp of Mr. Hewett, but did not molest him at this time. However, in about two hours the gang returned, having with them twenty-two Confederate stragglers they had arrested on the road. Hart arrested Mr. Hewett and took charge of the negroes, teams, and wagons and marched south with him and the other prisoners to the farm of Mr. Morrow, which was at the west end of Potato Hill Prairie and near Big Creek Bottom. The Morrow farmhouse had two rooms, one of brick and the other of wood, built end to end with a hall between. Each end of this hall was inclosed with banisters with a gate opening. As Hart's outfit approached this farmhouse it was seen that there was a big fire in the house, and men and prisoners alike rushed into the room to get warm. In this confusion Hewett saw his opportunity, and, passing through one gate with the crowd, he ran on through the other gate and thus made his escape unnoticed. All day he traveled as fast as he could through the deep snow. Just at dark he came in sight of a house and, creeping close, he hid behind a tree. In a short while he saw a Confederate soldier leave the house, moving in his direction. This soldier saw and recognized Hewett and said: "Old man, what are you doing here? Hart knows of your escape and will kill you on sight." Tired and worn as Hewett was, he stood not on the order of his going, but went at once. Traveling due north for about three hours, he reached another house on the north edge of Grand Prairie. As he approached he heard men hurriedly leaving and jumping over the fence in the rear of the house. After making several efforts to raise the house, a woman finally came to the door, and Hewett soon convinced her that he was a friend. She invited him in and recalled the men. Here Hewett was given a good supper and a warm bed, and after breakfast next morning he started on his way to McLain's Bottom.

On the night of December 12th the news of the murder of Carroll and Richardson reached General Spaitt at his camp west of Charleston, and Colonel Crump at Fort Smith was ordered to report at once with his whole command equipped for field duty. At nine o'clock on the 13th Crump's command, all mounted, moved out of Fort Smith in a snow six inches deep and reached Spaitt's camp that night. General Spaitt ordered Colonel Crump to take up the pursuit of Hart's gang the following morning. Following out these orders, Crump's command reached Charleston the following day and camped in gins and in other outhouses of the town that night. The following day, the 15th, was spent in gathering information relative to Hart's movements, and on the morning of the 16th Crump's command, with Captain Reiff in command of the advance guard, broke camp and proceeded south across Potato Hill Prairie until they reached the farm of a Mr. Ward. When within four hundred yards Captain Reiff halted his advance party and galloped alone to the farmhouse. An overgrown country boy came to the door, to whom Captain Reiff said: "I am Captain Wilheit, of Washington County; that is my command that you see back on the road. I have been hard pressed by the Confederates, and I am very anxious to find Captain Hart, so that he can join his force to mine, and we can together give the Rebs a good fight. Where is Captain Hart?"

The boy replied: "Captain Hart is camped at Smedley's Mill, on Poteau River."

"Can you take me to Hart's camp?" asked Reiff.

"Yes," said the boy, "but I have no horse to ride."

"I shall give you a mount," said Reiff.

A horse was led up, the boy mounted, and Reiff signaled the command to move forward under the guidance of the boy, who rode by Reiff's side and talked freely. The march led one mile west of Salem on the Waldron road, down the mountain where Huntington now stands, and across Hodge's Prairie, thence up Hickory Prairie, and at the upper end of this prairie turned west and crossed Hickory Creek. Just after crossing this creek a house was reached before which stood a covered wagon. Captain Reiff hastily reconnoitered this house, but found nothing. At the same time I was reconnoitering the covered wagon and found it loaded with dressed pork, a ham of which I appropriated. Shortly after leaving this house Captain Reiff, having secured all the information he desired from the boy, ordered him taken to the rear and turned over to Colonel Crump. Up to this time the boy thought he was with Union troops and expressed great chagrin when he discovered his mistake.

The command proceeded about a mile and was halted at a creek bottom, when Captain Reiff and Lieutenant Edwards rode forward to reconnoiter. They soon returned and reported to Colonel Crump that they had located the mill and thought it should be attacked at once. This mill, with a blacksmith shop fifty yards east of it, lay between the creek and a high ridge, the creek being south of the mill and the ridge to the north.

After receiving Captain Reiff's report, Colonel Crump directed him to return to the command and give out the countersign: "Richardson-Carroll."

The plan of attack was for Crump's Battalion to take position on the ridge; Captain Reiff to take his two companies around to the creek side of the mill and attack from the south when he heard Crump start from the north. When Reiff returned to his command he told off horse holders to hold the horses where they then were and led his command on foot toward his position for attack. When he came opposite the mill he discovered a sentinel of the enemy posted on the north side of the mill, and he directed me to take seven Sevier County men and conceal them, then observe this

sentinel until I should hear Colonel Crump starting his attack.

When Colonel Crump ordered the charge, I made for this sentinel, captured him, and took charge of his pistol. Colonel Crump charged down the hill to within one hundred yards of the blacksmith shop, where he halted the attack and called on the shop to surrender. The Texans of Hart's outfit had raised a long window on the north side of the shop and had their rifles resting on the ledge. They made no reply to Crump's demand. He again called on the shop to surrender, whereupon a voice replied: "We surrender as prisoners of war." Crump retorted: "No. A complete and unconditional surrender within five minutes, or I shall fill that shop full of holes." To which came the reply: "We surrender."

In the meantime Captain Reiff had advanced upon the mill and called upon it to surrender, which it did; but as the prisoners were leaving the mill one of Hart's men lowered the bar from the door and at the same time lowered his rifle, cocking it as he lowered it. As he did this he was observed by one of the Texans with Reiff's party lying near the door, and he killed the outlaw before his rifle was at firing position. While this attack was going on two of Hart's men, who had been sleeping in the engine room of the mill, escaped. From the blacksmith shop Hart and seven Texans were captured, and from the mill nine renegade Arkansas men were made prisoners. After all the prisoners had been placed under guard and the command was beginning to get fires ready to cook a meal, some one asked Reiff for the time, and he replied: "One o'clock, December 17."

It was learned that some days before Hart had sent his brother Fox and another Texan to Texas with two negro prisoners, and Colonel Crump immediately sent six of his Texans in pursuit of them. Both Fox Hart and his companion were found and killed. Another of Hart's men, Magoin, was sleeping in a wagon away from the mill the night of the attack and he escaped. This man was killed in the fall of 1863 by Capt. Jim Phipps Williams near Greenwood, Ark.

Upon looking over the plunder found on Hart and his men deeds, records, and other personal papers of Mr. Hewett were found. Henry Lewis was sent to McLain's Bottom to tell Mr. Hewett to come to Fort Smith and get these papers. He came and got the papers, then went on to Texas, and I never saw him again until after the war.

The morning after the capture Crump's command started on the return trip and reached Fort Smith the same day. The prisoners were placed in the cell of the old government building, and there remained until their trial. A court-martial was convened by Colonel Crump, and Hart and Hayes were convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged. Captain Reiff was placed in charge of the execution of these two men, and his company was detailed as guard around the place of execution.

Charlie Carroll, son of Colonel Carroll, and Callie Armstrong, a nephew, had been ordered to Fort Smith during the session of this court-martial, and on the day of the execution Armstrong tied the ropes to the limb of the tree on which the men were executed and remained on this limb during the execution. The coffins for the two men were placed in the tail end of a wagon, and each condemned man was required to stand on his coffin. Charlie Carroll stood facing the men with a foot on either coffin and adjusted the ropes. When he signaled that all was ready the wagon moved forward, and the two villains went to their just deserts, and thus was closed the careers of two as soulless rogues as ever disgraced the uniform of any country.

After the war I returned to Washington County, and while in Fayetteville in 1867 I met Mr. Hewett, who told me that when a prisoner of Hart he had on his person a money belt containing forty twenty-dollar gold pieces and one thousand dollars in Confederate money. Knowing that his life would be taken should this money be found on him, he determined to escape.

In 1868 I met the daughter of Mr. Hewett, and in 1869 she became my wife. She told me of making the money belt for her father, how she placed the gold pieces in two rows, and then sewed each individual piece to itself by cross stitching.

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## *FROM COLD HARBOR TO CEDAR MOUNTAIN.*

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

The morning after the great battle of Cold Harbor my captain gave me permission to look for a schoolmate who had been shot the evening before. The whole field presented a fearful sight. Most of the wounded had been removed during the darkness of the night, but the dead were lying where they had fallen. My comrade had crawled some distance from where he was shot to an apple tree near the McGehee house and had not been found by our faithful litter bearers. When I asked him how he felt, he replied that he was very well considering his misfortune and, pointing to his wounded foot, continued: "I was very unlucky yesterday with that foot. In the first place, as we were crossing the creek the mud sucked my shoe off, and then the Yankees shot me through it." Poor fellow! he took erysipelas in his wound and died after he had been taken to the hospital in Richmond, where it was impossible to give proper attention to the thousands of wounded friends and foes. Perhaps there were fifty thousand, including the sick, to be taken care of by our poorly equipped medical department in the small city of Richmond. Thousands died for want of proper attention and nourishment. The authorities, aided by the citizens, were simply deluged by the overwhelming mass of suffering men.

The captain had told me to hurry back, as we might be ordered to move any minute, for the boom of cannon on the other side of the river (Chickahominy) indicated that fighting was in progress over there, and he felt sure we would be called to go to the front. So, filling my haversack with such things as I wanted from the kits of the enemy's dead and replacing my heavy musket with a new Springfield rifle, I soon reported to the captain, showing him what I brought back. Presently orders came to march. Our route led us across the eminence held the previous day by the Hoboken Battery. The place presented a ghastly appearance of dead and wounded men and horses. Their guns, which they had served so effectively, were still standing there, now silent and pointing toward the direction in which the enemy had fled. Few of the gunners had escaped, for they had stood their ground to the last minute. The bullet marks on these guns showed the nature of the fighting at short range. The captain was lying on the ground protected from the flies by a mosquito net placed over him by one of his wounded men. His thigh bones were protruding from the wound, and he seemed to be suffering very much. But the poor dead and wounded horses excited my pity as much as these brave fellows that had fought so well. When will wars end and such scenes of bloodshed cease? A member of the Jeff Davis Ar-

tillery (Confederate) told me that this battery killed fifty-four horses in his command the day before.

The enemy was now in full retreat to the protection of his fleet in the James River at Malvern Hill. He had but one route to take and that extended through White Oak Swamp, a heavily wooded, boggy section of country. General Lee sent a division to intercept him there under one of his generals; but when the broken masses of the enemy came struggling through the mud, this cowardly fellow was too timid to strike and let them pass to collect their shattered remnant of an army on the hill at Malvern, where they and their fleet mowed down our men in a dreadful slaughter. He was court-martialed for this piece of cowardly negligence and never allowed to hold a commission again. At every creek and stream McClellan left a force to hold us in check while his army dragged themselves through this dismal forest, and as our men approached they inflicted on them a heavy toll of dead and wounded, while we could do the enemy very little damage.

Our brigade took no part in these engagements until we arrived at Malvern, the last of the Seven Days' battles. Dead men and dead horses, wagons and wreckage of every kind blocked our pursuit until the once grand army reached the protection of their fleet. Here McClellan massed the remnant of his infantry and artillery to hold together some semblance of organization, while he perhaps took refuge on one of his vessels. No place could have been better suited for his purpose than this Malvern Hill. Elevated and open to the west and north, his artillery had a wide sweep over every approach from which his enemy might attack. To make the place more difficult, boggy creeks intersected the field to the west. The open field to the north did not extend very far. Beyond it was a flat, swampy forest of heavy timber, where the Confederates could form and reform as they were driven back in the fearful slaughter. Behind the hill in the James River lay the fleet with its big guns.

Who was to blame for bringing on this dreadful slaughter of our men it is not my purpose to say. I will not attempt to repeat what was said in the army about it, for much of what we heard was only hearsay, and I have nothing official to refer to. Some of the army had taken no part in the fighting at Gaines's Mill and Cold Harbor, having been stationed on the south side of the Chickahominy, while most of the fighting took place on the north side under troops commanded by A. P. Hill, Longstreet, and Jackson. It seems that they did not heed General Lee's orders not to attack if they found the enemy at this place, but as soon as found they deployed their lines and gave orders to advance. Collected together were one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery on the eminence around the Malvern house. How many heavy guns in the fleet I have no means of knowing; but as our men advanced in the most gallant style they were mowed down, yet on they went until they reached the crest and drove away the gunners and infantry, only to be driven back by the fleet. Time and again they rallied and renewed the assault, only to be driven back, until in the darkness of night they managed to hold a part of the hill and some of the captured artillery.

Nothing at this time could exceed the bravery and enthusiasm of the Confederates. When they reached the abandoned guns, some of them mounted them and waved their hats in triumph, only to be swept away by the hot fire of the fleet. The Confederate artillery attempted to relieve the situation by replying to the guns of the enemy, but no sooner did they take position and fire one shot than a hundred guns were concentrated on them, and they were knocked to pieces and the men and horses killed.

Night was coming on when we arrived and found the whole field and surrounding swamps illuminated by the flashing artillery and exploding shells. The brigade was formed in the swamp to the north, and some regiments were sent into the field, where they did some fighting, but our regiment (31st) only stood in line in the edge of the field awaiting orders to advance. These never came, and we fell exhausted from fatigue and were soon asleep. While standing here the enemy's artillery, a few yards only in front of us, was ordered away, and when daylight came only the rear guard of McClellan's army was holding the hill. The rest of them had fled in the darkness along the banks of the James River, under the protection of the fleet, to Harrison's Landing. Orders came for our company and others to advance in skirmish formation and attack the enemy. The fighting did not last long, for the white flag soon went up for a cessation of hostilities to bury the dead and attend to the wounded. I saw many of the enemy's dead that had been killed by their shells from the fleet. Some of them were horribly mangled. The remnant of the "grand army" was now huddled up in a cove on the banks of the river at Harrison's Landing and could have been captured if Gen. J. E. B. Stewart, who found them in this situation, had only sent word to General Lee to place his guns on the surrounding hills and open on them. But in his haste, and doubtless without thought, he opened on them with his light horse artillery. This opened McClellan's eyes, and he occupied the heights and fortified his position. Thus another blunder was committed and an opportunity to end the war slipped from our hands. If this army had surrendered, as they certainly would have done, the people of the North, already tired of the war, would have forced Lincoln and his cabinet to offer terms of peace. Our scouts, operating in the rear of McClellan's army in Eastern Virginia, reported that the country was full of deserters who declared they never intended to fight the Southern people any more.

We followed McClellan's army down to a place near Harrison's Landing and formed our line in the hot, sultry river bottom, where we remained several days, long enough to be fully inoculated with the germs of malaria, typhoid fever, and dysentery—diseases that destroyed more of our men than the missiles shot at us by the enemy.

As we passed through the camps abandoned by the enemy our men helped themselves freely to blankets and all kinds of wearing apparel, and in so doing we all became infested with those annoying pests which stuck to us to the end of the war. Up to that time we had never seen those new invaders of our soil, but we were quite familiar with them afterwards.

While these things were in progress around Richmond the government at Washington was collecting the armies of Banks, Fremont, Shields, and Milroy as a reënforcement for that of McDowell, making an army of sixty-five thousand men. These forces were strung out along the north bank of the Rappahannock and Rapidan as a protection for Washington, but now were intended for a new offensive. They were all put under command of Maj. Gen. John Pope to begin a new campaign against Richmond. There is no telling what this great boaster would have attempted if he had been let alone; but Stonewall Jackson and General Lee had their eyes on him, and before he could do anything he was the

worst whipped and disgraced Falstaff that ever commanded a great army. He had had some success against half-armed citizen-soldiers out in Missouri, and on that account had been selected as commander in chief to scatter the Confederates and put down the "rebellion" in short order. His extreme cruelty to the noncombatants within his lines was a demonstration of the littleness of his soul. In a short time he was defeated at Cedar Mountain and a little later on outmancuvered and beaten in a great battle at Manassas Junction.

McClellan's army showed no signs of making any farther demonstration against Richmond, and we were marched back to that place, where we were allowed a few days' rest, after which we were sent by train and on foot to Gordonsville and made camp about four miles from that town. Here we rested a few days, and while here our brigade was transferred to Ewell's Division, which had constituted Jackson's right arm in all his battles from that at McDowell to the end of his wonderful Valley campaign. His three brigades were thinned out by their constant fighting until they were not more than half their original strength. They were Smith's Virginia Brigade, Hoke's North Carolina Brigade, and Hayes's Louisiana Brigade. In the fight at Manassas shortly after this General Ewell lost a leg while rallying our regiment, and General Lawton commanded the division until he was wounded and disabled at Sharpsburg. We were always in front and opened the fighting for Jackson.

General Lee was still at Richmond with the main army under Longstreet watching McClellan, and Jackson, anxious to get some definite idea of the strength of Pope's forces, decided to strike a blow at some part of his army to find out what it could do in a general engagement. Accordingly he crossed the Rapidan on the 7th of August and on the 9th formed his line at Cedar Mountain, near Culpeper Courthouse. His line extended across the mountain and the public road leading to Culpeper on the west side. The enemy began the engagement with his cavalry, which made a grand charge, but were badly beaten. Then the infantry advanced to the attack on Jackson's left, holding the road. The fighting there was hot, and the ammunition of our men became exhausted. It then seemed for a while that the battle would be lost, for the Confederates were giving ground and fighting with clubbed guns, stones, and anything they could get. At the same time the long Federal line was advancing to envelop and outflank our extreme left. It was a critical time for Jackson, but he was equal to the occasion. He ordered a brigade under the noble General Winder to move from the extreme right of the line, where there was little or no fighting, to strike these flankers on their flank. While this movement was in progress he rushed into the midst of his retreating men on the road and, in the confusion seizing a regimental standard in the hands of a color bearer, shouted: "Halt, men, and fight! Jackson is with you!" At this every man regained courage and fought around their beloved leader until a supply of cartridges came and was scattered along on the ground among the men. They grabbed up these and held the enemy at bay until General Winder struck them farther to the left and routed them. The panic spread to every part of their line, and what had seemed certain defeat was turned into a victory. But the Confederates lost the noble General Winder, who was killed at the moment of his success. Many prisoners fell into Jackson's hands, and from these he found that Pope's army was too large for him to attack without the support of General Lee. So instead of following the routed enemy, he retired peaceably the next day across the Rapidan to his old camps to await the time when General Lee should come up with Longstreet in supporting distance. Our brigade took little or no part in this battle, as it occupied the top of the mountain and the fighting was mostly to the left. From their elevated position they had a fine view of the surrounding country and could see the progress of the battle.

In connection with this I wish to relate a little story which was common talk among the soldiers for some time. In the early part of the engagement a Confedrate soldier was captured and taken to Culpeper. Soon after his arrival a courier came in great haste from the scene of the conflict and reported to the crowd of anxious Federals and citizens that Jackson was defeated; that his men were on the run when he left. This created great rejoicing. But the Confederate was game and told them they would hear different news pretty soon. Then another courier arrived and was surrounded by a crowd eager to know the news. This man reported that the Confederates had made a stand and the battle was somewhat in their favor. The Confederate, though a prisoner, could not be kept silent and told them to look out for the next news and predicted that Jackson would be in the town directly. And then came another courier on a horse covered with white foam, showing that he had been ridden hard, the courier himself appearing very much excited. He reported the whole army routed and in full retreat. And soon the demoralized cavalry began to arrive, and behind them came the infantry, all in the greatest confusion and hurrying to get out of the way of "Old Jack." Our Confederate went wild with joy at their discomforture, shouting: "I told you so; I told you so."

To my comrades who participated in this affair I am indebted for this story and also for their account of the operations of our regiment and brigade in all the battles until November following, when I returned to them. On the morning of the 7th of August, when the command marched away, I was too sick with that dreadful disease, typhoid dysentery, to stand on my feet, and they left me there to die. After they had been gone some time a teamster came along to pick up whatever baggage had been left to haul to Gordonsville. This kind-hearted man found a place for me on top of his load of all kinds of army plunder and hauled me over a rough country road to town. The jolting almost killed me before we got there. He spread my blanket on the railroad platform and put me on it, then told me he had to follow the army, but he would see if he could get me into the hospital. After some time he returned to me with Lieutenant Floyd, who was there among the sick, and they told me that the doctor in charge of that institution had refused to take any more sick soldiers in, as it was already overcrowded. The whole town was full of sick men. The hotel near by and other houses were converted into hospitals, and still there was not room enough. Floyd stood in silence awhile looking at me and walked away, saying he would try again. Again he and the driver came back and reported their failure to get me in, the doctor absolutely refusing to take another man. Floyd stood looking at me in silence and pity, then exclaimed angrily as he turned to go away: "It's a shame for you to die here on the platform for want of attention. They *shall* take you." After he had been gone some time litter bearers came and took me to the hotel, where they spread my blanket on the floor near the foot of a stairway, then brought me a pill of opium and a little later two batter cakes and some

clover tea. That night I slept soundly, but the next morning I was very sick. I was then taken up and put in a freight car crowded with sick soldiers for Greenwood, a place on the rocky side of a mountain. It seemed as if we would never get to our destination.

When we reached that place I was put in a tent stretched over a rock that occupied half the ground and many more much smaller. Among these stones I lay down and remained several days with little or no attention. At last one day, to my joy, I saw a rough young fellow, whom I recognized as a member of my regiment, passing my tent. I called him. I asked if he could write, then begged him to write a letter to my father, which he did at my dictation. I told father that when he received that letter I probably would be dead, but I wanted him to come to Virginia and take my body back to Georgia and bury it beside my mother's grave back of the house. Before he got this letter the authorities took a notion to move all the sick to Nelson Courthouse, a village three miles from the nearest railroad station, and when we arrived there we were put into tents in a field near the depot. Here we remained several days, while I lingered between life and death, and I awaited the time when I should be released from my suffering. But again the authorities moved us, this time to the village, and I was put in a jury room of the little courthouse. Words cannot describe the misery and suffering in that place. Wheat straw was put on the floor for us to lie on, and this and the walls were soon alive with vermin, and little attention of any kind was given us.

When my father got my letter his private and public engagements were such that he could not leave home, and he sent my brother-in-law, B. C. Scott, who could find no record of me at Greenwood. He then went to Richmond and searched the hospitals there and then to other places without success. Finally he came to Nelson Courthouse, but there was no record there. He had just turned his back on the place and was returning to Georgia, supposing me dead, when he was seen by one of my comrades who had that day heard where I was. So he came to the jury room and looked in on the scene of misery, then called to me to stand up, as he could not recognize me. When I did so he exclaimed, "My God!" and turned away. Soon an ambulance drove up to the courthouse door, and they took me to the hotel, where I was bathed, put on new clothes, and given something to eat. Scott took me before the doctor in charge of all the sick at that place and asked him to give me a discharge. But the doctor held an official paper in his hand and told him he had just received instructions not to discharge any one, even if he had lost a limb; but he said he would give me a discharge from the hospital and Scott could take me home if he wished to assume the responsibility. This Scott agreed to do; but when we got to Charlottesville I was too unwell to make the trip to Georgia, and he got me into the house of a very nice family, who treated me with as much consideration as if I had been a son. When I was able to walk about I fortunately located our captain, who was on sick leave in the country at North Garden Station. He took me out with him, where the kind treatment of the good people and the fresh mountain air soon restored me to health.

My mind now turned to my comrades, and I longed to rejoin them to share in their hardships and dangers. Since I had left them they had fought many battles and were now (November, 1862) in camp near Winchester, Va. When I reached them they related to me their experiences in all these engagements.

## *ONE OF WAR'S MYSTERIES.*

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

The "Official Records" tell us that on January 8, 1863, Col. J. P. Baird, of the 85th Indiana Infantry, commanding the post at Franklin, Tenn., asked Rosecrans's chief of staff, General Garfield (afterwards President of the United States), if there were any such inspector general and aid as Col. Lawrence Orton and Major Dunlop, to which request he received the answer that as far as known there were no such men in the United States army, and what had brought forth such a request? Colonel Baird replied that these men, dressed in United States uniforms, had come into his lines that day about dark with an order from Garfield himself to inspect the post, had asked no questions as to forces or attempted to look at the works, but had insisted on the importance of their going on to Nashville without delay, and, in fact, had acted suspiciously enough to be arrested; and if they were spies the Colonel wanted to know what to do with them, adding that such bald-faced effrontery had so stirred his bile that only a hanging would settle it properly.

A little later, however, when General Garfield had ordered him to convene a drumhead court and the court had sentenced these men "to be hanged by the neck until dead," the Colonel's bile was some settled, as he wrote that Williams was a cousin of Gen. R. E. Lee, had been Bragg's chief of artillery, and he (the Colonel) would prefer not to be the hangman if the execution could be pulled off in another locality. Still later he sent a communication from Williams which protested that he and his friend were not spies, but were on their way to Canada and Europe, and as a dying request asked clemency for his comrade and himself, who was the son of the Captain Williams who had given his life for his country at Monterey, Mexico in 1845. This appeal, however, had no effect; and although the prisoners asked to be shot, they were hanged, and, I am glad to say, died game, but would not disclose their true object. And as far as known that is the status of the case to-day.

According to "Heitmann," Williams went into the United States army in April, 1861, as a second lieutenant of cavalry and resigned in June of the same year. The Journal of the Confederate States Congress shows him a first lieutenant in the provisional army of the Confederacy in 1861 under the same name, and that is his last appearance in those records. He next shows up in the "Official Records" as Lawrence W. Orton, colonel commanding the 2d Brigade of Martin's Division of Cavalry of the Confederate States Army of Tennessee, as he signs a report to General (Bishop) Polk in that capacity. His statement as to being the son of Captain Williams, a cousin of General Lee, and Bragg's chief of artillery was probably true, and these are the dry facts in the case. Now for the theories.

Who sent him? Brigade commanders, we all know, cannot just fade away without anyone wanting to know something about it. So he must have been sent or allowed to go on his seeming "wild goose chase."

What was he after? As a trip to Canada or Europe from the Confederacy would in all probability have been taken via Havana or Nassau, and certainly not via Nashville, that part of his narrative is disposed of.

Where did he get the uniform? If a Union colonel had been held up, stripped, and left alive, he certainly would have burst into the limelight right sudden; therefore the clothing

(Continued on page 238.)

# THE LAST ROLL

**Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, $3.00 each.**

"Go strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has saved mankind.
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts them on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

---

W. H. Baker.

William Horton Baker, son of Adam J. and Margery Baker, was born in Ash County, N. C., on April 16, 1840, and died on November 5, 1920, at Cove, Ark., aged eighty years. He was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery here with Masonic rites, having been a Free and Accepted Mason since 1881 and a member of Clarendon Lodge, No. 700, A. F. and A. M.

In August, 1856, he was converted and united with the Riney Creek Baptist Church. In 1858 he moved to Cherokee County, N. C., and on July 24, 1859, he was married to Nancy L. Green by Justice John Morgan, of Towns County, Ga. To this union was born nine boys, six of whom are living: Rev. D. E., of Valier, Mont.; G. W., of Amarillo, Tex.; T. H., of Cove, Ark.; A. J., of Wayne, Mo.; J. G., of Ervine, Cal.; A. B., of Butte, Mont. One brother survives him, J. Martin Baker, of Berea, Ky., and the second wife, who was Miss Eliza Childers, of Whittier, N. C., whom he married in 1913, his first wife having died at Whitefish, Donley County, Tex., on February 20, 1899.

W. H. BAKER.

His religious life was a very marked one for Jesus Christ. Feeling the great call to the ministry, he was ordained by the Pleasant Grove Baptist Church, Glade Creek, Bledsoe County, Tenn., in 1877, and was a very ardent contender of the faith for more than forty-three years. His Christian life will ever be a benediction to his children and all who knew him. He was a member of Buffalo Baptist Church at Cove, Ark., at the last.

William Baker enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Company F, Thomas's Legion, in June, 1862, in Jackson County, N. C., under Col. W. H. Thomas and Capt. James McConnel, and was discharged in the spring of 1865, when the war closed. He served in the war with the same fervor in which his life was lived, filling his place well.

His last days were spent in strong faith in God, and when the end came he called the children and grandchildren around him, giving them much good advice, saying, "I do not fear death and am ready to go; I'm going home to die no more," then passed peacefully on to his glorious reward awaiting the faithful. After funeral services the Masonic rites were rendered and the body lowered at high twelve.

"May we his children learn
He who lies beneath this sod
Went through fire and death to earn
The accolade of God!"

[D. E. Baker and G. W. Baker.]

C. S. Association of Augusta, Ga.

Deaths in Camp No. 435, U. C. V., for the year ending April 26, 1921:

W. M. Palmer, 63d Georgia Infantry, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, died May 10, 1920.

F. B. Orchard, 6th South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's Brigade, Hampton's Division, died May 25, 1920.

John J. Miller, 5th Georgia Regiment, McLaw's Division, Hardee's Corps, died June 29, 1920.

Rev. R. L. Campbell, Howell's Battery, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, died August 7, 1920.

William J. Freeman, 5th Georgia Infantry, Withers's Division, died September 15, 1920.

Thomas L. Howard, Barnes's Battery, Mercer's Brigade, died September 17, 1920.

T. C. Lasseter, 48th Georgia Infantry, A. R. Wright's Brigade, Mahone's Division, died November 4, 1920.

Jacob W. Pruitt, 1st Augusta Battalion, died November 16, 1920.

Samuel R. Clark, 12th Georgia Regiment, Evans's Brigade, Gordon's Division, died December 9, 1920.

Capt. B. H. Smith, Jr., 3d Company of Richmond Howitzers, died December 22, 1920.

Charles H. Withrow, staff officer in General Dearing's cavalry brigade, died January 15, 1921.

D. Cardwell, McGregor's Battery, Stuart's Cavalry, died February 19, 1921.

B. H. Teague, Hampton's Legion, Gary's Brigade, died February 23, 1921.

Rem Remsen, Field's Division, Longstreet's Corps, died April 4, 1921.

A. M. Verdery, 1st Augusta Battalion, died April 13, 1921.

[Charles Edgeworth Jones, Historian of Camp.]

William E. Hicks.

William E. Hicks was born on March, 1843, in Tenssessee, where he lived until the breaking out of war between the States, when he enlisted in the 15th Tennessee Infantry. After the capture of his regiment at Fort Donelson he enlisted in the 2d Kentucky Cavalry and served until discharged in April, 1865, on acount of being wounded, a ball passing entirely through his body. He died in Murray, Ky., on May 1, 1921. He was a Kentucky Confederate pensioner at the time of his death, his home being in Wickliffe, Ky., with his daughter. He is survived by eleven children.

[George B. Wilds, Company C, 7th Kentucky Mounted Infantry.]

### Capt. T. B. Blake.

Capt. Thomas Ballard Blake died at the home of his son in Ada, Okla., on April 28, 1921, following a stroke of paralysis.

Captain Blake was a gallant soldier of the Confederate army, having been captain of Company E, 10th Virginia Artillery, of which John Wilder Atkinson was Colonel and John Cowardin was adjutant. He never lost interest in Confederate history, and the Confederate Veteran of June, 1920, contains an article from his pen full of interesting and historical facts regarding his command and its surrender at Sailor's Creek in April, 1865.

Capt. T. B. Blake.

At the close of the war Captain Blake went to Warrensburg, Mo., and later to St. Louis, Atlanta, and Memphis, being engaged in the cotton business, in which virtually his entire life was spent. He was a life-long member of the Epicopal Church and was senior warden of the cathedral in Memphis, Tenn., when he left there to make his home in Ada, Okla., with his son, T. B. Blake, Jr.

Captain Blake was born in lower Henrico, Va., in June, 1843, from a long line of ancestry through the Blakes, Ammons, and Spotswood families from Colonial and Revolutionary days. For many years he had been a member of the Virginia Society, Sons of the American Revolution. In 1869 he married Miss Madelene Le Moyne, daughter of W. H. Le Moyne, of Petersburg, who survives him with two sons. Two sisters of his family are left, both residents of Richmond.

By blood and marriage he was related to many prominent families in Virginia—the Bullington, Frayser, Pleasants, Ballard, Clarke, Turpin families and others.

### James M. Smith.

James Monroe Smith was born in Union County, Ark., on February 12, 1845, and died in Little Rock on April 11, 1921. With three brothers, James Smith enlisted in the 3d Arkansas Infantry, C. S. A., at the outbreak of the war. He was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, captured by Federal troops, and imprisoned at Fort Delaware until the surrender of General Lee. He then returned home and married Miss Josephine Morgan, the daughter of an honored citizen of Union County.

Monroe Smith had been sheriff of Union County, also circuit clerk for two terms. He represented his county in both houses of the legislature and was one of the State's best officers for its upbuilding. He was a man of considerable influence, liberal and generous; he got as much out of life as anyone and carried sunshine wherever he went; was a good mixer and did many good deeds which few people know about. He raised an interesting family. One son, Dr. Morgan Smith, has become distinguished in his profession as one of the leading doctors of the State. His chillren all live now in Little Rock.

Our comrade is gone, yet he lives in our hearts as one who did the best he could. I came to this county in the fall of 1877, and Comrade Smith was among the first of my acquaintances. I formed an attachment for him, and it grew stronger as the years passed. I hope to meet him on the shores of eternity.

[J. H. Lee, El Dorado, Ark., formerly Commander of James Newton Camp, now Lieutenant Colonel and Chief of Ordnance, staff of Gen. B. W. Green.]

### Robert Irvine Battle.

Coming of fine ancestry, Robert Irvine Battle was born on March 29, 1842, near Nashville, Tenn. After the completion of his literary course, he graduated in medicine at the Nashville Medical College in 1860, and at the beginning of the War between the States he entered the Confederate army as surgeon in Company B, 20th Tennessee Regiment, of which his uncle, Allen Battle, was commander. After the battle of Shiloh he was captured in West Tennessee and sent to Johnson's Island, where he spent six months in prison and was then exchanged and sent to Richmond, Va. He then joined Gen. John Morgan and was with him on his famous raid into Ohio, but was among those who at Buffington Island escaped capture and made their way on foot through West Virginia. Reaching the Confederate army, he was made headquarters scout for Gen. Ben Hill with a company of picked men, of whom he was made captain. In this branch of service he and his men had many thrilling adventures and narrow escapes, for there was no more daring or braver leader.

In the Federal lines on July 13, 1864, near Cassville, Ga., he was happily married to Miss Fannie Gibbons, who survives him with their son, Dr. William Battle, of Cassville, Ga., and their daughter, Mrs. Robert Renfroe, of Cartersville, Ga. Ever devoted to the Southern cause, he served for a while as commander of the Gen. P. M. B. Young Camp, U. C. V., of Cartersville.

At the close of the war Captain Battle settled at Cassville, Ga., and resumed the practice of medicine, in which he was successful, administering alike to rich and poor, to all of whom he was truly "the beloved physician." He was a member of the Methodist Church from early manhood and a steward of that Church for many years until his last illness. As a citizen no man stood higher. He was an ardent Mason and Master of his Lodge for a number of years. He was presented by the Grand Lodge of Georgia with one of the three jewels awarded those Masters who had attended the lodge consecutively for over thirty years.

In January, 1909, Dr. Battle moved to Cartersville, Ga., and continued to practice medicine until sickness forced his retirement during the past year. Life's battle fought, when the Great Commander called, he answered "Ad sum." Profoundly and universally beloved, he passed from earth on January 24, 1921.

[Hattie M. Gibbons.]

W. B. Lester, who died at his home, near Lewisville, Tex., on April 3, 1921, was born in Williamson County, Tenn., on September 25, 1835, the son of William Lester. He enlisted in the Confederate army and served to the close of the war with Company B, 45th Tennessee Infantry.

In 1868 Comrade Lester was married to Miss Sara E. Gibson, also of Williamson County, and to them were born seven children, all but one surviving him. He went to Texas nearly thirty years ago.

### Judge Greenfield Quarles.

Judge Greenfield Quarles died at his home, in Helena, Ark., on January 14, 1921, at the age of seventy-four years. He was born in Christian County, Ky., near Garrettsburg, the son of John Nicholas Quarles. The family removed to Arkansas in 1851, and in 1873 he was married to Miss Ida Gist, who survives him with one daughter. His only brother, C. Quarles, also lives in Helena, and there are two grandsons.

Judge Quarles was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and was the last surviving founder of the Sigma Nu Fraternity, members of which are now scattered all over the United States and other parts of the world. In early manhood he took an active part in the political and industrial progress of the Eastern Arkansas and was frequently honored with public office. He had served the First District as prosecuting attorney and was later elected to the General Assembly and still later county and probate judge.

As a private in the ranks Judge Quarles served the Confederacy, and he was one of the charter members of Camp Cawley, U. C. V., of Helena. When the Spanish-American War broke out he volunteered his services and served as a major of infantry, although he saw no service in Cuba. During the World War he served the country as special agent of the government and in many other ways.

No citizen of the State wielded a stronger influence for progress and clean government than did Judge Quarles. As banker, lawyer, planter, and business man he made a record which will bring a feeling of pride to his section of the State for many years to come. He was a man of strong convictions and the courage to stand up for them. His influence will be felt for years to come.

### Deaths in Dick Dowling Camp, Houston, Tex.

The following members of Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197. U. C. V., Houston, Tex., have died since April 28, 1920: A. B. Rosalia, 5th Kentucky Infantry; J. A. Robinson, Company G, 7th Texas Cavalry; S. K. Longnecker, captain Company A, 6th Texas Infantry; Charles N. Felton, Cook's Heavy Artillery, Texas; J. L. Mitchell, Company A, 22d Louisiana; R. M. Strange, Company G, 26th Mississippi; W. H. Williams, Company F, 16th Louisiana; W. M. Kennedy; J. J. Hall, Company C, 4th Texas Cavalry; E. U. Price; P. H. Goodloe, Company E, 12th Texas Cavalry; Charles Fritz; Aug Ilfrey, Company C, Du Bray's Regiment; Z. W. Redd, Company G, 51st North Carolina Infantry; R. H. Pinckney, Company —, Hood's Brigade; Harry W. Smith, Company E. 5th Louisiana Zouaves; Ben Wilkins, Company F, 21st Texas Cavalry; S. P. Matthews, captain Company I, 25th South Carolina Infantry; —— Locke, nonmember.

[J. T. Eason, Adjutant. Any member of Company E, 8th Georgia Regiment, seeing this please write me at 2008 Crockett Street, Houston, Tex.]

### Comrades of Jacksonville, Tex.

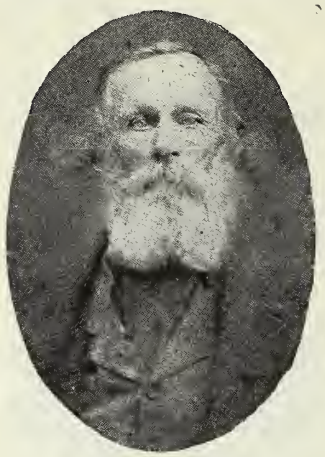
The following members of Camp No. 1555, U. C. V., of Jacksonville, Tex., have died within the past year: John Goodson, Company I, 10th Texas Cavalry; J. A. Bolton, 1st Texas Infantry; Albert Casey, 18th Texas Infantry; H. C. Spear, 18th Texas Infantry; C. C. Choate, 8th Texas Infantry; J. C. Hearne, 7th Tennessee Infantry.

W. T. Easton, 1st Mississippi Cavalry Reserves; J. Haralson, 1st Arkansas Infantry.

[J. A. Templeton, Adjutant Camp No. 1555.]

### Green H. Freeman.

Another name that must be omitted from the rapidly thinning roll here and added to that of the vast army beyond is that of Green Hamilton Freeman, who died at his home, near Trenton, Tenn., on April 17, 1921, and was laid to rest near Eaton, Tenn. He was born on May 23, 1845, and had nearly completed seventy-six years of life.



G. H. FREEMAN.

Mr. Freeman was a private of the 29th Tennessee, Colonel Rice commanding, and he fought at Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and in the one hundred days' fighting from Dalton to Atlanta. During the latter engagements he was slightly wounded. He surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., under Gen. Joe Johnston.

In the year 1865 he married Miss Mattie Smith, to which union twelve children were born. His wife, one son, and eight daughters are living to mourn his death, besides fifty grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. He confessed Christ and placed his membership with the Baptist Church when young and served as deacon of that Church fourteen years. Among his friends his life, deeds, and character will always stand as the best monument to his memory.

[By Miss Ira Gill.]

### George H. Smith.

George H. Smith was born in Middlesex County, Va., on February 4, 1837, and died in Hanover County, Va., on March 5, 1921.

In July, 1861, he joined Company C, 55th Virginia Infantry, A. P. Hill's division, Stonewall Jackson's corps of foot cavalry, and took part in the battles of First Manassas, Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and the Wilderness. He was badly wounded at Chancellorsville, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. At the close of the war he returned to his home county and resided there till 1874, when he moved to Hanover County and settled near Walnut Grove Church, and from that home he passed over the river and joined his old commander "under the shade of the trees." He was true to the cause which he espoused in 1861 and followed till April, 1865, and had nothing to retract afterwards.

He was twice married: first to Miss Nannie Bennett and then to Miss Sallie Bennett, both of Middlesex County, Va. His second wife survives him with three daughters of the first marriage—Mrs. Alice E. Fuller, Mrs. Laura A. Simpkins, and Mrs. Mattie T. Bowles—and one son and two daughters of his second marriage—Henry W. and Edna M. Smith and Mrs. Mary Gray Timberlake.

Mr. Smith was a good farmer, a good neighbor, an exemplary citizen, a man of courage and with high sense of honor, and could always be depended on to stand firmly to what he believed to be right. He was a devoted member of the Baptist Church, in which he had been an honored deacon for more than forty years.

[Walter Sydnor, Richmond, Va.]

### W. N. Bumpus.

From memorial resolutions passed by the Rice E. Graves Camp, of Owensboro, Ky., in honor of W. N. Bumpus:

"Comrade W. N. Bumpus, Commander of Rice E. Graves Camp, No. 1121, U. C. V., was one of its most faithful and loyal members. He was born in Richmond, Va., in 1843 and, though a mere youth, entered the army at the breaking out of the War between the States. He was a member of the Rockbridge Artillery, with which he served until the final surrender at Appomattox. The Rockbridge Artillery was one of the most famous batteries in General Lee's army and rendered distinguished service in all the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia from the First Manassas to the surrender.

"Comrade Bumpus was justly proud of his record as a soldier. He was an active participant in all the battles in which the battery to which he belonged was engaged, among which were Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor.

"To the day of his death Comrade Bumpus never doubted for one moment that the cause he so faithfully defended for four long tragic years was just, and as the years rolled on his faith in the righteousness of that cause became a profound conviction.

"But his record as a Confederate soldier was no better than his record as a citizen in times of peace. In common with his comrades who stood behind the guns in that mighty struggle and by their valor added imperishable glory to American arms, he believed that when the armies of the South surrendered and accepted their paroles the war was over, and from that hour to his death he gave his unqualified allegiance to the laws of our reunited country.

"Soon after the close of the war he became a citizen of Owensboro, Ky., where he had since continuously resided. He was in the best sense of that term a gentleman. A man of high honor, strict integrity, and always considerate of the rights of others, he naturally made friends of all with whom he came in contact and left a host to lament his death."

[Committee: W. T. Ellis, E. R. Penington, J. Y. Small.]

### Capt. Joseph B. Ent.

Captain Joseph B. Ent, a member of John B. Gordon Camp, U. C. V., of Seattle, Wash., died at his home in that city on March 7, 1921, at the age of eighty-four. He was a native of Ohio, born in Knox County on November 16, 1836. Later the family moved to Savannah, Mo., and from this place he enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861. He was third lieutenant in Company C, 1st Regiment of the Fifth Division, under General Stean, during the opening campaign. Later he served as captain under General Price. In January, 1888, he went to Seattle, where he had since resided. His wife and one daughter survive him. His body was laid to rest in Lake View Cemetery.

CAPT. J. B. ENT.

### Charles T. Park.

When the spirit of Charles Thomas Park crossed over the river to answer his roll call in the camps above, he met his old father, Major Park, waiting at the beautiful gate to welcome him home. Charles Thomas Park was born on October 26, 1848, and at the age of fifteen enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in the 2d Mississippi Regiment, of which his father was major, both serving until the surrender.

At the close of a long and useful life our comrade has answered his final roll call and has joined the immortals.

Our Camp and country have lost a soldier and a patriot whose soul was tried in the battles of war and civil life and a true exemplar of the Old South.

"Sleep, soldier, still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

[From resolutions prepared by the Memorial Committee of A. S. Johnston Camp of Paris, Tex., composed of T. J. Vanzant, Jack Bankhead, J. M. Long, Vivian Lampkin, Adjt.]

### In Memoriam.

"It may be truly said of the Southern women of 1861-65 that the simple narrative of their life and work unfolds a record of achievement, endurance, and self-sacrificing devotion that should be revealed and recognized as a splendid inspiration to men and women everywhere."

Mrs. Julia Nelson White was one of the women who made possible this tribute by Matthew Page Andrews in his book, "Women of the South in War Times." During and since the War between the States Mrs. White's life was eloquent of "achievement, endurance, and self-sacrificing devotion," and her death therefore became but her coronation.

Born in Richmond, Va., on December 27, 1841, Mrs. White died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Schick, in Los Angeles, Cal., on January 13, 1921. In that home she had been a light of love and cheer, and it was often said by friends that between her and her daughter the companionship was like that of sisters, so perfect and sweet were the intimacies of confidence and accord.

Julia Nelson was married on June 24, 1865, to William A. White, who died eight years later. The sorrow and cares of widowhood seemed only to deepen the love of this mother heart and incite its solicitude for others; so she gathered to her and her fatherless little daughter two other children and made herself a mother to them.

As truly a veteran as though she had borne arms at war, this devoted young soul knew no opportunity too hard to serve. Indeed, she did bear arms of fearless love and service to those in the fire of battle whenever and wherever she could. Once while caring for soldiers of the Southland she received word that her brother had been killed in the battle of Petersburg. She hastened to the field, but found it was not her brother, but a neighbor boy, shot through the temple. Better still, he was not dead. Thrilled with the joy of dissipated pangs, the intrepid young heroine hurried home with her wounded treasure and there patiently nursed him back to health.

Naturally such a life was grounded in the faith of Christian parents, and in this faith it ever remained, doing the deed daily that made it for herself and those about her a live and attractive faith.

[Mary Ellen Smith Wootan, Fullerton, Cal.]

### John Calhoun Colvin.

John Calhoun Colvin, Confederate veteran and one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Prince William County, Va., passed away on February 16, 1921, after an illness of two years. He was born on December 10, 1845, in a house where he had lived all of his life. His parents, George and Mary Gaines Colvin, in their early married life purchased the homestead from the heirs of Richard Foot, who died in August, 1778. With their two little boys, they went from Fauquier County, Va., to their new home in the year 1839. Of the eight children of this union, five boys reached manhood. When the War between the States came on the three oldest were in the West. Demethrus Thornton and Richard Henry Colvin joined General Price's army and are now sleeping under Missouri soil. The youngest of the three, George Marion Colvin, went back to Virginia. Stopping in Alexandria, he bought goods for his uniform and overcoat and had them cut out by a tailor in the town. He got home Saturday evening. The 4th Virginia Cavalry was ready to meet at Brentsville, the county seat, Monday morning, and he wanted to join them. His good mother, with the aid of other good ladies, went to work by the light of tallow candles and worked all that night and through Sunday, so that by Monday morning this young man was the proud possessor of a new uniform and a spirited horse, the best in his father's stable, which he rode away to join the Prince William Cavalry. This son was a military genius and fearless, and when duty called he never faltered. He died on September 13, 1863, from wounds received in Stuart's night raid on Catlett Station, in the twenty-third year of his age, having won for himself the rank of lieutenant.

John C. Colvin was now a good-sized boy, though never large in stature. He wanted to join the army. His mother had given three sons to the Southern cause, and he was her main dependence. With a delicate husband and a baby boy, it was hard for her to consent to let him go; but his constant pleading won her over.

In the fall of 1863 Gen. M. C. Butler sent some of his scouts into Northern Virginia for information. They came to his father's house, and the boy said: "Now is the time to let me go." He was given the best remaining horse and started for the Carolinas to join what was then known as Hogan's Scouting Party, and a braver set of men could not be found. He did scout work for Generals Butler and Wade Hampton, and he was called "Colvin, the boy scout," being the youngest of the party, and he was one of the most trusted scouts. The friendship that sprang up between him and General Hampton lasted until the death of General Hampton. Their meetings at the reunions were like father and son.

JOHN COLVIN AND WIFE.

When General Lee surrendered young Colvin was on scout duty in South Carolina. He never surrendered and said he never would, but made his way, after many hardships and narrow escapes, to his home in Northern Virginia. After losing his horse and valuables, captured from the Yankees, he escaped by climbing a tall North Carolina pine tree and hiding there until he could get away under cover of darkness, and on foot he reached Virginia soil, where he bought a horse from a farmer and started for home, which he reached the latter part of May, 1865. Great was the joy of the aged father and mother to greet this dear son whom they had mourned as dead.

The younger son had grown large, but not strong, so John Colvin had to shoulder the responsibility of the family. He began farming, and that winter went to school. In time he prospered and became a useful and influential man in his county and county affairs, serving the county sixteen years as supervisor, besides holding other offices for shorter periods.

Not many years after the war he met a Virginia beauty who captured his heart at first sight, and he never faltered until he had won the lady of his choice. On November 26, 1872, he was married to Miss Lizzie McCoy, the only child of John McCoy, of Stafford County, Va. This faithful companion of half a centuy and mother of eight children survives him with three sons and three daughters, and there are also five grandsons and three granddaughters.

Comrade Colvin was laid to rest in his Confederate uniform, and the flag-draped casket was borne to the cemetery by sons of those who wore the gray. He is sleeping in the old cemetery of Richard Foot with others of his family who await the resurrection morn.

### William E. Lowe.

The death of William E. Lowe removes a sterling character of Talbot County, Md., and a man highly esteemed by all. He was one of the few remaining soldiers of the Southern cause in that country.

William Lowe was born on a farm near McDaniel, Md., on May 23, 1841. In 1861, with his cousin, Wrightson L. Lowe, and two or three other young men from the same neighborhood, strong sympathizers with the Southern cause, he went with a blockade runner from Tilghman's Island and landed in the mouth of the Potomac River on the Virginia shore. They made their way to Richmond and enlisted in Company A, 2d Maryland Battalion of Infantry, Capt. William H. Murray, commander. He saw very active service through the entire war and was said never to have missed even a guard duty. In the battle of Gettysburg his company went in with ninety-six men, and only thirty-six came out unhurt at the close of the engagement, Captain Murray being one of the killed. He was in every important battle in which General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia was engaged from 1861 to the time of surrender at Appomattox.

On April 24, 1865, he took his parole and returned home and resumed his occupation of farming. He was a sucessful farmer and accumulated considerable means. An excellent citizen, he was highly esteemed, kind hearted and charitable toward all, and public-spirited in all worthy enterprises. He never married. In 1890 he was appointed a justice of the peace in his district and was reappointed in 1902, 1904, and 1906. He was noted for his conscientious performance of duty as a soldier and citizen.

Mr. Lowe's maternal grandfather was William Webb Haddaway, a colonel in the Revolutionary army in 1776. He was the last but one of a family of five brothers.

COL. RYLAND TODHUNTER.

"I would speak in like high terms of the gallant conduct on the battle field of Capt. R. Todhunter, a volunteer aid. He was slightly wounded in the first of the action, but remained upon the battle field. I would also especially recommend him from promotion." (M. D. Ector, brigadier general commanding 1st Brigade, McCown's Division, in report on the battle of Shelbyville, Tenn. "Official Records of Union and Confederate Armies," Volume XX.)

COL. RYLAND TODHUNTER.

The death of Col. Ryland Todhunter at his home, Greystone Park, Lexington, Mo., on February 21st, brought sorrow to many hearts. He was a native of Jassamine County, Ky., born at Oakland Stock Farm on February 10, 1840, the son of Parker E. Todhunter and Catherine Ryland, of Essex County, Va.

"He was a man of splendid physique, with soldierly stride, a quick step and determined movements, of noble bearing and chivalrous manners, and hence wherever he went he was marked as a man of distinction. Endowed with gracious social qualities and quaint old-fashioned ways, his nature so broadened by many-sided experience in life, he had a free passport to all circles of society. He was at home among all classes. He stood before nobles or among peasants with the same simple touch of democracy and kindliness of heart. He was outspoken and uncompromising, often abrupt. He had little time for foe, but large room for friend. A brave and daring soldier, with an intense hatred of anything unfair or foul, however, he was controlled by sympathy and his kindly nature kept the upper hand.

"Captain Todhunter was influenced by lofty ideals. He had a deep, abiding reverence for all things high and sacred. In his heart he feared God. When the news reached him that Stonewall Jackson had fallen in battle he said: 'We are gone; God is not on our side.' All great soldiers have a keen sense of destiny—a discernment of the Almighty.

"Had he lived 'in the days when knighthood was in flower,' his religion would have been that of the knight—a brave man going forth to redress human wrong, to defend women and children, to uphold the right, to do battle for God's cause, and fight to the death for everything he thought was right.

"In his home his devotion and chivalry were akin to religion. Kind and indulgent, he was the father, husband, friend, and householder. Nothing was too good, no gift too precious, no word too lavish, or praise too sweet for all who came within that mystic circle. And he was chivalrous. He had the old-time way. He was a gentleman of the old school. He came down to us from a former generation, and we shall not look upon his like again."

He served the Confederacy faithfully, entering the army under Gen. E. Kirby Smith in the Trans-Mississippi Department, later being transferred to the Army of Tennessee in the brigade of Gen. D. M. Ector, where he served four years as adjutant general. He bore himself gallantly in battle, and the estimation of his conduct is expressed in the reports of his officers. He participated in the battles of Richmond and Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Jackson, and Chickamauga, Tenn., was wounded five times, and had five horses killed under him. An article by Colonel Todhunter on "Ector's Brigade at the Battle of Allatoona" appeared in the VETERAN for August, 1918.

After the war Colonel Todhunter went to Lafayette County, Mo., and in 1870 established the Nettlewood Stock Farm for the breeding of fine cattle and race horses, developing among the latter a large number of noted trotters and pacers.

In Lexington, Mo., he was married in 1874 to Miss Anna Neill, daughter of Maj. Henry Neill, of Warrensburg. She survives him with a son, Neill, and three daughters, Misses Elliott, Katherine, and Emory, who have represented their State as sponsors at different Reunions, U. C. V.

Rev. Thomas M. Cobb, Chaplain of the Confederate Home of Missouri, pays tribute to his friend of nearly fifty years:

"Captain Todhunter was a gallant soldier and an efficient officer. In battle he was always at the front and often led his brigade in the thick of the fight. I doubt if there was a braver soldier in either army. His courage and efficiency was such that he received the commendation of every colonel of the brigade, General Ector, the brigade commander, and from Major General French, who commanded the division in which his brigade served. He was frequently mentioned in the official reports of battles in Mississippi, Georgia, and Tennessee. At Chickamauga he rode out in advance of the line, located the enemy, and led the brigade in a most terrific assault. His horse was shot from under him, and he was seriously wounded and had to be carried from the field.

"In the winter of 1865 he was authorized to organize companies of detached men and officers and form a regiment of which he was to be the colonel. This order was given by Lieut. Gen. Dick Taylor, at the time commanding the department of Mississippi and Alabama. He was engaged in this service when the war came to an end.

"Captain Todhunter was a generous, kind-hearted man, devoted to his family and friends. He had the highest regard for ministers and Churches. He always expressed his sentiments freely and fearlessly and was always found on the side of the weak and defenseless.

"His going away is a sad bereavement to his family and friends. We shall miss him, but hope to meet him again."

# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn.....*Second Vice President General*
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNES, Charleston, W. Va.....*Cor. Secretary General*
MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va.....*Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C.....*Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## *FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.*

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* Since I wrote my May letter to you a great privilege has been mine. In these four short weeks I have visited the Chapters at Vicksburg and Jackson, Miss., and attended three State conventions—Mississippi, Alabama, and Tennessee. The month would have been perfect if I could have added to these the other three conventions in session at the same time.

The days spent in historic Vicksburg were delightful, and I had the pleasure of presenting the work we are doing to a large number of Chapter members and their friends on the evening of my arrival. The following Sunday I represented you on the occasion of the annual Memorial Day service, when I placed a spray of lilies on the Confederate monument.

*En route* to Hattiesburg to attend the State convention the several hours between trains at Jackson were spent at a beautifully planned luncheon given by the W. D. Holder Chapter. The convention was from first to last constructive and enthusiastic. Mrs. Nettie Story Miller presided, and when I presented the claims of the general organization there was a response that was most gratifying. I deeply appreciate the honor of having been made an honorary member of both the Mississippi and Alabama Divisions and wear my two new State badges with pride.

From Hattiesburg I went to Montgomery to address the Alabama Daughters on Historical Evening at the invitation of Miss Allie Garner, State Historian, and, with Miss Garner and Mrs. J. A. Roundtree, enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw in their home on Narrow Lane Road. The four Chapters of Montgomery presented to me a "Confederate spoon," on which is engraved the first Capitol of the Confederacy. Members of the "White House Association" made it possible for me to visit this historic home, not yet open to the public, a courtesy I deeply appreciated.

From Montgomery I went to Clarksville, Tenn., meeting Mrs. Bell and a large number of delegates at Nashville, where we were furnished a special car to make the trip to the convention city. Hospitality abounded in the same lavish proportions dispensed by Mississippi and Alabama, and these Daughters responded with equal zeal to my appeal for the Jefferson Davis monument, the book, the Hero Fund, and other work of the general organization.

Through the active, energetic interest of Mrs. Alexander B. White, July 13, the birthday of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, has by legislative enactment been made a State holiday in Tennessee.

The Southern Club of Indianapolis, Ind., asks our cooperation in moving a monument erected by the government to the Confederates who died at Camp Morton from its present undesirable location to Garfield Park. The matter has had my careful attention, and I commend it to you as worthy of our interest.

The following letter and list of names is of interest, and I hope other Confederate heroes will be represented on this historic roster:

"AZTEC CLUB OF 1847, OFFICE OF SECRETARY, 1413 21ST STREET,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 18, 1921.

*"Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, President General United Daughters of the Confederacy, Paducah, Ky.—Dear Madam:* The Aztec Club of 1847, organized by Gen. Winfield Scott's officers in the city of Mexico in 1847, and afterwards enlarged to include all the commissioned officers of the army, navy, and marine corps, regulars and volunteers, who served in Mexico and in Mexican waters during the war of 1846-48, had among its primary members many officers from the South who served in Mexico with great distinction and were later the most distinguished of the leaders of the Confederacy.

"Gens. Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Gustave T. Beauregard, Simon Bolivar Buckner, James Longstreet, and some others are still actively represented in the Aztec Club by their nearest living blood kin.

"Other primary members who bore equally honored names died without nominating their successors, and their memberships are now dormant. The right to revive them belongs to their nearest living blood relatives. Among these dormant memberships are the following: Gens. Barnard Elliott Bee, South Carolina; Richard Stoddard Ewell, Virginia; Maxey Gregg, South Carolina; William Joseph Hardee, Georgia; John Bankhead Magruder, Virginia; John Clifford Pemberton, Pennsylvania; Earl Van Dorn, Mississippi; George Edward Pickett, Virginia; Lewis A. Armistead, Virginia; Lafayette McLaws, Georgia; Thomas Jonathan Jackson, Virginia; Jefferson Davis, Mississippi; Braxton Bragg, North Carolina; John Cabell Breckinridge, Kentucky; Jubal Anderson Early, Virginia; Thomas T. Fauntleroy, Virginia; Samuel Gibbs French, Florida; Daniel M. Frost, New York; Richard Caswell Gatlin, North Carolina; Robert Selden Garnett, Virginia; Richard Brooke Garnett, Virginia; John Breckinridge Grayson, Kentucky; Paul Octave Hebert, Louisiana; Henry Heth, Virginia; Ambrose Powell Hill, Virginia; Theophilus Hunter Holmes, North Carolina; Benjamin Huger, South Carolina; Albert Sidney Johnston, Kentucky; Sterling Price, Virginia; Lloyd Tilghman, Maryland; Gideon Johnson Pillow, Tennessee.

"The Executive Committee of the Aztec Club will be pleased to entertain applications to revive these memberships and will much appreciate any assistance you and your organization will

be kind enough to give with a view to locating the heirs to whom these hereditary rights belong.

"The brilliant achievements of our heroes in Mexico should never be forgotten, and the Aztec Club of 1847, founded in perpetuity with its honorable history and patriotic aims, offers to the descendants of the men I have named and to many others from the South who followed Scott and Taylor in those wonderful campaigns which brought such signal victory to American arms an opportunity to preserve those achievements.

"Very truly yours, J. F. Reynolds Landis,

*Colonel United States Army (retired), Secretary.*"

Our Chairman of Education, Miss Armida Moses, has suffered a great sorrow in the death of her niece, Virginia Moses. With the spirit of her brave Confederate father and mother, Miss Moses will continue the work of placing scholarships as rapidly as possible. She has our appreciation and sympathy.

Cordially, Roy M. Faris McKinney.

## *THE HERO FUND.*

Report for April, 1921.

| | |
|---|---|
| California Division: Check of Mrs. Frank McM. Sawyer | $ 191 05 |
| Alabama Division | 150 95 |
| Total | $ 342 00 |
| Previously reported | 8,690 87 |
| Grand total | $9,032 87 |

## *U. D. C. NOTES.*

The editor has received from Mrs. W. E. Massey, President of the Arkansas Division, a small printed folder which outlines the entire work for the Division for 1921. It is so very complete in detail not only of Division work, but of all work, old and new, of the General U. D. C. organization that the editor commends it to other State Presidents as an excellent method of keeping the year's work constantly before the Chapters.

The editor has just visited the Jefferson Davis monument being erected at Fairview, Ky. It is now one hundred and seventy-six feet high and will be three hundred and fifty-one feet when completed, a most imposing and impressive monument. Let's raise the money for it at once and complete it. When you hesitate about giving to it, remember President Davis was the great vicarious sufferer of the South, the only man connected with the Confederate States of America who was denied citizenship by the amnesty bill passed by Congress after the war. Citizenship was denied him specifically and by name, and he died a man without a country.

It is better for correspondents to send a few items monthly than to wait four or six months, when items are old and uninteresting, in order to send in a long report.

## *DIVISION NOTES.*

*Alabama.*—The William Henry Forney Chapter, of Anniston, observed Memorial Day with possibly the finest program ever given under that organization, with Mrs. J. E. Aderhold, President. Dr. Leon Latimer, pastor of Parker Memorial Church, gave a most scholarly address, a real gem of thought. The memorial half hour was given most touchingly and lovingly by Mrs. L. S. Anderson, widow of Gen. "Tige" Anderson, to the boys in gray and by Mrs. D. P. Haynes to the boys in khaki. Several musical numbers added much to this beautiful occasion. The afternoon was made complete by the placing of wreaths and flowers on the graves of those who wore the gray and those who wore the khaki. Iron crosses have been placed on all the graves of Anniston and Oxford veterans. A year of splendid work by this Chapter is nearing the close. In a few weeks a large bowlder mounted with a bronze tablet will be placed in one of the parks to the memory of Calhoun County boys in the World War. This will be completed before the U. C. V. convention, May 18-20, in this city. Great interest is being taken in this bowlder work by the citizens of the city.

The John Forney Chapter, of Jacksonville, is ever interested and busy for its veterans. The program for Memorial Day was beautifully carried out, and Mr. Lamar Jefferis was the speaker of the day. Jacksonville abounds in flowers, and the veterans who have passed over the river are always beautifully and lovingly remembered.

*Maryland.*—At the Hotel St. George, Baltimore, on April 27 a luncheon and reception was given the Presidents of the county Chapters by State officers of the Division. A good representation from the counties was present. Reports from State and county officers told of good work, nearly all activities at present being for the benefit of the Hero Fund. Mr. Matthew Page Andrews gave an interesting talk on "Women of the South in War Times," and subscriptions for the book were made.

The Ridgely Brown Chapter, of Frederick, met on April 6 at the home of Mrs. Hoyle, Gaithersburg, Md. Various interests and business of the Chapter were discussed and reports made of boxes sent to the Home for Confederate Women. Representatives from several Chapters from various towns were present.

*Missouri.*—The Dixie Chapter, Kansas City, Mrs. Virgil Jaudon, President, has given its third business college scholarship.

The Monett Chapter, Mrs. Wesley H. Bradford, President, has offered a gold medal to the high school student writing the best essay on "Raphael Semmes."

The city commissioners of Kansas City, Kans., will be asked by the History Club of that city to take steps to preserve the "old Quindaro ruins." These are a portion of an early day stone mill, said to have been one of the exits of an "underground railroad" by which slaves from Platt County, Mo., hemp plantations slipped into "free Kansas." It stood at one end of the Quindaro levee, where steamboats landed.

*North Carolina.*—April and May are strenuous months for the Chapters of the North Carolina Division. April is the month designated for the district meetings, as it is the anniversary of the organization of the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy. The Division comprises sixteen districts. These meetings promote and strengthen the ties of friendship, and much inspiration is gained from them.

Elaborate programs marked the observance of Memorial Day, May 10, by the Chapters. The Emmeline J. Pigot Chapter, of Morehead City, unveiled a monument erected to the World War veterans on that day, and Congressman Brinson delivered the memorial address.

Retiring Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels delivered the address for the Alfred Waddell Chapter, of Kinston,

and Governor Morrison addressed the Johnston-Pettigrew Chapter, of Raleigh.

During April a Gettysburg memorial meeting was held by the Chapters throughout the Division. Most beautiful and instructive programs were sent out by Mrs. Marshall Williams, Director of the Gettysburg Memorial Fund. Much inspiring information was gained from these programs.

The Children's Chapters of this Division are as "busy as bees" raising their contributions for the different funds and vieing with each other in their donations to the Homes for Confederate Veterans and Widows. Their special work for the year is the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund.

*Ohio.*—The Dixie Chapter, of Columbus, reports the very pleasing manner in which were celebrated the birthdays of General Lee and General Jackson. On January 20 the home of one of its members, Mrs. John Alcorn, was opened to the Chapters and friends for this occasion. The rooms were tastefully decorated with flags and flowers. Red roses and white narcissus to carry out the color scheme of the U. D. C. were used.

The regular afternoon meeting of the Chapter was changed to an evening one in order that the "sons, or stepsons," of the Chapter could be present. When the roll was called, each member responded with some fact, story, or incident in the life of General Lee. Many of the visitors added a "leaf to the wealth of facts" in celebrating this anniversary. The dear old songs of the South were sung in chorus, every one joining in, by this way expressing their joy in the good fellowship that prevailed. Their special guest of honor was the President of the Ohio Division, Mrs. W. H. Estabrook, of Dayton, Ohio.

On March 26 the Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, of Cleveland, held the annual sale of "Southern-cooked food," dainty dishes prepared by the members of the Chapter. This has become an annual event in the life of this Chapter and the way by which the Chapter's treasury is filled. All kinds of delicious food were for sale. Many things that cannot be bought in the Cleveland markets were sent for from different parts of the South—Smithfield hams (cooked and uncooked) and good old-fashioned water-ground corn meal from Virginia, beaten biscuits from Kentucky, genuine Louisiana pralines from New Orleans, and many other dainties, besides good homemade bread and rolls, cakes of all kinds, candies, salads and salad dressing, preserves, pickles, jams, jellies, marmalade, and pies of all kinds. One year there was a large dish of fried chicken cooked the only way a Southerner knows how to cook it. These, as well as novelties that come from Dixie, are for sale. This year Easter baskets were made by one of the members of the Chapter. The filling, or nests for the eggs, was dried blue grass from Kentucky; the eggs were attractively hand-painted and sold readily. One of our good Northern friends gives the Chapter space in his store, the University Book Store, and the sales have been very successful.

*South Carolina.*—The Mary Ann Buie Chapter, of Johnston, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on April 1, 1921, in the home of Mrs. James H. White, who has been its faithful President all these years except two. An excellent program was rendered, opening with a tender birthday letter from the President and closing with "Homespun Dress" sung by four Daughters wearing homespun dresses and palmetto hats.

Gen. Wade Hampton's birthday is a red-letter day with South Carolina Daughters, hence on March 28 the Mary Ann Buie Chapter did honor to this noble warrior and Reconstruction Governor with an interesting and instructive meeting. It was also made the occasion of a towel shower for the Confederate Home in Columbia.

*Tennessee.*—The annual convention was delightfully entertained May 10-13 by the Caroline Meriwether Goodlett Chapter, of Clarksville. The homes of the city were opened to the delegates, and the social features were most enjoyable.

Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, President General, was with the convention two days and made an interesting and instructive talk on the activities of the organization and on Historical Evening talked on the educational work. Mrs. Alexander B. White, ex-President General, told of the monuments built by the U. D. C., and Rev. Dr. George Stoves, of Nashville, made a wonderfully forceful address on "The Old and the New South," paying a beautiful tribute to President Davis.

Beautiful bars were presented by Mrs. Mark Harrison, of Nashville, on behalf of the Division to the ex-State Presidents and incumbent. Those present receiving bars were: Mrs. William G. Oehmig, of Chattanooga; Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Paris; Mrs. Herbert N. Leech, of Clarksville; Mrs. Birdie A. Owen, of Jackson; and Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, of Gallatin, incumbent. Hereafter a bar will be presented to every President of the Division during her term of office.

Tennessee Division elects one half of the officers every year to serve two years. Those elected at Clarksville are: President, Mrs. W. M. Goodman, Knoxville; First Vice President, Mrs. Lula B. Epperson, Clarksville; Second Vice President, Mrs. Mary Forrest Bradley, Memphis; Third Vice President, Mrs. H. G. Saunders, St. Elmo; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Mildred Boyd, Sweetwater; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Mabry Talbot, Nashville; Director for C. of C., Mrs. C. C. Dawson, Dyersburg.

The Zollicoffer Scholarship Fund was reported completed and open to applicants. Nearly $200 was pledged to the fund for the erection of a monument at Fort Donelson, and a resolution was adopted to memorialize Congress to make Fort Donelson battle field a national military park.

A considerable amount was subscribed to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, and $215.50 was given to the Sumner A. Cunningham Memorial Scholarship in Peabody College.

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# Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

*U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1921.*

FATHER RYAN.

Poet and priest of St. Mary's Church, Mobile. Sketch of his life and selections from his poems.

*C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1921.*

JOHN B. GORDON, OF GEORGIA.

The idol of his men. Tell of his campaigns and of the closing scene at Appomattox.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

*STATE PRESIDENTS*

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

## *MEMORIAL DAY.*

Treasured deep in her woman's heart,
Sacred, she guards this day apart;
Precious to her, she holds it fast
As a keepsake of the precious past.

From garden and hothouse, wildwood and field.
She gathereth blossoms, whose perfume doth yield
Incense as pure from her soul to God
As the rose petals she strews on the battle sod.

To-day is the voice that speaks for years
Of love and sacrifice, smiles and tears.
The wreath in her hand will not decay;
It is her keepsake—Memorial Day.

—*Mary J. Blackburn.*

## *ASSOCIATION NOTES.*

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

From all parts of the South come reports of a larger, more enthusiastic observance of Memorial Day this year than in any other year. For some reason a misapprehension was labored under in some places, at least by a few people, that Memorial Day would be merged into Decoration Day.

Decoration Day is the outgrowth of Memorial Day, and it stands for the principles which founded it as sacredly as does Memorial Day of the Southern people. If Memorial Day should by any possible chance be merged into Decoration Day—and God forbid that our sacred traditions and sentiments be desecrated by the slightest change in our original custom—then with one voice the people of the South would cry out against such a merging of days.

Perhaps the idea come from the fact that some of the Southern States have a different day for remembering their dead heroes. And the reason why one State will have April 26 and another June 3 (the birthday of the South's beloved President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis) is because of the earlier and later blooming of the flowers with which we cover the graves of the Confederate soldiers.

There is an organization of war mothers, mothers of the North and mothers of the South and East and West, and if they so desire they can have a day on which to remember their allied dead, a separate day from ours of so long standing and held so lovingly in our life; but never while there remains one Confederate woman—and it should be while there remains one Confederate descendant of that Confederate mother—will our Memorial Day be merged into any other day, however sacred that other day be also.

Therefore, O Memorial women, women of the South, of all that remains of what was noble and loyal and true, keep close in your hearts the things that have been and still are dear to the Confederacy, lest we forget.

* * *

Mrs. Oswell Eve, of Augusta, Ga., who is chairman of the Allan Seegar Memorial American Library in Paris, reports a growing interest in the proposed shipment of Southern literature, which she hopes to send to France in the summer. Mrs. Eve reports, however, that she needs many more books, books that will give a true history of the heroism of the South and the Confederacy and its people. She asks that more books be collected and sent to her and as early as possible.

* * *

Those wishing to facilitate the collection of contributions to the Confederate Museum Endowment Fund and to the memorial to the memory of Mrs. W. J. Behan, former President General C. S. M. A., should send such contributions to Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, who has been appointed by Mrs. Wilson to receive the contributions.

* * *

It will be a matter of regret to the friends of Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey, of Huntington, W. Va., who recently formed the largest Memorial Association in the organization at her home in Huntington, W. Va., to know that she is suffering from a broken arm. Mrs. Harvey, as you may know, is a shut-in, and this unfortunate accident is to be regretted.

* * *

Mrs. Westwood Hutchinson, of Manassas, who has been appointed National Organizer for the Junior Memorial, is a woman of great intuition and stands close to the heart of the young people. It is, therefore, expected that she will bring an added impetus to the work of forming Junior Memorial Associations throughout the South, as she is meeting already with success.

* * *

The minutes of the Houston meeting have been sent out and by this time should be in the hands of the Memorial women. Owing to the shortage of help in the printing shops, there was an unavoidable delay in the completion of the minutes.

* * *

As yet there has been no place selected for the annual Confederate Reunion. This has been a source of regret to many of our veteran friends and has deferred the getting together of the members of the C. S. M. A.

* * *

Mrs. E. L. Merry has organized a Memorial Association at Richmond, Va., with sixty charter members. She has large

plans for her work at Asheville, N. C. Mrs. Merry is meeting with hearty coöperation from loyal, devoted Confederate women in all parts of the country she has visited.

* * *

The death of the oldest Confederate mother, Mrs. Ruth Watson, has been announced. Mrs. Watson was given her gold bar of honor a year or more ago, and the occasion was one of great interest in her home town, Rutherfordton, N. C. She was in her one hundred and sixth year and was a very remarkable woman. She was laid to rest under a wealth of flowers placed on her grave by loving friends. Mrs. Watson leaves eight children, twenty-nine grandchildren ,and twenty-five great-grandchildren. She had the distinction of having been a member of the Church for eighty years. Three of her living sons were in the Confederate army.

## *ELLEN MORRISON DORION—AN APPRECIATION.*

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

One by one they are passing—the strong, vigorous, and picturesque types which represent the best in the Old South and whose likeness the world will probably never see again. The children and children's children of these, conscious of the integrity of their inheritance, rise up and take their places. But somehow they are different; they belong to a new era, and the gap to those who remember can never be filled. Such a one was Mrs. Ellen Morrison Dorion, First Vice President for life of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Memphis, Tenn.

MRS. ELLEN MORRISON DORION.

Seventy-five of her eighty-three years were spent in the old home in Fort Pickering, overlooking the river. There the young housekeeper for her widowed father spent her girlhood, and there a merry group was wont to gather "at Ellen's" for fun and frolic. Of the eight girls whose friendships were only broken by death, only two remain. In the old home these girls, her bridesmaids, dressed her for her bridal. It was there too that she gathered her little children at her knee and shut in her heart her grief for the loss of her husband-lover, a sorrow which the long years never healed.

Patiently, reverently, she gathered up the reins of her double responsibility and held them to the end. If there was anything in her whole life omitted which she believed to be her duty, those closest to her never knew it. Driven at last by progress from the home of her youth, she made another, sweet and attractive, and, gathering her children and grandchildren about her, hers was still the directing hand. Her Church and the work of the Confederate Memorial Association were the only claims outside her home which she recognized. Blessed with health throughout her long life, the recent months of painful illness was a new experience.

Always thinking of others rather than of herself, when the bitterest pain was passed, she took up her needlework again, and as she lay among her pillows she fashioned dainty things for those she loved. She did not tell those about her what she knew; she would not sadden her little group a moment too soon. But, like a tired child, at last she smiled into their faces, then passed, as through an open door, into the presence of her Maker.

She knew the ways her blessed Master went;
  In all his word her gentle heart was versed;
And when her sorrow came she bared her head,
  For he had known it first.

She taught her little ones about her knee
  The verities of truth, the Father's will;
And grown to men and women's fair estate,
  They were her children still.

She walked by faith through all the years he gave,
  With eyes fixed steadfast on the single goal;
She gave of comfort to the needy one
  And cheered the weary soul.

Then at the sunset of a cloudless day,
  Hushed and apart from all earth's care and strife,
She did not die, but through the door of grace
  She passed from death to life.

## *A SERVICEABLE PRISONER.*

BY G. W. WISE, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

In the battle of Second Manassas, when General Pope was so badly beaten by the Confederates under Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet, an incident occurred that is well worthy a place in the records of the Confederacy.

I was a member of the 17th Virginia, Kemper's Brigade. The regiment was commanded by Lieut. Col. Morton Marye, who fell, badly wounded, during the battle. In returning from the front with a prisoner I came across the Colonel in a hollow not far from the Chinn house lying on a stretcher with only two men beside him. His knee had been pierced by a Minie ball, and he was suffering agonies. Taking in the situation, I at once seized one end of the stretcher, with the prisoner on my left and the two men on the other end, and we started with the Colonel for the rear.

The Colonel was very anxious to get to a surgeon, and we did our best, amid the grapeshot falling about us, to hasten forward. The Colonel was a very heavy man, and after proceeding some half a mile or more we were relieved by a quartet of our own regiment, who continued the journey and landed the Colonel safely at the field hospital, where the surgeons took off his leg above the knee and sent him back to the rear. The prisoner was turned over to the regimental guard and later sent to the old Libby in Richmond.

After the war Colonel Marye became auditor of the State of Virginia and was a very active man, notwithstanding his crutches. He lived a most useful life and died beloved by all who knew him.

"The red old hills of Georgia!
  My heart is on them now;
Where, fed from golden streamlets,
  Oconee's waters flow!

I love them with devotion,
  Though washed so bleak and bare—
How can my spirit e'er forget
  The warm hearts dwelling there?"

# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

*OFFICERS, 1919–20.*

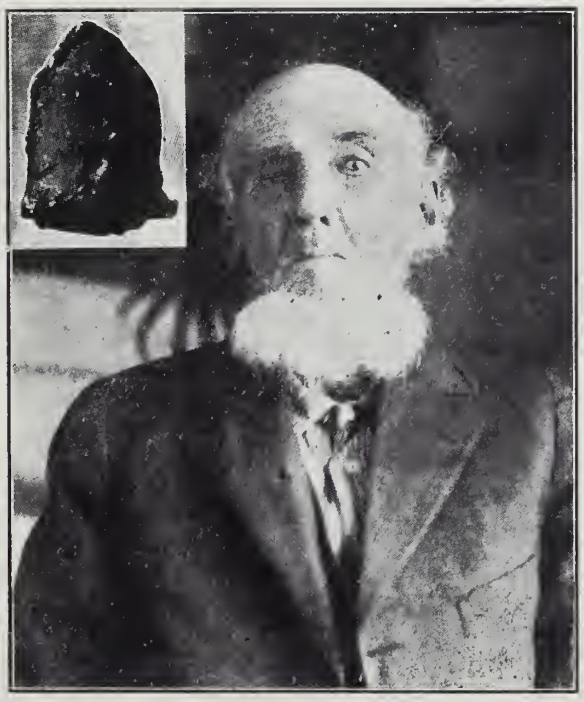
**Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest**
**Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton**
**Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.**
**[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]**

## *CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.*

Joe H. Ford, Commander Oklahoma Division, has appointed the following staff officers: Hon. George Miller, Jr., Division Adjutant, Muskogee; James S. Davenport, Division Quartermaster, Vinita; Judge J. M. Williams, Division Inspector, Altus; Hon. L. A. Morton, Division Commissary, Duncan; Hon. J. V. Connell, Division Judge Advocate, Durant; Rev. A. L. Bowman, Division Chaplain, McAlester; Dr. J. M. Alford, Division Surgeon, Oklahoma City; Hon. Luther Harrison, Historian, Ada.

* * *

The officers elected at a recent meeting of the John Tyler Camp, Charles City, Va., are: W. L. Wilkinson, Commandant; R. B. Davis, First Lieutenant Commander; J. N. Hobbard, Adjutant; R. S. Naylor, Historian; J. W. Binns, Treasurer. R. B. Davis and Zea Parsons were elected delegates to attend the State reunion to be held in the early fall. The delegates to the National Reunion are E. H. Maester and Archer Walker. A committee was appointed composed of Judge D. G. Tyler, R. B. Davis, and Zea Parsons to assist the Board of Supervisors of Charles City to erect suitable markers on the battle fields of Harrison's Landing, St. Mary's Church, and Wilson's Landing. At the conclusion of the meeting Gen. Henry L. Douglas, of Gen. J. B. Hood's staff, addressed the Camp.



W. D. MEADOWS AND THE BULLET HE CARRIED NEARLY SIXTY YEARS.

Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, United States Senator from Alabama, has loaned the photograph of his old friend, Mr. W. D. Meadows, of Alabama, for the purpose of reproduction on this page. Mr. Meadows was shot in the right eye with this bullet on July 1, 1863. On the night of March 20 of this year he coughed up this bullet. The dates herein recited indicate that he carried this bullet in his body for fifty-seven years, six months, and nineteen days.

* * *

The Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park has been incorporated under the laws of the State of Virginia. The object of this movement is to establish a perpetual park as the South's memorial to all Confederate soldiers and as an expression of Southern love and veneration of the glorious and devoted women of the South during that dread era. The battle of Manassas resulted in a Southern victory. Other fields on which the South was victorious have been nationalized, with the result that the South is practically ignored in memorials. It is said, for instance, that in after years the world will wonder whether or not the Southern army made an appearance at Chickamauga, whereas now it is known by students, if not schoolchildren, that the battle was won by the South.

The officers of the corporation for the first year are: Maj. E. W. R Ewing, President, Ballston, Va.; J. R. Price, Secretary, Washington, D. C.; Capt. Westwood Hutchison, Treasurer, Manassas, Va.; Mrs. Susan Hutchison, First Vice President, Manassas, Va.; Miss Mildred Rutherford, Second Vice President, Athens, Ga.

The United Confederate Veterans are represented by Capt. Fred Beall, of Washington, D. C., while Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, of Atlanta, Ga., and Mrs. Cornelia B. Stone, of Washington, D. C., represent the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and United Daughters of the Confederacy, respectively. Dr. Clarence J. Owens, of Washington, D. C., is Chairman of the Finance Board and Hon. R. Walton Moore, of Fairfax, Va., is Vice Chairman. Other members of the committee are: Col. Robert E. Lee, Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, Maj. Wallace Streeter, A. L. Henry, W. McDonald Lee, Mrs. Virginia F. Boyle, Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy, Mrs. W. E. Hutton, Arthur H. Jennings, Hon. E. S. Turner, Col. E. B. White, W. W. Old, Jr., and such other persons as the chairman of this board may name.

* * *

Matthew Page Andrews has suggested the following inscription to be engraved on the proposed bowlder to be erected at Harper's Ferry by the United Daughters of the Confederacy and Sons of Confederate Veterans in memory of the two faithful slaves who gave their lives in defense of their masters:

"Here early in the morning of October 17, 1859, Hayward Shepherd, an industrious and respected negro man, fell mortally wounded by John Browns raiders. Near here also died James, faithful servant of Col. Lewis W. Washington, who was drowned while endeavoring to escape from those who offered him pikes and staves for bloody massacre.

"In the name of these humble, innocent victims of a proposed servile insurrection this bowlder is set up by the Sons and Daughters of the South in loving memory of all those faithful negroes who, under this temptation and through subsequent years of a war of invasion, so conducted themselves that no stain of violence was left upon their record as long as the old relationship remained.

"May this memorial be an inspiration to all alike to prove themselves worthy of a past that produced such characters as George Washington, Robert Edward Lee, and a noble host of their compatriots of European origin, together with the descendants of tens of thousands of once heathen Africans faithfully instructed in the principles of Christianity and, though less known to fame, equally deserving of the eternal reward which is theirs."

The Sons who have contributed $5 each to this fund are: S. Y. Ferguson, Judge Edgar Scurry, T. R. Boone, A. H. Jennings, William S. Patton, Frank M. Curlee, Dr. T. B. Henderson, C. F. Cromer, B. F. Keith, Dr. J. A. Norfleet, Kenneth Krahl, E. G. Muse, S. L. Adams, W. A. Whitney, S. R. Bertron, A. A. Sterling, E. D. Holt, J. P. Norfleet, D. S. Etheridge, Waddy Thompson, Dr. Virginius Harrison, P. M. Robertson, J. E. Rogers, W. N. Everett, W. O. Hart, J. P. Carr, Rev. D. H. Tuttle, S. H. Curlee. The Camps likewise contributing are: Baird Camp, No. 910; John Tyler Camp, No. 841; John M. Jordon Camp, No. 581; James Trift Camp, No. 882; J. P. Bryan Camp, No. 948; B. F. Weathers Camp, No. 913.

The Sons have pledged $500 to this fund, and only about one-third of this amount has been raised. Contributions should be mailed to Carl Hinton, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., 1205 Shoshone Street, Denver, Colo.

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## *"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."*

The managing editor reports that "Women of the South in War Times" is going into a second printing, with a very attractive new paper cover in place of the plain wrapper, and the price of $2 will be extended indefinitely to the members of the U. D. C., but a special arrangement is to be made so the Divisions and Chapters may make a profit on the book on and after June 15. This second edition will not be so expensive as the first, hence the ability to make the allowance for a profit. But there is still an indebtedness on the first edition, and it will require the continued coöperation of all to clear that off.

Up to April 27 the State Divisions ranked as follows in accordance with their subscriptions: North Carolina, 285; South Carolina, 278; Virginia, 169; Kentucky, 168; Texas, 115; Mississippi, 111; West Virginia, 105; Georgia, 95; California, 86; New York, 80; Tennessee, 79; Louisiana, 76; District of Columbia, 70; Missouri and Alabama, 66; Florida, 65; Arkansas, 63; Oklahoma, 59; Maryland, 57; Colorado, 39; Illinois, 36; Ohio, 35; Pennsylvania, 32; Washington, 22; Massachusetts, 7. These figures have been modified to some extent since that date, but it seems that North Carolina will be the first to go over the top with its quota unless other Divisions make extra effort to beat her.

The price is still $2.50 to the public, and orders can be sent direct to Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

---

J. M. Eakin, Whelen Springs, Ark., writes thus to Col. John H. Stiles, at Brunswick, Ga.: "Yes, Colonel, I was at Vicksburg during the siege, and on the 4th day of July, 1863, I ate some mule meat. No, Colonel, it did not taste like turkey, but just like a kicking mule, and I have been kicking ever since. We had a hard old time there, but I would have liked the mule better if General Pemberton had not sold us out on that 4th day of July."

## *ONE OF WAR'S MYSTERIES.*

(Continued from page 225.)

part was premeditated and to a certain extent must have been talked about.

Why did he take the name that was not on record, as he knew he could be easily checked up?

And why, especially as he was a cousin of Lee, did not the Confederate authorities make some inquiries as to his rapid transit from the scene?

The "Records" tell us that about this time the Confederates had some scheme to capture Rosecrans, but it was given enough notoriety to be generally talked about, and I am sure that this affair had nothing to do with it. If any one can throw any light on the subject, I, for one at least, will be gratified.

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## *SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER.*

By an advantageous arrangement, the Veteran is able to offer copies of "The Real Lincoln" as premium for subscriptions, and those who can do a little work in building up its subscription patronage will be fully repaid by getting a copy of this work. It is not a book of prejudiced opinion, but a compilation of what Lincoln's own friends said of him; and as they viewed him from the standpoint of intimate association, their expressions will give a better knowledge of the man than what has been written in the spirit of adulation and worship.

The book will be sent as premium to any sending another subscription with his renewal order, or to any one who sends an order for two subscriptions, new or old.

This is a new edition of the work, and the price is $1.25 postpaid. The special premium offer is made for the purpose of building up the Veteran's list of subscribers. Send for sample copies and try to make up several clubs. Remember, a copy is given for every two subscriptions.

---

Capt. John Tonkin, aged eighty-four years, of Oil City, Pa., sends renewal of subscription for four years, and writes: "I enjoy the Veteran. Every number is anxiously looked for and eagerly read. I served as captain of Company A, 43d Tennessee, C. S. A. I enlisted in the fall of 1861, and my last service was as a part of the escort of President Davis from Charlotte, N. C., through South Carolina. I do not expect to be spared to read many more numbers of the Veteran, but while here must be one of its readers. I am sorry I cannot add other names to the subscription list, but I am the only Confederate in my county, so you can understand what a comfort the Veteran is to me. I am eighty-four years old, still hearty, the result of enjoying the life of 1861 to 1865."

---

An attractive post card, giving the scene of the inauguration of President Davis at Montgomery, Ala., in 1861, has been gotten out by the Daughters of the Confederacy at Livingston, Ala., and is being sold for the benefit of a fund that will be used for placing markers at the graves of Confederate soldiers. The price is five cents each, and it is hoped that friends everywhere will contribute to this fund by placing an order for some of the cards. They are souvenirs of a great day in our history. Send orders to Mrs. H. A. Haralson, Historian, Sumter Chapter, U. D. C., Livingston, Ala.

*A THRIFTLESS COUNTRY.*

That the United States is one of the most thriftless nations on earth, and that the average American is incompetent and reckless in the spending of his cash are two facts recently emphasized by New York City banking concerns following an extensive study of thrift conditions in this country.

Without a budget system the government squanders money whenever and wherever the whims of Congress direct it, the bankers charge, without even bothering always to keep strictly itemized accounts, and the taxpayers pay the bills.

The national waste is faithfully imitated by the individual. The majority of American homes have no budget account, and little preparation is made for the hazards of the future. The uneducated immigrant generally exhibits much greater skill in spending and saving his earnings than does the American-born citizen. Thousands of the former class return to Europe every year with small fortunes to ease their declining years, while thousands of the latter enter homes for the indigent.

The American Bankers' Association has gathered statistics showing that at the age of fifty-five only six men out of each one hundred are self-supporting, while at the age of seventy-five but three are well to do, thirty-four out of the hundred are dependent upon children or charity, and few of them have sufficient means to pay funeral expenses. —*Moultrie (Ga.) Observer.*

---

William Jacobs, of Crandall, Tex., is anxious to locate some comrade who can testify to his service for the Confederacy. He went out from Cannon County, Tenn., as a member of Company H, under Captain Woods (regiment not given) and General Palmer, and was later under a Captain Curlee. Any one who remembers him will confer a favor by writing to him.

---

Who can furnish a copy of the poem having this refrain as the last line of each stanza, "On the 1st of May, boys, on the 12th of May"? A copy of it is wanted by Capt. J. Gid Morris, of Smyrna, Ga., and any one having it will oblige him by sending a copy.

---

J. E. LaBesse, of Lake Charles, La., has old numbers of the VETERAN to dispose of from 1893 to date. Any one interested should write to him direct.

"On March 5, the date of our last weekly report," says the surgeon general of the United States Public Health Service, "about 2,050 beds were vacant in our hospitals. Of these, about 1,000 were in hospitals just opened or additions to older hospitals and were rapidly being filled. The remaining 1,000 was less than six per cent of our total capacity of 17,648, a very small allowance for new arrivals. This does not, of course, include our patients in rented beds in contract hospitals, who numbered 10,506."

---

Col. John Apperson, of Hot Springs, Ark., whose old uniform was referred to in the VETERAN for April, asks that the statement be corrected to its being "the only *original* uniform of a private Confederate soldier now in existence that can be worn by the same soldier who wore it fifty-seven years ago. He says that at no reunion has an original uniform been worn except his, all others having been made since the war. He served with Company H, 1st Regiment of Missouri Confederate Volunteers.

---

The scratch of a lion's claw is almost as deadly as his bite, for he never cleans his nails, and he always carries under them rotting meat that is rank with deadly germs. Flies and water bugs do the same thing on a smaller scale, and "Don't forget," says the United States Public Health Service, "that they never wipe their feet."

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GRANT'S ATTIRE AT APPOMATTOX.—G. M. was reading a self-written essay on "Lee's Surrender," and she got along nicely until she came to the meeting of the two generals, Lee and Grant, when she read: "Lee came out in a full dress uniform and was wearing his sword, while all that Grant had on was a ragged Union suit."—*School Note in Marquette Tribune, Kansas.*

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The United States Public Health Service estimates that at least five hundred and possibly one thousand lepers are at large in the United States and that the number is increasing. The government did not start work on its Federal Home for Lepers a minute too soon.

---

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L. Ballou, Adjutant Camp Brady, No. 563, U. C. V., of Brady, Tex., is trying to obtain a pension for Comrade William Jonhson, who enlisted in Company B, 1st Tennessee Infantry, Col. Peter Turney, at Tullahoma, Tenn., on April 9, 1861. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia and was wounded severely five times; was paroled as second lieutenant at Appomattox with only seven of his company left. He is now an invalid with a wife and no children, aged eighty-five years and very feeble. Any comrade who remembers him will please write to Comrade Ballou.

---

Mrs. W. B. McCrary, of Geneva, Ga., needs a pension and will be glad to hear from any veteran who served with her husband, W. B. McCrary in Major Bonard's battalion. Write to J. Turner, of Geneva.

---

WANTED.—Name and address of some living members of Captain Moorman's battery of Lynchburg, Va., or of some one who has been interested in this organization. Send reply to the VETERAN.

---

John A. Whitley, of Searcy, Ark., would like to hear from all of the surviving members of Companies C and H, of the 13th Tennessee Regiment of Infantry.

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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIX. JULY, 1921 NO. 7

**VETERANS ALL!**

**Rev. Jonathan Waverly Bachman, D.D., Chaplain General U. C. V., and three grandsons who fought in the World War**

(See page 244.)

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Wit with Wisdom.—"Sedentary work," said the college lecturer, "tends to lessen the endurance." "In other words," butted in the smart student, "the more one sits, the less one can stand." "Exactly," retorted the lecturer; "and if one lies a great deal, one's standing is lost completely."

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*A VALUABLE BOOK.*

The book on "Women of the South in War Times" adds some interesting chapters to the history of the War between the States. It should be in every library of the country. Send for a copy at once. Price, $2.50, postpaid. Orders should go to Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

W. O. Wear, of Murray, Ky., wishes the address of Lieut. Will Cochran, of Company E, 7th Kentucky Regiment. He was in Texas when last heard from.

J. E. Thomas, of Huntington, W. Va. (Box 944), is trying to locate one Colonel or Captain Merrill, who was in the War between the States as a Confederate or Federal. Who knows of him?

Mrs. J. G. Terrell, of Indianola, Okla., makes inquiry for comrades of her husband, John Green Terrell, who was living near Pontotoc and Tupelo, Miss., but enlisted somewhere in the northern part of that State. She thinks he served with Forrest.

Dr. W. H. Rader, of Collbran, Colo., wants a copy of the book on "Stuart's Cavalry" by Major Richardson. Any one having a copy for sale will please write to him. Dr. Rader was a member of Company E, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and he is the only Confederate veteran in that part of Colorado.

Mrs. J. O. Copeland, of Temple, Tex. (210 South Twenty-Second Street), is trying to locate some one who knows the record of her husband, J. O. Copeland, in the Confederate army, and she will appreciate hearing from any of his comrades who can give his company and regiment. At the time of his enlistment he was living in Washington County, near Brenham, Tex.

Speeding It On.—The musketry instructor had just been giving a lesson on the rifle to one particularly "green" set of recruits. At the end he asked: "Now, is there any question you want to ask?" One dull-looking Johnny Raw stepped forward. "Yes, my man," said the instructor encouragingly. "Plaze, sor," stammered the searcher after knowledge, "is it roight that the harder Oi pull the trigger-thing the farder the bullet goes?"—*Tit-Bits.*

# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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## *THE LAND OF LIBERTY.*

[Composed by Hugh Gaylord Barclay, of Mobile, Ala., and read by him at the dedication banquet of the "First White House of the Confederacy" at Montgomery, June 3, 1921.]

This is our day of memories—of past
  Heroic deeds of daring and of death,
Of weary march, vain valor, trumpet blast,
  The birth of hope, and last her funeral wreath.
Here where we stand our brilliant Yancey stood
  And wove immortal wreaths of eloquence,
Hurling defiance bitter as wormwood
  To shame base actors in hate's base offense.
Here where we stand stood Davis and the rest
  Who, with him, framed that grand historic scroll
That pledged the people of our Southland blest
  State sovereignty—our hallowed, righteous goal.

This day brings back a thousand memories
  That clutch our hearts like talons sharp and strong.
We see again the days of sad good-bys
  When men—and boys—left home with shout and song.
We see again the days when women wept
  For loved ones battle slain—son, lover, sire!
The gruesome days when ruthless raiders swept
  Across our helpless State like rain of fire.
We hear again the moan of widowed wife,
  Whose loyal mate had gone to do his part,
When fateful word came: "Killed in battle strife."
  To-day such woeful echoes stir the heart.

We lost our cause, mayhap by Heaven's decree,
To make a bulwark strong for liberty.
Dear Alabama, hail! though vain the quest
On Fame's high hill top your name crowns the crest.

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## *DEDICATION OF FIRST WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.*

In its enthusiasm and interest, the great crowd which assembled in Montgomery, Ala., on June 3, to attend the exercises of dedicating the "First White House of the Confederacy," was a reminder of those of early Confederate days, when hearts beat high with the hope of success for a great cause. The old house which was the center of all this interest was notable only because President Davis and his family had occupied it for the brief period that Montgomery was the capital of the Confederacy; but those were history-making days, and thus the house was memorable for all time. The efforts to preserve it for its historic associations have extended over nearly a quarter of a century, and to the ladies of the White House Association is due the credit for giving it to future generations as an emblem of a nation that rose and fell unstained by crime.

A magnificent parade, moving between lines of cheering thousands, preceded the exercises, which were held on the Capitol grounds near the old house in its new setting. Restored to its former substantial state, it will now be a museum for relics connected with the history of the State in the Confederacy, chief of which in interest are some of the furnishings of Beauvoir used by Mr. Davis, the gifts of Mrs. Davis to the White House Association many years ago and which have been awaiting a permanent home. Of these is the table on which he wrote his great work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." There are other relics of Alabama history also displayed in its rooms, treasures beyond price to the people of that State.

From the speakers' stand the addresses were delivered to a crowd packed deep on every side. Col. George W. Jones, general chairman of the dedication committee, called the assembly to order and introduced Governor Kilby, who presided over the exercises. An interesting account of the efforts to preserve this old house was given by Mrs. J. D. Beale, of New York City, who was the first Regent of the White House Association and is now Honorary Life Regent. These efforts began with the organization of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., in 1897, and after some years the White House Association was formed to continue and complete the work. Mrs. Chappell Cory, of Birmingham, present Regent of the Association, presented the building to the State on behalf of the Association, and it was received by the Governor in an appropriate response. The principal address

was made by Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, and it is given on page 249 of this number.

"And it was peculiarly appropriate," said the Montgomery *Advertiser,* "that the Association should invite the brilliant young senator from the State of Mississippi to deliver the dedication address and to inform our own people upon the stainless character of the man our grandfathers selected for their chosen leader. Senator Harrison grew up in the teachings and traditions of the Confederacy. He lives near the home in later years of the defeated Southern chieftain. When he casts his vote it is in the Beauvoir precinct. Beauvoir—a name that ever appeals to the South.

"It is timely and appropriate that a statesman from the shadow of Beauvoir should find an occasion to stir the younger generation of the South with the story of Jefferson Davis, the ablest man of the South in his day, the leader of the United States Senate, the best-equipped and most energetic Secretary of War that the country has ever had, and the leader chosen to direct the South in the most unequal contest ever fought out on the Western Continent.

"It is well that our young people should know that the 'compact of the States' was not an indissoluble contract, but a voluntary agreement, from which any State had the right to withdraw without dishonor. That right was the issue settled by the war, but that right was not seriously questioned until shortly before the fratracidal outbreak. Many in the South doubted the wisdom and expediency, but none questioned the right of the State to withdraw under the original agreement. New England, strange as it may seem, had first asserted that right, not once, but many times, and New England was first to unite to punish a people for exercising a right which it had advanced and defended. The issue was settled for all times by a bloody and disastrous war. The South has never questioned the finality of the verdict after the appeal to the arbitrament of the sword, but it is well that we should have such men as Senator Harrison to tell our children that our forefathers were within the law, within the Constitution, and within their rights when they sought, unsuccessfully, to withdraw from the Union and to set up peaceably a new Confederation of States.

"There is waiting for some future author of sight a splendid theme for his imagination and enthusiasm. What an interesting work of imaginatiin he could write under the title, "If the South Should Have Won"! This is neither the place nor is now the occasion for any active imagination to portray the future of the South if the Confederacy had succeeded in establishing itself; but there is a harvest of literary interest, for the man who knows how to gather it, in this question."

The introduction of Judge John W. Inzer, of Ashville, Ala., sole survivor of the secession convention if 1861, brought tumultuous applause, the assemblage rising in greeting. Though in his eighty-seventh year, he spoke with spirit, recalling the scenes of that historic assembly—how on the 11th of January, 1861, the chairman of the convention, with the gavel in one hand and the ballot in the other, reaffirmed Alabama's position as a free and independent State—and Judge Inzer closed his remarks with the declaration that he and his comrades had no apology to offer for that action.

On the evening of the 3d a banquet was given to those taking part in the dedication, a number of whom spoke eloquently in response to toasts. Of these, Senator Harrison responded to the toast, "Alabama"; Gen. R. E. Steiner, to "The American Legion"; Dr. Charles Pratt, pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church, to "The Nation's Debt to Southern Statesmanship"; Judge Walter B. Jones spoke on "Jefferson Davis"; "R. E. Lee" was the toast of T. Sidney Frazer, of Union Springs; and Judge R. C. Bricken spoke on "The White House of the Confederacy."

## *VETERANS OF TWO WARS.*

Veterans of the Confederate army were proud for their sons and grandsons to fight in the World War for the principles which had animated the spirit of the Southern soldier in the sixties, and they are prouder still of the record made by these Southern boys as fighters. The fine group shown on the front page of this number presents one of the most prominent of our Confederate veterans, with his three grandsons, who were in some of the fiercest fighting "over there," but were fortunate enough to get back to "God's country," and will help to keep it so by their influence and usefulness.

Rev. Jonathan Waverly Bachman, D.D., Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans, was captain of Company G, 60th Tennessee Volunteers, C. S. A. He was in the Romney campaign under Jackson, with General Lee in West Virginia, and also went through the siege of Vicksburg. He is now in his eighty-fourth year and still actively in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, the most popular pastor of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Lieut. William Dulaney Anderson (reading from left) "went over" in 1916 and served with the American ambulance, with the British army, and was later with the Medical Corps of the Tenth Field Artillery. He was in some hard fighting and was terribly gassed and wounded.

Lieut. John Bachman Hyde (center) was adjutant of the First Battalion, Three Hundred and Eighth Infantry, Seventy-Seventh Division, and was all through the Argonne Forest and in other fighting.

Maj. Jonathan Waverly Anderson, lieutenant colonel of the Tenth Field Artillery, was at the second battle of the Marne, Argonne, and others, as was his brother, Lieutenant Anderson.

The Anderson grandfather, W. W. Anderson (living at Forsythe, Ga., and eighty-four years old), was first sergeant of the Lookout Artillery, C. S. A.

## *CONFEDERATE GENERALS BURIED IN BALTIMORE.*

In Greenmount Cemetery: Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Maj. Gen. Benjamin Huger, Maj. Gen. Arnold Elzey, Maj. Gen. I. R. Trimble, Maj. Gen. Henry Little.

In Loudoun Park Cemetery: Maj. Gen. Charles W. Field, Brig. Gen. Bradley T. Johnson.

In Bonnie Brae Cemetery: C. S. (Commissary Subsistence) L. B. Northrup.

In St. Paul's Cemetery: Brig. Gen. Lewis A. Armistead, of Gettysburg fame.

## *LIVING CONFEDERATE GENERALS.*

The following brigadier generals of the Confederacy are left of the large number of that rank. They are now living at addresses given: George P. Harrison, Opelika, Ala.; Adam R. Johnson, Austin, Tex.; John V. McCausland, Point Pleasant, W. Va.; Felix H. Robertson, Crawford, Tex.; Thomas Benton Smith, Nashville, Tenn.; Marcus J. Wright, Washington, D. C.

## *THOMAS JEFFERSON.*

On the Centennial of the University of Virginia.

by moncure lyne.

Jefferson, thou shouldst be living at this day,
  For this thy native land and nations far o'er sea,
Whose time-worn governments, like garments old, decay,
  Both we and they, great well of Lore, have need of thee.

Could thy dead hand again once grasp thy magic pen
  And give downtrodden races, struggling to be free,
The "inalienable rights" the good God meant for men,
  This war-worn world might bask in true democracy!

But though thy sacred dust long has turn'd to mold,
  On Fourth of each July we repeat anew again
The words which rang from John Adam's dying soul,
  "Jefferson still lives!" since deathless is thy fame!

To write thy impress on a nation's breast,
  To draft a "declaration" for the newly free,
To enrich all humanity by thy paradise bequest—
  "The statute for religious liberty!"

That were enough for Grecian god to have done,
  Compared with which labors of Hercules seem light;
But thy heart yearned with filial love for son
  To "carry on" the divine efforts of thy might.

So where blessings of old Albemarle abound,
  Where hill and dale blend into landscape wild,
A university for Virginia thou didst found
  And consecrated as thy best-beloved child.

Here, perennial, eternal was to be the spring
  Where youth might quaff science, law, and healing art;
Here close within thy mighty shadow bring
  Their thirst for learning with culture of the heart.

To scan the scroll of thy illustrious power,
  To trace thy shadow as our "golden age"
Would fill a century in which every hour
  Reflects the impress of old Monticello's sage.

---

## *MEMORIAL DAY AT ARLINGTON.*

"So, in the dark and in the sun,
  Our cause survives the tyrant's tread
And sleeps to wake at Arlington."

The anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis had special observance in Washington, D. C., under auspices of the U. D. C. on the evening of June 3, and on the 5th of June a beautiful program was carried out at Arlington Cemetery in commemoration of the South's Memorial Day by the Veterans and Daughters of the District. There was music by the marine band and a special quartet, with an address by Hon. B. G. Lowrey, of Mississippi, and tributes to Sir Moses Ezekiel by Hon. Leigh Robinson and Capt. B. A. Colonna. After the sounding of taps came the "unveiling of the Southern Cross" by the Sons of Veterans; then flowers were strewn over the Confederate graves, with special decoration of the tomb of the unknown dead and the grave of Gen. Joseph Wheeler. A feature of these exercises was the presentation by Miss Jessica Randolph Smith to Capt. Fred Beall, for Camp 771, U. C. V., of a beautiful flag, the Stars and Bars, in memory of her father, the late Orren Randolph Smith, of North Carolina.



### Address by Col. Leigh Robinson.

*My Friends and Fellow Soldiers:* As you have been eloquently reminded, we are assembled in memory of our Confederate dead—a memory which will last while heroic memory endures. In a late ceremony, however, there occurred omissions to which I am requested to call attention. In the funeral ceremonies at the burial of Sir Moses Ezekiel, with no intent of course to slight his memory, for elaborate rites were otherwise accorded, it, however, happened that the customary tribute of flowers in remembrance of him did not appear upon his grave. Further, the Confederate Camp of Veterans, No. 171, at the place of burial was ignored in the public expression of grief, which by fellow soldiers more than by others would be felt. There was at the time, and is now and is here to-day, one of this Camp, a fellow cadet with Ezekiel, a captain of the company in which Ezekiel served and fought, and who to-day will most interestingly speak of his valor, his grace, and his consideration for others. Captain Colonna, along with the Camp in general, was ignored.

By this Camp, of whom I am one, I am requested to rectify as best I may omissions by this Camp keenly felt. So we bring the blooms of summer for the grave of one who in the furnace of fire kept his garments bright and ever afterwards walked through life with step erect. We offer these fresh blooms for the shade of one who offered the fresh bloom of his youth in battle for the cause his convictions sanctified. When the war closed in tragedy for that he revered, the young cadet resolved to leave the land whose ruling force had only despiteful crimination for that which he held and which we hold sublime. In the ancient home of valor, in the modern temple of art, he was led by the faith that the zeal which at New Market strove unflinchingly against hostile odds might make bold to mingle in the endless fray for the republic of the beautiful. To this end he entered the camp of the immortals, which in truth he had lately left. To this end he would scale the Sinai of the spirit, from this source to equip himself for that the artist always needs and which in fact all mortals in all vocations need for the sovereign problem how to derive divine light out of divine cloud. This degree attained, he glorified the magnet of his art by defining in human features the meaning of a cause sacred to him, sacred to us. Ezekiel's sculptured word makes manifest purity above the storm, the crown of sorrow which is a crown of nobleness, a death which is an arch of triumph. With the artist at rest at the foot of the work wrought by his genius, we feel that art and artist breathe the air of the immortals and in that air still live. There is the South in her sorrow, in her fortitude. We bring the tender breath of flowers as a tender symbol for Ezekiel's rest, to be our floral homage to the "bright consummate flower" of his Confederate art.

### Address by Capt. B. A. Colonna in Placing the Memorial Wreath on the Grave of the Great Sculptor.

*Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen:* Camp 171, U. C. V., has done me the honor of requesting that I place this beautiful wreath upon the grave of Sir Moses Ezekiel. Since of all the members of the Camp I have known him longest and perhaps most intimately, this designation may be appropriate. However, it gives me great satisfaction to acknowledge the compliment and comply with the request.

My acquaintance with Moses Ezekiel began in 1863, when he was a mere lad and reported at the Virginia Military Institute as a cadet to begin his military training. I was then cadet captain of Company D, and as such well accustomed to receiving young gentlemen. Young Ezekiel was one to interest you at once, and as you came to know him you could not fail to learn to love him. He was of about medium height, had curly black hair, a very fair, rosy complexion, and beautiful eyes, and this girlish-looking youth was to be developed under the military discipline of the school into a soldier. It became a pleasure to train him, he was so attentive, devoted to his duty, and learned so rapidly.

During this period of training we discovered his artistic genius, as recalled by our fellow cadet, Mr. Thomas D. Davis, of Lynchburg, Va., in a letter to Commander Beall, of Camp 171, as follows: "I recall Cadet Ezekiel very pleasantly. He was in a class below me at the V. M. I. * * * I had some little turn for drawing, and my first meeting with Ezekiel was when he called on me for the purpose of seeing some of my efforts. Incidentally I saw some of his and was much impressed. He sketched with remarkable rapidity, one of the characteristics that differentiates genius from mediocrity, and I was satisfied then that his future was full of promise, but I did not suspect that he would turn to sculpture."

Early in May, 1864, Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge called the corps of cadets for active duty in the field. There were a number of small boys not over sixteen years of age, among them Ezekiel, who shouldered their heavy Belgian rifles, their forty rounds of ammunition, and other scanty outfit, including provisions, and started light-heartedly on a long tramp northward in the Valley of Virginia, encountering from the very first day heavy rains, deep mud, and all kinds of privations incident to soldier life in the infantry. Our good surgeon, Colonel Madison, dismounted every day and put a worn-out cadet on his horse. Ezekiel would not acecpt this assistance, but always proffered a fellow cadet to take his place. Thus I had the pleasure of seeing the fair boy develop into the stout, laborious soldier doing the duty of a mature man.

After about five days of this there fell upon our ears early on the 15th of May the call to arms, by about 10 A.M. that day we were in line of battle at New Market, Va., discarded all superfluous impediments, and stripped for action. We went through a hard day's work and fighting, and in that splendid body of young soldiers no one acquitted himself more creditably than Ezekiel. When the battle was won, standing on a hill on the Valley turnpike, we could see the retreating enemy crossing the bridge at Mount Jackson. Ezekiel applied for permission to leave the ranks to find his wounded roommate, Jefferson, of North Carolina. The permission was granted, and he sought his comrade where he had seen him fall near a pond, but he was no longer there. Going to a near-by house to make inquiry, he found Jefferson lying on a stone hearth still alive, though shot through the breast. No conveyance could be had to remove him other than an ox-cart, which one of the ladies volunteered to hitch up, and in this she conveyed Jefferson to the house of Mr. Clinedinst in New Market, where he was put to bed and received surgical attention, but died early in the morning. Ezekiel supported him to the last, holding him in his arms and reading to him, at Jefferson's request, suitable portions of the New Testament.

Two or three days were spent by the corps of cadets at New Market, performing the last sad rites for our dead, when we were conveyed to Richmond, Va., and thence to Lexington, where early in July I graduated and lost sight of Moses Ezekiel until I again met him as the renowned sculptor, Sir Moses Ezekiel, whose genius has wrought for us this beautiful monument, which, as he said to me at the time of its unveiling, commemorates more than the heroism of soldiers, for it is intended to typify peace in its noblest sense.

In conclusion, looking back, I see a fair youth, Moses Ezekiel, devoted to his duties; a young man doing all of his tasks with painstaking faithfulness; a heroic soldier and devoted friend; a genius of the first order, honored by many countries, and crowning his life's work by distributing relief to the suffering mothers and children of distracted Europe.

With hats off and bowed heads let us do homage to a great man.

---

## *CHICAMACOMICO.*

BY S. F. TENNEY, CROCKETT, TEX.

There is a narrow strip of land between the Atlantic Ocean and Albemarle Sound and between Roanoke Island and Cape Hatteras, called by some such name as I have given above. This strip of land seemed to have been formed by sand washed up from the Atlantic on the one side and the waters of the Sound on the other. It has a sparse growth of stunted trees, probably many of them live oaks.

Some time in 1861 or 1862 Colonel Wright's regiment of the 3d Georgia Infantry was stationed on Roanoke Island for the purpose of fortifying the island and guarding against any approach of the enemy from the south to attack Norfolk from the rear. Colonel Wright found out through scouts that the enemy was approaching from the south and had landed the 20th Indiana Regiment of Infantry at Chicamacomico, and also that they had a gunboat inside the Sound, which was grounded and could not be moved. So Colonel Wright, with the help of Commodore Lynch (the same Lynch who previous to the war while in the United States navy surveyed the River Jordan in the land of Palestine and wrote a book about his work there), managed to get two or three small gunboats, with some barges and one or two pieces of cannon, and loaded on these boats a portion of his regiment. When the Confederates approached near the stranded gunboat Fanny, they opened fire on that boat, not striking it, but throwing a shell just in front of the boat. The Federals, seeing their helpless condition, did not attempt to fight, but ran up a white flag to surrender. The Confederates took possession of the gunboat Fanny and found that she was loaded with valuable supplies for the Federal soldiers—among other things, a thousand bluecoat overcoats, a thing very much needed by the Confederates. Some of us took our bluecoat overcoats, had them dyed black, and kept them throughout the war.

After this capture Colonel Wright took his forces back to Roanoke Island and hurriedly made up another expedition with a large number of his regiment and the help of Commodore Lynch's naval boats and barges and returned to Chicamacomico early in the morning. After firing a few cannon shots at the 20th Indiana Regiment, they began a hasty retreat. Colonel Wright's soldiers waded a considerable distance to the land and pursued the Indianans. The enemy were taken by surprise at breakfast. They left so suddenly that a large part of their baggage and edibles were left scattered in their camp, and, among other things, they left behind a large number of letters—love letters and letters from

their home folks. The Confederates found some interesting reading in the private correspondence of their enemies. They also captured a large amount of stationery—note paper and envelopes—of course all this decorated with pictures of the United States flag. We pursued the enemy for many miles, but were unable to overtake them except perhaps to get a few shots at some. This march through the thick sand was very hard on our Confederates. When Colonel Wright saw that a warship on the Atlantic was turning on us and firing heavy shells around us, he ordered a retreat. We got back to our gunboats all safely, except that one of our soldiers died soon after from the effects of the severe march. That soldier was in my company and one of my friesds. While we were near together he appealed to me to take his hand and help him pull out of the sand. I have never forgotten his appealing look to me, as he was almost ready to faint, and I have been glad that I was a little stronger than he and could lend him a helping hand.

We reached our camp at Roanoke Island without any loss. Besides capturing a valuable lot of army supplies, the effect of the expedition was to check the enemy for a time. Evidently with that 20th Indiana the enemy was beginning a movement on Roanoke Island. They were delayed for many months, but eventually did attack Roanoke Island and defeated the Confederates and then advanced on Norfolk, which we were forced shortly afterwards to evacuate. I consider myself fortunate that my regiment (the 3d Georgia) had been removed from Roanoke Island before the enemy captured it, and we were permitted to take part in Lee's campaign in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond and later in many other battles in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

Possibly some of my comrades who may happen to see these lines may wonder what I am doing in Texas. I have been preaching the gospel in Texas for fifty-three years—more than fifty years as pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Crockett.

## *THE OLD PLANTATION HOME.*

BY MRS. CHARLES B. HAZARD, IN THE BREEDERS' GAZETTE.

WAVERLEY.

Deep in the heart of the pinewoods it stands, a symbol of the Old South and its vanished glory—an old plantation home of a type once common in the days before the war, now standing alone in the midst of its untilled acres waiting for the slow finger of time to reduce it to decay. The house itself is an old colonial mansion, with wide, deep galleries and marble steps trodden smooth by the feet of countless Southern beauties; for this is a house of romance, and many were the love scenes enacted within its walls and under the somber pines that surround it. Its immense, high-ceilinged rooms are still furnished as they were when the owners left it.

At the windows, through which many a bright eye watched for a lover's coming, still hang curtains of the richest tapestry, and an old square piano of antique design waits and longs in vain for the touch of fingers, long since dust, that once played the stately minuets to which feet danced trippingly on the huge dancing floor above. It stands in the reception hall, from which two winding staircases mount to the gallery and dancing floor, and there is a legend that down those winding stairs came every daughter of the house to be wedded at the foot. Close by is an ancient sofa, which could whisper tales of tempestuous love-making in those halcyon days when the light footsteps of youth kept time to the old piano's music. We feel as we stand within its enchanted portals that here indeed lived the flower and chivalry of the Old South, and the very air seems filled with their presence. Who can say that they do not return, those bright spirits, to touch once more the yellow keys and dance to the ghostly music? We almost feel them, pressing close and whispering, as we close the door and step once more into the sunlight.

Back of the house there stands the cook's house and the office, an imposing structure of brick, moss-grown and colored by age. Can you not in fancy smell those delicious odors emanating from the place where black, capable Aunt Liza held full sway? Sweet, spicy home-cured hams baked in milk, wild turkeys broiled before the open grate, fat, toothsome possums roasted with sweet potatoes and done to a golden brown—surely those were days of epicurean feasts; and many a feast has the old house known, when the young people gathered there from miles around for visits of months at a time. For in those days before rock roads were built there was no way to travel during the winter months except on horseback, and often the roads were impassable even for this mode of travel. And so they gathered first at one place and then another

WAVERLEY—TYPICAL HOME OF THE OLD SOUTH.

to while away the winter time until the spring brought dry weather and good roads again, for even Southern chivalry and romance could not surmount the Southern winter mud. What bustling and noise and singing there must have been in this old cook house, what slapping of pickaninnies underfoot, what ordering about of black-skinned helpers by old Aunt Liza, reigning queen and manager of all this busy hive! When it is all cooked to her satisfaction, it is carried in to "the gre't house" by soft-footed, turbaned waiters and served to the gay company. * * *

A little farther on are the pens that held the game cocks, the fighting of which was the favorite sport of Southern gentlemen of that period; and here and there over the wide lawn are little arbors formed by the privet hedge, where many a love story was whispered under the brilliant Southern moon. On each side of the house stands a magnificent magnolia, whose thick, glossy leaves and waxy, white blossoms are surpassingly beautiful. These giant trees are flanked by two immense crape myrtles, whose pink blossoms blend charmingly with the white of the magnolias. These trees are very old and have looked down, all unmoved, upon the changes that time has made since they were set out here little trees in the long ago. Behind them rise the pines, tall, somber dark, green beneath the golden sun, always whispering of mysteries and legends that haunt their shadowy depths.

Below the house is the lily pond, still covered with water lilies, white, odorous, languid as in the days when youth and beauty loitered here to pull the fragrant blossoms. Near the pond is the bathhouse, with its swimming pool and various rooms. The pool and the pond are fed by pipes from a flowing well somewhere in the distance.

Beyond the grounds is an immense gin, with all the machinery still there, rusting in disuse and quiet where once was such a babel of sound as they drove the wagons loaded with cotton up to its yawning doors.

Beyond this still a little way the grounds drop sharply to the level of the Tombigbee, a wide, yellow, sullen stream, whose deep, swift waters carried all the cotton to the Gulf and brought back luxuries from the cities there; and the whistle of the steamboats went reverberating through the woods that now lie quiet and asleep with no sound to disturb them but the ringing blows of a woodman's ax or the shrill challenge of the jay. The stream is bridged here by a ferry, and many a black back has ached as their brawny arms have pulled it to and fro loaded with the cotton and the corn from the fields on the farther side. Deep, sinister, yellow stream! * * * Gone forever are those days with their joys and sorrows, their tragedies and comedies, many of them only witnessed by this old river and the moon, whose clear light shone alike on white and black, slave and free, and knew no difference in either. Often have these solitudes resounded with wild cries for mercy to some cruel overseer, but far oftener still with the happy song and laughing of the laborers in the cotton fields, whose shoulders knew no heavier burden than the hoe and who looked with childlike faith to "old Massa" to supply their every need. Happy, care-free children of the sun-warmed clime, they never looked beyond the present or thought to make provision against the dark days when "old Massa" should be no more.

And so we climb the bank again and pause for a last look at the old house, whose very name breathes romance, the dark pines green and shadowy in the westering sun, the never-fading magnolias and the crape myrtles, symbolic flower of the South, and see gleaming through the trees the white headstones of the family cemetery, unnoticed before. Stepping softly among the graves and brushing away the vines that fain would cover them, we read upon the sunken stones the names of those whose bodies lie beneath, dust with the dust of earth; and here we find a soldier's name and date where wounded and where taken prisoner, and yet he lived to come back home and mingle here his dust with those whom he had loved in life. Thinking sadly of the gallant lad who from this stately home had answered the first call to arms, fighting with manly courage for what he believed to be right, the words of an old song come back with added force as we stand beside his grave:

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray."

Only the judgment day can set these matters right and erase the last drop of bitterness from the hearts of those who participated in this brothers' war.

Beautiful Waverley! Standing alone and silent, like an enchanted princess waiting the touch which will bring it all to life again, waiting and listening in vain, for never more will the years bring back those who are gone and all the busy life that once made this a home. Touch it lightly, Time, and leave it long to remind us of the golden days, the olden days, the days "before the war."

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Mrs. Harry C. Terrell, a "granddaughter," writes thus of the old ancestral home:

"The house, 'Waverley,' so aptly described by a stranger reconnoitering in a strange land, was erected early in the nineteenth century and was the home of Mr. George H. Young, a large tract of land having previously been purchased by him from the chief of the tribe of Indians then living along the banks of the Tombigbee River, Lowndes County, Miss. Every piece of timber in this old mansion was hewn from the virgin forest and hand-sawed by slaves of the owner. The spacious garden, or grounds, of shrubbery and flowers that inclosed the house has long since succumbed to the destroying hand of time. Near by was an ice house, quite a luxury in those days. This house was about twenty feet by twenty feet and was filled each winter with ice from the many ponds and lakes adjacent, and here it kept all summer long under its covering of sawdust. It was never sold, but no sick person lacked for ice to cool the burning fever and parched thirst, and many a life was no doubt saved by it.

"Six sons of this noble sire and four sons-in-law struggled with the foremost in the War between the States, six of the ten receiving commissions as colonel, major, and captain. Except with the loss of a right arm, nine returned home unwounded. One was numbered among the dead after the battle of Gettysburg. No home in our beautiful Southland gave more freely of her all for the cause of the South, and, throwing wide its doors to all moving troops and refugees from other States, it often served as headquarters for brigades marching through the State, General Forrest and staff having occupied it at one time.

"This grand old home is still beloved and revered by many grandsons, granddaughters, great and great-great-grandchildren who live in the surrounding community. Only one daughter of the old home survives, Mrs. Lucy Young Banks, widow of the late Col. J. O. Banks, of Columbus, Miss. Owning it, she often welcomes the families in reunion to its parental arms."

## *ALABAMA'S VALHALLA.*

Address by Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, at Dedication of "First White House of the Confederacy" in Montgomery.

The South is grateful to Alabama for this occasion. If the spirit of the men who now sleep on the hallowed battle grounds where they made the supreme sacrifice could witness this event, they would know they "did not die in vain."

To you, noble women whose patriotic souls conceived and whose loving hearts nurtured and whose tender hands wrought this splendid work, a grateful people pours forth its benedictions of sincere appreciation. And for your chief executive, the members of the first White House of the Confederacy Commission, the legislature of Alabama, and every citizen in your State who aided, encouraged, and coöperated in making possible this occasion, Southerners everywhere entertain to-day deepest feelings of appreciation.

Lack of sentiment, forgetfulness of traditions, unappreciativeness of heroic deeds are characteristics of only decaying peoples. A nation whose soul is unmoved by its history and unstirred by its achievements is doomed to failure. The South is a great section, rich in natural resources, commanding in wonderful advantages. It bows to no section in the rapid progress of its development; it yields to none in the opportunities presented. Numberless acres of untilled land, millions of feet of virgin forests, limitless energy in unharnessed waters, and countless miles of unearthed minerals are waiting to be touched by the welcome exploiter. No feeling of sectional narrowness stalks this land; no spirit of ostracism grips our people.

But necessary as is added capital and more and new and enlarged industries, I would rather see its commercial supremacy deferred than for it to be attained by surrendering those priceless traditions and imperishable principles upon which our glorious history is founded. I never want to see the glories of the South forgotten in the maelstrom of industrial strife. I never want to see the principles for which our fathers sacrificed supplanted by a yielding to the commercial exigencies of the hour. I never want to see the shrine that was builded by our splendid men and noble women torn down and in its stead one erected to the god of mammon. The sentiment of the South is too dear, its heritages too priceless, its sacrifices too great, its principles too precious and enduring to be bartered, however large and alluring the price. The conviction of the men for the right who molded the destinies of the South is dyed in blood too pure to ever fade, the cause for which they suffered was too just and too righteous for its children ever to suggest excuse or offer apology.

As one who reveres the memories of our fathers, as one who shall ever strive to keep fresh the events that made its history great, as one who loves every sentiment connected with it in every pore and fiber of his being, I am glad to come from the bosom of your twin sister State, from the shadow of historic Beauvoir, and share with you the warmth and enthusiasm with which our hearts are filled to-day in the dedication of this historic home, dear to every Southerner and around which cherished memories will ever cling.

It is peculiarly fitting that this event should take place on this day. Beautiful, historic old Montgomery! Dear, grand old Alabama! We salute you to-day, and I speak as a Mississippian, jealous of your wonderful resources, yet proud of your imperishable history. O, the statesmen and scientists and jurists and scholars and warriors and glorious women that you have given to the nation!

Your skies have been blackened by the smoke of invading foes. Your streams have run red with the blood of your patriotic sons. It was along the banks of the Tallapoosa at memorable Horseshoe Bend that your brave backwoodsmen, fighting side by side with the intrepid Tennesseeans and led by "Old Hickory," subdued the red man in his last stand, wrenched the scepter from his hands, and opened up this fair land to civilization.

In the Mexican War few States furnished to the nation more soldiers and none braver than did Alabama. In 1898 you were among the first to furnish your quota to avenge the sinking of the Maine and succor poor, outraged, persecuted Cuba. From Santiago to Manila Alabamians played nobly their part, and the gallantry displayed by Joe Wheeler in leading his men to victory at San Juan Hill and Richmond Pearson Hobson in sinking the Merrimac will remain an imperishable legacy to your State.

And in the late World War no braver lads ever marched to the tune of martial airs or fought beneath the folds of any flag than those from Alabama. They maintained the splendid traditions of their fathers and shed undying glory, not alone upon Alabama, but the nation as well. Great as is the number of heroes of that mighty conflict enshrined on the pages of history, the name and fame of Gen. Robert L. Bullard and the Alabamians of the Rainbow Division will ring down the corridors of time.

Inspiring as are those deeds, wonderful and soul-stirring as are those events—lasting in the memory of future generations as they will be—they fail to stir the emotions, to fan the flames of enthusiasm, or grip the impulses of the heart as those circumstances and events incident to the War between the States. Just think of them! What a feeling is kindled! What emotions are aroused!

It was here, in the "cradle of the Confederacy," where the new republic was nurtured. Here it was that the representatives of a proud and indominate people met in convention and framed and adopted its Constitution. Never before was a work of such import accomplished in such a masterly way in such a brief time as was the faming and adoption of that instrument. And to-day in reading the principles then and there enunciated, the unselfish instinct of the section, the economic spirit of the day, the masterly intellect of the delegates is revealed. What a needed reform would be wrought if the Congress and the States would to-day amend the Federal Constitution and follow the principles enunciated in the Confederate Constitution extending the term of the President and Vice President to six years and making them ineligible for reëlection! What an economy it would effect and what a saving to the taxpayers of the country if that part of the Confederate Constitution could be adopted by the Federal government requiring a two-thirds vote of the Congress to make Federal appropriations! And O that some of our present-day Democrats who, in their selfish desire to enrich a few at the expense of the many, protect one section to the detriment of another, who have joined the ranks of those who believe in a protective tariff, would read and memorize that part of the Confederate Constitution that condemned in the strongest possible language a protective tariff and unanimously laid down the rule that the passage of any such law was forever prohibited by the Confederate Congress!

It was here that William L. Yancey, that mighty genius, a star of the first magnitude, the unrivaled orator of the Con-

federacy, from whose lips words fell like rushing water down the mountain side, introduced the first and only President of the Confederacy on the occasion of his first and only inauguration. What memories are revived on this occasion! What patriotic specters are revealed! In yon historic resting place sleeps this matchless orator, the most eloquent man of his day, Alabama's "priceless jewel."

Here it was that the great intellects of the South met and laid plans to meet the momentous problems of that stormy period.

I am sure I will be pardoned if I assert that subsequent events demonstrated that a fatal blunder was made by those in whose grasp the future of the Confederate government was held when the Capitol was moved from this city to Richmond. Left here, it would have compelled the enemy to operate from a distant base of supplies upon lines of communication eight hundred miles long, while it would have liberated, to be used as occasion demanded, a magnificent army which was constantly required for the defense of Richmond. Located as Richmond was, within little more than a hundred miles of the enemy's base, upon a river which permitted the approach of formidable war crafts, and within a short distance of a strong fortress on a fine harbor, it was a constant invitation for aggressions which required the energy and most of the resources of the South to combat.

But this is not the time or place to criticize. There is nothing we need regret. No government ever accomplished more against such overwhelming odds with fewer mistakes than did the Confederacy. Entering the war with little money, without an army or navy, no set of men ever displayed greater qualities of leadership than they. For four long years these men and you old grizzled veterans and your comrades in arms held at bay a section many times larger than yours, an area three times as great, and a foe richer in every resource. You were fighting an enemy with forces magnificently equipped and thoroughly trained. You were fighting a government well established and the machinery of which was minutely organized. No government could have sustained itself so long without its people having an abiding conviction of the righteousness of their cause. You believed in it. You knew you were right. You knew that the principles for which the South had taken up arms were guaranteed in the Federal Constitution, had been advocated by the statesmen of other sections, and which for forty years following the adoption of the Federal Constitution had never been denied. You knew that the South believed and held with unrelaxing grasp to the fundamental principle that the Union was composed of separate and independent sovereign States and that the Federal government was one of delegated powers specifically and clearly defined; that that guarantee had been clearly expressed in the Articles of Confederation and universally recognized in the Constitutional Convention. You knew that the New England States from 1795 to 1845 had proclaimed the right and threatened the action of secession; that Richard Griswald, a representative in Congress from Connecticut, had declared that he was "in favor of the New England States forming a republic by themselves." You knew that Justice Joseph Storey, who in after years graced the Supreme Court of the United States, in speaking against the admission of Louisiana into the Union as a State, definitely said that if the bill passed the bonds of union would be broken, the States which composed it would be free from their moral obligations, and that, "as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some to prepare definitely for a separation, amicably if we can, violently if we must."

You knew that the Hartford Convention had declared the inalienable right to withdraw from the Union and that Daniel Webster, in a speech to a Virginia audience in the forties, made the emphatic declaration that "if the Federal government fails to abide by the provisions of the Constitution, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain could not be broken on one side and still bind the other side."

As often as it has been repeated, it is not true that slavery was the cause of the war. Although slavery was interwoven, there were larger and greater questions involved. It was the unquestioned right of a State to exercise those powers not expressly delegated by the States in the Federal Constitution to the Federal government. Without suggesting that slavery comports to the spirit of the times and the human progress of to-day, it is a remarkable fact of history that at the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution every State, save one, sanctioned it by law and practiced it in principle. Little respect can be given to those whose consciences were too sensitive to own slaves as property, but who permitted themselves to become enriched by selling them at high value to others.

The Southland believed that property of whatever kind should be respected and protected under the laws of the land. They resisted any invasion of the right of the States to control their own domestic affairs as a violation of the Federal compact. And so, fighting for such principles, the men and women of the South demonstrated to the world qualities of greatness unexcelled and courage unsurpassed.

The South did not want war. It much preferred settling the mooted questions without war. It tried in every way through its leaders to avert the catastrophe. The leader of the cause, whose birthday we here commemorate, was a distinguished Senator from my State who deferred resigning his seat as a United States Senator until all hope of settlement had vanished. But when the war was inevitable and the conflict begun, the Southern soldier made it his religion to fight, and the world has never seen such bravery and heroism as was displayed by him. No painter can ever paint the sufferings he endured. No orator can ever describe the courage he displayed. No bard can ever sing the praises he so richly deserved. No historian can ever write the true story of his valor in that awful drama. From the first angry shriek of the cannon at Fort Sumter until taps was sounded at Appomattox the Southern soldier shed glory and luster on the Southland. He kept watch over it as long as he could and only sheathed his sword and returned to his home when nothing else remained for him to do.

It was a dark day when the flag of Southern hope and glory went down in clouds and tears. Then and there one of the most brilliant civilizations that ever flourished staggered and fell with broken lance and shattered shield.

"Fame unrecorded still is fame;
Truth, though unknown, is truth the same,
And the grand glory known to man
Is heroism, though it win
No victor's wreath nor conqueror's crown."

And by the side of those immortal men through those four long years of anxious suspense were the noble women of the Confederacy. Heaven bless them!

The terrible suffering that they endured will always excite the wonder and admiration of the world. Shut in from every one, practically at home without protection, subjected to want and privation, the loneliness and suffering of fearful suspense, yet they never murmured, never ceased in their devotion, and never faltered in their duty. Those wonderful women were the sentinels back home, and no human interest was ever more faithfudlly guarded. No comforter had they save their God and no resource but unwearied prayer and hope.

Glorious womanhood of the South! And thus they stood behind our intrepid armies and were their inspiration from Fort Sumter, with its blazing fire of hope, to the cruel and heartrending surrender at Appomattox, where all was darkness and despair.

The Athenian women in great emergencies used their beautiful long hair to make rigging for vessels; the women of Poland stripped the jewels from their beautiful fingers and snowy white necks and threw them into the famished treasury of their bleeding country; our grandmothers in Revolutionary times molded their pewter spoons into bullets and sent their sons with Washington to fight the battles for our independence; but the women of the Confederacy plied their willing hands and made for the soldiers warm and comfortable clothing. They devoted themselves to toil in the fields that they and their loved ones might have food. Not only were they active and watchful at home, zealous in the cause of Southern rights, but when occasion required they were the same ever-watchful guardians around the sick and dying in every form that presented itself in that great struggle. If it were hospital service or if it were just after some great battle, these good women were on the spot, either to administer substantial aid to the living or Christian comfort to the dying. No word of complaint ever fell from their lips during that eventful epoch, only words of inspiration to their husbands or fathers or sons or sweethearts to keep up the fight. Every message from them carried with it the thrilling appeal to stand by the cause. The beautiful and patriotic sentiments that they uttered were more inspiring to the soldiers and fired them to more heroic action than the ringing words of Lord Nelson to his men when sailing into Trafalgar Bay: "England expects every man to do his duty." And Napoleon, amid the pyramids of Egypt with their forty centuries of glorious achievements looking down upon him, could not have thrilled his armies more than the tender words from these heroic women.

Men of gray and women of the sixties, by your magnificent examples of devotion and bravery and sacrifice you made humanity better. By the qualities and virtues you exhibited in that great struggle patriotism was made more sublime. And let me say to you "whose faltering footsteps are turned toward the grave" fear not that in this materialistic age the children of the South will ever forget the principles for which you suffered and the priceless heritage that you have given us. We and our children will revere the spirit of your service and devotion. We will remember that your marvelous self-abnegation, heroic sacrifice, and unyielding patriotism is the most glorious legacy with which the South is endowed.

While most wars produce one or two heroes, the War between the States produced thousands of them and brilliant leaders by the score. There were Forrest, Beauregard, Longstreet, Johnston, Stuart, Van Dorn, Walthall, Gordon, Morgan, Pettus, Oakes, Clanton, Pelham, and a host of others whose names will be cherished by the sons and daughters of the South throughout time. But, like the century plant that blooms but once in a hundred years, such a general as Lee is born. Cool in judgment, scholarly in attainments, careful in action, wonderful in military instinct, Robert E. Lee ranks to-day, and always will rank, as one of the greatest generals the world has ever produced. And by the side of him in history there will ever stand one other, a consecrated Christian, a tactful disciplinarian, a brave and great leader; and when he "crossed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees" at Chancellorsville, Robert E. Lee lost his ablest lieutenant and the Southern cause one of its greatest generals, Stonewall Jackson.

And by the side of these two illustrious and immortal names history will record the name of the man whose memory we hallow to-day, the man who has probably been more maligned throughout the North than any one who aided or sympathized with the Southern cause. No American has been so little understood and maliciously misrepresented as Jefferson Davis. While living his detractors and enemies hurled their anathemas of malignity at him, and in death, and even after death, they tried to besmirch his character and reputation. They charged him with embezzlement, with extortion, and even with treason. No accusation was too slanderous for them to make and no crime too heinous for them to accuse him of. All the sins of the South were piled upon his shoulders, and every mistake was branded upon his brow. Not only were the accusations made against him wholly false and unjust, but they treated him more cruelly. His imprisonment as Fortress Monroe, cruel, unmerciful, and inhuman, is only exceeded in debased mockery by one incident in the annals of history, and that the crucifixion of the lowly Nazarene. When he was arrested after the war, he was held in iron chains in a dungeon cell. There within that dismal prison he was surrounded only by the iron walls of his cell, visited only by loneliness, accused of the highest of all crimes, and yet a trial was denied him. For days and weeks and months he was kept in chains that wore the thin flesh from his bones. At times his guards mocked him and exhibited him to curiosity seekers, who took from his cell even the tin cups from which he drank and the pewter spoons from which he supped as relics of the loathsome place. And when finally liberated, derided and blasphemed, he carried his heavy heart back to the land he loved to await the inevitable hour when his sad and persecuted life would end. And when he crossed the eternal river, carrying with him the heart throbs of a generous section, although he had served his country with distinction as Secretary of War, for the first and only time in this nation's history under such circumstances the flag of our country on public buildings was not lowered to half mast on the order of the then Secretary of War. But the day of retribution has come, and thousands to-day do honor to the memory of Jefferson Davis, while scarcely any remember the name of the Secretary of War who issued that order.

But why should Jefferson Davis have been selected or singled out to carry the alleged sins of the South? What was there in his deportment or his utterances that were not found in the deportment and utterances of tens of thousands of others? What act of his touching the South and the cause for which he stood and fought was there that was not sanctioned and approved by every Southern officer and every private in the Confederate armies? What principle did he advocate that did not meet the approval of Robert E. Lee, that splendid Christian character, that general whose placid

spirit a generous world commends? What action of his did not meet the approbation of Stonewall Jackson, whose martyred spirit now lives with the angels and whose unsurpassed military leadership is the admiration of the world? What speech was ever uttered by Mr. Davis that did not find enthusiastic acclaim in the burning heart of every Southern man?

No true Southerner in those days could be found who did not sincerely believe as did Mr. Davis and who did not approve of his acts, his utterances, and his deeds.

It is a sad commentary that a distorted public opinion should measure one man by one standard and all the other men of the same section who stood for the same thing by another. I am not unaware that a certain glamor attaches to a military hero which elicits the admiration of all. A statesman of the highest order, a benefactor in achievements unsurpassed may return to his home from his labors unheralded, unwelcomed, and unapplauded; but the military hero of the highest or lowest rank is received with wild and enthusiastic acclaim. It is but natural that after the thundering roar of cannon, the flickering illumination of ghastly battles, and the sharp rattle of clashing musketry we love to hear the steady tramp of the returning battalions and the stirring music of martial airs. Our souls are stirred with emotion, and the natural instinct of a generous heart finds expression in tumultuous and patriotic enthusiasm.

For two hundred and forty years the unaswered question in England was, "Shall Cromwell have a statue?" It required two hundred and forty years for public opinion in England to reach a just estimate of Oliver Cromwell, the mightiest man who ever led England's legions to victory or changed the course of her civil history. Cromwell died and was laid to rest with royal honors in Westminster Abbey; but when Charles the Second ascended the throne, his body was disinterred, gibbeted, and his head was placed on Westminster Hall. But to-day a magnificent statue of Cromwell stands opposite the place where his head was exposed to the jeers of the passing crowds. Jefferson Davis is truly the Oliver Cromwell of America.

What a wonderful character he was! What qualities of leadership he possessed! Ben Hill said of him: "He was the most honest, the truest, gentlest, bravest, tenderest, manliest man I ever knew."

In that day when Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Benton, and other giant intellects graced the United States Senate, Prescott, the historian, pronounced Davis "the most accomplished member of that body."

Ridpath, another historian who knew him personally, said of him: "He was a statesman with clean hands and pure heart, who served his people faithfully from budding manhood to hoary age, without thought of self, with unbending integrity, to the best of his great ability. All who knew him personally were proud that he was their countryman."

He was an attractive orator, a great debater, highly educated, well read, with a remarkable memory. His mind was a storehouse of information. He detested hypocrisy and loathed deception. He despised sham and spurned pretense. Candor, frankness, and directness were the natural qualities of his character. Truly, what he said of Franklin Pierce applies most fittingly to himself: "If treachery had come near him, it would have stood abashed in the presence of his truthfulness, his manliness, and his confiding simplicity."

Jefferson Davis had a noble, proud, chivalrous, and tender nature. No citizen was so poor, no soldier so humble, no man so obscure as not to have ready access to his presence and sympathetic attention.

And O the lie that he exhibited approval at the assassination of Lincoln! Mr. Reagan, in speaking of this injustice, says that when the news of Lincoln's death reached Mr. Davis his face expressed surprise and horror in the most unmistakable manner. "It is too bad. It is shocking. It is horrible," he declared. "This is bad for the South. Mr. Lincoln understood us and at least was not an ungenerous foe."

And history tells us that the next morning the little daughter of Mr. Reagan in terror came running in and climbed upon his knee and said to Mr. Davis that some one had told her that "Old Lincoln was coming to kill everybody." Mr. Davis soothingly brushed her forehead and, patting her upon the cheek, said: "You are wrong, my dear. Mr. Lincoln is not a bad man. He would not willingly harm any one, and he dearly loves little girls like you."

This incident and the one told by Dr. Craven, the Federal physician attending Mr. Davis at Fortress Monroe, reveal his gentle disposition.

How true to his character was the incident when, as he was held in chains in his prison cell and fed upon bread and water, as related by Dr. Craven, he requested the attendant who threatened one day to kill a mouse that happened to play in the cell, eating the crubs that fell from his plate, not to kill it, that it was "the only living thing to which he could now administer comfort.'

And how like the justice of the man when, as plantation owner at Brierfield, he refused ever to inflict punishment upon his slaves before giving them trial by a jury of their peers, with a judge and sheriff of their own color.

Some one has said that "his genius was most resplendent when the clouds were darkest, the tension greatest, the danger nearest. When passion swayed the hour, he was in most perfect command of his highest powers and seemed to exercise the coolest judgment. He was cautious without timidity, intrepid without rashness, courteous without condescension, pious without pretense."

Jefferson Davis was a remarkable man. He loved the Union with all the devotion of his heart. He had given the best years of his life in its cause. He had served it in its highest legislative body, in one of its most important administrative positions, and upon the field of battle. And be it said to his glorious memory, whose deeds are engraved in the hearts of his countrymen, that he never failed to measure up to the responsibilities of the hour nor faltered in the discharge of his duties.

As a student at the West Point Military Academy; as a lieutenant on the wild Western frontiers, subduing the warlike savages and carrying comfort to the lonesome frontiersmen; as commander of Mississippians under the Stars and Stripes upon the plains of Mexico, winning glory for himself and shedding luster on our country by his magnificent leadership at Buena Vista and Monterey; as a member of Congress; as Secretary of War under Franklin Pierce; as President of the Southern Confederacy; as a prisoner at Fortress Monroe, tortured and persecuted for the sake of those who love his memory; as an old man at his beloved and beautiful home at Beauvoir, where the magnolia and jassamine perfumed the air he breathed and the waves from the Gulf sang wierd songs of applause to his constancy and devotion; as an invalid upon his deathbed in New Orleans—

(Concluded on page 278)

## *THE LAST CAVALIER.*

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

The bugles sound to saddle, and we leap to our plunging steeds,
Eager as falcons to follow wherever the Black Plume leads.
For we trust our bonnie Stuart from the flare of his crimson cloak
To the very core and center of his inmost heart of oak.

The Black Plume rides on Skylark, last of earth's cavaliers,
With Sweeny and his banjo, the source of mirth and tears.
"Let Sweeney thrum his banjo and sing us a merry song;
The soldier's heart's a-weary, the soldier's road is long."

The music from off his fingers thrilled through the woodland air,
Rich in its tones of beauty through the springtime sweet and fair;
And never a gladder calvacade on this round earth was seen
Than followed our warrior Stuart the forest oaks between.

Away to Yellow Tavern our troopers streamed along,
Their hearts aglow with music, their lips abloom with song;
And there we charged the foeman across the fields of gore—
But we shall ride with Stuart to the world's wild wars no more.

Gone from the Southern Cross is glory's golden star,
With the soul of the stricken soldier, across the silent bar;
And we who followed singing wherever Stuart led
Were gathered in our sorrow beside our chieftain dead.

Unto his silent body we led his faithful horse,
And Skylark drooped forlornly beside his master's corse,
Pressing his muzzle against the cheek and over the still, cold hand,
Saying good-by in a horse's way that a soldier would understand.

"The soldier who sings in battle amid the dread array
He should not weep for his leader whom the Leader called away."
So we draped our blood-red banner over the Black Plume's bier
And sang him the songs of the camp fire, the songs of mirth and cheer.

Smiles we forced to our lips to hide the smart of our hearts' deep sorrow,
And we bade him good-by as friends who are parting to meet again on the morrow,
And Sweeney thrummed his banjo and sang him a merry song:
"The soldier's heart's a-weary, the soldier's road is long."

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THE CONFEDERATE CONSTITUTION.—We have changed the constituent parts, but not the system of our government. The Constitution formed by our fathers is that of the Confederate States in their exposition of it, and in the judicial construction it has received we have a light which reveals its true meaning.—*Jefferson Davis (Inaugural Address).*



## *JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

HIS JOURNEY FROM MISSISSIPPI TO WASHINGTON IN 1845.

COMPILED BY MRS. MOLLIE H. HOUSTON, MERIDIAN, MISS.

Mr. Davis entered the Lower House of Congress from Mississippi in December, 1845. He was accompanied by his young wife and his niece, Miss Mary Bradford. The route was rough and wearisome and the modes of conveyance primitive. We quote from Mrs. Davis's "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis":

"We took a boat for Wheeling, which was the route usually pursued by people going North at that season. The river soon began to be full of floating ice, and after making very little headway we ascended the Ohio River to what the captain called 'The Narrows.' The ice closed around us, and we remained on board nearly a week. hoping for a thaw. Here we had an amusing experience of the frankness of the uneducated class. The pilot's wife had been permitted a cabin passage, 'to give her a treat,' and she was intensely interested in finding out 'what on earth that man was takin' them delicate, puny-lookin gals through all the cold fur.' She tried in vain to find out where we 'was a-goin' anyhow.' My husband was much amused by her skillful interposition of questions on all occasions, and in order to draw her out he did not answer them. At last she flushed fiery red and said: 'My name is McGruggy, an' I ain't ashamed of it, and I am goin' to Cincinnati, and I don't see but what I am good enough for that man to tell me whar he is a-goin'.' Then with a sniff she turned to her little tow-headed daughter and said: 'S-i-s-s, Davis ain't a 'ristocratic name nohow.' However, our mutual sufferings later brought us nearer together, and she gave me some apricot seed which grew and bore at Brierfield for nine years under the name of 'The Pilot's Wife.'

"We had to debark and continue our journey, at the imminent risk of our lives, on a rough wood sled with oaken runners, sitting on our trunks. The member from South Mississippi, Col. Robert N. Roberts, was our only companion. When a quarter of the way had been traversed the sled slipped over, and we were precipitated down a bank twenty feet beneath the road, and our trunks followed their owners at a breakneck pace. Colonel Roberts in his fall broke a rib, and I sustained severe contusions about the head. * * * When we reached Wheeling my husband's feet, of which he had not complained, were frozen, and Colonel Roberts suffered much. A line of stages ran over the Alleghany Mountains to take passengers to Brownsville, and a little boat plied from there to Pittsburgh. We were often thrown up to the roof of the stage, and the vehicle creaked and groaned in concert with our exclamations of pain or terror within. * * * After three weeks of peril and discomfort, during which we were obliged to eat our life-long supply of worst, with maple syrup for a condiment, we reached Washington more dead than alive.

"Under all these disadvantages Mr. Davis was cheerful, always ready with some pleasant story, making light of the discomforts, and sometimes singing, 'We'll tough it out till morning.' When exhortations and jests failed, he went into the little wayside inns and bought candy and milk and told us to 'drink deep and forget our sorrows.' Once when hard-boiled eggs without salt were given us, as we were ruefully contemplating the luncheon, he called out theatrically: 'What is the province of salt? Salt seasons dainties, blunts the saber's edge." etc. So, half dead with fatigue, but trying

to command his respect by being stoical, though bruised black and blue, we arrived in Washington and took temporary lodgings at the National Hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue."

Mrs. Davis writes of her association with many statesmen and other prominent men, with their wives and families, as John C. Calhoun, John J. Crittenden, Stephen A. Douglas, James Gordon Bennett, and others. Of the wife of Judge Woodbury, of the Supreme Court, she says: "She was a handsome and elegant woman and a most amiable and charitable creature. To this day I remember with a thrill of pleasure her remonstrance with Mrs. Montgomery Blair and myself for laughing over a note she received from an associate justice's wife who met Webster's spelling book too late in life. This declined an invitation and plead a severe cold as an excuse, in this wise: 'I have consulted a doctur, and mus endure my disappointment. it is nobel to bare, but harde to suphur.' Mrs. Woodbury looked at us gravely and remarked: 'Do you not think that with such difficulty about spelling it was kind in her to try it?' It is strange in the present memory of past events how many people were assembled there that winter who more or less entered our after lives and were important factors therein."

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## *WHAT THE SOUTH STOOD FOR.*

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Some years ago the Rev. Elisha Mulford, a clergyman of New England, I believe, published a book entitled "The Nation," which was intended to vindicate the Northern States and to justify their course in the War between the States in 1861-65. In it he treats the secession of the Southern States and the effort to establish a Confederate government as not only rebellion against national authority, but also as resistance to a divine order of organized government. So that the nation is of God, but the Confederacy was of the devil.

The book has this merit, that it recognizes our great war not as a contest over material interests and institutions, but as a conflict of fundamental principles of government which divided the sections. He says: "It cannot be too often repeated that the war was not primarily between freedom and slavery; but it was the war of the nation and the Confederacy, the conflict of history, which sweeps through all the centuries."

This witness is true, but it would be nearer truth to characterize the age-long warfare as the conflict of autocracy and democracy, of despotism and liberty. From the defeat of man's ambition at the tower of Babel, by the confusion of tongues and the scattering of men into nations, unto this day the dream of a universal empire has been a most fascinating ideal of the leaders of the race. It is to gather under one head, one world-wide authority, every kindred and nation and tongue and people, every class and condition, with all their resources, and combine them to some great end, so that the race might be sufficient for itself and be able to bid defiance to any higher power.

This was the vision of Rameses, of Nebuchadnezzar, of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Charlemagne, of Napoleon, and in our own day of the Kaiser Wilhelm the Second. But evermore the mighty machine is shattered, the vision fades as only the "unsubstantial fabric of a dream."

The tendency of power, whether individual or national, is ever to multiply its resources and consolidate its forces and to become despotic in the exercise of its authority. The great problem of government is to devise means and methods of restraining the usurpations of centralized imperialism and so preserve the liberties of the people. There is but One who can administer unlimited power in perfect righteousness.

This was the problem before the fathers and founders of the republic, to establish a central government strong enough to preserve order and unity among the States and at the same time to preserve the sovereign rights of each State to control and direct its own internal life. The result was the Constitution of the United States, pronounced by a great British statesman the greatest work of political wisdom that ever at one time proceeded from the mind of man. This Constitution was largely the work of Southern men, and it established a Confederate republic of equal sovereign States, bound by a compact that granted certain clearly defined rights to the central government, while distinctly reserving all other original rights to the States. In adopting this Constitution it was understood that any State had the right to withdraw from the Union if its rights were invaded or denied, of which it was to be the ultimate judge. And several of the original States inserted this caveat in their adoption of the Constitution.

From the very beginning of the republic two parties were developed: One led by Adams, Hamilton, Marshall, and Pinckney, advocating centralizing, consolidating, and enlarging the powers of the general government, the other, led by Jefferson and Madison, insisted on the strictest interpretation of the original compact. Afterwards the great advocates of these separate views were Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, for the sovereignty of the Union, and John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, for the sovereignty of the States, although Mr. Webster afterwards declared that where the compact was willfully and persistently violated by certain sections of the Union the other States were no longer bound. From an early day, 1803 until 1845, New England asserted the right of withdrawal and also threatened to exercise it. But at last the centralizing tendency was concentrated in the North, and the strict construction, or State's rights theory, was prevalent in the South; and while her statesmen and people were warmly attached to the Union, it was only as the compact of Union was faithfully observed by all parties. The conflict in sentiment, words, and deeds of aggression on the part of the North against the life, business, and institutions of the South made war inevitable; no self-respecting people could longer endure such a Union.

Let us state briefly some things in the attitude and acts of the Northern States which finally forced the issue of peace and submission or war and independence on the South:

1. For many years there had been a persistent and malignant abuse of the Southern people as a semibarbarous people, cruel, brutal, and degraded. New England, with that vast assumption of moral and intellectual superiority which is a characteristic of Puritanism, denounced slavery as the "sum of all villainies" and the slaveholder as a monster of injustice and oppression. Unmindful of the fact that the negroes were torn from Africa and brought to this country by New England traders, backed by the mother country and also against the protest of some of the colonies, unmindful too of the fact that New England had reduced conquered Indians to slavery, and that when slavery became unprofitable in the North, its slaves were sent South and sold.

While undoubtedly there were cruelties often inflicted on the slaves, just as occurs in every human institution and relationship, yet the story of every runaway negro was ac-

cepted as of equal authority as the Bible; and any scar upon his person, probably the result of a fight with another negro, was attributed to the lash or the club or the knife of a brutal master.

A few years after the war I spent some months in London, Edinburgh, and Belfast, and I was called to answer many questions as to the Southern treatment of the slaves; and when I told the truth from my own knowledge, I was told that no laboring class in those countries were as well cared for. But I became satisfied that for years there had been carried on a systematic and malicious propaganda of falsehood against the South. No story was too silly or too monstrous to be propagated and believed, issuing from Faneuil Hall in Boston and echoed in Exeter Hall in London. It was denied that there was in the South refinement of manners, intellectual ability, artistic taste, or literary culture. It was a land of universal coarseness, ignorance, idleness, and poverty. And these pitiful lies are repeated in one of the latest editions of the British Cyclopedia.

2. The long-continued and largely successful policy of the Northern States by their Congressional majorities to use the general government to promote their sectional interests at the expense of the South. The commercial and manufacturing interests, always claiming protection as "infant industries," imposed heavy duties on all goods coming from foreign countries under pretense of resisting competition with European pauper labor, these special interests forcing their own prices on other sections and interests. At the same time by legislation they opened the door for the introduction into our country of great masses of this same pauper labor and filled the land with a mass of obedient hirelings, whose votes they controlled and who had no sympathy with nor understanding of Republican institutions. Thus vast fortunes were accumulated in the hands of a few men who could control and direct legislation. Then large appropriations were secured from the general government for Northern rivers and harbors until nearly every creek and inlet was developed, while the larger and more important rivers and harbors of the South were comparatively neglected. Indeed, in the whole question of internal improvements and development of the country the theory prevalent in the North would have the general government undertake the work, taking control and direction, irrespective of State lines or wishes, and so enabling the government to favor one section at the expense of another. This theory of paternalism the South utterly opposed.

With the triumph of the Union armies the Northern view prevailed. And now legislative appropriations have become a matter of bargain and sale between legislators from different sections of the country, known popularly as the "pork barrel.' This theory also encourages that phase of socialism which would have the government take hold of and administer all public utilities, so discouraging private initiative and ownership and encouraging all manner of graft and corruption. It is needless to say that this theory is utterly opposed to and subversive of the principles of the fathers and founders of the republic.

3. The Northern States generally refused to recognize the rights of the South as to slavery, rights guaranteed by a distinct article of the Constitution, and several States by their personal liberty bills formally and definitely annulled that constitutional provision by which each State was to return to the master in another State a slave escaping from bondage. By these bills citizens and officers of the State were forbidden to assist the officers of the general government in their attempts to enforce this provision. Thus negroes were encouraged to leave their home and seek liberty in the Northern States and so disturb the social and economic order of the South.

Again, there was resistance to Southern masters taking their slaves into the territories which were largely won by the diplomacy and prowess of Southern men. And thus would be prevented the securing of homes and fields of labor for the increasing negro population.

And all these violations of the original compact were in defiance of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Now these continued efforts to secure the emancipation of the slaves were founded on a false and fanatical theory of human liberty and on false conceptions of the condition of the slaves. These fanatics would free from restraint or direction an infantile and helpless race of entirely different physical and moral characteristics and recently lifted from savagery and turn several millions of them loose among the people of the South.

The existence of African slavery in the United States has always presented difficulties—physical, economic, and moral—and the makers of our Constitution wisely left to each State the settlement of its own domestic institutions. The question of emancipation had been earnestly considered by the several States. The Northern States easily got rid of their slaves by selling them to the South. But on the other hand these Southern States felt that any plan of emancipation proposed would bring more harm than good to both races, and so they waited on the developments of Providence and did the best they could for the physical and spiritual welfare of the negroes.

4. There was in the North a regular organization known as "The Underground Railroad," the object of which was to entice negroes from their homes and to aid them in making their way into the free States. Numbers of those engaged in this work were prominent ministers of the gospel, who sought to "fire the Northern heart" by exhibiting these runaway negroes and appealing to sympathetic audiences by exaggerated stories of their wrongs and sufferings. But in addition to these efforts to array the sentiment of the North against the South there were increasing attempts by secret agents to stir the negroes to insurrection against the white people and by means of the horrors of general loot and murder to accomplish the overthrow of the system of domestic slavery. This effort had its culmination in the John Brown raid in 1859. And when John Brown was executed by the State of Virginia for his murderous treason, many pulpits in the North were draped in mourning for him, and Emerson, the apostle of New England culture, declared that the gallows on which he was hanged would take its place beside the cross of Christ. And the song that glorified his memory was the inspiration of Union soldiers on their desolating march of loot and ruin through the South. And more recently the State of Kansas, the scene of Brown's earlier murders, has dedicated a park to his memory, while a President of the United States is the orator for the occasion; and another Northern State has set apart John Brown's home as a shrine of patriotism sanctified by the presence and the tears of another President of the United States; and a Secretary of War has the bodies of Browns' coconspirators removed from felon graves and buried with the honors of war as patriots who died for their country.

These facts are not repeated to stir bitter sectional feelings, but to indicate the spirit of bitterness and hatred that would have destroyed the South to realize and enforce its ideas of liberty for a race utterly unfit for freedom. And it was this that forced the Southern States to withdraw from a Union which was only used to deprive them of rights guaranteed to them by the original compact of Union—a Constitution which had been publicly burned by some of the apostles of a false liberty.

5. Finally a party was organized in the North, distinctly sectional, made up from the old historic party organizations and bound together by a common purpose to hold the South in subjection and nullify her constitutional rights, ultimately to destroy her social and economic life, and so to change a federated republic into a centralized nation. This party in 1860 succeeded in electing Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, who had declared that the republic could not exist half slave and half free and who was pledged to carry out the policy of his party. He had declared in one of his speeches that the relation of a State to the Union was that of a county to a State.

At once several Southern States acted on their reserved rights and withdrew from the Union. They sent commissioners to arrange terms of amity with the Union government, for they most earnestly desired peace. The Southern States which had not withdrawn exerted themselves to the utmost by their representatives in Congress and by special commissions to secure peace. But every compromise proposed was contemptuously rejected, and the Southern commissioners were deliberately deceived by false promises made by the administration while it was secretly preparing to enforce its demands by war. When all else failed, then all the Southern States not under military pressure withdrew and accepted the gauge of battle.

Now this statement of reasons for the secession of the Southern States only emphasizes facts attested by the authentic political history of the country; but the current histories written by Northern men proclaim that we fought only to perpetuate human slavery.

When the question is asked, "What did the South fight for?" here is her answer: (1) In resentment of abuse and misrepresentation that had become unbearable; (2) to uphold the original compact or Constitution and maintain her rights as guaranteed by that compact; (3) to maintain the supremacy of the white race and protect the civilization developed under that rule; (4) to prevent the centralization of the government under a sectional majority; (5) to defend her homes from the ruthless invasion of fanatical and brutal hordes.

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## *RECONSTRUCTION DAYS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.*

BY C. E. WORKMAN, GREENVILLE, S. C.

There are hundreds—nay, thousands—of men and women who have grown up since the war closed in this beautiful Southland of ours who have but little idea of what their parents went through to bring about the prosperity they now enjoy. There are also thousands of true and noble men who wore the blue that have but little idea of the degradation heaped upon the Southern people by placing the ignorant negroes in power over their former masters.

I take it to be a duty I owe to the race of men who are rapidly passing away to record in my humble way from personal experiences some of the trials endured by them.

At the close of the war the Confederate soldiers with sorrowful hearts retraced their steps homeward. Great sacrifices they had made in behalf of their beloved country, but they had no regret for what they had given for the Southern cause, as, foot-sore and ragged, they plodded their weary way back to their native States and homes.

It is difficult to imagine a more deplorable state of affairs than existed at their homes. Thousands of them had not a single dollar, a bushel of corn, or a horse or mule; in most cases all that was left was the bare ground. Houses, furniture, fences, and everything that could be destroyed had been wantonly burned, all slaves freed, and they, exulting in their freedom, refused to work on any terms. All the Southern soldier had was the ground and the love of his wife and children.

With the same bold heart with which they had faced for four long years the columns in blue they now faced the wolf of poverty and fought to keep him from the door, and it was a hard, bitter fight. A still more bitter trial than defeat was before them, for as punishment for the South the powers in Washington resolved to place the negro in power, giving him the right to vote without any qualifications whatever. It did not matter that he knew less than the beasts of the fields; all that was necessary was that he had once been a slave. Armed troops were kept at every county seat to uphold negro rule and encourage him to vote the Republican ticket as often as he pleased, the Republicans by this means running up great majorities.

This state of affairs continued over all of the South from 1865 to 1876. Every office in South Carolina was filled by negroes, carpetbaggers, or renegade native whites known as scalawags.

"The bottom rail was now on top, the negro proudly pranced,
The authorities at Washington piped for him to dance."

From the close of the war until 1876 South Carolina was under negro rule upheld by Federal bayonets. Adventurers from the North, mostly from the lowest walks in life, flocked South with all their possessions packed in carpetbags, from which they derived the name of carpetbaggers. These men encouraged the negro against his former master and instigated him to commit many heinous crimes.

The books written by Thomas Dickson, such as the "Leopard's Spots," etc., are not exaggerated conditions of this period. Crimes became so unbearable that the Confederate soldiers had to organize for the protection of their wives and daughters. They joined together in the Ku-Klux Klans, which inspired terror in the negroes and checked somewhat the crimes that were being committed.

At every election for State and national offices the white (Democratic) party put out a ticket, generally giving one-half of the offices to the best of the negroes, hoping in this way to get some of the whites into office; but they were continually defeated, as the negroes were taught that if the Democrats ever got into power they would be put back into slavery.

As a rule the negroes did not pay taxes of any kind. All the expenses of government were paid by the whites, and three-fourths of it was openly stolen by the plunderers in office for this purpose alone. An account of the disgraceful scenes at the statehouse in Columbia would not be fit for publication.

As all efforts of the whites to elect a mixed ticket had failed, in 1876 they determined to bring out a straight white man's ticket, and not to solicit a negro vote. That grand old

cavalry officer, Wade Hampton, was nominated for Governor, and a full ticket for all other offices selected from men who had always been true to the South was placed in the field.

New life came into the hearts of the whites. A voice passed from the mountain to the sea, crying: "Arise, white men!" Like the dead arising from their graves, the Confederate soldier arose with his son, and all answered: "Yes, by the grace of God and with his help we shall redeem our land, fairly, if possible, but at any cost of blood or money."

In all counties cavalry companies were formed, arms secured, and a uniform, consisting of a red shirt and black hat, adopted. Weekly meetings were held at each county seat. It was resolved that the rule of the carpetbagger and negro should end; that he should not longer be allowed to incite the negroes to violence at their political meetings; that if he would agree to have joint debates all would be quiet, and each speaker should have a respectful hearing, but if not there should be no speeches made by the Republicans.

These terms the Republicans would not accept, so they were notified that their meetings should not be held, and in all cases where they attempted to speak the meetings were broken up by the "Red Shirts" making so much noise that the speakers could not be heard at all. One instance illustrating this will be cited.

Sumter, S. C., was a special stronghold of the Republicans, and they resolved to hold a mass meeting there, when Governor Chamberlain and other high officers of the State would address them. And they gave notice that if interfered with they would burn the town. The gage of battle being thus thrown down, the whites eagerly accepted it. The county chairman sent out messengers to all clubs and companies in Sumter, Kershaw, Lancaster, and adjoining counties, requesting full attendance and to come well armed and prepared for any emergency. Generals Hampton, Butler, and many other distinguished ex-Confederate generals were to be present to make speeches and take command of the forces in case they were needed. The eventful day arrived that the carpetbaggers had set to intimidate or test the courage of the "Red Shirt" Brigade. The club I belonged to arrived in Sumter about 9 A.M. after a ride of twenty miles. We found awaiting us members of clubs from other parts of the county and others arriving every hour until we had a force of about one thousand men, all mounted and armed. Opposing us were at least fifteen thousand negroes. We seemed a mere handful compared to the black cohorts assembled, but there was no fear in the hearts that beat beneath the red shirts. The flower of South Carolina was in the field, and the old war horse, Hampton, was at the head.

One or two hours were spent riding up and down the streets in close formation, the whites cheering for Hampton and the blacks for Chamberlain. About 11 A.M. the Republicans erected a platform in a grove of large trees near the depot, and Governor Chamberlain, surrounded by the thousands of negroes assembled, commenced his address. He was interrupted by a messenger from the Democratic assemblage requesting a joint debate, Chamberlain to be answered by Hampton, etc., but the request was refused. They declared that the Democrats should never speak at any of their meetings. On this refusal the "Red Shirts" surrounded the crowd and made such a noise by shouting that it was impossible for the speakers to be heard, so the meeting was broken up. General Hampton was then called to the platform to address the whites, Chamberlain and all his blacks going back into the town. Hampton had hardly begun to speak before the fire bells rang a general alarm, which meant either a fight or a fire. Every "Red Shirt" wheeled his horse and dashed wildly toward the courthouse. Generals Hampton, Hagood, and other officers soon gained the head of the column and by entreaty and commands succeeded in checking the men and causing them to fall into order. We advanced on the courthouse, which was surrounded by a dense mass of negroes, while above their heads could be seen bright bayonets and troops formed into line. While we did not know whether these soldiers were friends or foes, we surrounded the negroes on all sides, and two or three old cannons were loaded down with nails, scrap iron, etc., and placed at the corners of the streets, the courthouse being in a square.

We found that the surrounded troops were a company of citizens of the town. A fight had started between a negro and a white man. The citizens had placed their guns in the courthouse, and when the disturbance began they rushed to the courthouse and had been surrounded by the negroes. Our coming up and surrounding the negroes on all sides, with the old cannons at each corner, made things look very squally. Through the coolness of our leaders the hotheads were kept quiet. The negroes, being caught between two forces of whites, were intimidated, and after a good deal of entreaty by the leaders of both parties the crowds were quieted.

I am sorry to say that all meetings in the State did not end so peaceably. There were several bloody riots in which a few white men lost their lives. These skirmishes and losses plainly showed the African that he was not a match for the white man; that the Anglo-Saxon was thoroughly aroused and determined to regain his land at any cost of blood or money. Their leaders encouraged them on, but when trouble arose they took pretty good care to be elsewhere.

The elections came off in November, 1876. The negroes voted the straight Republican ticket, as usual; the white vote was solid for Hampton. By all kinds of devices the Democrats poled a heavy vote. Both parties claimed to have carried the State by heavy majorities. Two sets of State officers and Governors were sworn into office. The whites refused to pay any taxes to the Chamberlain government, and great confusion existed..

This state of affairs existed in other Southern States. It was finally agreed that the electorial vote of these States should be allowed to be cast for Hayes, and in return for this the national government would withdraw all Federal troops from these States, which was done and a fraudulent President was installed into office. But by this means war was averted, and the South was freed of negro rule.

Since 1876 the South has made rapid progress in wealth, which it would never have done under such a government as existed up to that time, and peace, happiness, and prosperity abound.

In 1878 the Republicans made their last attempt to regain control of the State and brought out the last Republican ticket for State and county offices that was ever put in the field in South Carolina. The whites again selected a straight Democratic ticket. At this time the Republican party was known only as the "negro party," and any white man voting that ticket was completely ostracized, both himself and his family. They were treated with the utmost contempt except those Northern men who had made their homes in the South and who voted only the national Republican ticket, voting always with the whites for all other offices. They were well treated and respected.

In 1878 we again brought out a white man's ticket. The

result of this election was, of course, an overwhelming majority for the Democrats. In the presidential election of 1890 we selected a new plan of carrying the election. Seven boxes in which the votes had to be deposited were put out, and on each box in large Roman letters the name of the office was printed, and each ticket had to go in the right box or it would not be counted. If the vote for Governor was placed in the box for a county officer, that vote was not counted at all. If a voter did not have education enough to read his ticket and the name on the box, the chances of it being counted was perhaps one in a hundred. This disheartened the negro from any further attempt to control elections.

The law in effect at present is that each voter shall register sixty days before election and shall produce his poll tax receipt; that he also must be able to read and write and to explain any paragraph in the Constitution to the satisfaction of the judges of the election. To keep from depriving any white men of their votes, the grandfather's clause was inserted, which is that if the grandfather or father fought in either the Revolutionary War or War between the States a man was entitled to vote on account of the services rendered to the State by that ancestor.

The first time I ever voted in South Carolina the negroes marched boldly to the polls with guns on their shoulders, stacked them in a hundred yards of the polls, placing a heavy guard over them, and kept the white men pushed away from the polls.

None of us will ever regret the part we took in these measures or would hesitate to do the same again or even worse should the same conditions arise.

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## *WILMINGTON AND THE BLOCKADE RUNNERS.*

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

Glancing at the map of North Carolina, one sees south of the great indentation of Pamlico Sound a long, narrow inlet where the Cape Fear River enters the Atlantic, at the mouth of which lies the small, triangular Smith's Island, equally dividing the channel, and on its sharp southern point is Cape Fear, doubtless well named by mariners, who dreaded the reefs and shoals which extend like a barrier along the coast. When President Lincoln declared a blockade of Confederate ports in 1861, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston immediately became strategic points to which Federal cruisers were dispatched on patrol duty.

The Southern people rarely heed the call of the sea, although the South has an unsurpassed water front. Those who did answer were in the United States navy. Some of them, like Farragut and Robley D. Evans, remained under the Stars and Stripes. Far, far more, like Maury, Semmes, Maffitt, and Buchanan, chose to sacrifice assured promotion and to cast their lot with their own people. The country whose admiration and gratitude they earned did not achieve its independence, but the character of the men who rallied to its defense is irrefutable proof that its cause was righteous.

The destiny of the South hinged upon the question of foreign recognition. Louis Napoleon advocated it earnestly. He was a diplomat of the *diviser pour regner* school. He realized that twin republics in America meant European opportunities in Mexico. The leading statesmen and nobility of England ardently desired the success of the Confederacy; but England was enjoying what Macaulay calls a periodic fit of morality, a reaction from the opium war, which showed what the British conscience could do on a pinch, and the fact that slavery existed in the South made it advisable merely to recognize the Confederacy as a belligerent. This was a step farther than Seward approved or desired, for as belligerents the Confederate States had a legal status as a war-making power. Much light is shed on this phase of history in the "Education of Henry Adams." The great asset of the South was cotton, but bales stacked in warehouses were not available assets; hence the necessity for getting them to the British looms and the development of blockade-running as a steady job. Practically all the vessels engaged were built on the Clyde, the motto of whose chief city is: "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word." It must be conceded that the Word was considerably supplemented by Confederate gold in the early sixties, for there were at least one hundred ships that were regular blockade runners; of these, thirty-four were lost or stranded. A ship cost about $150,000, and two successful trips paid the bill.

Those were the halcyon days of the Bahama Islands. At times the bank vaults of Nassau could not contain all the gold, and it was dumped by the bushel and guarded by soldiers.

Let us trace the voyage of one of these ocean dare-devils, bound for Wilmington probably. The cargo contained medicines, arms, gunpowder, cloth, perhaps tea and coffee, undoubtedly wines and brandies. On the trackless sea the Gulf Stream was the first silent signpost. Crossing it, the ship made for the North Carolina coast, and it is a skillful pilot who can steer by soundings along that shore. There is a choice of routes to Wilmington: Old Inlet, guarded by Fort Caswell, and New Inlet, nine miles upstream under the guns of Fort Fisher. Frying Pan Shoals make the sailing distance fifty miles between these two points, while the land distance is only nine miles. Wilmington is thirty miles from the mouth of the river. A moonless night was preferred for crossing the bar. Camouflage, although not designated by that name, was observed in the painting of the ships, a trick learned from the protective coloring with which nature shields certain animals. Some were like gray wraiths, dissolving in the mist, ghosts of the doomed vessels lured upon the reefs when the century was young, in one of which Theodosia Burr Allston perchance perished. Dark silhouettes looming up are the Federal ships, whose object it is to checkmate the blockade runner. Perhaps there is a summons, "Heave to!" followed by a flash when a dearth of heaving to and an acceleration of speed is observed. Then if there are one thousand barrels of gunpowder in the hold, the crew may become slightly thoughtful, although busy. As an aid to devotion, gunpowder under fire rivals Billy Sunday. It was a happy day when the Confederate government established gunpowder mills in Georgia and the blockade runners loaded up with niter. Probably a dozen vessels are now on the alert, and there may be some firing at cross purposes, which would not be distressing to the bold raiders who are flying fast toward the sheltering guns of one of the forts and safety. One can imagine the crowd on the wharf when the steamer drops anchor and the cargo is discharged. How important the supplies were may be realized when it is remembered that two cargoes of the first Kate and one of the Mary Celeste equipped Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's army with guns before Shiloh. Waiting on the dock are speculators and the other birds of prey who fatten in the wake of war. Then comes the loading up with cotton for the return trip, which offers fewer perils because it can be timed to suit

the tide and the weather. Even then it is a risk which Lloyd's would class as hazardous; for while cotton does not possess the explosive qualities of gunpowder, it burns with very little persuasion. Slipping through the fleet, inside of five days probably Nassau is again sighted, the cargo is discharged and reloaded for Liverpool, and after a brief interim the contrabandists are off again for Charleston or Wilmington.

The fate of a beautiful and charming woman, which is somewhat veiled by mystery and romance, is interwoven with the story of the blockade runners.

The Condor, a new three-funnel model, left England in August, 1864, loaded with the usual cargo. Among the passengers was Mrs. Rose O'Neal Greenhow. In 1861 Mrs. Greenhow was a young widow whose home was one of the most popular in Washington. Highly placed socially and enjoying the freedom which goes with dower when it ceases to be contingent, Mrs. Greenhow's sympathies were with the South, and it was through her that General Beauregard received important information bsfore the battle of First Manassas. As a result of her zeal for the Confederacy, she and her little daughter were confined in the Old Capitol Prison. They were released, permitted to go South, and soon afterwards went to France, then to England, she possibly being an unofficial emissary. Her book, "My Imprisonment; or, The First Year of Abolition Rule in Washington," was widely read and created favorable sentiment for the South. The purpose of her return to America is not clearly known. The Condor reached the mouth of Cape Fear River on the night of September 30. The stranded blockade runner Night Hawk was mistaken by the captain for a Federal vessel, and he ran his ship aground on New Inlet Bar. Mrs. Greenhow could not risk capture, so she and her party insisted upon being sent ashore. The boat capsized, and she was drowned. The next day her body was recovered, and she was buried in Oakdale Cemetery at Wilmington, wrapped in the Confederate flag she had loved.

A name inextricably interwoven with blockade-running is that of Capt. John Newland Maffitt, whose exploits in the Florida and the Owl can never be forgotten. The last trip he made as a blockade runner was on the Owl. Finding that Wilmington had been captured, he put back to sea, reached Charleston, found it in possession of the enemy, and again escaped. He took the Owl to England, delivered her to Frazier, Trenholm and Company in Liverpool, and thus ended the last chapter of the contraband trade. A few hulks, burned to the water's edge, lying upon the sand at Wrightsville Beach, slowly yielding to the assaults of time, and the gallant record of resourceful and courageous men are reminders of what was a vivid page in Confederate annals; also they point the moral that victory is prone to follow the flag which flies at the masthead of the best ships. An apparent exception is the American Revolution, but it was the French fleet which was the decisive factor in the surrender of Cornwallis.

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It is the spirit of the Alamo that moved above the Texas soldiers as they charged like demigods through a thousand battle fields, and it is the spirit of the Alamo that whispers from their graves held in every State of the Union, ennobling their dust, their soil that was crimson with their blood.—*Henry W. Grady.*

*THE LAND OF THE SOUTH.*

Land of the South! Imperial land,
  How proud thy mountains rise!
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
  How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this, O not for these,
  I love thy fields to roam.
Thou hast a dearer spell to me;
  Thou art my native home.

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
  Unequaled to the sea;
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
  And green with verdure be.
But not for thy proud ocean streams,
  Not for thine azure dome—
Sweet, sunny South! I cling to thee;
  Thou art my native home.

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
  Beloved of tale and song—
On Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,
  Where nature's wonders throng;
By Tempe's classic sunlit streams,
  Where gods of old did roam;
But ne'er have found so fair a land
  As thou, my native home.

And thou hast prouder glories too
  Than nature ever gave.
Peace sheds o'er thee her genial dew,
  And Freedom's pinions wave;
Fair science flings her pearls around,
  Religion lifts her dome.
These, these endear thee to my heart,
  My own, loved native home.

And "heaven's best gift to man" is thine,
  God bless thy rosy girls!
Like sylvan flowers they sweetly shine;
  Their hearts are pure as pearls,
And grace and goodness circle them
  Where'er their footsteps roam.
How can I, then, whilst loving them
  Not love my native home?

Land of the South, imperial land!
  Then here's a health to thee:
Long as thy mountain barriers stand
  May'st thou be blessed and free!
May dark dissension's banner ne'er
  Wave o'er thy fertile loam;
But should it come, there's one will die
  To save his native home.

—*Alexander B. Meek.*

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[Alexander Beaufort Meek, of Irish descent, was born in South Carolina in 1814. He died at Columbus, Miss., in 1865 and is buried there. His family removed while he was very young to Tuscaloosa, Ala., and during the principal part of his life Meek was identified with that State. He was a lawyer as well as a literary man. He also engaged in politics and held several offices. He was a member of the Legislature of Alabama, a probate judge in that State, was appointed

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury by President Polk, and upon resigning that office was made United States district attorney. For five years he was editor of the Mobile *Register*. His principal volume was published in 1855, being poems under the title, "The Red Eagle."]

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## *THE BIGGEST MAN IN GEORGIA.*

BY ELIZABETH FRY PAGE.

"Who lives in this big, pretty place, Wanny?" asked little Lillie Bly as she was walking out Peachtree Street with her nurse and baby brother one bright autumn day.

"La, chile, doan' you know whut place dis is?" asked the nurse in pretended disgust.

"Why, no, Wanny," admitted the child with trembling lips and crestfallen air. "You never bringed me by here before, did you?"

"Dat's so, honey. 'Scuse me fer talkin' so shawt. How wuz you to know hit when you lives clean ercrost de town an' got a ma whuts dat pertickerler dat she doan't hardly ever let you outen her sight, eben wid me. Why, honey, dis is de Guv'ner's mansion, an' Marse Alex Stephens lives dar now. He's de bigges' man in Gawger."

The child stopped and peered through the iron fence with great awe and curiosity. She noted with pleasure the well-kept lawn, the beds of bright salvias and ageratums up near the house, and the building itself she examined critically, saying to herself: "Yes, I guess it's big enough to hold him, but it isn't like the pictures in books of the castles where giants live. I don't see any dragons anywhere, and there is nothing scary about it at all. I don't b'lieve I'd be afraid to go in and ring the bell. Of course he is a giant if he's the biggest man in Georgia, for my papa is a great big man, and there is Mr. Hoke Smith, the tall young lawyer that came from North Carolina and asked me all about my dolls when he came to see papa with a letter telling who he was and that he had come to live in Atlanta. And 'Fatty' Harris, that had to have a buggy made to get one big enough to sit in, and Mr. Blanchard, that goes around to visit the schools and asks the children to bound the things on the map that have the very hardest bindings to 'em and spell words they never heard of. He's one of the boards of education, or something like that, but he looks more like a great big tree than just a board. They are all big men, and there are lots and lots more; and if the man that lives here is bigger than they are, he's 'bliged to be a giant."

Joanna, the nurse, whom the Bly children called "Wanny," had by this time encountered a friend, another nurse, employed on the North Side, and she was conversing with her in the most lordly, condescending manner, trying to impress it upon her that Washington and McDonough Streets, on the South Side, were really more desirable residence streets and contained the handsome old homes of the "sho 'nuff 'ristocrats, whilst de mushrooms wuz all paradin' deyselves on Peachtree."

Joanna was what many of her race called a "'stuck-up, biggity nigger," and when out with her charges no one could put on more airs or make a greater brag about their white folks and what they had, said, and did than she.

Lillie felt that she had better not interrupt Wanny's conversation with questions about the giant, and she was rather ashamed of being so ignorant as never to have heard of him before; so she kept the discovery to herself and decided never to speak of it unless some one mentioned it to her first. It might be a great secret anyway, for Wanny knew a great many wonderful things and very often told her stories that she was sure no one else knew. But the giant's name had been given to her, and she would listen to her father and mother and their friends and see if they ever discussed "Marse Alex Stephens."

After that it seemed that she heard no name mentioned by the grown people as often as that of Alexander Stephens, though she didn't understand all that was said. There was something in it about the war, and she learned that he didn't want the States to go out of the Union and made speeches against it; but he was such a wise man and so much respected and beloved by the South that he was elected Vice President of the Confederacy and stood next to Jeff Davis in the hearts of the people. But she wondered why the South didn't win with a giant on its side. There couldn't have been any David with a slingshot on the Yankee's side, because the giant was still living, and the war had been over for years and years. But of course God wouldn't let a Yankee David kill a Southern giant with a rock. Why, they couldn't even do that with cannon balls; but they did put him in prison, her father said, somewhere near Boston, where they poured out the tea, and he stayed there for five long months at the close of the war.

Then she heard them say that he was in Congress for eight years and made some fine speeches and was a real statesman. And he wrote books, too, one about the war that was in their library and had thousands of pages in it, and a history of the United States that Georgia children studied in the public schools.

But no one said anything about his being a giant, and she was sure now that it was a great secret, and she must not speak of it. Her father had told her once not to refer to people's "physical infirmities," as it was unkind. She didn't quite know what all the "physical infirmities" were, but harelips, club feet, and glass eyes were some of them, she was sure, because she had asked her mother about them. Maybe being a giant was one, the reason folks never spoke of Governor Stephens being one.

Every time she'd go out on the street or to church she'd look out for the giant and always came home disappointed, for she hardly ever saw any men as big as her papa and none any bigger.

One day something unusual was to be done at the Capitol, and her mother was going and asked Lillie if she didn't want to go with her. She told her what a fine thing it was for a little girl to be brought up in a capital city and a have a chance to see and hear the great men who were making the history of the nation, and Governor Stephens was not well and might not live long, and she would be glad to remember that she had seen him.

The child did not need much urging and was glad to be dressed and accompany her mother. No one dreamed of the excitement raging within her little bosom. She was going to see a giant, the biggest man in Georgia, at last; and when she saw him, she wouldn't be the least bit afraid and would act just like a grown person and not be at all surprised.

When they reached the Capitol, they were shown to seats on the front row of the gallery, where they could see and hear everything, and her mother had brought flowers for some one who was to make a speech that everybody thought would be fine.

There was a buzz of voices downstairs among the men, who sat at desks like big schoolboys, and one man sat at a high one, like a pulpit, and held a wooden mallet in his hand.

Her mother said he was the "Speaker" and used the little wooden hammer to rap for "order," but how anybody could get order by pounding on a desk with a hammer she couldn't see.

Suddenly a man whom they called "sergeant-at-arms," though he wasn't armed at all, opened the two bigs doors very slowly and said loud and clear, "His Excellency, the Governor of Georgia," and all the men stood up and faced the door, as they face the altar at church when they say the creed, and Lillie unconsciously slid down from her seat and stood too, looking eagerly for the entrance of the wonderful giant who stood at the head of the State, her papa said.

And what do you think? A dignified negro man came in wheeling a big chair, and in it sat the very littlest man you ever saw. He was pale and didn't look like he ought to be worried with listening to speeches and signing papers. And the men all looked at him like they loved him, and no one sat down till his chair was wheeled into its place.

Tears poured down the child's face. Something in the scene impressed her very deeply. She had never, outside of the solemnest services of the Church, seen any one treated with so much reverence, and just a little sick man in an invalid's chair too. It almost reminded her of the picture of the wise men of the East bowing down and bringing gifts to the little baby Christ. All those great big, strong, healthy men doing honor to a little sick man bound to a chair for life and not much larger than a child! It was wonderful.

After a little she whispered to her mother: "Is that the Governor in the chair with wheels?"

"Yes, dear," she replied. "He is a cripple and spends most of his time in that chair."

"Well, mother," said Lillie, after several moments of thoughtfulness, "Wanny said he was the biggest man in Georgia, and I s'pose he has something very big inside of him, for on the outside he's not much bigger than me."

"He has indeed," said the mother. "He has a big heart and a big brain and has done more work in the world and and been of more help to his fellow men than dozens of strong, healthy men and will be remembered long after his frail body passes from view."

The child sat very still throughout the session, and after that she felt differently about sick and crippled people. She had always been very sorry for them and wondered why God let them live to be old and allowed others who were beautiful and well formed to die. But now when she saw such a one wheeled by in the sunshine or met them in the park or at the homes of friends, she would smile at the invalid and say to herself: "Never you mind, even if it does hurt you, 'cause maybe some day you will be another Alexander Stephens."

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## *LAST ENGAGEMENT OF LEE'S ARMY.*

BY J. E. GASKELL, FORT WORTH, TEX.

In the VETERAN for January, 1917, was published an article on "Defenders of Fort Gregg," in which there is an error as to the troops which entered Fort Gregg and supported Major Chew's battery. They were not Pickett's men, but the 16th and 48th Mississippi Regiments of Harris's Brigade. Neither is Surgeon George W. Richards the only "surviving member of that little band of heroes."

Sergt. J. B. Thompson, who was of Company F, 16th Mississippi Regiment, tells the story from his own experience there in the following:

"The battle of Fort Gregg, near Petersburg, Va., on the morning of April 2, 1865, was fought by Major Chew's battery of artillery and about three hundred infantry on the Confederate side and the famous 29th Army Corps on the Federal side, nine thousand strong, or thirty Federals to one Confederate. Harris's Brigade of Mississippians was deployed as skirmishers a short distance in front of Fort Gregg. General Harris stationed his men ten feet apart with instructions to maintain that distance, and each man in his work must represent ten men.

"We were attacked by an overwhelming force and fell back, disputing every foot of ground. Two regiments, the 16th and 48th, entered Fort Gregg, while the rest of the brigade went into Fort Blakeley. Major Chew was ordered to engage the enemy and hold the fort at all hazards till General Lee could extricate his army by crossing the Appomattox River on a pontoon bridge, which he succeeded in doing.

"The first charge was checked with heavy casualties. The second charge came in greater numbers, and many reached and took refuge under the outer wall of the fort. Then there came a lull, and Surgeon Richards, as he says, suggested to Major Chew to surrender, as General Lee had by now crossed the river. We could hear his troops cheering; but Major Chew said: 'No, let the fight go on! I will not surrender!' Fatal mistake!

"When the third assault came, the fort was quickly filled by the enemy. We had no time to load and fire. We broke our guns and used the barrels for clubs. But what could we do against so many? General Lee, seeing the work of extermination, sent a courier to a near-by battery with orders to open fire on friend and foe alike. Shot and shell quickly rained into the fort, checking the slaughter. There were left of that three hundred Confederate heroes only twenty-seven alive, nineteen of them badly wounded. Among the eight unwounded was M. G. Turner, a Free Mason. He gave the Masonic sign of distress to a Federal colonel, who grasped him by the hand and drew him from the crowd and protected him from massacre.

"I received a blow upon the side of my head and a bayonet thrust at the base of the brain, which well-nigh ended my life. I was taken, though unconscious, to City Point Hospital, twenty-five miles away, where, after many hours, I regained consciousness. When barely convalescent, with other prisoners, I was taken to Hart's Island Prison, twenty miles out from New York City. On June 15 Hart's Island prisoners were liberated in New York City.

"I was bareheaded and barefooted, with long, shaggy, unkempt hair; my apology for clothing a tattered coat and pants worn off halfway to my knees, the same blood-soaked, now disreputable, garments I wore at Fort Gregg. Thus arrayed I was standing on a sidewalk in New York, nearly two thousand miles from home, among enemies, without a penny, wondering what would be my next move. I was now twenty-two years old, six feet tall, and weighed about ninety pounds. I would have been a great attraction for a ten-cent side show.

"Two ladies passing near, one bearing a bundle, stopped and handed it to me and without a word went on. Fearing treachery, I stepped into a store, told the merchant what had occurred, and asked him what I should do with the bundle. 'Open it,' said he. 'You open it for me,' said I, which he did. It contained a pair of very large white duck pants, the kind our grandfathers wore, with an immense flap in front. They were nearly four feet in circumference. During the day, to complete this rakish costume, another lady gave

me a shirt and the longest, tallest silk hat I ever saw, but no shoes.

"Upon a steamship, the Evening Star, of New York, we sailed a week later for New Orleans, where we landed after eight days. We were met and taken in charge by negro troops, and during the three days we remained in New Orleans we were guarded by negroes, issued rations by negroes, and, when leaving the city, by negroes we were escorted to the steamer Mary Wilson, which took us across Mobile Bay to Mobile. The bay was strewn with wreckage of vessels destroyed by mines. Small boats preceded our steamer to locate, if possible, and remove mines, torpedoes, etc., which made our progress quite slow and dangerous. From Mobile we went by rail north to De Soto, Jasper County, Miss., the town where the Jasper County Grays, one hundred and twenty strong, mobilized and bade our friends and loved ones good-by in April, 1861, when leaving for the war. Now in July, 1865, more than four years later, John Harper and I, two of that one hundred and twenty men, returned to the old home after being mourned as dead.

"Fifty-two years later at the peace jubilee of the blue and the gray at Vicksburg, Miss., I met G. L. Kern, of Company I, 29th Wisconsin Regiment, a part of the famous 29th Corps, Federal, which captured Fort Gregg, which they called 'Fort Hell.' Then he and I stood face to face as bitter foes; today we stand side by side as friends in a photograph."

Comrade Thompson is now a member of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 158, U. C. V., of Fort Worth, Tex., and also is a member of the Lone Star Confederate Veteran Quartet, the only one in the world.

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## *STILL ON PAROLE.*

BY CAPT. W. T. ELLIS, OWENSBORO, KY.

Fifty-six years ago my term of service as a soldier in the Confederate army was closed. Oceans of water have run "under the bridge" since then, yet I distinctly recall what happened to me on that memorable day as if it had occurred only yesterday. Looking backward over the flight of years that measure the distance between April 28, 1865, and April 28, 1921, I find myself in a reminiscent mood and will briefly narrate the facts and circumstances that resulted in my capture and surrender.

The last days of the Confederacy were dawning upon a stricken South. Richmond, the Confederate capital, had fallen; General Lee and all that remained of his grand Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered at Appomattox; General Johnston was then negotiating with General Sherman at Greensboro, N. C., for the surrender of the Army of Tennessee; President Davis and his cabinet were in flight, his destination unknown; at Charlotte, N. C., five cavalry brigades were assembled to escort him through South Carolina and to the Savannah River, which divides the States of South Carolina and Georgia.

Among the cavalry brigades acting as escort for the President and his party was the Kentucky brigade, at that time commanded by Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge. Reports came to headquarters that large bodies of Federal cavalry were advancing from Knoxville, Tenn., in the direction of Greenville, S. C., with the view of intercepting and capturing the President and his escort. To ascertain the truth of these reports and to guard against surprise, I was sent by Colonel Breckinridge in command of ten men with instructions to proceed in the direction from which the enemy was reported to be advancing, to ascertain as definitely as possible his movements, and to rejoin the main body of the command at Greenville, S. C.

Acting under this order, early on the morning of the 27th of April we plunged over the rough hills and through the valleys of Western North Carolina until we reached the village of Rutherfordton, the county seat of Rutherford County, arriving there about nightfall. We were met by a delegation of citizens composed of women and men too old for service in the army. From them I learned that a company of Federal cavalry had been in the town within the last hour and that they had stated that General Palmer, in command of a brigade of Federal cavalry, would camp in and around the village that night.

The citizens who had met us were friendly and urged us to move out of town at once. While parleying with them in the hope of obtaining further information concerning the enemy, I discovered, to my surprise, that Federal cavalry was at that moment entering the town from a number of directions. Our position was perilous; to escape unobserved was next to impossible. But just at the foot of the street we were in was a high mound thickly studded with spruce pine from its base to its utmost crest. That appeared to be the securest spot in which we could take refuge until after nightfall, and we hastened to occupy it.

Our hope was that at some time during the night after the Federals had gone into camp we could make our way without discovery outside the Federal lines. Imagine our surprise and distress when presently, after we had concealed ourselves in the pine thickets, we discovered that a regiment of Federal cavalry had gone into camp for the night around the base of the high hill where we were concealed. A little mountain stream wound around the base of our hiding place, and along this stream a Federal camp was pitched.

It was evident that if we remained in our position until daylight on the following morning we would almost certainly be discovered, which, of course, would result in our immediate capture. Only one possible avenue of escape seemed open to us, and that was through the Federal lines after the soldiers had gone to sleep and their camps had become quiet. Accordingly, between one and two o'clock in the night, and when we knew the soldiers were asleep, we silently moved down from our hiding place to take the last chance to secure our safety.

The soldiers, wrapped in their army blankets, were asleep on the ground; their horses, weary from long, forced marches, were likewise asleep on mother earth, and the camp was as "still as a frozen planet." Silently we worked our way through and, happily, found ourselves outside of the Federal encampment. Not having yet ascertained the object of the movement of the Federal cavalry, I determined to remain in the vicinity of the town until the next morning. Accordingly we again concealed ourselves in a deep gulch just beyond the corporate limits of the town.

Early the next morning regimental and brigade bugles announced the fact that General Palmer's command would presently be in motion. We did not have long to wait, for the sun had hardly crept above the misty mountain tops before we could plainly see from the position we occupied in the dense forest, which rose high above the town, that General Palmer was returning with his command over the same highway on which he had entered the place on the previous evening. His rear guard had scarcely quit the place before I entered it with my scouts, when we picked up a few straggling

soldiers who had lagged behind from whom we gathered the information that General Palmer had been directed to return with his command to Knoxville, Tenn. But I was not willing to accept without qualification the information we had received from the straggling Federal soldiers and accordingly sent forward four of my men with instructions to follow the Yankee command ten or twelve miles and to gain such further information as they could.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of that day my scouts returned with the assurance that the information we had received was correct; that they had gathered additional information to the effect that General Palmer with his command had certainly been ordered to return to Knoxville..

I had then in my possession the information my orders had instructed me to obtain, our horses were saddled, and we were ready for an all-night march to Greenville, some forty miles away, where we would be able to rejoin the command and make our report. But the men who had gone forward on the road had been without food for more than twenty-four hours, and we were delayed in taking up onr march a little while lunch was being prepared for them.

During this time I was standing on the corner of the public square in conversation with a North Carolina lieutenant of Lee's army who had been wounded in one of the battles around Richmond and was at home on furlough. While talking we observed two Federal soldiers approaching us from down the street. We believed them to be stragglers who had left their command and were pillaging about the country, and so we determined to capture them. Approaching them in the street as they advanced, we demanded their surrender. They protested, saying that General Palmer's entire command was at that moment entering the town and that they were advance videttes sent forward to occupy a position on the south side of the town until the regular pickets could be established. We refused to believe their statements and demanded an immediate surrender. Reluctantly the men began to unbuckle their carbines from their saddles preparatory to delivering them up to us, complaining the while that we were doing a very rash and foolish thing, as their whole command was then in and around the town.

At that moment, glancing up the street, I discovered fifty or seventy-five cavalrymen advancing toward us at a gallop. I immediately changed both my "strategy and my tactics" and took leave of our would-be prisoners at top speed. But I was not aware that in attempting to make my escape from what was a real impending danger I was "flying to others I knew not of," for, on turning the public square, I literally ran into the hands of a dozen or more mounted officers at the intersection of the street. The last hope of escaping capture was gone, and I surrendered to the soldiers immediately in front of me, which proved to be Gen. W. J. Palmer and his staff.

I was treated with great kindness by General Palmer, who, after asking me the length of my service in the army, the command to which I belonged, the State I was from, and a few other minor questions, directed a staff officer to parole me, which he did on the spot. The parole I there executed lies before me as I write and, omitting my name and regiment, is in the following words and figures:

"Headquarters United States Forces,
Rutherfordton, N. C., April 28, 1865.

"I —— do solemnly swear that I will not bear arms for or aid or assist in any manner the enemies of the United States until properly exchanged as a prisoner of war. This parole given by order of W. J. Palmer, brigadier general and sworn to before. Lieut. R. J. Stewart, A. P. M."

Though six and fifty years have come and gone since I executed that parole, I have observed its terms both in letter and in spirit. I never have been exchanged and am still a paroled Confederate soldier.

While I have never given "aid or assistance to the enemies of the United States," I have given all the aid and assistance I could to the United States in the two foreign wars in which our reunited country has been engaged since the close of the great struggle between the North and the South. While I have in good faith observed the terms of my parole, I have not ceased to believe that the cause I had a humble part in defending was a just cause. I do not here consider the question as to whether or not it was better for both the North and the South that our country should have remained united. I only assert that as the years have come and gone and time has borne us farther and farther away from the bloodiest tragedy that marks the highways of our national history my faith in the justice of the cause of the South has grown stronger and more convincing. Already the South's legal right to withdraw from the Union in 1861 is admitted by impartial historians, and I do not hesitate to believe that the ultimate verdict of the impartial historian will be that

"The men who marched and fought with Johnston
And stormed the heights with Lee"

were right.

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## *LIGHT ON A WAR MYSTERY.*

BY G. A. WILLIAMS, OF NEW ORLEANS, FORMERLY A. A. G. LIDDELL'S BRIGADE, CLEBURNE'S DIVISION, ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

Recollections Brought Up by the Paper of John C. Stiles in the June Veteran.

In the spring of 1862, while General Beauregard was organizing his army at Corinth, I, as a clerk in the office of Colonel Jordan, the adjutant general, met many officers who afterwards became prominent in the service. Conspicuous among these, in appearance at least, was Capt. Lawrence Orton Williams, of Major General Polk's staff. He was an eleve of West Point and said to have been aid to Gen. Winfield Scott. He was tall, blonde, erect, scrupulously groomed, strikingly handsome, except for harsh features. Uniform was then a matter of fancy or convenience, not of regulation. He wore kepi, hussar jacket, duck trousers, Wellington boots, rattling saber. He was militarism embodied, the Prussian of the late war already arrived.

He had not long before been court-martialed for killing a sentinel at Columbus, Ky. The man was guarding a storehouse with orders to admit no one. Captain Williams, wishing to enter, was halted. He insisted, saying he was of General Polk's staff and was pushing forward when the sentinel put his bayonet across. The officer drew his sword and ran him through. Before the court he justified the act, saying: "For his insolence I forgave him; for his insubordination I slew him." Later he dropped his paternal name, it was said, in compliance with the terms of a bequest. He was promoted and as Col. Lawrence Orton was sent to command a regiment of cavalry.

In June, 1863, while General Bragg's army lay at Tullahoma, Liddell's Brigade was infantry outpost at Bellbuckle. One day there rode up to my tent two officers. The senior

introduced himself as Colonel Orton, commanding cavalry in front, and asked to be given some stationery, his quartermaster's stock being exhausted. The younger was the adjutant, Lieutenant Peters, and they were probably then arranging the desperate exploit carried out a few days later.

I have never heard it said that Williams had any authority or even consent from his superiors to undertake the rôle of spy, or that he was trying to reach Canada. He may have so given out in his effort to mitigate his dreadful sentence. This failed, as did his chivalrous plea for his adjutant, to move his captors. The wire flashed the ultimatum of James A. Garfield, chief of staff, consigning to the hangman these unfortunates, victims of an ill-judged effort to promote the interests of his cause and himself on the part of an ambitious soldier.

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## *JACKSON'S ONLY COUNCIL OF WAR.*

There has been left to us a most graphic account of the effect of the abandonment of Winchester, Va., in the spring of 1862 by Stonewall Jackson. It was forced upon him not so much by General Banks, of the Union army, as it was by the opposition of his officers to the plans their resourceful commander had conceived to defend the town. On March 11, the night of the retreat, General Jackson unbosomed himself to his friend, the Rev. James P. Graham, at whose house he had been a guest. This gentleman says: "'At dinner we thought it doubtful if we would see the General (Jackson) again; but he came to supper, and, to our surprise, all aglow with pleasant excitement, because of the splendid behavior of his troops and their eagerness to meet the enemy, who had been seen, but, without offering battle, had gone into camp at Washington Springs. Some ladies had come in and were in the depths of gloom because, as they understood, the army was to leave us that night. To this view the General gave no assent, but as if to dispel it showed an unusual cheerfulness. After our evening worship, which he conducted in his usual impressive and delightful way, he still sat with us, manifesting no hurry to leave, and by the tone of his conversation trying to divert the minds of all from the gloom they were in. When he did go, in answer to some tears which he probably saw, he said to us, though we were bidding him good-by, 'O, I'll see you again,' and then suddenly, as if not meaning to say so much, he added: 'I don't expect to leave.' Returning, however, within an hour, and finding us out, he dispatched a servant after us with a message that he wanted to see me at once at his office. Hurrying there, I found him walking the floor under more excitement than I had ever seen him exhibit before. He had undergone in the brief space of time a surprising change. His countenance betrayed deep dejection, and his spirit was burdened with an inexpressible weight of sadness. At first he did not seem to know what to say, but, collecting himself at length, he said he did not mean to deceive us by giving a wrong impression, but that he had been made to change his plans. He constantly expressed the grief that he had experienced in giving up Winchester without striking a blow for its liberty. With a slow and desperate earnestness he said: 'Let me think—can I yet carry my plan into execution?' As he spoke this question to himself he seized the hilt of his sword, and a strange, fierce light lit his wonderful eyes. The next instant his head fell and his hand relaxed its grasp on his sword, and he exclaimed: 'No, I may not do it; it may cost the lives of too many of my brave men. I must retreat and wait for a better time.'"

The council of war that Jackson had called with his officers was the cause of his change of plans. He had proposed a night attack on the foe, and they had all disagreed with his plans. He did not feel at liberty to act without their full concurrence and in the face of their open objections.

Later in the night the Confederate forces retreated from Winchester. Hunter McGuire, his friend and medical director, rode off with General Jackson and says that as they reached a point overlooking Winchester they both turned back to look at the town left to the mercy of the Federals. "I think," continued Dr. McGuire, "that a man may sometimes yield to overwhelming emotions. I was utterly overcome by the fact that I was leaving all that I held dear on earth; but my emotion was arrested by one look at Jackson. His face was fairly blazing with the fire of wrath that was burning in him. Presently he cried out in a tone almost savage: 'That is the last council of war I will ever hold.' And it was."—*From Riley's "Stonewall Jackson."*

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## *EARLY'S BRIGADE AT WINCHESTER.*

BY M. H. ACKERD, ANGOLA, LA.

The "Little Corporal's Story," in the VETERAN for May, a description of General Lee's march from Fredericksburg to Gettysburg and the capture of Milroy's force at Winchester, seems to be correct so far as Johnson's Division was concerned; but as to the part played by General Early's division, he is at fault, because on the 14th of June, 1863, about 9 A.M., General Hays's brigade crossed the Shenandoah River at Port Royal, the first troops to cross at that ford.

I don't claim that we were in the van, as I could see only the part that was played by my comrades; but be that as it may, we were sitting down putting on our clothes and shoes when the first gun was fired at Winchester, and when ready to march, we took the same route that we did in 1862 and, going around to the northwest of the town, took the identical position and charged the same position that we did in 1862, May 24, the only difference being that where there had been a rock fence for breastworks they had built redoubts. This was only the outer works, but it was not entirely as stated by Comrade Lauck, as we captured many prisoners, cannon, and commissary stores.

This was late in the afternoon, for when we had captured the works and reformed our line it was deemed too dark to storm the main fort. Then we were ordered to sleep on our arms for the night and expected to make the stand at daylight, which we were preparing to do when our sharpshooters hauled down the enemy's flag, they having left the works during the night. But as to Early's Division or any part of it charging empty works it is all bosh. Be it remembered that there were two Louisiana brigades in Ewell's Corps, one in Early's Division, and one in General Johnson's division, composed of the 1st, 2d, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 14th, and 15th regiments. I don't claim to know what Johnson's command did, as I heard only the firing during the night as a guide. I do remember, however, that after the victory was considered complete and we had gone into camp north of Winchester and were having a treat of the coffee that we had captured, the 2d Louisiana Brigade came in all mounted on the horses they had captured from the Yankees.

This is written only to correct the error above alluded to, as it is not reasonable that veteran troops would charge empty breastworks. General Early's division was composed of one Georgia, one North Carolina, one Virginia, and one Louisiana brigade, second to none in the service.

## THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

BY H. C. BRADFORD.

The army of the Southern Confederacy was probably the most remarkable assemblage of its kind in the annals of the world. Those naturally expected to be the first to volunteer were the property holders and their sons, the men of wealth and education. These had much, very much, to urge them on to sacrifice and devotion; for there was not only the principle involved, but their beautiful, happy homes and the means whereby they were to be maintained, were to be protected. To them defeat meant a return to burned homes, fenceless farms, poverty, and ashes.

These we are accustomed to refer to as the flower of Southern manhood. And the South was not slow to give of such men to her armies. She withheld not her very best from the sacrificial altar. In a paper read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts Gen. Charles A. Whittier, of the Union army, speaking of the Army of Northern Virginia, says: "This army will deservedly rank as the best which has existed on this continent. Suffering privations unknown to its opponents, it fought well from the early Peninsular days to the surrender of that small remnant at Appomattox. Without doubt it was composed of the best men of the South, rushing to what they considered a defense of their country against a bitter invader; and they took the places assigned them, officer or private, and fought until beaten by superiority of numbers. The North sent no such army to the field, and its patriotism was of easier character." Proceeding, General Whittier says: "As a matter of comparison we have lately read that from William and Mary College, Virginia, thirty-two out of thirty-five professors and instructors abandoned the college work and joined the army in the field. Harvard College sent one professor from its large corps of professors and instructors."

Our own John B. Gordon tells us in his reminiscences: "In every Southern State the universities and colleges sent to the front their students and the flower of their alumni as volunteers. It is stated that nine-tenths of the students of the University of Virginia enlisted for the war. In the Rockbridge Battery there were seven Masters of Arts of the university, twenty-eight college graduates, and twenty-five theological students. Among these privates was R. E. Lee, Jr., son of the great commander."

A second element, and many hold that by far the greater part of the Southern army, were men who owned no houses nor lands nor slaves, but who occupied the land as tenants—men who, the war over, even though the South had been victorious, would have had nothing to return to (aside from family ties) but the poverty they left behind them when they enlisted for the fray. And yet for the sake of the principle in which they believed these voluntarily enrolled for service and through the four terrible years bore the hardships of war with sacrifice and devotion equal to the others.

Which of the two classes deserves the highest honor? We all know which has received most honor.

Still another class who went with our army were the negro cooks and body servants of the boys in gray. These had everything to lose if the South should succeed. But how did they stand the test? I have never heard of one deserting. As a class they were true and lovingly loyal to their masters, obedient and devoted to every duty that fell to their lot. A representative of this type who is best known to me is Jere Perkins, the body servant of Mr. Charlie Perkins, of Brownsville, Tenn., who was slain in the battle of Atlanta. In pathetic tones Jere still tells how he went with "Marse Charlie" to the war, waited on him in the camp, buried him after he was killed, and when the war was over "went back and fotch him home."

And now with such an army as this, true in its allegiance to the Southern cause (coming no matter from what condition),

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or die,"

is it any wonder that it proved well-nigh invincible? And yet all the world wondered that it should hold out so long against such bitter and overwhelming odds.

Let us notice for a moment the estimate put upon the valor and devotion of the Confederate army by one of high authority who fought against it, General Buell. He says in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War": "It required a naval fleet and 15,000 troops to advance against a weak fort, manned by less than 100 men, at Fort Henry; 35,000, with naval co-operation, to overcome 12,000 at Donelson; 60,000 to secure a victory over 40,000 at Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh); 120,000 to enforce the retreat of 65,000 intrenched, after a month's fighting and maneuvering at Corinth; 100,000 repelled by 80,000 in the first Peninsular campaign against Richmond; 70,000, with a powerful naval force, to inspire the campaign which lasted nine months against 40,000 at Vicksburg; 90,000 to barely withstand the assault of 70,000 at Gettysburg; 115,000 sustaining a frightful repulse from 60,000 at Fredericksburg; 100,000 attacked and defeated by 50,000 at Chancellorsville; 85,000 held in check two days by 40,000 at Antietam; 43,000 retaining the field uncertainly against 38,000 at Stones River (Murfreesboro); 70,000 defeated at Chickamauga and beleaguered by 70,000 at Chattanooga; 80,000 merely to break the investing line of 45,000 at Chattanooga, and 100,000 to press back 50,000 increased at last to 70,000 from Chattanooga to Atlanta, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, and then let go an operation which is commemorated at festive reunions by the standing toast of 'One hundred days under fire'; 50,000 to defeat the investing line of 30,000 at Nashville; and, finally, 120,000 to overcome 60,000 with exhaustion after a struggle of a year in Virginia."

In some of the battles thus enumerated by General Buell the odds were even greater than he states them. To illustrate the implicit confidence with which the Southern soldiers followed their leaders, he draws the following comparison: "At Cold Harbor the Northern troops, who had proved their indomitable qualities by losses nearly equal to the whole of their opponent, when ordered to another sacrifice, even under such a soldier as Hancock, answered the demand as one man—a silent and solid inertia. At Gettysburg Pickett, when waiting for the signal which Longstreet dreaded to repeat for the hopeless but immortal charge against Cemetery Hill, saluted and said as he turned to his ready column: 'I shall move forward, sir.'"

What was it that moved the Confederate forces to such an unprecedented record? It was that heroic quality that insures the best results in any righteous cause, be it ever so exalted or ever so humble, be it ever so important or seemingly so insignificant—viz., the ability and willingness to suffer. In other words, the immolation of self in behalf of the cause espoused.

The record of the Southern soldiers throughout the unequal contest has been the subject of a thousand memorial addresses. Volumes might be written recounting the hardships of hunger, thirst, the galling fire, the horrors of prison life, etc., endured by the proud and sensitive sons of Dixie.

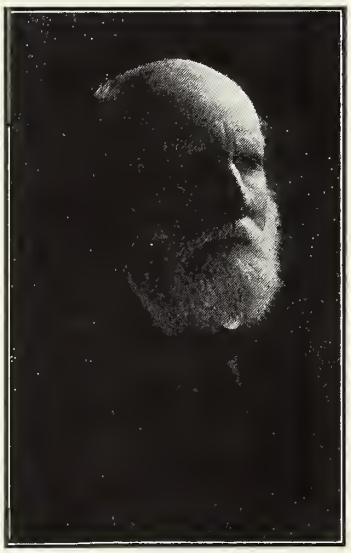
# THE LAST ROLL

**Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, $3.00 each.**

"Green turf above, lie light, lie light;
Good night, dear hearts, good night, good night."

### John Chowning Towles.

John Chowning Towles died at his ancestral home at Towles Point, Lancaster County, Va., on April 9, 1921, after an illness of almost four months. Interment was at White Chapel Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he had long been a member. He was born on November 26, 1834, on the same estate on which he died. He went to Baltimore in the early fifties and there remained until the outbreak of the war. He helped to drive the very first regiments, the 12th and 17th Massacushetts, out of Baltimore when they attempted to pass through on their way South.



J. C. TOWLES.

Shortly afterwards, when Maryland was being put under martial law, he made his escape and went to Lancaster, where he enlisted with the home boys, becoming a member of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, Company D. He was detailed as a courier for Gen. Charles W. Fields, where he served two years. Afterwards he went back to the 9th Virginia Cavalry. The last year of the war he was assigned to Col. Harry Gilmore's regiment of Maryland. His war record, as well as that of his after life, was filled with noble, brave deeds. He kept a very accurate and descriptive diary of the war. He was literary, a great reader, a fluent writer of both prose and poetry.

Mr. Towles belonged to one of the oldest and most prominent families in the State. His noble line of ancestry may be traced to Hon. Edmund Jennings, who was in turn President of the Council of Virginia, attorney general, and Governor of the colony of Virginia from 1680 to 1710; Maj. Stockley Towles and Col. Henry Towles, of the Revolutionary War fame; and Col. Henry Towles, of the War of 1812. He was a great lover of nature and in sweet communion with it. He looked for the coming of the birds in spring as friends from afar. To those which wintered here he was a friend, giving them food through the cold days. He was one of the charter members of the Lawson-Ball Camp of Confederate Veterans and took much interest in all things pertaining to the South and Southern history.

On May 11, 1862, he married a daughter of Dr. Portues Towles, who survives him with six children: Virginius E. Towles, Columbia, S. C.; Clarence Spottswood Towles, Reedville, Va.; William Campbell Towles, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Arthur S. Meadows, of Greene County, Va.; Mrs. Luther G. Connellee and Miss Marion I. Towles, of Bertrand, Va.

With a strong, clear intellect, a gentle, tender heart, a genial disposition, he made this world a happier and better place in which to live. It was a long life, more than fourscore years of beautiful service, that leaves behind it an inspiring fragrance of goodness and loveliness.

### Comrades at Brevard, N. C.

Two pillars of strength in Transylvania Camp, No. 953, U. C. V., of Brevard, N. C., were removed in the deaths of Rev. W. H. Davis, the Chaplain, and Hon. T. L. Gash, the Adjutant, and their passing was a loss indeed to our State, county, neighborhood, and Church as well.

Rev. W. H. Davis came from Mecklinburg County in the late seventies and identified himself with the spiritual, moral, and material interests of his new home. He was pastor of the Presbyterian Churches of Davidson and Mills Rivers to near the day of his death with the exception of a short interval and was a prime factor in the organization of the Church at Brevard. From 1882 to 1886 he was county superintendent of public instruction and was chairman of the executive committee in the prohibition campaign of 1888. He ever stood for sobriety, law enforcement, cleanliness in politics, uprightness in business, and educational progress. He was of the old Southern chivalric strain that allowed him to ascend to high things and condescend to men of low estate. His death on December 6, 1919, left a wide gap in the ranks of our veterans.

Thomas Lenoir Gash was born on September 18, 1843, in Henderson County, near the place now known as Hillgirt. He was a student at Emory and Henry College when the war came on. Enlisting on September 18, 1862, in Company E, 6th Battalion, he was afterwards transferred to the 65th Regiment of North Carolina Cavalry. While under Bragg in Kentucky in 1863 he and fourteen others on scout service were surprised and captured and remained prisoners for twenty-one months. After being exchanged he left home for his command and on the way learned of Lee's surrender. Soon after the war Comrade Gash made his home in and near Brevard. His honesty and fair dealing in business secured him the confidence of the people, and through their influence he was appointed clerk and master of equity; afterwards he was elected clerk of the superior court and still later county commissioner and member of the State Legislature. As a member of the Pension Board he took great interest in looking after comrades less fortunate than himself. During late years, as the infirmities of age checked attendance of the Camp meetings, he worked hard to keep the Camp on the roster, often supplying the deficit out of his own purse. Comrade Gash joined the Presbyterian Church in 1876, and he was a charter member of Dunn's Rock Lodge, F. and A. M. He was married to Miss Dovey Anne Deavor in 1870, and on November 8, 1920, they celebrated their golden wedding. He died on April 2, 1921, widely mourned.

[J. M. Hamlin, Commandant Transylvania Camp, No. 953, U. C. V.]

### Capt. William Stanley.

Capt. William Stanley, teacher, soldier, lawyer, and minister, answered his last roll call on April 7, 1921, at his home in Frankfort, Ky. He was a native of Nelson County and was eighty-five years old. At the age of seventeen he was teaching school and later was graduated from Hanover College, Indiana. At twenty-one he began the practice of law and in a short time was elected city attorney of Newport. Later he moved to Leavenworth, Kans., where he also served as city attorney. He was made captain of the Shields State Guards. Those were turbulent times. After making a strong secession speech he left the State and returned to Kentucky, where he organized a company in the Confederate army, but refused a commission and enlisted as a private. He left the State with Gen. John H. Morgan, but finally cast his lot with the "Orphan Brigade." His men composed the Anderson Legion. In a short time he was commissioned lieutenant and later was raised to the rank of captain. He afterwards served on the staff of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. He attracted attention by a successful defense of a man court-martialed for striking a superior officer. The judge advocate general of the Confederate army read the defense and summoned Captain Stanley to his staff.

Just before the close of the war Captain Stanley went on a dangerous mission rounding up deserters in the wilds of Florida, returning to headquarters the day Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered. After the war he practiced in Shelbyville, where in 1866 he was married to Miss Amanda Owsley, daughter of Nudigate Owsley, whose devotion and faithful companionship was his greatest inspiration in all of his life interests. A few years after his marriage he entered the ministry of the Christan Church and served for fifty years in the service of his Master. He was one of the ablest and most prominent ministers of that denomination, and his pastorates were in several States. Retiring from the active ministry some years ago, his home had been in Frankfort since the inauguration of his son as Governor of that State.

Captain Stanley possessed strong convictions and was fearless in the discharge of duty. He was handsome in appearance and of a magnetic personality, which made him a power in a community or organization. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and two sons, one of whom is Senator A. O. Stanley, of Washington, D. C. He was laid to rest in Grove Hill Cemetery at Shelbyville.

### Rev. M. N. Johnston.

Rev. M. N. Johnston, the son of Rev. "Bushwhacker" Johnston, of Alabama fame, passed away May 6, 1921, at Waxahachie, Tex. He was a life-long minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, serving many important charges in the Methodist Conferences of Texas. He served in the War between the States in Company A, 25th Regiment of Alabama Infantry, and was an active member of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 30, U. C. V., at Decatur, Tex., serving as Chaplain of this Camp for several years. He was promoted to the chaplaincy of the Fourth Brigade, Texas Division, U. C. V.

Comrade Johnston was a well-beloved member of the Masonic Lodge. After funeral services at the Methodist Church, attended by the U. C. V. Camp and his many friends, his body was laid to rest in the Decatur cemetery by his Masonic brethren. He was one of those special characters whose works will live after him.

### A. B. Ellis.

Another member of Company A, Confederate Veterans, has crossed the bar to enlist on the other shore.

Comrade A. B. Ellis was born near Athens, Ala., on July 29, 1841, and died at his home at Capleville, Tenn., on February 15, 1921. He volunteered in the Confederate army in May, 1861, and joined Company C, 13th Tennessee Infantry, Wright's Regiment, Smith's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Bragg's Army. He participated in the battles of Shiloh, Richmond, Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge. He was severely wounded in the last two battles. Afterwards he was employed at Bibb's Iron Works until the close of the war.

A. B. ELLIS.

He married Mary Lou Malone on February 22, 1871. He is survived by two daughters—Mrs. T. M. Ford and Mrs. L. E. Smith, of Capleville, Tenn.—and by two sons—J. B. Ellis, of Eads, Tenn., and W. W. Ellis, of Capleville, Tenn.

He was a man of decided character, remarkably energetic, and an active member of Company A. His devotion to the company was evidenced by his regular attendance at all meetings, and he will be sorely missed. He attended all the Reunions except the last one. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the Confederate Veteran. He was a stanch defender of what he thought to be right and was ever ready to contribute to any worthy cause. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was a good neighbor.

"No need to pile the marble or the granite or the stone
For him who was a brother to mankind;
He builded his memorial, a monument his own,
In the host of loving friends he left behind.
The Master said that 'as thyself' thy neighbor thou shouldst love;
He made that thought his guide through years of labor.
Then what are earthly eulogies if the tablets up above
Bear just this line, 'He was a goodly neighbor'?"

[Committee: F. D. Denton, Secretary; W. R. Sims, R. L. Ivy, R. E. Bullington.]

### Maj. W. O. Sturkey.

After an illness of many months, Maj. W. O. Sturkey passed away at his home, in McCormick, S. C., on the 15th of April, 1921, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

He was a member of the McCormick Methodist Church when the church was located near his home years ago, and could always be depended upon in any movement to help his fellow man and serve his Master. For forty years he was an ardent advocate of temperance, a leader of the prohibition forces in his town and county, and it must have been gratifying to him to know ere his life's work was ended that prohibition had become the law of the land.

From 1882, when he went into business in McCormick, he was regarded as a most liberal cotton buyer, and his example was potent in drawing trade to the town from a distance. He was a member of Company B, Hampton Legion, during the War between the States and was a prisoner for a long while at Elmira, N. Y. He was an enthusiastic veteran of the Confederacy and was a major in his Division, U. C .V.

His pastor spoke of his life and character in words of earnest and merited praise: "As I think of the life of our departed brother the words of St. Paul seem to be best suited for this occasion. Just before laying aside the frailties of flesh, looking into the vast beyond, Paul said: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.' Brother Sturkey fought the battle of life to a finish. He followed his Captain into Gethsemane and won there. While his body was being tortured by pain he held on to the promise and smiled at death and challenged the grave. South Carolina never had a greater hero than he, a hero in peace as well as in war. Back in the sixties, when dark clouds were hanging over his beloved State, he stood for principle, and when the call came to forward march he went. No braver man ever walked the hills of Virginia. He lived, died, and was buried a Confederate soldier, dressed in the Confederate gray, one who stayed in a Northern prison three months after the surrender because he refused to take a prescribed oath renouncing the Confederate cause."

Confederate comrades were the honorary pallbearers at his funeral.

[J. E. McCracken.]

### M. H. Nelson.

M. H. Nelson, aged seventy-four, passed away at his home in Hopkinsville, Ky., on the 11th of November, 1920. He was ill only one week, and previous to this he had never had a day's illness.

Comrade Nelson was born on the 14th of March, 1846, at Columbus, Ky., where his father, Hugh Nelson, had settled on a land grant from the United States government. At the age of fourteen, while attending school at Caledonia, in West Tennessee, Forrest's Cavalry passed by, and, laying aside the drudgery of school, his adventurous nature found relief in the excitement of war. In his first engagement in the battle of Belmont he encountered his father, a captain in the Confederate army. His first service was with Company A, 12th Kentucky Cavalry, under Capt. Henry A. Tyler, but was later transferred to Captain Blake's scouts. He was with Joseph E. Johnston's army at Resaca, Atlanta, Peachtree Creek, Kenesaw Mountain, being paroled at Gainesville, Ala. His brother, John Carter Nelson, was killed in action early in the war, aged nineteen.

After the war he attended Georgetown University, Georgetown, D. C. Most of his business career was spent in the tobacco business. He was a member of Grace Episcopal Church. A man absolutely without fear of man or opinion, chivalrous, God-fearing, risking his life many times after the war not only for a friend, but for any that seemed in danger, public-spirited, living up fully and nobly to all the attributes of his birth and breeding.

His wife, Isabelle Gordon, of Maury County, Tenn., three sons, and one daughter survive him.

### Judge John G. McCluer.

From memorial resolutions passed by Jenkins Camp, U. C. V., of Parkersburg, W. Va., in tribute to the memory of their departed comrade and honored Commander, John Grigsby McCluer, whose death occurred April 19, 1921:

"Judge John G. McCluer was born in Rockbridge County, Va., on April 18, 1844. On the breaking out of the War between the States in 1861 he was a student at Washington College, Lexington, Va. He at once, at the age of seventeen years, tendered his services to his native State. He assisted in organizing the Liberty Hall Volunteers and was afterwards assigned to the Rockbridge Artillery. In 1862 he was transferred to the cavalry attached to the Army of the Shenandoah, under Stonewall Jackson, and participated in all the battles in the Valley campaign; was taken prisoner in the fall of 1864, exchanged in the spring of 1865, and while on his way to rejoin his command he learned of Lee's surrender. He immediately returned to Lexington, completed his course of legal study, and was admitted to the bar. He began the practice of law at Parkersburg in 1873, taking high rank in his profession and establishing a successful and lucrative practice. He served one term as judge of the circuit court and was at one time a candidate on the Democratic ticket for Congress..

"His record as a soldier is without stain. He was faithful, brave, and true, and gave his whole heart to the cause for which he so valiantly fought. He was honorable, generous, and kind in all dealings with his fellow man.

"In 1875 Judge McCluer married Miss Bettie C. Cook, of an old and influential pioneer family, who, with four sons and a daughter, survives him.

"Fitted by birth, education, and natural instinct to adorn the higher walks of life, he was a true type of the old school of Virginia gentleman and the embodiment of Southern grace, chivalry, and hospitality.

"In the death of Judge McCluer Jenkins Camp has lost an honored and loved comrade, a valued member, a true and generous friend, and a charitable worker for those of his comrades whose wants called for his assistance. The community in which he lived is deprived of an esteemed citizen, an honorable professional and business man, whose memory is enshrined in the hearts of those who knew him, and his family has lost a loving husband and devoted father."

[Committee: J. C. Frederick, James W. Dugan, R. C. Turner, Philip Wells, Edgar Heermans. G. W. Niswander, Lieutenant Commander; J. R. Mehen, Adjutant.]

### Thomas J. Russell.

Thomas J. Russell, of Beaumont, Tex., died on the 16th of May, 1921, at a sanitarium in San Antonio at the age of eighty-five years. He had been a resident of Beaumont for fifty-two years and was a member of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 75, U. C. V. He served the Confederacy as a member of the 3d Battery of Missouri Artillery.

[A. P. Guynes.]

### Capt. Pat M. Griffin.

In the eventide of Tuesday, June 9, 1921, Capt. Pat M. Griffin, son of Michael and Honora McDonough Griffin, entered into eternal rest. He was born in Galway, Ireland, and came to this country with his parents when an infant. The family settled in Baltimore, but later came to Tennessee when Michael Griffin accepted a position with the Southeastern Railroad (now the Henderson Division of the Louisville and Nashville). He remained with this company until his death, in 1856. At this time Captain Griffin became the head of his family and obtained a position as timekeeper with his father's former employers and was serving in this capacity when he heard the call to arms. All railroad work ceased immediately, and he became drummer boy in Capt. Randall McGavock's company, "Sons of Erin," afterwards Company H, 10th Tennessee Infantry, Irish. He served with distinction throughout the war, was wounded twice, and advanced to the captaincy of his company, whose first captain, Randall McGavock, became colonel of the 10th Tennessee and was killed at Raymond, Miss., on May 12, 1863. Colonel McGavock died in Captain Griffin's arms, and after the battle the body was borne by him to Raymond. While *en route* he was captured by the enemy. His captors were commanded by an Irish officer, who permitted Captain Griffin to give his colonel's body proper burial. After the cessation of hostilities Colonel McGavock's remains were brought to Nashville and placed in the McGavock vault at Mount Olivet. Captain Griffin was made captain of Company H before the battle of Peachtree Creek. After that battle only three members of his company survived, and he was then transferred to Hood's Scouts and detailed for special work in derailing trainloads of Federal supplies. His work in this line was most effective.

A short while after the close of the war Captain Griffin entered the service of the N., C. & St. L. Railway and gradually worked his way to foreman of the company's shops. The company's property under his jurisdiction was more diligently cared for than if it had been his own. His practical wisdom, ready sympathy, and generous spirit of moderation, combined with his unqualified loyalty and his gift for leadership, earned for him friends in every walk of life, and among the best beloved of these were those old comrades, whom he knew as "friends through the gold and the gray to the valley of the shadow and beyond," among them being the late S. A. Cunningham, in whose effort to place before the world the true history of the South in the great conflict he was greatly interested. His home was the gathering place for these friends, and his children were taught to accord them all honor.

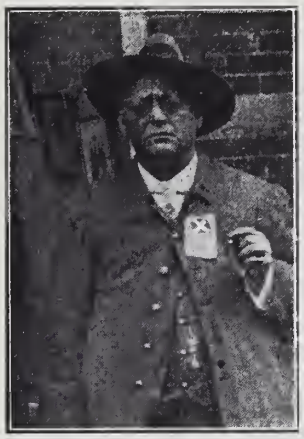
In railroad and fraternal circles Captain Griffin was shown much preferment, but the most treasured of all honors was conferred upon him by Company B, Confederate Veterans, of Nashville, Tenn., when they made him their captain.

To the members of his family he has left a heritage of lasting qualities that will unfold in value as they are increasingly realized and understood. To have lived with him in the intimate relations of life is a lingering joy and benediction. Though we know that, clothed in his old gray uniform he has been tenderly laid away and that his soul has passed to the bivouac of the life abundant, so much of his courageous and helpful personality lingers in his old environment that we are confident

"He has not wandered far away,
He is not lost or gone."

### Dr. William J. Whitlock.

Dr. William J. Whitlock, widely known herb medicine specialist of Winchester, Va., died there on April 26, 1921, in the seventy-third year of his age. He was a member of an old and well-known family of Hampshire County, W. Va. He was born on a farm near Capon Bridge on March 29, 1849, the State being then a part of the Old Dominion.



DR. W. J. WHITLOCK.

His boyhood days were spent on the farm, but when about fifteen years old he joined the Confederate army, serving in a regiment commanded by Colonel Bell, which was attached to Imboden's Brigade.

He left Virginia soon after the close of the war and made his home among the men of the plains for a number of years and making friends with the red men of the prairies. Returning more than thirty years ago, Dr. Whitlock established a herb medicine office in Winchester, and in later years acquired considerable residential property in that city. His fame as a herb specialist spread far and wide, and people came from adjoining States and even more distant sections to consult him.

Dr. Whitlock was a man of jovial disposition and very kindly disposed toward the less fortunate. He was one of the most approachable of men and made many friends. He is survived by his wife.

### A. J. Adams.

The death of A. J. Adams occurred suddenly at his old home, in Bagdad, Fla., on April 13, 1921. Surviving him are his wife, four sons, and three daughters.

Mr. Adams retired from active business life several years ago, moving from Florida to California, where he lived until 1918. Since then he had spent most of his time with his brother, Sam Adams, at Tugalo, where he made friends of every one. To know "Cap'n Jack" was to love him. He was a princely gentleman of the Old South. Answering the call of his country when a mere boy, he served nobly during the dark days of the sixties, enlisting in the 56th Alabama Regiment, Ferguson's Brigade, being one of this brigade which escorted President Jefferson Davis from Greensboro, N. C., to Washington, Ga.

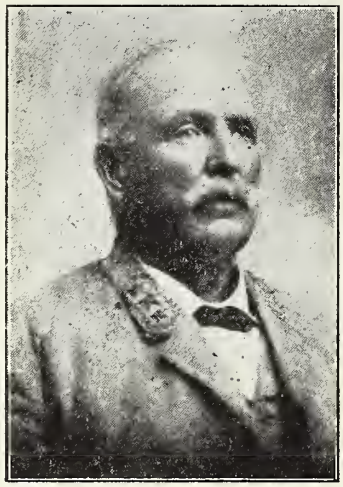
Returning to his home in Florida after the surrender, he found nothing but devastation and ruin; but by his untiring energy, indomitable will, and loyalty to duty he demonstrated by his own life what could be accomplished, building not only a fortune for himself, but helping to lift the burdens from his fellow men, leaving a rich legacy that will shine in the hearts of others for generations to come.

In "God's acre," where the weeping willows bend over the graves of these heroes of a deathless cause, let us place the wreaths of laurel, crowning them with immortal glory, while above them floats the flag of the Confederacy, whose stars, shining with resplendent glory, illuminate the Southern cross.

[Mary Jarrett White.]

### Stephen S. Birchfield.

Stephen Sullivan Birchfield was born on a farm near Springfield, Mo., on March 9, 1839. He enlisted in Missouri and was sworn in subject to the orders of Governor Jackson in August, 1860, prior to the presidential election. Throughout the fall his company, commanded by Capt. Tom Turner, met in the woods for drill each Saturday. The following year they left for the South on the 11th of May, the day after "Black Friday," the day General Frost surrendered Camp Jackson to General Lyons.



S. S. BIRCHFIELD.

He served nearly six months in Southeast Missouri under Gen. Jeff Thompson, when he was captured by the Federals. He escaped by jumping from a moving train. His reënlistment in February, 1862, was with Captain Ponder's company, of which he was elected second lieutenant, and he was in command of the company the greater part of the time until June 28, 1862, when he was wounded near Des Arc, Ark., on the White River, where General Price was dismounting his command of eight thousand men to take them by steamboat via Memphis, Tenn., to Corinth, Miss. Due to a forced march and improper care, his wound became infected, but through the kindness and nursing of a fine Southern woman he was eventually able to serve in General Price's bodyguard. He was then a member of Company F, commanded by Col. Bob Woods, in which he served to the end of the war. He fought in the battles of Waddell's Farm, Poison Spring, and Jenkins's Ferry, each in Arkansas, and in about thirty other skirmishes in that State and Missouri.

At the close of the war Comrade Birchfield went with General Price to Mexico, but returned to Uvalde, Tex., in 1867, where he engaged in the cattle business and acquired what is known as the Turkey Creek Ranch. In 1880 he moved his family to Caldwell, Kans., and later to New Mexico, where he was actively engaged in the cattle business until his death, on November 27, 1920, in El Paso, Tex., his home for the past eleven years. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Annie Melander, of Wichita, Kans, two sons, and a daughter. His first marriage was to Miss Lu Manda Barm, of Little Rock, in the sixties, who died in a few years.

He was an interested attendant of the Confederate Reunions, and he had served as commanding general of the Pacific Division. For many years he had been as interested reader of the Confederate Veteran.

### Comrades at Jackson, Miss.

W. J. Brown, Adjutant, reports the following deaths in the membership of R. A. Smith Camp, No. 24, U. C. V., of Jackson, Miss., recently: W. H. Lewis, captain Company H, 18th Mississippi Infantry; T. C. Pepper, 20th South Carolina Infantry; N. J. Smith, first lieutenant Alabama Artillery; Dr. P. Fairly, Company I, 7th Mississippi Infantry; H. C. Spraggins, Company C, 24th Alabama.

### W. N. Bumpus.

From memorial resolutions passed by the Rice E. Graves Camp, U. C. V., of Owensboro, Ky., the following is taken:

"Comrade W. N. Bumpus, Commander of the Rice E. Graves Camp, whose death occurred suddenly on May 4, 1921, was one of its most faithful and loyal members. He was born in Richmond, Va., in 1843, and entered the army at the breaking out of the War between the States. He was a member of the Rockbridge Artillery, with which he served until the final surrender at Appomattox.

"Comrade Bumpus was justly proud of his record as a soldier. He was an active participant in all the battles in which his battery was engaged. Among its great engagements were Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor.

"To the day of his death he never doubted for one moment the justice of the cause he so faithfully defended for four of the most tragic years in American history, and as the years rolled on and the evening shadows thickened about him his faith in the righteousness of that cause crystallized into a profound conviction. But his record as a Confederate soldier, meritorious and distinguished, was not better than his record as a citizen in times of peace. With his comrades who stood behind the guns in that mighty struggle he believed when the armies of the South surrendered and accepted their paroles that the war was over, and from that hour he gave his unqualified allegiance to the laws of our reunited country.

"Soon after the close of the war he became a citizen of the city of Owensboro, where he continuously resided thereafter. He was in the best sense of the term a gentleman, a man of high honor, strict integrity, always considerate of the rights of others. He naturally made friends of all with whom he came in contact and left behind him a host of admiring friends who lament his death. A better record no man can make."

[Committee: W. T. Ellis, E. R. Pennington, J. Y. Small.]

### James R. Carroll.

[From memorial resolutions by A. S. Johnston Camp, No. 75, U. C. V.]

James R. Carroll was born at Tuskegee, Ala., on the 25th of March, 1835, and died at Jasper, Tex., on July 14, 1920. He was reared at Tuskegee and at the beginning of the War between the States volunteered in a company commanded by Capt. R. A. Hardaway, which, after doing some scout duty in South Alabama, went to Virginia and there joined a battalion of field artillery, with Captain Hardaway as Commander. The battalion was assigned to Stonewall Jackson's corps, and served in that command continuously till the surrender at Appomattox. Comrade Carroll was in all the important engagements of the gallant Jackson's and Ewell's commands; he was severely wounded at Gettysburg and was furloughed home, but as soon as able to travel he returned to his command. This was the only furlough he had during the four years of faithful service.

Returning home after the war, he engaged in farming in Alabama, but soon came to Texas, and for twenty-nine years or more was in the employ of the Kirby Lumber Company. He was greatly interested in the Veterans' organization, and missed only one of its meetings up to his death.

Comrade Carroll was a loyal friend, one who could be relied on in any emergency. Generous to a fault, he would divide his last crumb with any one in need.

This Camp has lost one of its most loyal members, his children a most indulgent and devoted father, and the community a good and law-abiding citizen.

[T. W. Bozeman, Chairman.]

### Capt. E. F. Lanier.

The death of Capt. E. F. Lanier at his home, in West Point, Ga., on April 3, 1921, caused profound sorrow. No man in his section of the country ever had more friends.

Captain Lanier had been one of the most prominent factors in the development of his section of Georgia and Alabama. Since 1868 he had been President of the West Point Iron Works, had served several terms as mayor of the city, and for nearly a score of years was president of the board of education of the West Point public schools. After the West Point Iron Works was enlarged and embraced several other industries, it has been known as the West Point Investment Company, with branch offices and industries at Opelika, Ala., and Lagrange, Ga., and his was the directing hand, as president, that made them a success.

CAPT. E. F. LANIER.

No man was ever kinder to the poor, the sick, and the afflicted than Captain Lanier. With a heart ever responsive to the call of the unfortunate, he helped at the bedside of innumerable people when a friend was needed and was a consolation that lightened their burdens when they were heaviest.

He served faithfully as a soldier in the War between the States, entering the Confederate army on March 4, 1862, as a private in Company E, 45th Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, and serving first under Colonel McDaniel, of the 42d Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, and later under Colonel Curtis. His first captain was J. C. Curtright, who was killed, and he was then under Capt. J. U. Leonard. At Dalton he was transferred to Company G and made lieutenant, and following this he was detailed to the ordnance department with the commission of captain. He was a member of Camp No. 571, U. C. V., of West Point, and wore the Confederate cross of honor bestowed by Fort Tyler Chapter, U. D. C., on July 4, 1900.

His death breaks the happy tie that had bound him to one of Georgia's most beautiful and accomplished young women, Miss Susan Cherry, whom he led to the altar fifty-six years ago. She survives him with four sons—Phil, J. C., Horace, and W. C. Lanier—and three daughters—Mrs. E. C. Branson, of Chapel Hill, N. C.; Mrs. Belle Baker, of West Point; and Mrs. A. F. Johnson, of New York City.

The funeral services were conducted from his home, and the pallbearers were five of his nephews and three grandsons. As a mark of respect to the memory of one of the pioneer citizens of Troup County, beloved by all, many business houses in West Point were closed during the funeral hour.

### Peter B. Fletcher.

Peter B. Fletcher was born near Wooley Springs, Limestone County, Ala., on March 19, 1840. His parents, Col. James N. and Matilda G. Fletcher, were Virginians of the old school, who came in the early days to that section of Alabama which has always been famous for its fertile lands, chivalrous men, and queenly women, and here they reared a large family, all of whom were true to the standards and traditions of the Old South.

Peter Fletcher enlisted as a Confederate soldier in 1861 and was in the battle of First Manassas, where he was slightly wounded. He was later transferred from the Army of Northern Virginia and made quartermaster for the State of Alabama. His record as a soldier was clean and honorable throughout the entire war. Afterwards in private life he exemplified the principles of true manhood and good citizenship in such a manner as to win for himself the respect and good will of all who knew him. His respect for true womanhood amounted to veneration, and he was always the soul of chivalry in his attitude toward women, but, strange to say, he never married.

In the social circle and in the Church life of his community he was recognized as a true Christian gentlemen, whose gentle spirit and refined, courteous manner entitled him to a warm place in the hearts of his associates. He joined the Methodist Church early in life and was loyal to its standards and demands to the end.

My acquaintance with him began more than thirty years ago, during his term of service as Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Huntsville, and from that day we were true and appreciative friends.

He died at the home of his brother, Capt. James L. Fletcher, in Birmingham, Ala., on May 6, 1920, and his body was laid to rest the next day in Huntsville, the town in and near which the greater part of his life had been lived.

In his own quiet, unpretentious way he had served his generation, and, knowing him as I did, I can easily believe that he has met the Great Commander face to face and heard him say, "Well done."

[R. I. Walston, Tuscumbia, Ala.]

### Comrades at Mount Vernon, Tex.

Members of Camp Cabell, No. 125, of Mount Vernon, Tex., who died since the 1st of January, 1920:

J. S. Rutledge, a highly respected citizen and much-loved comrade, passed to the great beyond on January 28. He served with a Missouri regiment.

On May 12 C. A. Swinborn quit the walks of men and joined those who had passed over the river.

On October 24 L. N. Perkins, who served in Company D, 50th Virginia Infantry, passed away.

On January 14, 1921, J. P. Hamilton, who served in Dick's Battalion from Missouri, went to join those comrades who have gone on before.

All were greatly loved and honored by the Camp.

[L. H. Stalcup, Adjutant.]

### Deaths at Beaumont, Tex.

A. P. Gynes, Adjutant, reports the following losses in membership of A. S. Johnston Camp, No. 75, U. C. V., of Beaumont, Tex.: J. A. Stackhouse, Valery Blanchet, J. A. Carroll, Charles Casey, T. H. Langham, George W. Kidd, and A. R. McLain.

# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn.....*Second Vice President General*
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNES, Charleston, W. Va.....*Cor. Secretary General*
MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va.....*Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C.....*Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## *UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.*

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* Every day brings some interesting development in our far-reaching work, and I am glad to share with you the pleasure and satisfaction of results.

Fitzgerald Flournoy, for the past four years our scholarship man at Washington and Lee, received his A.B. degree in June. It is very gratifying to feel that no mistake was made in the selection of Mr. Flournoy, and we congratulate him upon the success of his college career. In May he won the orator's medal at the Virginia State oratorical contest over contestants from seven other colleges, and as further approval of his work he has been elected to the following honorary fraternities: Sigma Upsilon, for literary distinction; Delta Sigma Rho, for oratory; Omicron Delta Kappa, for campus activities; Phi Beta Kappa, for scholarship. The last mentioned is one of the most highly recognized honors conferred by American colleges.

His mother writes: "I am glad to say the speech with which Fitz won the State oratorical medal was a ringing appeal for the preservation of true Southern history. He feels a deep sense of gratitude and obligation to the Association that has done so much for him and is already a thorough and zealous student of Southern history, and some day I believe he will render us a great service in this field."

It is with pride the U. D. C. sends forth this fine American youth fully equipped to meet the problems of life, and we rejoice that the privilege has been ours.

I am very glad to report that the resolution to have the memorial to Gen. William Crawford Gorgas properly engrossed and presented to his family has had the careful attention of the committee. Mrs. Gorgas writes: "The wonderfully beautiful tribute paid to my husband, General Gorgas, by the United Daughters of the Confederacy reached me safely last evening. It is a remarkable tribute, most exquisitely expressed, and fills me with the greatest pride and happiness. Nothing could be more beautiful, and I wish I could adequately express to you how much I treasure it. It will be hung where all who come may see and read the tribute which you have had so charmingly engrossed and framed for me. I wish to express to you, my dear Mrs. Schuyler, and through you to the President General, Mrs. R. W. McKinney, and all of the members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy my profound and most appreciative thanks for their action. Mrs. Wrightson, my daughter, is in Lima, Peru, but she would want me to add her thanks. This tribute is a splendid heritage.

"Most gratefully and sincerely, MARIE D. GORGAS."

The book, "Southern Women in War Times," is in the second printing and comes to us with two distinct features: First, a splendid cover to take the place of the plain wrapper with the picture of the White House of the Confederacy and a number of reviews of the book printed thereon; second, the offer whereby a net profit may be made by Chapters selling the book at $2 the volume to members and $2.50 the volume to outsiders. The committee on sale and publicity asks your renewed efforts to place the books, and Mrs. Eugene B. Glenn, Chairman, 41 Starns Avenue, Asheville, N. C., will direct the sale and assist Division Directors in every possible way. Let the sale of this book be a feature of the summer's work, and let us go to the St. Louis Convention with a record of successful endeavor.

Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash will soon make a call for volunteers to dispose of a souvenir receipt to be sold for the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund. We ask your earnest assistance in this effort to finish the fund and assure the unveiling on June 3, 1922. Concerted action on the part of our members will finish the fund. Will you give your time and interest to this call that comes to us from the veterans?

Are we to finish the Hero Fund? That depends upon the individual members, and I trust each one will share the responsibility.

The death of Chief Justice Edward Douglas White and of Dr. Simon Baruch removes from us two distinguished Confederate veterans—the one profoundly learned in the law, the other in the medical profession, and each enjoying the love and respect of American people.

With a tender sympathy in my heart for our educational chairman, Miss Armida Moses, I announce here the death of her nephew, Henry Moses, who died just two weeks after the death of his little sister, Virginia. Of them it may be written: "In their death they were not divided."

Cordially, MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## *U. D. C. NOTES.*

To every Children's Chapter throughout the Southern States is commended the plan of Manly's Battery, C. of C., of Raleigh, N. C., in filling a shelf or two in their public library, in easy reach of growing minds, with the history, the poems, the fiction, and the biography of those men and women who gave their youth and their lives that the traditions of courage and honor might be a thing of that high value which is intangible and priceless throughout all time. Friends will help the children with gifts of books. Encourage them to have a shelf in every library.

Correspondents, please condense your notes and send interesting and unusual items, not of just routine business. Every inch counts in the department.

Chapter, do not forget to pay your quota for the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund. Work is to be resumed July 1.

## DIVISION NOTES.

*Arkansas.*—The Benton Chapter observed Memorial Day on May 10 by entertaining the Confederate Veterans, their wives, and widows with a luncheon on the court lawn. The tables were beautifully decorated with cut flowers and flags. After luncheon Mrs. Dewell Gann, Sr., had charge of the program, which was closed by the entire crowd singing "Dixie." A committee of ladies visited Lee and Rosemont Cemeteries and decorated the soldiers' graves.

The meeting at Bentonville was attended by members of the Confederate Veterans' Camps and their wives, the Sons of the Confederate Veterans, and the local Chapter U. D. C., and in a most fitting manner commemorated the birth of the late Senator James H. Berry.

It is with a great deal of sorrow that the death of Mrs. Josephine Crump is announced. She was in her eighty-first year and for more than half a century had been active in society and a recognized author. She had fostered the U. D. C., and all loved her.

*California.*—New officers of this Division elected at Long Beach on May 12 are as follows:

President, Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, Berkeley.
First Vice President, Mrs. H. C. Petray, Oakland.
Second Vice President, Mrs. Marvin Johnson, Los Angeles.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. F. A. Swanberg, San Francisco.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. M. Walters, Berkeley.
Treasurer, Mrs. Frank M. Sawyer, Los Angeles.
Historian, Mrs. Emma A. Joy, Los Angeles.
Recorder of Crosses, Miss Olive Clowdsley, Stockton.
Custodian of Flags, Mrs. Ray Steadman, Santa Ana.
Parliamentarian, Mrs. Matthew Robertson, Los Angeles.

*Florida.*—The twenty-sixth annual convention of the Florida Division, held at Pensacola May 3-6, 1921, was brilliant and successful. There were many beautiful social functions for the delegates, among them an enjoyable tea given by Mrs. Frank D. Tracy.

The Executive Board for 1921-22 is as follows: President, Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, of Pensacola; First Vice President, Mrs. F. M. Hudson, of Miami; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. D. Stringfellow, of Gainesville; Third Vice President, Mrs. R. S. Pierce, of Marianna; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. F. L. Ezell, of Leesburg; Recording Secretary, Miss Jessie Wauchope, of Tampa; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. S. A. Moreno, of Pensacola; Registrar, Miss Mary Branham, of Orlando; Registrar C. of C., Mrs. B. J. Bond, of Tallahassee; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. C. H. Davis, of Manatee; Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Blocker, of St. Petersburg.

Orlando will be the next convention city. Annie Coleman Chapter, of Orlando, won the President's flag, offered to the Chapter gaining the greatest number of members during the year.

The most important work of the convention probably was the stand taken in urging the legislature to accept the offer of the trustees of the Sailors' and Soldiers' Home in Jacksonville to transfer the Home from private to State ownership and asking for an appropriation for the Home.

We proudly state the fact that Florida has increased her pensions from $20 to $25 per month for our Confederate pensioners, thus leading all States, and Florida Daughters aided the Sons in their splendid and successful effort to bring this about.

Three vacancies in the number of Honorary State Presidents were filled by the election of Miss Harriet Parkhill, of Orlando; Mrs. Francis P. Fleming, of Jacksonville; and Mrs. J. R. Corman, of Brooksville.

Miss Elizabeth Deaver, of Tallahassee, student at Florida State College for Women, won the Division essay medal; Hazel Clore, of Leesburg, the Lane C. of C. medal; and Merle Boyett, of Pensacola, the Harrison C. of C. medal.

*Mississippi.*—The convention held in Hattiesburg on May 6 and 7 will long be remembered as one of the most delightful and successful in the history of the organization. After the welcoming exercises Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, President General, was presented and gave greetings from the general organization and spoke along all U. D. C. lines of work. She was presented with the State badge of the Mississippi Division, and Mrs. Nettie Story Miller, President of the Division, was presented with a lovely dinner ring, the gems giving the colors of the Confederacy.

Historical Evening was full of sentiment, song, and oratory. Mrs. McKinney, President General, presented the historical medal to Miss Mary Agnes Bailey, of West Point, for her essay, "Mississippians in National Politics Prior to 1865," and Mrs. Miller, State President, presented a beautiful silver vase to the Hattiesburg Chapter for enrolling the largest membership during the year.

Pledges to the maintenance and educational funds were splendid contributions, also those to the Margaret Howell Davis Hayes scholarship. Mrs. Miller was given a handsome loving cup in recognition of her faithful service.

The following officers were elected to serve the Division: Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, of Sewanee, Tenn., Honorary President; Mrs. N. D. Goodwin, Gulfport, President; Mrs. A. O. Hardenstein, of Vicksburg, Honorary Vice President; Mrs. H. F. Simralt, Columbus, First Vice President; Mrs. T. B. Holleman, Itta Bena, Second Vice President; Mrs. Lizzie R. McGee, Lula, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Josie C. Rankin, Gulfport, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. T. J. Dukenheimer, West Point, Treasurer; Mrs. Carrie Fox, Clinton, Organizer; Mrs. W. N. Smith, Hattiesburg, Registrar; Miss Bertie Davis, Nettleton, Recorder of Crosses; Mrs. Charles A. Rowan, Amory, Editor *Our Heritage;* and Mrs. Madge D. Burney, Director of Children of the Confederacy.

Amory was chosen as convention city for 1922.

*New York.*—Mrs. Silas F. Catchings, Honorary President of the New York Division, passed away on April 13, and in her death the Division feels it has sustained a great loss. Many will remember her as Miss Nora Waddell, of New Orleans. Endowed with Christian graces and personal charm, she was an untiring worker in the development of the New York Division, of which she was the first Recording Secretary, and also in Red Cross work, being chairman of Unit 99, under the auspices of Southern Women's Patriotic Association, of which she was Vice President. Mrs. Catchings was First Vice President of Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, having declined a nomination for the presidency because of ill health. Since the organization of this Chapter, ten years ago, it has been the annual custom of Mrs. Catchings to entertain the Chapter at her home on the birthday of Jefferson Davis.

The Executive Board of the New York Division held a meeting at the residence of the President, Mrs. Schuyler, on March 30. The sum of $30 was voted to the publicity Fund of the "Southern Women in War Times."

At the annual luncheon of New York Chapter the President, Mrs. James Henry Parker, radiated love and happi-

ness among her devoted daughters. Dr. Henry Louis Smith, President of Washington and Lee University, was the speaker of the day. The guests of honor included the Division Presidents, the Presidents of Chapters, and Mrs. A. W. Cochran, Regent of New York City Chapter, D. A. R.

Mrs. F. M. Tench, of James Henry Parker Chapter, has been appointed director of the Cunningham memorial, and Mrs. Field, of New York Chapter, has been made director for the peace committee.

On May 16 James Henry Parker Chapter elected officers, as follows: President, Mrs. H. W. Tupman; First Vice President, Mrs. E. G. Jones; Second Vice President, Miss Mildred Henry; Recording Secretary, Mrs. George E. Draper; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. C. Van Benthuysan; Registrar, Miss Nan Kelly; Historian, Mrs. Francis F. Boyle.

Among twenty-five tablets that were unveiled on Saturday, May 21, at the Hall of Fame, New York University, the following names are known and loved by every Southerner: Andrew Jackson, Patrick Henry, and Henry Clay. Many guests assembled to pay homage to these men, who, with others of like character, had won their place in this historic spot.

*Virginia.*—The first district held a most delightful meeting in Roanoke during the first week in May. Mrs. Cabell Smith, State President, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Historian General, Mrs. Lloyd L. Evrett, Fourth Vice President, and Mrs. C. B. Tate, Custodian of Lee Mausoleum, were among the officers present. Mrs. H. F. Lewis, of Bristol, made a very earnest appeal in behalf of an increased pension for veterans.

Memorial Day was observed by a majority of Chapters throughout the State. The William R. Terry Chapter, of Bedford, held unusually impressive ceremonies, after which crosses of honor were presented. Discussions on endowment fund, relief, education, Lee Mausoleum, and registration were led by the State officers.

At the afternoon session reports were read from twenty Chapters, showing splendid work and interest.

Mrs. H. F. Lewis recommended a material increase in the pensions of the Confederate veterans by the next legislature.

Mrs. A. B. Cheatham stated that any relics would be gladly received by her for the museum in Danville, Va.

The third district meeting was held in Rocky Mount on the 27th and 28th of April, with a large attendance of delegates and distinguished visitors.

On Historical Evening was read an interesting paper on the life and character of General Early. The Grandchildren of the Confederacy gave a flag drill, after which Mrs. C. B. Tate addressed them on the "Confederate Flag." Mrs. Cabell Smith and Captain Hale gave interesting papers on "Rocky Mount."

The sixth district meeting was held at Smithfield on May 19, the Isle of Wight Chapter being the hostess. Business of importance was discussed, including the Janet Randolph relief work, the Matthew Fontaine Maury monument, the Lee Mausoleum, the Confederate Home, the Hero Fund, and the meeting indorsed increasing pensions of Confederate veterans. The business was interspersed with Chapter reports.

*West Virginia.*—As Jackson-Lee Chapter, No. 1706, of Huntington, will be a year old in May, we wish to tell some of the things we have done.

At our annual celebration of our beloved President Davis's birthday memorial services were held for Col. J. H. Cammack, the Commander Emeritus of Camp Garnett. At this time we took our veterans to the cemetery in cars and assisted them in decorating the graves of their dead comrades. Then we went to Camden Park for a delightful picnic, the veterans being our guests of honor. At this time the Children of the Confederacy took part most happily in singing the songs of our Southland and serving our guests.

On October 21 and 22 we gave a home talent play called "Fi-Fi of the Toy Shop" and made $573. This was most welcome, as we were caring for the widow of one of our veterans with other demands.

In October our hearts were again saddened by the loss of our dear friend and wise counselor, Col. Cameron Thompson, for whom memorial services were held at our regular monthly meeting in November.

On January 19 we celebrated the birthdays of our illustrious Generals Lee and Jackson by giving our veterans a turkey dinner and all that goes with it, followed by an appropriate program. Also in January we had the pleasure of having our beloved State President, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, and our First Vice President, Mrs. John J. Cornwell, the wife of our revered Governor, as our guests of honor, who gave us much information and help.

Our Chapter has given the book, "Southern Women in War Times," by Matthew Page Andrews, to our city public library, also the Confederate Veteran. Ninety-seven per cent of our Camp subscribed to the Veteran, and many of our members have Messrs. Kent, Smith, and Alderman's "Southern Literature."

We have enrolled eighteen soldiers of Confederate ancestry who took part in the World War.

Our next work will be to replace any markers on the Confederate graves where missing. Our motto is, "Our Veterans First."

[Several division reports had to be held over for lack of space. By reporting only important features of Division and Chapter work, and that in condensed form, the Division correspondent will lighten the work of the Department Editor, and may also feel assured of doing the best for her Division. Routine work is the same with all. Short reports sent in frequently are more desirable than those of great length at longer intervals.]

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# Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

*U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1921.*

WILMINGTON, N. C.

One of the great ports of the Confederacy and the last to be closed. Describe its situation, the blockade runners, and its capture.

*C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1921.*

HERO YEAR.

A. P. Hill named in the last moments of both Lee and Jackson. A gallant gentleman unafraid. Study his life.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

*STATE PRESIDENTS*

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

## *A PERPETUAL MEMORIAL.*

*My Dear Coworkers:* The following timely article from Miss Mary E. Cook, of Columbus, Ga., Vice President of Georgia C. S. M. A. and a member of the original Columbus Memorial Association, answers the recurring question as to the perpetuation of our Southern Memorial Day. The recent broadly celebrated national Memorial or Decoration Day, bringing in the veterans of all the American wars, has application only to the soldiers of the United States and in no way affects our Memorial Day, which applies only to soldiers of the Confederate army, which has been sacredly observed for more than half a century and will continue to be observed as long as hearts beat loyalty to the men who bore the gray. Let us once and for all understand that our Southern Memorial Day lives and will go down through all the ages yet to come.

### THE PERPETUATION OF MEMORIAL DAY.

"To the new generation of Southern women and to generations yet unborn there comes as a prized legacy that which is alike a precious privilege and a most sacred trust, preserving the memory of the gallant Confederate dead and publicly on each recurring anniversary honoring that memory.

"Memorial Day was unknown as an institution until love and tender devotion gave it birth in the heart of a Southern woman. It must be and will be preserved for all time as a custom in our beloved Southland. Just as woman originated Memorial Day, so it will be woman's peculiar and joyous duty to perpetuate it.

"The earth is filled with mighty monuments erected to the memory of the victors on the field of war. In only one country, our own South, is tribute paid publicly, formally, impressively by never-forgetting hearts to those who, under the arbitrament of the sword, were adjudged the losers. Thus our custom is not only beautiful beyond expression; it is unique.

"The old veterans themselves are fast going; just a handful of that once mighty host lingers with us. We honor and preserve their memory, but their places cannot be filled.

"The members of our Memorial Association, as originally organized, are also hearing and answering one by one the final call that comes in the twilight of their earthly day; our ranks, like those of our beloved Confederate heroes, are becoming depleted.

"It is not a question of *whether* our beloved custom shall be continued and perpetuated; it is simply a question of how best it can be done. The suggestion has been made as to the organization of Junior Memorial Associations throughout the South to take up and continue the work carried on so faithfully and thoroughly by the mother Associations for over half a century. This suggestion, embodying as it does a feasible, practical plan, is worthy of the most serious consideration. It may be that sentiment may dictate simply the continuance of the Memorial Associations as originally organized, with the change in personnel of membership that time itself will bring as the generations come and go. On the other hand, there is a certain fine distinction that belongs to membership in the original Associations, and the organization of Junior Associations, to take up and continue the work they so nobly conceived and so unselfishly have carried on, will be a graceful and deserved compliment to those who were the pioneers in this enterprise of love and patriotism. That, however, is largely a matter of detail; the work must be carried on, in one form of organization or another, by the younger women of the South and in time by their own children and children's children. The important thing is to make definite decision as to the organization of Junior Associations and then either begin the formation of the Junior Associations or perfect and perpetuate for all time the present form of organization.

"To the younger women of the South we commit this, the first of all duties, the most joyous of all privileges, and the most profoundly sacred of all trusts, confident that they will measure fully with steadfast and unalterable devotion to this great privilege.

"'To you from failing hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!'
Unless the faith ye keep we shall not sleep,
Though soft and sweet the breezes blow
'Neath Southern sky.

### DEDICATION OF CONFEDERATE WHITE HOUSE.

The splendid, untiring zeal and the wonderfully inspiring subject has at last brought realization of the hopes and plans of the women of the first White House of the Confederacy memorial in the removal and formal dedication of the first home of the only President of the Confederacy.

That the dedication could occur on the birthday of President Jefferson Davis, June 3, links all the closer to the heart of the Southland this most historic spot, one almost sacred in its reverential relations to the people who so loved and honored their peerless leader. Elaborate preparations were made and carried out to make this occasion one memorable in the South, and your President General will bring to you next month much of the interesting details of the dedication and the plans for which the building has been utilized.

### State Conferences Considered.

The subject of State Conferences for our Memorial Work, when organizations are sufficiently strong to warrant such meetings, is receiving serious consideration, and it is believed that such plans would strengthen and inspire to greater effort as well as bring a clearer understanding as to just how and where we stand.

Faithfully yours, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson,
*President General C. S. M. A.*

## *ASSOCIATION NOTES.*

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association was brilliantly represented at the dedication of the Confederate White House at Montgomery by your President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, who was accorded every honor that the high position merits and to which the Association is entitled. She was one of the speakers at the banquet and took part in the ceremonies. Mrs. Wilson was accompanied to Montgomery by Mrs. William A. Wright, President of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, and Mrs. Samuel Gude, prominent in Memorial Association work.

* * *

Mrs. E. L. Connally, of Atlanta, daughter of Joseph E. Brown, War Governor of Georgia, has been appointed an advisory member under the ruling of the Houston Convention. Mrs. Connally possesses the broad culture, wisdom, and knowledge of all things pertaining to Confederate work and will be a valuable and most acceptable member. The other members are: Mrs. William A. Wright, President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Atlanta and the wife of Gen. W. A. Wright, the Comptroller General of Georgia; Mrs. B. D. Gray, of College Park, Ga., widely known through her Baptist affiliations; and Miss Mildred Rutherford, who is the South's encyclopedia in reference to whatever touches the Confederacy.

## *FIVE LIVING CONFEDERATE BROTHERS.*

The five Moore brothers, all Confederate veterans, sons of a man who boasted twenty-three sisters and brothers, attended a late Confederate reunion in Christiansburg, Va. They are: Adolph Moore, 83, of Spanishburg, W. Va.; Mansfield M. Moore, 80, of Cambria, Va.; C. M. Moore, 78, of Elliston, Va.; E. T. Moore, 75, of Bradshaw, Va.; and Benjamin Moore, 73, of Shawsville, Va. They are known as the "Moore Boys." They have one sister who is eighty-five years old and another sister seventy years old.

With one exception, the Moore brothers were members of one company of cavalry and were among the first to offer their services to the cause of the Confederacy. None of them was wounded and only one captured. Two sons of the next to the oldest brother are Spanish-American War veterans, and two grandsons of the next to the youngest brother are World War veterans. The Moore brothers' father, Joseph Moore, a well-educated man, was a native of Lunenburg County, as was his wife, who was a Miss Thomason. After their marriage they migrated to Bradshaw, in Roanoke County, where they lived in a cave until they could build a house. The two eldest of the Moore brothers have about seventy descendants; the third is childless. All are farmers, believe in the simple life, and only one of them uses tobacco. The eldest traveled one hundred miles in an automobile to attend the Christianburg reunion.

## *CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT DARDANELLE, ARK.*

BY MRS. ETTA CROWNOVER, REPORTER.

The Joe Wheeler Chapter, U. D. C., of Dardanelle, was hostess at the reunion of Confederate veterans of Yell County, as well as many other visitors, on President Davis's birthday, June 3, 1921, at this place, at which time a handsome monument, presenting a life-size figure of a Confederate private soldier, holding his gun at parade rest, standing on a pedestal and base of marble eight feet high, in which was installed a drinking fountain, was unveiled at the intersection of Main and Locust Streets with the most beautiful and appropriate ceremonies.

The monument, of marble throughout, costing $1,800, was donated by Joe Wheeler Chapter to the veterans of Yell County and the public and accepted by Judge Willson for the county and Mayor Batson for the city in words of warmest thanks, pledging the protection as well as testifying to the pride the people have in it.

There were thirty-three of the fast-thinning ranks of the gray-clad veterans at the luncheon in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. The oldest, George L. Johnson, of Danville, Ark., aged ninety-two, served with Company D, 8th Battalion of Georgia Infantry; the youngest, R. F. Warren, of Belleville, Ark., aged seventy-one, was with Company F, 52d Regiment of North Carolina Infantry.

The ceremony and the luncheon were attended by a large delegation from John R. Homer Scott Chapter, No. 731, of Russellville, Ark., as well as by a number of veterans from Logan and Pope Counties on special invitation.

McIntosh Camp, No. 531, held its annual election of officers at the close of the banquet. J. W. Blevins was chosen Commander; J. A. Grace, Lieutenant Commander; J. J. Jackson, Adjutant; Dr. J. H. McCargo, Quartermaster; W. B. Le Moyne, Color Bearer; Rev. N. E. Fair, Chaplain. S. G. Albright and J. W. Martin were chosen to represent the Camp at the State convention in October.

The following Daughters were elected honorary members of Camp McIntosh: Mrs. P. G. Blevins, Mrs. Frances Adney, Mrs. A. E. Wirt, and Mrs. J. B. Crownover. Mrs. L. C. Hall had been elected previously to such membership.

## *A NATION FAIR.*

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D.

"No nation rose so white and fair"
In all the annals of recorded time,
With purpose high and loyal courage rare
To win her place by sacrifice sublime,
When Fate decreed her witness she must bear
Through death to ages of the coming time;
The splendors of her glory, who may share,
A legacy to every land and clime.
From out her dying hand her sword still bare
In falling rang her martial funeral chime;
Her flag that led her sons to do and dare
Was furled unstained by cruelty or crime.
But still our hearts exultant turn to thee,
O nation dead. Thy memory shall be
Our heritage of valor true and tried
That lived for truth, for truth and right that died.

# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

*OFFICERS, 1919-20.*

**Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest**
**Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton**
**Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.**
**[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]**

## *CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.*

Dr. W. E. Quin, of Fort Payne, was reëlected Division Commander of Alabama at the annual State reunion held at Anniston on May 19, 1921. Five Brigade Commanders were elected, as follows: Leopold Strauss, Albert D. Bloch, A. S. Vande Graaff, L. B. Musgrove, and J. P. Stewart. The Division Commander's staff officers for the year are: J. A. Croley, Fort Payne, Adjutant; B. C. O'Rear, Attalla, Quartermaster; J. H. Dobbs, Brookside, Inspector; Thomas Dozier, Birmingham, Judge Advocate; Frank Brandon, Gadsden, Chaplain, R. B. Creagh, Selma, Historian; Dr. P. B. Green, Fort Payne, Surgeon.

* * *

Camp Williams, No. 980, Atmore, Ala., has recently been organized. The officers elected are: J. E. McCoy, Commandant; C. J. Troutman, Lieutenant Commander; G. W. Ellis, Adjutant and Treasurer. The charter members are: R. F. Cruitt, Jr., G. B. Warren, Dr. A. P. Webb, M. C. Pittman, T. A. Graham, Dr. Robbins Nettles, W. S. Brantley, Dr. Clark Hill, H. B. Watson, and A. F. Lowrey.

* * *

J. Gwynn Gough, Commander of the Missouri Division, S. C. V., St. Louis, Mo., has appointed the following Brigade Commanders: William F. Richardson, St. Louis, First Brigade; J. Edward Morrison, Bluesprings, Second Brigade; R. D. Johnson, Marshall, Third Brigade; R. A. Doyle, East Prairie, Fourth Brigade. These Brigade Commanders are requested to send a copy of the muster roll and officers of each Camp in this jurisdiction to the Division Commander.

* * *

Impressive memorial exercises in honor of Confederate veterans were held at Portsmouth, Va., on June 3. A holiday air pervaded the city. Flags hung from the business buildings in the downtown section and a majority of the business houses were closed for the half day. The observance of Memorial Day this year was for the first time in charge of the Sons of Confederate Veterans under the direction of Brodie S. Herndon, Commander of Stonewall Camp, S. C. V. R. Johnson Neely, Commander of the Virginia Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, welcomed those attending the exercises. Greeting was extended in behalf of that organization, the Confederate Memorial Association, and the local Chapters of the Confederate organizations.

* * *

Memorial Day exercises at Arlington, Va., were held on June 5 under the auspices of Camp No. 171, United Confederate Veterans, Washington Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Southern Relief Society. Thousands gathered about the stand, draped with the star-spangled banner and the flag with the stars and bars of the Confederacy, and the beautiful monument to the Confederate dead by Sir Moses Ezekiel, the famous sculptor and Confederate veteran. At the foot of this monument a beautiful floral piece in design of "The Southern Cross" was unveiled by Miss Rebecca Dial, sponsor; Miss Pearl Clark, maid of honor of Washington Camp, S. C. V., assisted by a coterie of young ladies. The Children of the Confederacy, dressed in white, distributed flowers on each grave. Special ceremonies took place at the tomb of the unknown dead and at the grave of Gen. Joe Wheeler.

* * *

The timely effort to purchase the land on which First Manassas was mainly fought and on which Second Manassas closed is turning the eyes of the South toward that historic and now sadly neglected spot. Letters of approval and commendation are pouring in from all quarters. Here is a representative sample from the pen of Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga.: "My heart is with you in this work. It is the thing to do." Col. George H. Carmical, former Adjutant General, U. C. V., writes: "Fine! * * * We have already placed markers on the field where the 8th Georgia was engaged." But where are the markers, Colonel? There is not a substantial marker indicating a single spot dear to the South. There are a few roughly inscribed boards nailed here and there on trees, and they are disappearing. For instance, look at the picture of the spot where Bee gave Jackson his immortal "Stonewall" name. On the other hand, several splendid and towering granite shafts have been here and there erected by Federal units in honor of their dead, particularly on the main field of Second Manassas. Is the Southern cause less worthy or the Southern dead less precious to our memories?

But now all the facts reaching the Washington headquarters of this movement to monument and mark those fields in honor of the dead and wounded Confederates indicate that at last Southern devotion is moving to its task of love and duty. For instance, again Commander Forrest, Sons of Confederate Veterans, writes: "I am very much interested in this proposition and will take pleasure in coöperating in every way possible in securing the necessary funds."

A few years ago a student of military matters in an article in the *Courier-Journal* said that First Manassas "was the bloodiest field that the continent of America ever witnessed." And the late Joaquin Miller said: "This first battle of Bull Run stands first in the alphabet of great American battles. Greater battles have been fought, a greater, indeed, on this same ground, but the first has fastened itself upon us."

Of Second Manassas we have not space here to speak. Truly it was a greater than the First Manassas. Much fewer Confederates again outfought and outwitted a splendid and brave Federal army. The valley of Bull Run was an indescribable scene late on the second day of the fighting. Thousands lay dead; riderless horses dashed here and there, trampling underfoot the wounded. The Federal ranks were more and more crowding in hopeless confusion. The heat was intense. Great clouds of dust, mingled with stifling smoke, choked and suffocated. Moans and shouts rose in dread commingling and rolled away toward the mountains like great bursts of mighty thunder. There was ceaseless crash and snap and snarl of cannon and rifle. The most fatal hour was near the sunset. The Federal confusion was becoming a flight. That army had but one stronghold left. On the plateau, where Jackson was wounded in First Manassas and from which he went into that battle, Pope's reserves were strongly posted. That hill behind the Henry House, in the center of the proposed park "was bristling with the guns of Reynold's and Reno's and Sykes's regulars. Fresh and un-

fought for that day, could they retrieve the loss their comrades were suffering? Through the valley of smoke and dust and death swept the undaunted Confederates. Now they were moving up those terrible guns exactly from the direction that McDowell's flanking movement had rushed upon a handful of Confederates at First Manassas. Out of the woods, across a small stream, and up the hill charged the Confederates, this time Jackson's men leading from the exact opposite those brave men had charged one year before. Again the Confederate bayonet did the work. The plateau was cleared of Federals; the sun went down; through the darkness Pope's mighty army was again in hopeless confusion and wild flight toward Washington."

## *ALABAMA'S VALHALLA.*

[Continued from page 252.]

in every relation of life he was all in all a Christian gentleman, a gallant soldier, a matchless leader, and a great statesman.

His life was a benediction, his name is fixed in history, and his services will be an inspiration to the children of the South forever. He loved Montgomery. He loved its people. It was here that he came in the full zenith of his power, the giant intellect of his day, the unquestioned leader of his people, and received the wild acclaim of a loyal populace. It was here that he lived and laid plans and counseled action in the most dramatic period of our country's history. It was here that he came as an old man, a nation's outcast, but the pride and idol of the South. And, true to the patriotism of Montgomery, your gates were again thrown wide open to him, your hearts burned with the warmth of your unfaltering love for him.

It was in that old statehouse, after his stormy life had ended, the criticisms of unjust enemies and the wild ovations of a generous section heard no longer, that his body rested in state, peacefully sleeping so near his friends and among many of the scenes of his eventful career.

It was in his last public address to the people of Montgomery that he said: "As I came here to-day I felt like I was coming home to where liberty dies not and heroic sentiment lives forever."

This occasion attests the correctness of that noble expression, and as you men and women of the sixties and your children have seen this once torn country reunited and day by day become stronger and greater and more powerful may the spirit of him whose best days were given in her service hover over us and guide us in realizing the hope that he expressed when he said that he wished for the time to come when an arch on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States would be built and that it would stretch from the North to the South and on it in blazing letters be inscribed: "Esto perpetua."

## *BATTLE OF LEBANON, KY.*

J. S. Coke writes from McBrayer, Ky.: "In the May VETERAN there is a reference to the battle of Lebanon, Ky., fought on July 5, 1863, with which L. S. Pense, of Lebanon, Ky., gives a list of the Confederates wounded remaining in Lebanon on October 24, 1863, in the male academy, these wounded being from some half dozen Tennessee regiments. There must be some mistake as to the battle in which they were wounded, for as a matter of fact the battle of Lebanon, Ky., was fought on July 5, 1863, by Gen. John H. Morgan as he started on his famous raid into Indiana and Ohio, in which eight were killed and twenty wounded, including Lieut. Tom Morgan, the General's youngest brother, killed. All of them were Kentuckians. I was in that fight as a member of Company H, 5th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command."

## *"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."*

Since the managing editor made his latest report on the progress of "The Women of the South in War Times," there have been important developments in the campaign for the circulation of this volume of the U. D. C. These developments have not, however, been in the nature of a large number of sales, but in preparation on the part of at least some of the Divisions for work along the new plan approved by the President General, by means of which the Chapters may sell books to their advantage not only to outsiders, but to members as well.

It has been stated that so far this monument to the women of the South has not only not cost the general organization of the U. D. C. any money, but it is going to prove a financial asset to the organization through its Chapters and Divisions, perhaps the only memorial erected thus far with such a feature.

Furthermore, from every source and section come assurances that this book is doing the U. D. C. more good than any memorial erected by them for any purpose. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that a circulation of less than four thousand copies is not really "making a dent" in a population of a hundred million, to say nothing of the entire English-speaking world and even the French people, who have been misled entirely as to the origin and character of the American conflict, which has been represented to them as a "moral crusade" or a war not unlike their own against the aggressions of the once autocratic German Empire.

Unfortunately, the distribution of books among editors and writers generally has been stopped because the money needed for the publicity fund was not raised. Nevertheless, it should be stated that, had not a part of it been subscribed, the circulation already attained would have been quite impossible. Every one who contributed anything from $1 up to this one-third of the publicity fund which was actually raised can feel that she has done a service of genuine value to the cause of history.

In the past month there have been received a few contributions to the publicity fund amounting to $25.85. One of these contributions for $1 has come through Mrs. John D. Taylor, Treasurer of the Missouri Division, for the Confederate Dames Chapter of that State. Other contributions of $1 each have come in from the following Chapters of North Carolina: Frank M. Parker Chapter, Enfield; Holt-Sanders Chapter, Smithfield; A. M. Waddell Chapter, Kinston; Cleveland Guards Chapter, Shelby; D. T. Hill Chapter, Elizabeth City; Albemarle Chapter, Albemarle; Asheville Chapter, Asheville; J. S. Carr Chapter, Durham; Guilford Chapter, Greensboro; King's Mountain Chapter, King's Mountain; Southern Stars Chapter, Lincolnton; and Wilkes Valley Guards Chapter, North Wilkesboro. Two dollars has been contributed by the Charles M. Fisher Chapter, Burlington, and Ashford-Sillers Chapter, Clinton; $5 was contributed through Mrs. R. P. Holt by the Junior Bethel Heroes Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, and $2.85 through Mrs. Holt from the State fund.

*SOME OF THE BEST THINGS.*

The best theology—a pure and beneficent life.

The best philosophy—a contented mind.

The best law—the golden rule.

The best education—self-knowledge.

The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance.

The best science—extracting sunshine from a cloudy day.

The best war—to war against internal evil and selfishness.

The best journalism—printing the true and beautiful only on memory's tablets.

The best telegraphing—flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.

The best biography—the life which writes charity in the largest letters.

The best mathematics—that which doubles the most joys and divides the most sorrows.

The best navigation—steering clear of the lacerating rocks of personal contention.

The best diplomacy—effecting a treaty with one's conscience.

The best building—building a bridge of love, faith, and trust in the divine over the river of death.—*Paul Nordstrum, Hadley, Alaska.*

*ARMENIAN RELIEF.*

Eighteen thousand Armenian orphans in the Near-East Relief orphanage at Alexandropol were saved from starvation by the dramatic arrival of a shipload of American foodstuffs. Hemmed in by the hostile Turkish Nationalist army, the eighteen thousand children, who represent the largest collection of orphans in the history of the world, had for three weeks been reduced to half rations of a none too bountiful food allowance. Finally the American director of the Near-East Relief had been forced to cable to Constantinople: "No food at any price. Four days more and we are lost." On the fourth day the American shipment, brought over two hundred miles of mountainous roads, arrived at the last hour.

There have been many instances of life saving in the annals of American charity, but none more dramatic than this rescue of eighteen thousand helpless children by the energy and the quick action of the American relief organization. The American people, and particularly that portion of them who have made this rescue possible by their contributions, may well be proud of their achievement.

*FACTS ABOUT COTTON.*

There is now enough cotton in the world unspun to last nearly two years.

The world will carry over this year more American cotton than was spun during the past twelve months.

The carry-over, including linters, may approximate 11,000,000 bales, or from five to six times a normal carry-over of American cotton.

The United States cannot consume more than about 6,000,000 bales of cotton annually.

Europe, which ordinarily takes the surplus of the American crop, or about fifty per cent of the crop, is very unpromising as a market, because of depreciated currency and lack of security to offer as a basis of credit.

The buying power of the world is far below normal, but the supply of cotton is now vastly in excess of every normal requirement.

It will cost more to produce a new crop than it can be sold for at present prices, and there is no present prospect that prices will advance.

Cotton can now be bought cheaper than it can be produced. It is better, therefore, to buy cotton or to hold what you now own than to grow more. Every bale purchased tends to advance prices; every acre planted tends to make prices go down.

Unless cotton can be produced profitably, it would be worse than folly to attempt to produce it at all.

It is impossible to recover losses by incurring more losses—that is the road to bankruptcy.

Unless cotton can be sold, it will not pay debts or taxes, neither can we eat it.

Cotton is no longer a cash commodity.

Diversified farming will raise the standard of living in the South.

Diversified farming will make healthier and happier women and children, more and better schools and churches, manlier and more contented men; in short, a more ambitious, better educated, thinking, and more intelligent citizenship.

Farmers who have depended entirely upon cotton, and cotton alone, are virtually bankrupt to-day, whereas farmers who have diversified more or less have food for themselves and families and feed for their stock and money in the bank.

The South stands at the parting of the ways.

Every farmer ought to own a cow, a sow, and some chickens.—*Exchange.*

**Deafness**

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!

Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

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often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

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What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.

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PREPARED FOR REST.—"Can you come and help me clean house, Mandy?" "No'm, can't come. I's j'ined de 'Sociation ob de Folded Hands."—*Life.*

Br'er Williams says: "De man what gits dar don't wait for sunshine an' don't worry 'bout rain, an' he don't stop ter consider what he's done till he's done done it, an' even then it don't look like half enough ter him."—*Francis L. Stanton.*

The doctor's small son was entertaining a friend in his father's office, and they were looking with awed admiration at the articulated skeleton in the closet. "Where did he get it?" asked the small guest in a whisper. "O, he's had it a long time. I guess maybe that's his first patient."—*Life.*

And now we have the woman dental hygienist. She does not pull nor fill teeth and consequently is not a terror to children. Instead she limits her work to cleaning and polishing the teeth above the gums. The United States Public Health Service says that this is most helpful in making the gums healthy and in preventing decay. Twelve States have already legalized such practice by women.

# Good Books for Vacation Days

## The Rose Dawn
*By STEWART EDWARD WHITE*
*Author of "Gold," "The Gray Dawn," Etc.*

A story of the period of transition, when the "gray dawn" of the dim beginning of the State colors into the "rose dawn" of hope. It is the love story of a daughter of the old and a son of the new generation and how the changing life of the time affects their romance. All of the characters, from the chivalrous Southern colonel to the Chinese cook, act out a story of the changing life of the times. *Price, $1.90 net*

## Cloudy Jewel
*By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL (Mrs. Lutz)*

"Cloudy Jewel" isa ncikname lovingly given Julia Cloud by her niece and nephew, who take her from a home of drudgery into a beautiful and new environment where Julia finds real joy in life and a home where her usefulness is appreciated and bears fruit. An exquisite romance is woven into the pages of this story, which is in the author's best vein. *Price, $1.90 net*

## The Trumpeter Swan
*By TEMPLE BAILEY*

That interesting problem, the demobilized soldier and his return to civil life, has a very important role in the story. Young Randy Paine comes back from France to face the commonplaceness of everyday affairs. The story is set against a background of Virginia hills, of Boston streets, and of the blue seas and skies of old Nantucket and is redolent of love and gallantry, of roses and candlelight, of old Southern customs and courtesy. *Price, $2 net*

## Highacres
*By JANE D. ABBOTT*
*Illustrated in Color and Halftone by Harriet Roosevelt Richards*

"Highacres" is a school story full of the enthusiasm and joyous spirit of youth. A man who loves and understands girls transplants Jerry Travis from her mountain village school to a big city institution. During the year many pleasant and exciting events occur. The reader will find herself moving in an atmosphere of inspiration and delightful expectancy which the author fully satisfies in the beautiful climax. *Price, $1.75 net*

## The Royal Outlaw
*By CHARLES B. HUDSON*

Around the story of David when persecuted by King Saul Captain Hudson has written one of the most stirring and romantic tales of military adventure and heroic escapade that have appeared in many years. The story is told through the mouth of one of David's veteran men at arms and is permeated with a jollity and freakish humor that make the people of those ancient and strenuous times our fellow beings and friends. *Price, $1.50 net*

## Black Bartlemy's Treasure
*By JEFFREY FARNOL*

Mr. Farnol brings back the pirate days of the Spanish Main in this novel and has never made a wider appeal than in this, his first sea story. The engrossed reader will eagerly follow the adventures of the treasure seekers who set sail on the good ship Faithful Friend and the unique experiences of Martin and the fair Lady Jane as they found themselves alone on the island which contained the buried treasure. *Price, $1.15 net*

## The Typhoon's Secret
*By SOL N. SHERIDAN*

The failure of the Bank of the Pacific, together with his father's disappearance, brought John Wentworth's world about him crashing in ruins. To vindicate his father's honor he follows a thousand-mile pursuit of a strange ship until in the wild swirl of the typhoon—a scene that will hold the memory—the secret is disclosed. *Price, $1.50 net*

## Gentlemen of the North
*By HUGH PENDEXTER*
*Author of "Red Belts," Etc.*

A story of the North and of the rivalries of the great fur countries. The book consists of a series of adventures that will keep the reader thrilled to the last page—the breaking of a bully, a journey through Indian country when the braves are on the war path—and it comes to a surprising and breath-taking end. *Price, $1.50 net*

## Hidden Creek
*By KATHERINE NEWLIN BURT*
*Author of "The Branding Iron"*

The romance of an orphaned Eastern girl who goes West to work in a hotel in the wilds, where she becomes the good angel to the lawless frequenters of the barroom. Following a brutal declaration of love from her employer, she flees to the mountain, and from there on events move steadily from thrill to thrill and to a final happy ending. *Price, $2.00 net*

## Daisy Ashford: Her Book
*With a Preface by IRVIN S. COBB*

Of course you have read "The Young Visiters" and will be glad to have this opportunity of reading these stories which were dictated to her father when she was seven years old. They are written with a child's imagination, a child's viewpoint, and a child's ignorance of the things she wrote about. The book will be found to be deliciously amusing. *Price, $2.00 net*

## The Gray Angels
*By NALBRO BARTLEY*

This is a study of a woman gifted alike with voice and a soul. It tells how she learns what she wants from life and how she makes it her own. Power—the power to depict the sheer human drama of love, and hope, and ambition, and the fulfillment of drama—is the keynote of this novel. *Price, $1.90 net*

# Smith & Lamar, Agents

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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIX. AUGUST, 1921 NO. 8

## In the Land Where We Were Dreaming.

Fair were our visions! O, they were as grand
As ever floated out of Faerie land;
Children were we in single faith,
But Godlike children, whom nor death,
Nor threat, nor danger drove from honor's path
In the land where we were dreaming.

Proud were our men as pride of birth could render;
As violets, our women pure and tender;
And when they spoke their voice did thrill,
Until at eve the whip-poor-will
At morn the mockingbird were mute and still
In the land where we were dreaming.

And we had graves that covered more of glory
Than ever tracked tradition's ancient story;
And in our dream we wove the thread
Of principles for which had bled
And suffered long our own immortal dead
In the land where we were dreaming.

. . .

And are they really dead, our martyred slain?
No; dreamers! morn shall bid them rise again
From every vale, from every height
On which they seemed to die for right
Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight
In the land where we were dreaming!

—*Daniel Bedinger Lucas.*

# New Uniforms for the Reunion

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## $18

VEST $3 ADDITIONAL

"Dixie Gray" cloth; regulation U. C. V. gilt buttons included; either blouse style, like illustration, or civilian sack with outside pockets.

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*A VALUABLE BOOK.*

The book on "Women of the South in War Times" adds some interesting chapters to the history of the War between the States. It should be in every library of the country. Send for a copy at once. Price, $2.50, postpaid. Orders should go to Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

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Thomas C. Richey, Sr., writes from Hemet, Cal. (Route A, Box 120), that he would like to hear from any of his old comrades of the sixties. He went out from Waco, Tex., in the spring of 1862 as a member of Company K, 15th Texas Infantry; he also asks about members of Companies B and C. Comrade Richey says he has eight children scattered from Louisiana to Southern California, twenty-two grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.

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Anyone having a copy of "The Women of the Debatable Land," by Alexander Hunter, for sale will kindly communicate with W. M. Atkinson, Commander of Camp J. C. G. Key, No. 156, U. C. V., of Gonzales, Tex., who wishes to procure a copy. Write him as to condition and price asked.

# Confederate Veteran.

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*OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:*
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. } VOL. XXIX. NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1921. No. 8. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

## *BOYS OF YESTERDAY.*

The picture given on this page shows a group of seventeen Confederate veterans assembled at the home of Mrs. Fannie Nunn, at Sweetwater, Tex., on June 26, 1921, to celebrate the 91st birthday anniversary of her father, Lieut. J. W. Wright. An old-time, bounteous Southern dinner was served, and many incidents of the glorious *ante-bellum* days in the South were related. The thrilling strains of "Money Musk," "Durango's Hornpipe," "Natchez under the Hill," etc., were rendered by a master fiddler and enjoyed by the "boys" of the sixties, bringing to memory many joyous scenes of the long ago. Six of the number present received wounds during the war—one was wounded three times.

Reading from left, standing: P. C. Jackson, 75, Barnwell's Georgia Battery; G. R. West, 75, Company D, 12th Texas Cavalry; A. A. Prince, 80, Company E, 10th Texas Infantry; A. M. Sheppard, 78, Company B, 18th Texas Infantry; R. H. Howe, 78, Giddings's Texas Cavalry; J. C. Moore, 76, Company F, 32d Tennessee Infantry; J. K. P. Hairriss, 74, Company C, 15th Texas Cavalry; J. R. Bishop, 80, Company B, 11th Texas Infantry; J. B. Smith, 74, Company D, 28th Tennessee Infantry.

Seated: W. T. Carter, 79, Company B, Phillips's Georgia Legion; J. T. Johnson, 77, Company E, 22d Georgia Infantry; J. M. Reddin, 78, Company G, 35th North Carolina Infantry; W. T. Hightower, 75, Company C, 30th Mississippi Infantry; J. W. Wright, 91, Company F, 12th Texas Cavalry; W. B. Wimberly, 76, Company D, Law's Alabama Artillery; S. W. Crutcher, 77, Company K, 11th Missouri Infantry; Thomas Brantly, 82, Company K, Alexander's Texas Cavalry. Mrs. L. C. Vinson is holding the flag.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

"I wonder if in the hereafter, when the men who passed
Through those years of death and the battle's blast,
Range up beside their leader Lee
On the banks of the River of Life, there'll be
In the moment of silence while greeting there
One old-time strain to thrill the air?
If a fifer there in the edge of the wood,
As long ago in the 'gray' he stood,
Will thrill out 'Dixie' and drums will beat
To the tune of 'Dixie' on heaven's street,
And 'Away Down South in Dixie Land'
Will break out full from heaven's own band?"

## *PENSIONS FOR FAITHFUL NEGROES.*

A new feature in the pension appropriation of Tennessee makes an allowance for pensions to the faithful negroes who were in the war with their masters and served them to the end. There are a number of these still left, and out of eighty-five applicants, forty-seven have been able to prove their eligibility for this pension. This allowance of ten dollars per month will mean a great deal to them in their old age and disability. Of the many injuries reported as received in their war service, one old fellow testified to losing both legs in the activities around Port Hudson—"both shot off by a cannon ball." Another applicant, Osborne Cunningham, a faithful servant in Dr. McNeilly's family at present, ran away as a boy of twelve years to be with his master, William Cunningham, of Williamson County, and served him loyally during the war and since.

Doubtless other States of the South will make similar provision for their old negroes, whose loyalty under the circumstances showed a fine sense of honor not apparent in later generations of the race. For several years Virginia carried on her pension roll the name of Levi Miller, whose death early this year brought out public tribute to his worth as a citizen. His life before, during, and since the war exemplified the best traits of the human race. To the faithful servants of this type is due our tribute of gratitude and appreciation.

## *MEMORIAL TO DR. RANDOLLPH McKIM.*

As a memorial to the late Dr. Randolph H. McKim, who was rector of Epiphany Church in Washington, D. C., for over thirty years, a magnificent set of chimes will be installed in the tower of that church. Approximately $60,000 will be needed for this memorial, as the tower will be reconstructed and made higher. Contributions to this fund from friends and admirers of the gallant soldier and Church dignitary will be appreciated and may be sent to William C. Johnson, Treasurer, Federal National Bank, Washington, D. C.

Camp No. 171 U. C. V. of Washington, of which Dr. McKim was chaplain for many years, has contributed $100 to this memorial.

## *THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP.*

REPORT BY MRS. BIRDIE ASKEW OWEN, GENERAL CHAIRMAN CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

The response to the appeal for funds to establish the S. A. Cunningham Scholarship in George Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville is most encouraging. It will be of interest to know that the first check received was from California and the next from Massachusetts. There is a director in each of the thirty-two States where a U. D. C. Chapter exists, and they are enthusiastic in this labor of love, for no man did more to preserve Southern history or was more beloved by all veterans and U. D. C than this man whom we are honoring.

Let me urge every Chapter to make a contribution to this fund, any veteran or friend can send check through a Chapter or direct to Mrs. B. A. Owen, 240 Cumberland Street, Jackson, Tenn. Many Chapters can raise large sums of money during the summer, and when Chapters are reorganized in the fall send money at once to your State Director. We are working to have this fund complete at the St. Louis Convemtion.

Again let me urge that we no longer delay this living memorial to our loved Mr. Cunningham.

## *VETERANS AND SONS.*

At a late meeting of the Rice E. Graves Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Owensboro, Ky., it was decided to admit the Sons of Veterans to full fellowship in the Camp and to delegate to them the active management of meetings and other ceremonies hereafter. This will relieve the Veterans of any worry on that account, and it will give the Sons an opportunity to profit by the advice and suggestions of the older members, and it will also help to give them a view of Confederate history not otherwise to be obtained. The association should be of mutual benefit and pleasure. The reduced membership of the Veterans' Camps will thus be strengthened by the activity of the younger members.

## *DIRECTING THE YOUNG MINDS.*

A friend writes of his plan to interest the high school children of his community in the study of Southern history by offering an annual prize for the best essay on a kindred subject. He is making a collection of books on General Lee, and he will allow the use of his home library, numbering some two hundred volumes, to those who are interested in this study. This will be a suggestion to Chapters U. D. C. in their work with the young people, whose study of Southern history can be largely encouraged by having access to the best books on the subject. And there are some books of fiction that are helpful in this study.

THE VALUE OF ACCURACY.—W. A. Love, of Columbus, Miss., calls attention to an error made by Capt. D. W. Babb in writing of W. J. Thomas, page 70 of the February VETERAN, in referring to the fight at Selma, Ala., as occurring after Lee's surrender, but which was fought on April 2, a week before the surrender at Appomattox. This error should have been caught by the editor before publication, but it is not always possible to be on the alert for such errors, and contributors should avoid giving dates unless absolutely sure of them.

The North Carolina State Division U. C. V., will meet in annual reunion at Durham on August 23-25.

*ADOPTING CONFEDERATE PRINCIPLES.*

Miss Mary D. Carter, of Upperville, Va., writes of a special line of work taken up by the Welby Carter Chapter, U. D. C., of that place, and its result in different sections of the country. She says:

"During the past two years the Welby Carter Chapter has placed in the universities, colleges, State normal schools, and libraries of the country two thousand Confederate books, the last being Lloyd T. Everett's masterly little book, 'Living Confederate Principles, A Heritage for All Time.'

"The remarkable thing about this distribution has been that, with a few exceptions (notably Washington and Lee University and George Peabody College for Teachers), the reception accorded these books has been so much more cordial in the Northwestern and Western educational centers than in the South. A number of the former institutions asked for two copies of these books, one for their American History Department and one for their general library. Others wrote us they would be deeply grateful if their names were kept on our mailing lists, others told us they were having permanent covers put on the paper-bound editions of the books we sent them 'to preserve them for future reference,' and still others offered to pay the cost of transportation. The University of Ohio wrote us they were making a special collection of Confederate books for their library, as they wanted the students to get historic truth, and also asked us where they could get copies of 'The Gray Book,' 'Living Confederate Principles,' and other Confederate publications. This letter of inquiry wound up thus: 'We are perfectly willing to *pay* for these books.' The University of Illinois wrote: 'Your courtesy in presenting to the University of Illinois library a copy of 'Truths of History,' by Mildred L. Rutherford, is greatly appreciated. We endeavor to place on our shelves *all* the available material on both sides of all questions and are glad to have this opportunity to add this book to our collection. Any further contributions will be welcome.'

"On the other hand, not a single Southern institution showed more than passing interest, and in the majority of cases the reception given them was not as cordial as might have been expected.

"This situation is worth our study and is, I believe, in part at least. explained or summed up in a leader written by the editor of the *Daily Press*, Newport News, Va., to whom I sent a copy of Mr. Everett's book. The lack of interest in Southern institutions furnished a field for investigation by our patriotic organizations:

AN IRONY OF HISTORY.

"'One of the highly dramatic ironies is the new interest now being manifested in the North and West in the doctrine of State rights, for which the Old South fought, to which the New South clung hopefully for many years, and which the modern South took the lead in abrogating.

"'In Wisconsin and other Western commonwealths the movement to win back sovereign rights they have maintained the tradition of destroying is now moving as bravely, if as hop lessly apparently, as the Southern cause itself. It is a curious circumstance that what the South clung to with marvelous tenacity for half a century it is now practically indifferent in asserting.

"'Along with this cycle in the change of sentiment is being born remarkable revival of interest in the Southern Confederacy, its aims, its policy, and its constitution. The passion of the fighting is now definitely put by and forgotten, and with the possibility of studying its philosophy without prejudice the people of the West particularly are seeing ancient history in the light of a new revelation.

"'Recently the Welby Carter Chapter, U. D. C., of Upperville, Va., undertook the free distribution, especially to libraries and colleges, of a pamphlet containing the scholarly address on "Living Confederate Principles" delivered a year or so ago by Lloyd T. Everett. At first blush nothing could have been considered more academic in the light of modern thought and experience than this effort of an association tending a shrine and preserving a tradition for its natural heirs. Yet, *mirabile dictu*, it has found the demand widespread and the interest keen. In the universities of the West particularly the ancient gospel of the Southern Confederacy, which was nothing more than an effort to preserve the principles of Jefferson against invasion and negation, is being haled as a new light.

"'The Southern Confederacy is one with time; but what a commentary upon the power of change and the seductions of expediency it is that after fifty-six years the people who maintained it in battle have lost and those who fought it are giving the things it stood for a living interest and sympathy.'"

---

*MANASSAS.*

They have met at last, as storm clouds meet in heaven,
And the Northmen back and bleeding have been driven,
  And their thunders have been stilled
  And their leaders crushed or killed,
And their ranks with terror thrilled, rent, and riven.

Like the leaves of Vallambrosa they are lying
In the moonlight, in the midnight, dead and dying;
  Like those leaves before the gale,
  Swept their legions, wild and pale,
While the host that made them quail stood defying.

When aloft in morning sunlight flags were flaunted
And "swift vengeance on the Rebel" proudly vaunted,
  Little did they think that night
  Should close upon their shameful flight,
And Rebels, victors in the fight, stand undaunted.

But peace to those who perished in our passes;
Light the earth above them, green the grasses.
  Long shall Northmen rue the day
  When they met our stern array
And shrunk from battles wild affray at Manassas.

—*Catherine M. Warfield.*

J. W. Dickey, of Roxton, Tex., who served with the 10th Texas Infantry, responds to the request of Mrs. C. W. Drake, of Clinton, Mo., for a copy of the poem entitled "The Battle of Manassas," which he copies from "War Songs of the Southern Confederacy," and it is reproduced here for the benefit of others not familiar with this version. Comrade Dickey drops into poetry himself in the following:

"Thinner and slimmer grows the line—
  We're passing one by one;
A few more moons and a few more suns
  And then our race is done.

But till our time we'll stand erect,
  With heads high in the air,
And when at last we cross the tide
  We'll meet our comrades there."

## *SLAVERY AND WAGE SERFDOM, 1821-61.*

BY LLOYD T. EVERETT, BALLSTON, VA.

On February 21, 1821, William Brown, member of the House of Representatives from Kentucky, moved a resolution looking to the formal repeal of the "Missouri Compromise" of the preceding year, on the ground that faith had been broken by the North in rejecting Missouri after the passage of the compromise and because of the prospect of the North's continued rejection of her admission as a State.

In his speech in Congress the same day supporting this resolution Mr. Brown said some things worthy of preservation in the chronicles of those times and as pertinent to the general subject of the intersectional questions of 1819-61. Not only did Brown, like Thomas Jefferson, urge that the diffusion of the negroes over a wider area by the admission of such new border States as Missouri would not add to the number of slaves; he argued further that such dispersion among a proportionately larger white population would tend "further to increase the prospects for manumission by masters and gradual abolition by the State governments."

Turning to another phase of the controversy, Mr. Brown said: "Sir, a venerable and distinguished Senator from New York (Mr. King) said when speaking of the slaveholding States that in them 'manual labor dishonored the hands of freemen. And the same sentiment has been reëchoed in this House. I deny the proposition to be true and can and now will proceed to show that this is not one of the evils of African slavery, but that its existence in a society elevates the poor and laboring white man and that its nonexistence invites and leads to his depression and dishonor. Sir, where slavery is tolerated slaves perform for others the servile and menial duties of the stable, the kitchen, and the house; * * * the whites engage in the dignified and honorable labor of agriculture and the mechanic arts, and in these respectable men and their sons, slaveholders and nonslaveholders, indiscriminately join. * * * When, sir, in the State which I have in part the honor to represent a man in the higher walks of life meets his poor but honest neighbor, he salutes him and treats him with the attention which belongs to merit. If he comes to his house, he is met at the door and cordially taken by the hand, invited to a seat in the hospitable circle, and constitutes a welcome guest at the smoking board. But what is the picture in the nonslaveholding States? I speak the language of experience and truth. The wealthy employ, I do not say culpably, the poor and miserable whites in all the round of servile duties from the stable to the kitchen; they ride before and behind their carriages and stand often trembling in the presence of their august employers, in practice and truth their masters; they act as their cooks, their shoeblacks, and their scullions. The wide chasm between their stations and pursuits forbids intercourse at all, much less a cordial one. * * * Since the days of Adam to the present time men have occupied the various stations of high and low, rich and poor, dignified and servile, and the practical difference betwixt the slaveholding and the nonslaveholding States upon this subject is that the former have degraded their black and the latter their white brethren to those servile duties."

Very possibly this was an overdrawn picture by the representative from slaveholding Kentucky. But it is worth preserving alongside and comparing with the many dark delineations at Northern hands of the downtrodden condition in the South of all persons outside the favored few of the actual slaveholders; worth, too, bearing in mind in connection with what we can readily ascertain of the condition of factory labor in the ante-bellum North. Thus in 1835 the workmen *lost a general strike for the ten-hour day* throughout the Boston district, as we are reminded by Mr. John R. Commons, of the University of Wisconsin, in his thoughtful brochure, "Horace Greeley and the Working Class Origin of the Republican Party."

The condition of the laboring classes up New England way was indeed pitiable. In such condition Daniel Webster at this time could have found, had he been so minded, vindication for his stand of an earlier time in his career when he had declared: "I am not anxious to accelerate the approach of the period when the great mass of American labor shall not find its employment in the field, when the young men of the country shall be obliged to shut their eyes upon external nature, upon the heavens and the earth, and immerse themselves in close and unwholesome workshops. * * * It is the true policy of government to suffer the different pursuits of society to take their own course and not to give excessive bounties or encouragements to one over another. This also is the true spirit of the Constitution." Moreover, Mr. Webster would have found that his "young men" were not the only or the frailest victims.

Mr. Commons further tells us: "Meanwhile the factory system had grown up at Lowell and other places, with its *women and children on duty thirteen and fourteen hours a day,* living in company houses, eating at the company table, and required to attend the company church. While some of the ten-hour strikes of 1835 had been successful in Philadelphia and in New York, the working people of New England were doomed to the long day for another fifteen years."

Under such conditions as these no wonder that the big-hearted Greeley, as quoted by Mr. Commons, wrote as follows to the Anti-Slavery Convention at Cincinnati in 1845: "If I am less troubled concerning the slavery prevalent in Charleston or New Orleans, it is because I see so much slavery in New York which appears to claim my first efforts. * * * Wherever opportunity to labor is obtained with difficulty and is so deficient that the employing class may virtually prescribe their own terms and pay the laborer only such share as they choose of the product, there is a very strong tendency to slavery."

And if we delve a little deeper into those times, we shall find that these tariff-nurtured, serf-driving manufacturing barons of the North had much to do with shaping the events that brought on the war of 1861—a war that foisted and fastened upon the people a high tariff and a huge national debt. The tariff furnished wealth to the barons; the debt afforded an opportunity to invest the surplus portion of such wealth in gilt-edge securities with interest thereon guaranteed from the taxpayers at large; further, the bigger the debt, the greater the excuse for a high tariff as a means of raising revenue for the government's needs. And this shows us the vicious circle, the crushing endless chain drawn and manipulated by "big business" standing at the right hand of a strong, centralized government.

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"Creeds fade, faiths perish; empires rise and fall;
And as the shining sun goes on his way,
Oblivion covers with a dusty pall
The life of man, predestined to decay.
Yet is there one thing that shall never die:
The memory of the Dead for Truth and Liberty."

## *MORE LIGHT ON A WAR MYSTERY.*

BY CAPT. W. W. CARNES, BRADENTOWN, FLA.

When I read in the June VETERAN what Comrade Stiles wrote on "One of War's Mysteries," I thought I would write something on the subject based on what I knew about Orton Williams, but decided to wait and see if some other Confederate could tell more of that eccentric officer's career after I last saw him in 1862.

In the July VETERAN I find some details as to his earlier connection with our army as remembered by Comrade G. A. Williams, of New Orleans. I have a very distinct recollection of Capt. Orton Williams's personality, and that contribution gives a very good description of him, to which I will add that he wore full side whiskers and affected an English style of speaking as he thought.

I am quite sure he was not a West Point graduate, my information having been that he was one of the brevet second lieutenants appointed from civil life just before the war of 1861, and it was then reported that he was either a relative or a protégé of Gen. Winfield Scott. When I first knew him, I was first lieutenant of a field battery commanded by Capt. W. H. Jackson, who was later general of cavalry and after the war a citizen of Nashville, Tenn. Captain Jackson was a graduate of West Point and had been an officer in the United States Mounted Rifle Regiment under Colonel Loring, and from him I obtained most of my information about Williams, who was when I first met him without a command, but had offered his services and seems to have attached himself as a sort of volunteer aid on the staff of Gen. Leonidas Polk.

He attracted attention by his dress and manner and by his having been an officer of the United States army, though for a short time he affected an air of autocratic superiority in dealing with private soldiers. My first knowledge of his actions in that line was from an incident which Captain Jackson related to me. Williams rode up to General Polk's headquarters, where a detail of men from the "Haywood Rangers," of Brownsville, Tenn., was doing guard duty, and, dismounting, said to the soldier on duty there: "Here, my fellow, hold my horse." Any one acquainted with the quality of men who composed that Brownsville company would know that such an order to one of them would receive scant courtesy at that time. The soldier so addressed coolly looked the officer straight in the face and, imitating Williams's affected pronunciation and drawl, said to him: "Ah, my name is not fellah, and I am not holding hosses to-day." Williams grasped the hilt of his saber and partly drew it, but was stopped by the private's quick remark, with pistol in hand: "If you draw that sword on me, I'll put a hole through you quick." Returning the half-drawn saber, Williams went into the house and reported the occurrence to General Polk in the presence of Captain Jackson, who was in the room in conversation with Captain Haywood, of the Rangers. When Williams had finished his statement, Captain Haywood said that the guard was one of his company and would surely have done just what he said. How the matter was settled I do not know, but we did not hear of any punishment of the soldier. No doubt any surviving member of the original "Haywood Rangers" will remember the incident, which was much laughed about at the time.

Later I knew Captain Williams as commander of a battery of artillery at Columbus, Ky., and it was while in command of that battery that he killed a private soldier of his company. At his trial by court-martial he used the style of defense as related by our comrade of New Orleans, paraphrasing in a dramatic manner the defense of Brutus for slaying Cæsar. Every one connected with the artillery branch of the army at Columbus knew of the killing, and Captain Jackson, who was present at the trial, gave a full account of Williams's defense.

My last experience with that eccentric officer was after the army had moved away from Columbus, Ky., and was more personal to me.

Jackson's Battery was with the reënforcements sent across the river to repulse Grant's attack on Tappan's camp on the Missouri side opposite Columbus, which brought on our first Western battle and victory at Belmont, Mo. Captain Jackson was there wounded severely, and I took command of the battery on the field and continued in command as first lieutenant while Jackson was disabled. On his return to duty, Jackson was promoted to colonel of cavalry. The army left Columbus on the move toward Corinth that later led to the battle of Shiloh. In some way Captain Williams had lost or abandoned his gun when the army left Columbus, and he was then without a command, though I think the same battery was afterwards organized by Capt. Thomas Tobin.

Colonel Jackson came to our battery to bid us farewell before assuming his new command, and he informed me that he had heard that it was suggested to assign Captain Williams to command the battery which I had in charge as first lieutenant, and he went with me to General Polk's headquarters to insist on my promotion to captain. General Polk said that as I was then only twenty years old he doubted whether I would be so commissioned; and as Captain Williams was a captain without a battery, it seemed not inappropriate that he might be assigned to a battery with the captaincy then vacant.

I do not remember all that Jackson said, though I was a very interested listener. I recall that he was very decided in his opposition to Williams, whom he believed to be eccentric to the very verge of insanity. Finally he took from the inside pocket of his coat his commission as colonel of cavalry and, standing before a fire burning on the hearth of the General's room, told General Polk that rather than have Williams put in command of his old battery he would burn that commission on the spot and resume command of it himself.

General Polk said if he felt that way about it he would not, of course, suggest the assignment for Williams, and I was captain of that battery until made chief of artillery of Stevenson's Division after the battle of Chickamauga.

As to Orton Williams's later promotion, I have no certain knowledge. I doubt his ever having officially commanded a regiment, but the "Official Records" will show about that. I have heard many comments and surmises about his last adventure that led to his death, but I have never heard anyone suggest a solution of the mystery connected with it except that Williams was cracked-brained enough to try anything that would bring him into prominent notice. I know that those who knew most of him in the army regarded him as mentally unbalanced.

I had known the young man who was captured and executed with him as Lieutenant Peter of the artillery at Columbus, Ky., and as he seemed to be a quiet young man of good sense, his connection with Williams (or Orton, as he called himself then) in that strange adventure was a puzzle to all who had known Peter. I have never known anyone who believed Orton had any official authorization for his last undertaking, and the mystery connected with it will probably never be solved.

## GOING OUT AND COMING BACK.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN,

It was going out to fame and glory
With banners waving for the right
To win a name for song and story,
Enshrined forevermore in light.

With bodies worn and scarred and shattered,
The victims of relentless fate,
They're back with banners furled and tattered
To ruined homes and desolate.

About those folded flags is clinging
A spirit from that ancient strife
That sets the bells of glory ringing
And stirs the world to nobler life.

Probably there was never greater contrast in human life than that between the spirit and the appearance of the Confederate soldier as he went forth to war and as he came back after four years of strenuous conflict against overwhelming odds. That contrast had all the pathos of tragedy, and yet there are comic features in abundance.

Perhaps on neither side at the beginning of the great war was there any just apprehension of the nature and duration of the conflict. The Yankee thought the Confederate couldn't fight, and the Confederate thought the Yankee wouldn't fight; and so each side started out with the conviction that the war would be a summer jaunt of a few months, ending in victory for his side. Indeed, it is told that some Southerners claimed they could whip the Yankees with popguns. A year or so afterwards, being taunted with that empty boast, the reply was: "Well, we could have done it, but the rascals wouldn't fight that way."

Our soldiers, mostly young men, were full of the enthusiasm of youth and were ready for adventure; but they were inspired by a genuine and intelligent patriotism. They had listened to the discussions of the opposing political parties of the day, and they knew the issues that were at stake. But now they saw the liberties of their States threatened and their trusted leaders laying aside all differences and uniting in the common defense, and as time went on and the tragedy of war deepened that original light-hearted enthusiasm and boastfulness gradually hardened into a set purpose to win their country's independence or to die. It was inspiring to note this development of bright, brave boys into strong, steady, purposeful men; so that the survivors of the conflict, coming back to ruined homes and a devastated land, were the very men to deliver that land from the perse utions and oppressions of rule by negroes, carpetbaggers, and scalawags, and to restore peace, order, and prosperity. They did not repent nor apologize for their part, but, bowing in submission to the will of God, they left their record a testimony of devotion to righteousness and liberty.

But it was more to the physical than to moral contrasts that I would call attention. Our plans for our comfort and efficiency were based on the idea that it would require only six months or a year for us to whip the Yankees. When we were warned of the vast superiority of our foe in numbers, resources, and equipment, the warning was turned aside by the boast that one Southerner was equal to half a dozen Yankees and that we could supply our lack of arms by whipping the Yankees and taking from them what we might need. It is true that on many fields of battle we made good the boast, but in the end we found the Yankee pretty much of the same strain as ourselves. At first we were well clothed and well fed, and we were not troubled as to what we should eat or drink nor wherewithal we should be clothed. In addition to his uniform, each soldier was well supplied with underclothes, and at night we undressed and went to bed as at home. This sometimes brought ludicrous episodes. On one occasion, in October, 1861, about two o'clock in the morning the long roll sounded, and we felt that an attack was imminent. Every man sprang from his bed, grasped his musket, and took position in line, but all had failed to put on their uniforms. As we stood shivering in our night clothes the commanding officer stepped out of his tent, and his first surprised comment was: "What's the meaning of this infernal shirt-tail brigade? Go back and put on your breeches." By that time the alarm was found to be false, and we all went back to bed. But it was sometime before we got free of the name of the "Shirt-tail Brigade."

But it was the officers' uniforms that displayed the glory of Solomon. The coat was of gray cloth with long skirts, and the sleeves were elaborately decorated with gold lace that wound about in many convolutions. We called it irreverently "chicken in'ards." The trousers of blue were almost hidden by the boots. Ah, such boots! extending above the knees, so that a small man appeared to be poured into them. The hat was decorated with a plume, dark and waving. So adorned, an officer would pass as a paladin of romance. What maiden's heart could resist such glitter of gold and pomp of war? To accommodate such abundance of apparel some of the offcers must needs take their trunks to camp with them, and the most important part of drill was the proper arrangement of the dress and equipment. I sometimes think it is still a big feature of military training *a la* West Point.

In those earlier days the rations were abundant, savory. The government furnished the substantials with plenty of coffee and sugar, and daily to nearly every mess came boxes of delicacies from home; so we literally lived on the fat of the land. But in course of time came the contrast both in food and raiment. When active service called for marching and fighting, all extras were discarded. My equipment the last two years was a blanket rolled up and carried across my shoulder, and it contained a change of underclothes. Then shoes would wear out, and toward the last we were almost barefoot. As to hats, their variety of form and material was marvelous. Mine was made of brown jeans quilted. It could easily hold a quart or so of water soaked in on a rainy day. Some of the wool hats issued to the boys readily lent themselves to various attractive shapes; by pushing out the crown it became a high, peaked sugar loaf shape, which was often adorned with artistic figures ac ording to the owner's taste, capacity, and coloring matter. With charcoal and pokeberry juice he could produce wonders of beast and bird architecture, and if he could adorn the apex with a bright colored ribbon he was the observed of all observers. When it came to jackets and trousers, the least said is the easiest understood. They w re conspicuous by their fluttering raggedness—jackets almost sleeveless and trouser legs a fringe of tatters. No wonder the old lady after the battle of Franklin declined to give me supplies for my wounded until I produced evidence that I was really a chaplain, and her explanation was: "If I had been looking for a preacher, you're the last man I would have picked out." But I had abundant companionship in my disreputable appearance. Rags were the badge of a fighting Confederate. Then along with our rags we entertained the multitudinous and ubiquitous grayback, or "cootie" of a later day. He camped in every seam of our apparel, whence

he made voracious attacks on our flesh and blood night and day. What a contrast to that earlier day, when the presence of *pedunculus corporis vel vestumenti* in any garment of ours was considered a disgrace.

Toward the last rations became exceedingly scant not only in our armies, but back at our homes. The policy of the Federal government was to appropriate or to destroy our sources of home supply and to blockade our ports that we might be starved into submission. Where their armies went there was looting and burning of homes, slaughtering of animals, devastating of fields. And as we had to share our scant rations on equal terms with the thousands of Yankee prisoners whom their government refused to exchange, we were reduced to extremities. An infinitesimal piece of bacon and two or three crackers or pones of corn bread were the daily ration. Twice I literally went three days and nights without a morsel to eat.

But there was one class of our people on whom the contrast fell more heavily than on any other. There were never on earth purer or nobler souls than the women of the South. At the beginning of the war gentle matrons and rosy-cheeked maidens sent forth sons and lovers to war, inspiring with courage and upholding with prayer. It was thenceforth years of sacrifice and self-denial in behalf of the soldiers until heads became white and rosy cheeks became hollow, and goodly garments were replaced by homemade plainness, while blankets were sent to the boys, and sheets were torn up to make bandages for the wounded soldiers. At last the contrast became tragic beyond expression. The splendid armies of the Confederacy were reduced to a few skeleton brigades. The majority of those who went forth so joyously were sleeping in dreamless slumber on many a bloody field or, broken in body and scarred with wounds, were still eager to continue the conflict. They finally surrendered to a vast horde drawn by promise of loot from almost every kindred and nation and tongue and people.

And so they came back to a land in wondrous contrast to the land they left. Then it was a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of happy homes and genial fellowship, of strong men and lovely women, of jolly, loyal, faithful servants. But the threatened invasion had materialized and the effort to hold to our rights under our Constitution had failed, and now it was a land of poverty and distress, of mourning and the shadow of death under the brutal and cowardly rule of aliens and negroes, former slaves. But these same men and women, strong in the consciousness of the right for which they had fought and suffered, set themselves to deliver their land from their oppressors amd restore its ancient prosperity. They succe ded, and fifty years afterwards they saw a great World War fought for the very principles they had wrought and suffered for. And the United States stood with allied nations for the right of any people to choose its rulers and form of government. What a contrast between 1865 and 1917!

And now to sum up the contrasts brought about by the War between the States, between conditions as men went out to war and as they came back from war. It was the difference between the glowing hopes and confidence of youth and the disappointment of defeat, between the ignorant enthusiasm of highest patriotism and the steady purpose and disciplined courage of true manhood. It was the difference between ease and plenty for all bodily and material comfort and the narrowness and need of uttermost poverty. It was the difference between a land fertile, cultivated, and abundant in resources and a land harried, devastated, oppressed.

Considering this fearful contral contrast between going out and the coming back, the question may be asked, Was the South justified in her effort for independence and for her constitutional rights? Did her record of glorious constancy to duty and to high principle repay the sacrifices she made? Was her testimony for truth and honor above the value of life itself? And let the answer be in the language of a distinguished Confederate soldier, a great scholar familiar with history: "Counting the cost in things temporal is the only wise course; but there are times in the life of an individual, of a people, when the things eternal force themselves into the calculation and the abacus is nowhere. 'Neither count I my life dear unto myself' is a sentiment that does not enter into the domain of statistics."

Out in the foremost, fiercest fight
Her legions won for her a name;
And war with fiery torch shall light
For aye the record of her fame.

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## *A TABLEWARE CAMPAIGN TO CAPTURE JACKSON.*

When General Winder was holding Fremont back on the morning of Sunday, June 1, 1862, near Strasburg that Jackson's rear guard might pass through that town and join the main army, the sounds of battle were heard at Front Royal, twelve miles away. There were then seated around the breakfast table of Mr. Ashby in that place his family, Colonel Carroll and wife, General Duryea and staff, of the Federal army, and Dr. Mercer, an uncle of Mrs. Carroll. During the meal conversation was lively. The steady firing of artillery at Cedar Creek was heard in the distance. Those at the breakfast table soon rightly located the place of battle and decided correctly that the forces of Jackson and Fremont were engaged in battle. As Colonel Carroll had orders to join his own forces at nine that day and to march to Strasburg, he explained the military conditions.

He said that General Shields would go to Strasburg and locate himself behind Jackson, who, with his advance, at this time was at Winchester. As a matter of fact, Jackson with his main army was already through Strasburg, having arrived there the night before on a wonderful forced march in which some of his troops that day covered on foot thirty-six miles. Shields, continued Colonel Carroll, had only twelve miles to march, while Jackson had nineteen and with an army greatly divided. The artillery firing, he continued to say with confidence born of faith in and lack of information of the true situation, was between the cavalry of Jackson and the advance of Fremont, whom the Confederates were trying to prevent reaching the Valley turnpike. He observed with harshness and pomposity that Fremont and Shields would join by noon, and thus the Confederates would be cut off. His words were explained by a diagram of the tableware before them. Facing Mrs. Ashby, he said: "This means, Mrs. Ashby, that before midday we will have Jackson bagged, and the backbone of the Confederacy will be broken."

This was too much for the Southern heart to stand. The idea of Jackson being captured was unbearable. Mrs. Ashby's eyes filled with tears, and, asking to be excused, she left the table. Colonel Carroll, on the suggestion of General Duryea that he had hurt Mrs. Ashby's feelings, offered an apology to her husband.

Soon after Colonel Carroll (afterwards General) and General Duryea mounted their horses and left for their respective commands.

A few days after the battle of Front Royal General Carroll, the brave, brusque, and boastful, but good-hearted seer, who had prophesied to Mrs. Ashby the overthrow of Jackson, returned from the front and passed near the lady's house. He

was worn out. His clothes were tattered and soiled, and his high spirit had fallen. In his distressed state he had not the heart to come into the home of the woman he had aggrieved nor to face his sorrowful wife, though less than a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Ashby's house. He had, however, the splendid manliness and gallant courtesy in all his discomfiture to make amends for his boastful remark that had wounded Mrs. Ashby's feelings while he was at her table. He sent this generous dual message to the two ladies, his wife and the mistress of the house: "Tell Mrs. Carroll to join me in Washington. Tell Mrs. Ashby that old Jackson gave us hell."—*From Riley's "Stonewall Jackson."*

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## *THE FIRST FIGHT OF IRONCLADS.*

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

The various estuaries and inlets of Chesapeake Bay in and around Norfolk constitute, in my partial judgment, the most beautiful harbor in the world. Marseilles is wonderful, and to me the grim silhouette of the Chateau d'If gave it a romantic interest, for most of us remember the dramatic moment when the future Count of Monte Christo discovers that the sea is its cemetery. But there is a charm and a variety in the emerald frame to our sapphire waters which any Virginian will tell you the azure coast of France cannot equal.

View it, if you will, as your boat descends the ever-widening James until the yellow pathway merges in the universal blue expanse. Evening is near, and a supernal splendor falls on land and sea. Slowly the twilight fades into the dark,

> "As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine
> And Cleopatra night drinks all."

Soon millions of lights glimmer along the shore, defining its gracious contour. If you were *en route* to New York, perhaps you had my good fortune and a full moon revealed battle ships riding silently at anchor. Midway between Newport News and Sewell's Point (now a naval base) you will pass the exact spot where the navies of the entire world were scrapped on March 9, 1862, by the Virginia and the Monitor.

Hampton Roads is the channel through which the James, Nansemond, and Elizabeth Rivers flow into the bay and its tides sweep inland. It was guarded by Fort Monroe at Old Point Comfort and Fort Wool, on the Ripraps, now merely a ledge of great rocks. Under the sparkling waters are treacherous shallows, hence the most lucrative occupation in Virginia is that of pilot in the vicinity of Norfolk. The Pilots' Association is an exclusive organization; indeed, by comparison the Order of the Cincinnati seems almost as promiscuous as a State primary. Whether the pilots of 1862 belonged to the Association I am unable to state, but as my narrative proceeds it will be seen that they were autocrats and were a deciding factor in the fate of the Virginia.

It will be recalled that soon after Virginia passed the ordinance of secession on April 17, 1861, the government navy yard at Portsmouth was abandoned and set on fire, and the ships which could not be taken away were sunk. Fort Monroe and the other defenses of Hampton Roads were, however, held by the Federal troops. Robert E. Lee, as assistant engineer in the United States army, had spent four years in making them impregnable. Possession of these forts made the blockade of Norfolk effective and afforded a base for operations on the Virginia seaboard. The frigate Merrimac was among those sunk in the Elizabeth River, and John Mercer Brooke, inventor of the deep-sea sounding apparatus, wrote to the Confederate Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Mallory, and proposed to raise her and equip her as an ironclad. Lieutenant Brooke had resigned from the United States navy and had offered his service to the Confederacy. Permission was granted, and soon she was afloat. The Merrimac, which I shall call the Virginia, because that was the name under which she fought, was cut down to the old berth deck, both ends for seventy feet were covered over, and in the center—amidships, in nautical parlance—was built a roof, sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees from a height of seven feet to the water's edge. This roof was of timber two feet thick, and over this was bolted tier on tier of iron plates from two to four inches thick, eight feet wide, made at the Tredegar Iron Works, Richmond. An iron prow, four feet long, was to be used as a ram. Lieut. Catesby R. Jones, ordnance and executive officer, superintended the armament. He selected ten guns and placed them so as to make an efficient battery. Three hundred men were needed for the crew. Col. John Taylor Wood secured them by visiting the various army camps, explaining what service was required, and selecting the men from the volunteers. There were two notably weak points about the Virginia—poor engines and a 22-foot draught of water for channels that were frequently eighteen feet or less. Of all the might-have-beens that became the never-were, the dream of Brooke is one of the saddest. His idea, promptly carried out on a ship equipped with proper engines, would at least have equalized the naval strength of North and South and have prevented the blockade of Southern harbors.

The hopes inspired in Richmond may be proved by the following extracts from the letters of Secretary Mallory to her commander, Commodore Franklin Buchanan:

"Even without guns, the ship would be formidable as a ram."

"I submlt for your consideration the attack on New York by the Virginia. Can the Virginia steam to New York and attack and burn the city? She can, I doubt not, pass Old Point safely, and in good weather and a smooth sea she could doubtless go to New York. Once in the bay, she could shell and burn the city and the shipping. * * Peace would inevitably follow."

Commodore Buchan n was born in Maryland, entered the navy in 1815, and served with distinction in the Mexican War. He was promoted to the rank of admiral after the battle with the Congress and Cumberland and shared with Admiral Semmes the honor of being the only admirals in the Confederate navy.

On March 8, 1862, the Virginia steamed down the Elizabeth River. It was the trial trip for herself and everything on board. Majestically she passed the cheering crowds and the obstructions at Craney Island. Lying off Fort Monroe, protected by its guns, were the frigates Minnesota, Roanoke. St. Lawrence, and several gunboats. Seven miles above, at Newport News, lay the frigate Congress, fifty guns, and the sloop Cumberland, thirty guns. The Virginia attacked the Cumberland and tore a great hole in her side. She continued to fight gallantly and went down with colors flying. Turning then upon the Congress, after a desperate but unavailing defense, this ship ran up the white flag. Meanwhile the Roanoke, St. Lawrence, and Minnesota had all run aground in trying to reach their consorts. A steady fire from the shore batteries prevented the capture of the Congress, and she was burned by firing hot shot on her from the Virginia and sank. Most of the crew escaped.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the Congress was only a blazing hull, and there was time to finish the

Minnesota, but the pilot refused to attempt the middle channel. It had been a glorious day, marred by about twenty-five casualties, and elated with victory the victors returned to Sewell's Point.

Consternation reigned in Washington. At a cabinet meeting Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, announced: "The whole character of the war will be changed by the Merrimac. She will destroy one after the other every vessel of our navy. She will lay all the cities on the seaboard under contribution. Front Royal must be abandoned. I shall recall Burnside at once. * * * It is quite likely that we shall receive a shell or cannon ball from the Merrimac in the White House."

While the Confederates were dreaming of further triumphs and repairs were hastily made to the Virginia, a rival ironclad, the Monitor, Ericson's "cheese box on a raft," had slipped inside the capes and anchored beside the Minnesota just in time to frustrate all of Mr. Mallory's fond anticipations and to calm Mr. Stanton's apprehensions. Her commander was Lieut. John L. Worden. She had a crew of sixteen officers and forty-two men, drew twelve feet of water, had excellent engines, and could maneuver with rapidity.

On Sunday morning, March 9, she was seen lying beside the Minnesota, and the Virginia advanced to attack her, Lieutenant Jones in command, Commodore Buchanan having been wounded on the previous day. It was soon apparent that the Monitor was quite as impervious to shells as the Virginia. Efforts to ram her, board her, run her down were unavailing. Finally, after six hours of fighting, the Monitor drew off into a shallow channel whither the Virginia could not follow. Concerning the result of the conflict there are three distinct schools of thought:

1. That it was a drawn battle.
2. That it was a victory for the Virginia because the Monitor retired and could never again be persuaded to fight.
3. That the Virginia was defied and beaten by the Monitor just as David overthrew Goliath.

This analogy is from Edward S. Ellis. It is weakened by the fact, familiar to Bible students, but apparently overlooked by Mr. Ellis, that Goliath lost his head completely and permanently, whereas no such disaster happened to the Virginia. It is further stated by Mr. Ellis, with that air of engaging candor which would completely disarm suspicion if his errors were not too palpable, that the Virginia headed for Norfolk, observing that the Monitor had run into shoal water, and the Monitor fired several shots challenging her to return, but the Virginia was deaf to the entreaties of the iron Lorelei. Just how the Virginia was to fight her antagonist in the shallows is a point not made clear. The Virginia went into dry dock and emerged in a few weeks with alterations which accentuated her defects. She drew one more foot of water, and her speed was reduced to four miles per hour, provided the pilots were willing for her to take a trip. The command was given to Commodore Josiah Tatnall, of Georgia, the man who, while in command of a neutral American war ship, went to the rescue of Sir James Hope through the fire of the Chinese forts, explaining: "Blood is thicker than water." His countrymen approved and upheld this endearing indiscretion, for at that time aliens had not erected in our land their foreign tribunals for the trial of Americans, and men could act as their consciences dictated without fear of how our naturalized citizens might feel on the subject. On April 11, 1862, the Virginia steamed again down Hampton Roads. After various enticements, which left the Monitor cold, the commodore exclaimed in disgust: "Fire a gun to windward, Mr. Jones, and take the ship back to her buoy."

On May 8 firing was heard in the harbor. Getting into her fast four-mile gait, the Virginia dashed to the scene and found that the Monitor, with several other ships, was shelling the batteries on Sewell's Point. Here was the hoped-for chance. But nay. All those ships, so many and fair, simultaneously discovered urgent business under the guns of the forts.

On the 9th of May the officer on the bridge of the Virginia experienced an appalling sensation. By the dawn's early light he did not see the Stars and Bars waving from the shore batteries. Investigation showed that Norfolk had been evacuated and the defenses abandoned without the formality of notifying Commodore Tatnall, who was guarding them. Compared to the silence and celerity of the retirement, the tent-folding Arabs who steal away seem noisy publicity seekers. One shudders to think what the language on deck must have been.

The failure of the Norfolk garrison to send even a P. P. C. card produced an immediate crisis requiring hasty action. The Virginia's occupation was gone. What should she do? Make for the open sea with her asthmatic engines and probably founder in the first gale, supposing she could elude the forts and squadrons in the Roads? But soft! Here come the pilots with a hopeful suggestion. Richmond is threatened by McClellan's army advancing by the Peninsula. What service could the Virginia render more important than going up the river and aiding in her defense? This idea appealed to every man on board, but had not the pilots balked at risking the Virginia in certain channels of the Roads which were much deeper than the James? True, the pilots had, and their plan did not contemplate taking the Virginia with her present draught up the river, the boat could be lightened until her draught was reduced five feet, and then, safely above City Point, her armor could be put on again. So orders were given to strip the ship of heavy ballast as rapidly as possible. Working desperately, in a few hours the Virginia stood high in the water, exposing her wooden hulls. Then the pilots reappeared. It seemed that a wind was blowing which took all the curl and much of the moisture out of the tide, and they could not get the ship past the Jamestown Flats; in fact, they would not attempt to take her anywhere, and exit pilots with this ultimatum.

There lay the erstwhile Terror, useless as a battle ship because the first shot in her hull would send her to the bottom, unable to escape because of shallow water. In this emergency the brave old Commodore took a noble resolution. The ship was doomed, but he could save three hundred gallant men whose devotion and courage had been proved. So the Virginia was run aground on Craney Island and soon went down again under the waters whence her resurrection had been brief but glorious. The crew hastened to Richmond and fought effectively at Drewry's Bluff in repelling the invaders. There was a wail of censure from the people whose absence from the firing line afforded leisure for unlimited censuring. Commodore Tatnall demanded a court of inquiry and was fully exonerated. The Monitor went down in a gale off Cape Hatteras on the last day of the year 1862. The rivals who had held each other in check and revolutionized naval warfare found a grave in common under the sea.

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The breeze is singing a joy song
  Over the sea to-day;
The storm is dead and the waves are red
  With the flush of the morning's ray;
And the sleepers sleep, but beyond the deep
The eyes that watched for the ships shall weep
  For the hearts they bore away.—*Father Ryan.*

*RECONSTRUCTION AND THE KU KLUX KLAN.*

[In an address before the Bar Associations of Texas and Arkansas at Texarkana on July 10, 1906, Hon. Thomas W. Gregory, of Austin, one of the foremost lawyers of the country and a profound student of history, later Attorney General of the United States under President Wilson, gave a history of the Ku Klux Klan and the conditions which gave birth to and fostered the "Invisible Empire." As a native of Mississippi near the section of Tennessee where the Ku Klux Klan originated, he was in special position to learn of the operations of the organization. This address was recently published in large part in the Dallas *News*, from which the VETERAN copies.]

The original Ku Klux Klan was the protest of the manhood of the South against the violation and the sweeping aside of all legal and constitutional rights by the Federal government in Reconstruction days, the product of times and conditions which have been absolutely without parallel before or since in the history of the nation. Its purpose was to save the South from the consequences of the anarchy that was sure to follow military and "carpetbag" rule. Sending forth one hundred thousand or more armed men, the organization defied national and State authority. The Ku Klux really staged a revolution, in that it accomplished certain results when all other measures had failed. To understand the conditions from which arose the need of such an organization it is necessary to glance at national legislation and policy between 1866 and 1872. Johnson had adopted almost *in toto* Lincoln's plans for dealing with the Southern States, involving immediate organization of the State goverments and their representation in both houses of Congress, but Johnson became involved in wrangles with Congress, and the Republican majority insisted upon reversing the entire policy of the party and in dealing with the Southern States as conquered provinces, not as States with the same rights as other States of the Union.

The wrangling began when Johnson announced his policy toward the South, the views of leaders of the Republican party having undergone a startling change, and the first open rupture came when Johnson vetoed the "Freedmen's Bureau Bill" in February, 1866. The bill was passed in slightly different shape over his veto on July 16 of the same year. The bill gave to a bureau of the War Department jurisdiction over all matters pertaining to freedmen; provided for agents in all counties of the South, to be appointed from the army or from civil life, with all the powers of military judges; abolished the ordinary rules of procedure by law, and denied the right of trial by jury, though guaranteed in the Federal and all State Constitutions, also taking away the right of appeal. The act in other ways gave the Federal agents tyrannical and uncontitutional powers, and it was followed in the spring and summer of 1867 with three other bills, all passed over the President's veto, "providing for the more efficient government of the Rebel States." The latter bills divided ten of the Southern States into five military districts, each to be ruled over by an army officer not below the rank of brigadier general and providing for arbitrary and unchecked powers in such officials, President Johnson declaring in one of his veto messages: "Such a power has not been wielded by any monarch in England for more than five hundred years. In all that time no people who speak the English language have borne such servitude."

In this legislation it was also provided that the prescribed military rule was to continue until the ten States held constitutional conventions in a manner set out, elected delegates thereto under domination of the military, adopted constitutions satisfactory to Congress, had their legislatures adopt the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and until said amendment had been adopted by three-fourths of the States of the entire Union.

When it is added that up to 1872 all white men were disfranchised and forbidden to hold any State or Federal office who had been engaged in insurrection or given aid or comfort to the enemies of the United States and had previously held any State or Federal office, it will be seen how complete was the scheme of Reconstruction.

The only possible excuse for the plan was that the condition of the country demanded martial law and the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and this is fully met by calling attention to the fact that the suspension of this great writ is prohibited by the Constitution except in cases of "rebellion or invasion." No one will seriously contend that either of these conditions existed.

The civil rights bill, passed several years later through the influence of Charles Sumner, completed what are usually considered the Reconstruction acts. Sumner is said to have been a believer in the social equality of the negro, and for the purpose of forcing this on the South a bill was put through Congress authorizing the United States courts by heavy penalties to compel admission of negroes to hotels, theaters, schools, etc., and upon juries. This last act was held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1883.

The writer of this paper is willing to let these acts speak for themselves without further comment.

But if the Reconstruction laws were unconstitutional and wrong and vicious in theory, their practical application to the situation was infinitely worse; substantially all of the intelligent class of the South were disfranchised; the negroes, not one of whom out of every hundred could either read or write, constituted almost the entire voting population; carpetbaggers from the North and scalawags from the South, composed almost exclusively of the very scum of creation, organized and controlled the negro vote, held the more lucrative offices, and began an era of corruption and plunder unheard of before in the history of America. Even Republican papers admitted the conditions.

Undoubtedly a few good men came South at the close of the war, but it can be truthfully said of the great mass that no Goth who followed the banner of Alaric to the sack of Rome was a more ruthless destroyer of property or held in greater contempt the rights of a prostrate people than did the carpetbaggers who followed in the wake of the Federal armies.

A few figures will give some faint idea of the results of this saturnalia of ignorance and corruption. In Missiissppi 6,400,000 acres of land, being twenty per cent of the total acreage of the State, was forfeited for taxes, the State tax for 1871 being four times as great as for 1869, that of 1873 eight times as great, and that of 1874 fourteen times as great. State, county, and municipal taxes aggregated an amount equivalent to confiscation, and values for taxation were frequently placed by negro boards of supervisors at from two to four times the actual values.

In South Carolina the taxes in 1860 amounted to $400,000, while in 1871 they amounted to $2,000,000, though the taxable values had shrunk from $490,000,000 to $184,000,000, thus making the rate of taxation almost fifteen times greater. The result was that a large part of the land was forfeited and lay waste or was parceled out among negroes. Notwithstanding this enormous tax, the debt of the State increased

from $1.000,000 in 1867 to $5,000,000 in 1868 and to $30,000,000 in 1872.

During the same period the debt of Louisiana increased from $6,500,000 to $50,000,000.

The affairs of counties, towns, and villages were in even worse condition, most of their officers being negroes who could neither read nor write and "who knew none of the uses of authority except its insolences."

The utter bankruptcy of States, counties, and cities and their citizens was the least of the evils which prevailed.

Thousands of negroes left the farms and crowded into the towns and villages to live on the bounty of the government and exercise the rights of suffrage and office-holding denied to their late masters. Many of them were armed and organized into militia companies, Southern white men being excluded from these bodies. The agents of the Freedmen's Bureau and the judges of the courts were largely prejudiced against the native whites, and frequently profoundly ignorant, and many members of the constabulary were unable to write a return upon a writ. Drunken and insolent negroes thronged the streets, and white women were frequently subjected to the vilest insults. Federal troops were quartered in the towns and often used to enforce the malice or caprice of agents of the Freedmen's Bureau and negroes and Northern adventurers. Men and women were frequently arrested without warrant or specific charge and carried forty or fifty miles from their homes and imprisoned for indefinite periods without a hearing and finally discharged without ever appearing before a judge. A former Governor of Texas recently told me that he was arrested at his home by a file of soldiers and taken to Austin and with much difficulty rescued from them while on his way to the bull pen to be incarcerated with the vilest criminals on the vague charge that he "was an impediment to reconstruction." While a distinguished member of the Texas bar was trying a case in the district court at Houston an order reached the district judge from General Griffin, and in accordance with its terms the jury was discharged, and twelve negroes, not one of whom could read or write, were impanelled in its place. In many sections public lectures and newspapers were suppressed. In South Carolina a State judge passed sentence upon a man for theft. General Sickles had the judge arrested and ordered him to revoke the sentence, and on his refusal to do so the prisoner was taken from the sheriff by force and set free. General Canby removed a judge from office and appointed a man in his place because he refused to interpret the law in accordance with the views of the military. In Georgia civil officers were arbitrarily removed by General Meade. In Alabama General Wood issued an order prohibiting Episcopal ministers in that State from performing divine services because the bishop of the diocese (Bishop Wilmer) had recommended that prayer for the President of the United States be omitted from the service. In Mississippi orders were issued by the military forbidding citizens from assembling under any pretense, the Governor of the State and other officers were removed, and the chief justice resigned because the Supreme Court was overawed by armed men. The Governor of Louisiana was removed by General Sheridan. These are a few of many such incidents.

Under the régime of the Freedmen's Bureau and the military satrap conditions were bad, but among the agents and military officers were some men of high character and perfect honesty; but after an election at which United States soldiers stood at the voting boxes and the influential white men of the South were disfranchised, the negro and carpetbagger took complete charge, and it was seen that still darker days were at hand.



The Supreme Court of the United States, that august tribunal intended by the founders of the government as a bulwark against unconstitutional legislation and executive tyranny, had been appealed to in vain.

It is the opinion of the writer that between 1862 and 1875 the Supreme Court of the United States shrank from a contest with the dominant legislative branch of the national government. During the period referred to the court was treated by Congress with the greatest contempt, and when President Johnson insisted on testing his power to remove Stanton as Secretary of War under the terms of the "tenure of office act" by an appeal to the Supreme Court, Congress refused to even consider the proposition and attempted to impeach the President for refusing to construe the act in accordance with the views of the legislative department of the government.

Congress had deliberately usurped the powers of the executive and judicial branches, and in their exercise would hear to no check from any source, constitutional or otherwise.

In 1867 it seemed that every remedy had been tried in vain and the limit of endurance reached. The men of the South had seen the last hope from constituted authority dissipated; there remained "nothing less than the corruption and destruction of their society, a reign of ignorance, a régime of power basely used," under which they and their wives and children could hope for no protection of life, liberty, or property, and at this point they gathered for resistance. Curiously enough fate had prepared a potent weapon, and at the critical moment thrust it into the hands of these desperate and despairing men.

In June, 1866, in the little town of Pulaski, in Southern Tennessee, near the Alabama line, a few young men, finding time hanging heavily on their hands, met in a law office one night and concluded to organize a society of some kind. Some one suggested that they call it "Kukloid," from the Greek word "Kuklos," meaning a circle, and some other person present said: "Call it "Ku Klux." The word "Klan" was then added to complete the alliteration. In order to arouse public curiosity and surround the organization with an atmosphere of mystery, various devices were resorted to. The oath bound the member to absolute secrecy in regard to everything pertaining to the order, and he was prohibited from disclosing the fact that he was a Ku Klux or giving the name of any other member or soliciting membership. Each member was required to appear at the meetings arrayed in a long robe with a white mask and very tall hat made of white pasteboard. The meetings were held at night in the cellar of a deserted brick house standing on a hill near the town. The officers were a "Grand Cyclops," who presided at the meetings; a "Grand Maji," who was a kind of vice president; a "Grand Turk," or marshal; a "Grand Exchequer," who acted as treasurer; and two "Lictors," who were the outer and inner guards of the "den." One of these "Lictors" was stationed in front of the old ruin and another between it and town, both dressed in the hideous regalia of the order and bearing enormous spears. The only business transacted at the meetings was the initiation of new members with the most fantastic of ceremonies, and the only purpose of the order was to mystify outsiders and have fun.

During the summer of 1866 the membership rapidly increased. The local papers contained many references to it, and the probable objects of the movement were being generally discussed. Young men from the country and neighbor-

ing counties were initiated and organized "dens" in their neighborhoods, the same mystery and secrecy being maintained. The red lights and uproar of initiations seen and heard at midnight from graveyards and haunted houses were duly reported and repeated in the negro quarters and among whites of the lower classes with every exaggeration which ignorance and superstition could suggest. Acting on mysterious statements from gigantic shrouded figures who frequented lonely country roads at midnight, it began to be bruited abroad that the Ku Klux were the spirits of dead Confederate soldiers. Travel along the roads on which the ghostly "Lictors" stood sentinel was almost discontinued at night, and even the wisest and least imaginative persons began to wonder what it all meant.

The most remarkable characteristics of the negro race at the present day are their vivid imagination and universal superstition. During slavery and the years immediately following the war, for obvious reasons, these characteristics were much more pronounced than now.

The Ku Klux readily appealed to these people as an incarnation of the powers of darkness, and it was soon noticed that in neighborhoods where "dens" were actively operating no negro could be induced to budge beyond his doorsill after dark.

The rapidity with which the order spread during the winter of 1866-67 was marvelous, and yet there was still no serious purpose behind the movement and nothing to support it beyond the enjoyment of the initiations and the baffled curiosity of the mystified public. As time went by, howeever, and the members began to realize the amazing influence of the unknown over the minds and actions of men, and what a power was in their hands, and saw the unexampled rapidity with which the order crossed mountains, rivers, and States, they themselves began to be imbued with the idea that some great mission awaited the movement. The discovery of such a mission was not difficult. The need of some drastic remedy for existing conditions was recognized by all, and the terror inspired by the Ku Klux Klan suggested that it might be utilized to protect properity and suppress crime and disorder.

At this time there were probably several hundred "dens" in Middle and West Tennessee and a number in Mississippi and Alabama, but they had no general organization, no means of communication, no supreme authority, and, in fact, they had no need of such things. The idea of using the order as patrols, or "patterrollers," and regulators seemed to spontaneously spring up over the entire region dominated by the "dens" without any consultation or chance for consultation among the scattered local leaders and was promptly acted on. As soon as this developed it was deemed best to perfect a more regular organization, and in the spring of 1867 the "Grand Cyclops" of the Pulaski "den" sent out a request to all "dens" of which he had knowledge to send delegates to a convention to be held in Nashville. These delegates met secretly without attracting public attention and adopted a plan of organization. The region in which the Klan operated was to be known as "The Invisible Empire," divided into "Dominions," corresponding with congressional districts, each "Dominion" into "Provinces," corresponding with counties, and each "Province" into "dens."

The supreme head of the order was the "Grand Wizard," the ruler of a "Realm" was a "Grand Dragon," that of a "Dominion" a "Grand Titan," that of a "Province" a "Grand Giant," and that of a "den" a "Grand Cyclops."

A statement of the principles of the order, not for publication, contained the following words: "We recognize our relation to the United States government, the supremacy of the Constitution, the constitutional laws thereof, and the Union of the States thereunder."

The special objects of the order were set out as follows:

"1. To protect the weak, the innocent, and the defenseless from the indignities, wrongs, and outrages of the lawless, the violent, and the brutal; to relieve the injured and the oppressed; to succor the suffering and unfortunate, and especially the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers.

"2. To protect and defend the Constitution of the United States and laws passed in conformity thereto and to protect the States and people thereof from all invasion from any source whatever.

"3. To aid and assist in the execution of all constitutional laws and to protect the people from unlawful seizure and from trial except by their peers in conformity with the laws of the land."

The secret Nashville convention gave a still greater impetus to the movement, for the same unbearable conditions existed in almost every Southern community, and the belief that nothing could be hoped for from national or local authorities was prevalent and well founded.

It is impossible to form any idea of the number of "dens" or their size. By the fall of 1868 the Klan certainly dominated a large portion of all the Southern States except Virginia and Texas. Undoubtedly its membership was large. Its tremendous influence can hardly be conceived at the present day, and yet it is probably true that its membership embraced only a minority of the adult males in most of the communities in which it flourished.

There was in reality no supreme authority, little connection between the "Realms," not much more between the "dens" (except those in the same county), and the oaths, passwords, grips, and the initiation ceremonies were not uniform; but, so far as the writer's investigations have gone, the oath always included an obligation to support the Constitution of the United States and the cause of justice and humanity and to protect widows and orphans. The same general policy was pursued in practically every community and with the same results.

It is safe to say that ninety per cent of the work of the Klan involved no act of personal violence. In most instances mere knowledge of the fact that the Ku Klux were organized in the community and patrolled it by night accomplished most that was desired. In case the nocturnal political meetings of the negroes, organized by scalawags and carpetbaggers, proved disorderly and offensive, sheeted horsemen would be found drawn up across every road leading from the meeting place; and though not a word was spoken and no violence whatever offered, that meeting usually adjourned *sine die.* Sometimes the entire Klan was divided into smaller bodies, which rode all night, appearing in negro quarters distributed over a large section of the country and usually maintaining silence and molesting no one. In case a negro became insolent or dangerous, he was likely to be visited by a mounted specter some twelve feet high who asked for water, drank a bucketful with the remark that it was the first he had tasted since he was killed in the battle of Shiloh, extended a skeleton hand, or what appeared to be his skull, to his unwilling host, and departed with the suggestion that he would call again in case the owner of the cabin did not improve his manners. No one who was not raised among negroes can form the slightest conception of the potency of these methods.

In dealing with objectionable characters among the whites mysterious communications, sealed with skull and crossbones, were usually pinned upon the doors at night, warning them to mend their ways or leave the country.

In many instances all the officers of a county were notified that it was time for them to depart, and they did so with no unnecessary delay.

But masked riders and mystery were not the only Ku Klux devices. Carpetbaggers and scalawags and their families were ostracized in all walks of life—in the Church, in the school, in business, wherever men and women or even children gathered together, no matter what the purpose or the place, the alien and the renegade, and all that belonged or pertained to them were refused recognition and consigned to outer darkness and the companionship of negroes.

In addition to these methods, there were some of a much more drastic nature. The sheeted horsemen did not merely warn and intimidate, especially when the warnings were not heeded. In many instances negroes and carpetbaggers were whipped and in rare instances shot or hanged. Notice to leave the country was frequently extended and rarely declined, and if declined the results were likely to be serious. Hanging was promptly administered to the house burner and sometimes to the murderer; the defamer of women of good character was usually whipped and sometimes executed if the offense was repeated; threats of violence and oppression of the weak and defenseless if persisted in after due warning met with drastic and sometimes cruel remedies; mere corruption in public office was too universal for punishment or even comment, but he who prostituted official power to oppress the individual, a crime prevalent from one end of the country to the other, especially in cases where it affected the widow and the orphan, was likely to be dealt with in no gentle way in case a warning was not promptly observed; those who advocated and practiced social equality of the races and incited hostility of the blacks against the whites were given a single notice to depart in haste, and they rarely took time to reply.

On account of the secret character of the Klan, it was impossible for it to defend itself against many false accusations. Violence and crimes with which it had no connection were constantly charged to it, and it is well known that many arrests were made of lawless persons clothed in the Ku Klux disguise who did have and could have had no connection whatever with the order.

But the Invisible Empire, however its sway was exercised, was a real empire. Wisely and humanely or roughly and cruelly the work was done. The State governments under carpetbag control made little headway with their freedmen's militia against the silent representatives of the white man's will. Acts of Congress and proclamations of President Grant, backed by the army of the nation, were not sufficient to meet the desperate onset of men who, armed with crude weapons, were making what seemed to them the last stand for all they held sacred.

Time is not allowed to review the history of the order in the different States. In some it lasted much longer than in others, because the conditions it was intended to remedy lasted longer.

In September, 1868, Governor Brownlow called the legislature of Tennessee together and had an act passed comparable only to the Reconstruction acts of Congress. By its terms association or connection with the Klan was punished by a fine of $500 and imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than five years. Every inhabitant of the State was constitutad an officer with power to arrest without process anyone known to be, or suspected of being, a Ku Klux; to feed, lodge, entertain, or conceal a Ku Klux subjected the offender to a fine of $500 and imprisonment for five years, and informers were offered one-half of the fine.

Notwithstanding these drastic provisions, the Ku Klux continued to actively operate in Tennessee for about six months thereafter. In the latter part of February, 1869, the Grand Wizard, a citizen of Tennessee, issued a proclamation to his subjects, reciting the legislation against the Klan, stating that the order had now largely accomplished the purposes for which it had been organized; that the civil law now afforded adequate protection to life and property; that robbery and lawlessness were no longer unrebuked; that the better elements of society were no longer in dread for the safety of their property, persons, and families; that the Grand Wizard had been invested with power to determine questions of paramount importance, and in the exercise of the power so conferred he declared the Klan dissolved and disbanded. It is believed that the Grand Wizard was no less a personage than Nathan Bedford Forrest. As the possessor of dauntless and sustained courage, resourcefulness, and a grim disregard of all consequences, no more ideal leader of such a movement ever appeared upon the American stage. This proclamation was addressed to all "Realms," "Dominions," "Provinces," and "dens" of the "Empire," but it had little effect beyond the borders of one State. Tennessee was the first Southern State in which constitutional government was restored and the scheme of Reconstruction abandoned. The writer is satisfied that as late as 1872 the Klan was a potent factor in other States.

For several years after the Ku Klux as such had abandoned their organization practically the same movement was kept up under the names of "Constitutional Union Guards," "Pale Faces," "White Brotherhood," "White League," and "Knights of the White Camelia." As a general thing, the work done by these later organizations was more reckless and violent in its character, there was less justification for it after 1872, and more bloodshed resulted than grew out of the operations of the original movement.

As a general rule, this grim protest against unbearable conditions disappeared with the worst of the conditions and sooner.

In 1870, 1871, and 1872 the Ku Klux Klan consumed a large part of the attention of Congress, the President, and the army of the United States; investigating committees visited every section of the South, many volumes of testimony were compiled, hundreds of speeches were made, martial law was declared in some instances, and proclamations issued in others, still more drastic laws were passed; but in the face of all this the movement relentlessly moved on to the accomplishment of its purposes.

The Senate investigating committee and the joint committee of the two houses of Congress each presented majority and minority reports; the first to the effect that a conspiracy existed in the South of a political nature against law and the negro; the second that misgovernment and criminal exploiting of the country by the Reconstruction leaders had provoked natural resistance.

The great debates in Congress and the press of the country began to educate the people as to the awful conditions which had prevailed and the revolution resorted to as a remedy.

In 1872 Congress passed an act restoring the right to vote and hold office to the real leaders and capable men of the South, the worst conditions had disappeared, the troops had been withdrawn, and what was known in the North as "The Great Ku Klux Conspiracy" was at an end.

Just how much the acts of Congress and of the President had to do with the disappearance of the order it is hard to say, but the scalawag and the carpetbagger disappeared about the same time, and it might be said that the purposes of the Klan had been substantially accomplished. The belief of most peo-

ple in the North that the movement was organized and controlled by roughs and criminals associated together for the commission of crime and bent on reënslaving the negro and driving his Northern protectors from the South is not sustained by the facts. The men who engaged in this movement were largely of the very best.

Speaking of the typical Southern man of that day, Daniel H. Chamberlain, the Reconstruction ruler of South Carolina, said: "I consider him a distinct and really noble growth of our American soil. For if fortitude under good and under evil fortune, if endurance without complaint of what comes in the tide of human affairs, if a grim clinging to ideals once charming, if vigor and resiliency of character and spirit under defeat and poverty and distress, if a steady love of learning and letters when libraries were lost in flames and the wreckage of war, if self-restraint when the long-delayed relief at last came—if, I say, all these qualities are parts of real heroism, if these qualities can vivify and ennoble a man or a people, then our own South may lay claim to an honored place among the differing types of our great common race."

Did the end aimed at and accomplished by the Ku Klux Klan justify the movement? The opinion of the writer is that the movement was fully justified, though he of course does not approve of crimes and excesses incident to it.

The abuses under which the American colonies of England revolted in 1776 were mere child's play compared to those borne by the South during the period of Reconstruction, and the success of the later movement as a justification of a resort to revolutionary methods was as pronounced as that of the former.

Whatever may be your views, I leave the question with you, repeating the proposition with which I began, that amid conditions as they existed in the South from 1866 to 1872 scarcely a man in this audience would have been other than a Ku Klux or a Ku Klux sympathizer.

From the nightmare of Reconstruction and Ku Kluxism two things have been born which have wrought incalculable injury to the South and may continue to do so for a century to come. One of these is the "Solid South," and the other is "contempt for law."

The brutality and senselessness of the great wrong of reconstruction cannot be forgiven or forgotten. It welded every element of the South into eternal opposition to a political party; it made adherence to that party moral, social, and political treason; it made it impossible for us to divide on any issues of expediency or even of right and wrong; and, to sum it all up, it made it impossible for a Southern-born-and-bred man to vote the Republican ticket and go home and face his wife and children.

The other injury was greater still, for the vicious unconstitutional laws and our defiance of them left the South with no proper respect for constituted authority, with a disposition to right our wrongs, and a contempt for all law not to our liking. This last is our crowning inheritance of woe for which our children and our children's children will suffer.

The Ku Klux machine has been stored away in the Battle Abbey of the nation as obsolete, we trust, as the causes which produced it; it will stand there for all time as a reminder of how useless is the prostitution of forms of law in an effort to do that which is essentially unlawful, but it will also remain an eternal suggestion to the vigilance committee and the regulator.

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"Her name a byword in all lands,
Her sceptre wrested from her hands,
She smiles, a queen despite their bands!"

## *FROM CEDAR MOUNTAIN TO SHARPSBURG.*

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

When Captain Lewis met me at Charlottesville, he took me to Dr. Davis, chief surgeon there, and got a ten days' extension for me to remain in the country until I should recover sufficiently to return to the army. He took me back with him, gave me some fatherly advice, and left me. The first day after he was gone I had a note from Lieutenant Stewart, a schoolmate of mine, asking me to come and stay with him, as he was very sick. I found him at the house of Mr. Joseph Southerland suffering with tuberculosis. He was anxious for me to remain with him indefinitely, and all the surroundings were pleasant and inviting. After he had recovered sufficiently to do so, we walked over the fields and orchards in this quiet and peaceful retreat, and he often repeated his request that I remain with him. I always answered him reservedly in the affirmative, but felt that I owed my services first to my country. Sitting down in a quiet place one day, he repeated the suggestion to me, and I told him that I had made up my mind to return to the army. He looked sadly at me, while the tears ran down his cheeks, and said: "And this is your resolution, is it?" I told him it was. He then asked me to go to the house with him, and I wrote out his resignation. I told Mr. Southerland what I had resolved to do, and the next morning he took me in his buggy to the station.

In due time I arrived at Staunton, the nearest point on the railroad to the army. Here I found a great many soldiers, like myself, returning to the army from the hospitals. The authorities sent us out to the camps to spend the night. These were situated on a small mountain near the city, a wind-loved spot, swept bare by the cold north winds. A few old tents were there and some green oak wood that refused to burn. Sleep was out of the question in this inhospitable place. All with one accord, long before day, were *en route* for the army, ninety miles away. I made a solemn agreement with two brothers in my brigade that we would remain together on the march until we reached our command. Every evening before sundown we began to look out for a barn filled with hay or a haystack, where we could sleep in comfort. The weather was cold and crisp, but we made it all right to our command, near Berryville, where they had been resting since the battle of Sharpsburg. Jackson was here watching the developments of McClellan's plans, while General Lee had crossed the Blue Ridge Mountain with Longstreet's Corps to threaten any movement the enemy might make toward Richmond.

Sitting around camp fires, our men related all the details of the campaign after they had left me sick in camp near Gordonsville. As they had nothing to read and no drilling or any camp duties to perform, telling these stories and incidents connected with their marching and fighting was their only pastime. Rations were plentiful, and this, with the rest and splendid winter air, had restored our men to excellent health and spirits. Our ranks were filling up with those returning from the hospitals, and now Jackson had a force of veteran soldiers toughened by the hardest kind of military experience. All had the greatest confidence in him and he in them. General Ewell, commanding our division, had lost a leg at Second Manassas, and the command had fallen on Gen. Jubal A. Early after General Lawton, who was wounded at Sharpsburg. The brigade was after this under first one colonel and then another, all incompetent except the heroic Marcellus Douglass, of the 13th, who lost his life on the bloody field of Sharpsburg.

But I must relate the events as they took place from the

battle of Cedar Mountain until my return to the ranks. After the battle of Cedar Mountain, Jackson returned to the south side of the Rapidan and rested his army in camps a few days until General Lee started on the move from Richmond to support him in a new campaign. Jackson and J. E. B. Stuart now got busy. Their activities confused General Pope so that he did not know what course to pursue or from what direction to look for an attack. Stuart raided his rear and even entered his tent after he had undressed himself and retired for the night; but when he saw Stuart enter, he blew out the candle and rushed out from under the tent into a drenching rain and, mounting a horse, escaped in the darkness half naked, leaving in his tent his clothing and official papers.

Jackson crossed the Rappahannock River at Henson's Mill, and after some fighting and by hard night marches over rough country roads and through forests he soon placed his army in the rear of Pope's. The transport wagons could not keep up with these rapid movements, and our men suffered for want of food. They subsisted on roasting ears, green apples, or anything they could get on the route. The strain was too great, and many broke down before they reached Manassas Junction.

Stuart in the meantime kept Pope employed and "in the dark as to Jackson's movements" until he had come through Thoroughfare Gap and swooped down on Manassas and Bristow Station, where millions of dollars' worth of United States army supplies were piled up for Pope and his army. Jackson sent our division (Ewell's) toward Bristow, while he took his main force to Manassas. Our brigade reached the station just as two freight trains from Washington were coming with supplies for Pope's army, now hurrying to attack Jackson at Manassas. He had at last found that Jackson was in his rear. Having been reënforced by divisions from McClellan, he was marching north to crush Jackson before General Lee could come to his relief. The two trains were rushing at full speed, the engineer and fireman lying on their faces to avoid our balls, and would have gone by, but a lieutenant threw a heavy oak crosstie on the track and ditched the foremost engine. The other crashed into it, and supplies of every kind were scattered along the railroad track for our hungry soldiers. They were just helping themselves when Pope's men began to arrive on the scene.

The balls from the enemy put a stop to this picnic, and General Ewell formed his division in line of battle, facing Pope's whole army. He fell back in this formation on Jackson at Manassas, who knew the storm was coming and had selected his ground to meet it. He had no news from General Lee and did not know for certan that he was coming in time to save his army from complete destruction. Even the teamsters were armed and put into ranks to meet the emergency. It was a critical time for Jackson, as his army was now reduced by sickness to only about twenty thousand men. But his wisdom in selecting his own ground, the bravery of his troops, and his usual good fortune saved him until General Lee arrived with Longstreet.

Pope's advance forces fell with such weight on our men the first day that it seemed that they would be overwhelmed and cut to pieces. Our brigade was almost surrounded and beaten back in spite of all they could do. The noble Captain Forrester, of Company A, in command of our 31st Georgia Regiment, was shot dead; then Captain Fletcher assumed command. Captain Pride, his senior, now came to take command, but he, too, was shot immediately. The regiment was in great confusion and scattered in the woods, where they had been beaten back. At this moment General Ewell came riding in among them. Seeing the disorder, he inquired what regiment and, dismounting, gave his horse to an orderly, while he seized the regimental standard in the hands of the color bearer and ordered the men "to dress" on the colors. Order being restored and the fighting renewed, he turned to remount, but was shot in the knee at that moment and suffered the loss of a leg.

On some parts of the line the Confederates held the railroad. Their ammunition gave out, and they were compelled to defend their position with the stones used for ballasting until a supply came. They cast these with so much force into the ranks of the enemy as they came charging up that some of them were killed and many others wounded. Jackson was holding his line with the greatest difficulty when a courier arrived to inform him that General Lee had cut his way through Thoroughfare Gap and was coming to his relief. It is said that when he received this news he arose in his stirrups and brought a sigh of relief. Looking to the rear, our men could see in the distance the regimental standards of Longstreet's men approaching. They seemed to be very tired from their forced march. It was a welcome sight. Would they take our places and drive back the enemy, who were punishing us so unmercifully? No. They marched by to take their places far to our right, and as they did so, following Longstreet, riding at the head of the column, he looked like a king leading his hosts to battle.

To Jackson's right was a hill overlooking the whole battle field. As soon as General Lee arrived he saw this advantage and had thirty pieces of artillery put there. The enemy's line was formed somewhat in the shape of the letter V. This hill stood at the point of the letter, and the artillery could enfilade both wings of their army, thus giving aid to Jackson's badly crippled divisions and at the same time cutting down the ranks of the enemy to the right. Longstreet formed his brigade in a long line, with a battery of artillery between each with orders to move up as the infantry drove the enemy back, unlimber, and open at short range with grape and canister. It was evening before all his men had passed and his formation was complete. The thunder of his guns far to our right indicated that the battle was on, and the assaults of the enemy on our weary men began to slacken. His infantry and artillery mowed down the enemy at a fearful rate and drove them back until 10 P.M.

When morning came the enemy was in full flight to the defenses around Washington. Early the next day General Lee started in pursuit, and at Chantilly he overtook the retreating enemy. They deployed their rear guard here and an engagement took place, in which they were driven back and Gen. Phil Kearney was killed. Our brigade claimed that they killed him, but other brigades made the same claim; and as I was not present, I cannot say who did it. He had many personal friends in our army who had served with him in the regular army before the war, and they sent his body into the enemy's lines.

The men of our brigade told me this about Kearney's death: A long line of United States regular troops advanced to drive them back, with Kearney riding a hundred yards in advance to encourage them on. At the first volley he fell dead from his horse near our line. This was late in the afternoon. Our loss in this engagement was very light, but at Manassas about half the men of our brigade who took part in the battle were killed or wounded. Many prisoners and

much artillery and other army equipment fell into the hands of the Confederates.

Gen. A. R. Lawton now took command of the division in place of General Ewell, and Col. Marcellus Douglass, of the 13th Georgia, took command of the brigade, only to die fighting at Sharpsburg nineteen days after. No braver man ever lived or one better qualified to command. Lee, Longstreet, and Jackson were masters of the art of war, otherwise they would have been utterly defeated by the superior numbers of the enemy. It is said that Gen. Fitz John Porter, coming to Pope's assistance with a corps of fresh troops at the time when every man in Lee's army was engaged in the Titanic struggle, was deceived by a strategem employed by Stonewall Jackson. A great cloud of dust was seen rising on a road in the rear of the army, and the cavalry reported that a heavy force was approaching from that direction. If something was not done quickly to check their advance, Lee would suffer a defeat like that of Napoleon at Waterloo. But Jackson was equal to the occasion. He ordered a cavalry regiment to cut brush and drag these in a gallop up and down a road running parallel with the one on which the Yankees were marching. This caused a great column of dust to rise, and Porter turned off and made a wide detour, arriving too late to take any part in the fighting.

Whether this circumstance had anything to do with his failure to reach the scene on time, I cannot say, but the head men of the army needed a scapegoat to bear the blame for their failure, and General Porter was court-martialed for cowardice and convicted. Perhaps politics had something to do with the findings of the court. I do not believe General Porter was a coward. He didn't fight us at Cold Harbor like a coward. He was finally relieved of this verdict during the administration of Grover Cleveland, when he was an old man.

The shattered remnants of Pope's army reached the defenses at Washington and were collected under command of General McClellan, who reorganized them. In this particular he was unsurpassed. To him the Yankees owed their final success in the war. He soon had an army of eighty thousand veteran troops, well seasoned to military service, to take the field against Lee's army, now reduced by forced marches, diseases, and loss in battle to much less than half that number. With these conditions confronting him, General Lee did not hesitate to plan a new offensive in which everything seemed to be in favor of the enemy. Trusting to his good fortune and the overcaution of the enemy, he boldly crossed over into Maryland to operate far away from his base, while the enemy had his capital and base at his back. This campaign seems to have been highly inadvisable when we consider the great risks it involved; but these were not greater than many others which he took before and after this. There can be no rules to govern a general in war. He must be his own judge when to strike and how.

Our brigade crossed the Potomac at Edwards's Ferry and marched to Monocacy Junction, about forty miles. From there, after a short rest, they went to Frederick City, where they had a small engagement with the enemy. They marched through that place by way of Middletown, Boonsboro, and Williamsport, where they recrossed the Potomac into West Virginia. They then went by a forced march to Harper's Ferry and surrounded that place on the south, while General McLaws occupied a mountain on the north side of the river called Maryland Heights. From this position he could easily force the garrison of eleven or twelve thousand men to surrender. Everything required the utmost dispatch, for General Lee was in the most imminent danger of being attacked by McClellan at a time when his divisions were widely scattered. To protect McLaws until he should force the surrender of Harper's Ferry, General Lee with the rest of the army was trying to hold Boonsboro Gap and Crampton Gap. But these forces were too weak to hold McClellan's army off very long, though the delay gave Lee time to concentrate his divisions at Sharpsburg. The white flag had gone up just as Jackson was getting ready to assault the place. He left A. P. Hill to attend to the surrender of the prisoners and secure the army equipment of every kind, when he retraced his route to Shepherdstown by a rapid night's march. There he recrossed the Potomac and at daylight had formed his lines on Longstreet's left. This strenuous campaign had reduced our brigade to a mere handful of brave spirits, and this was the case throughout the different units of the army.

Among the men we lost in the battle of Manassas was our English lieutenant, Burns, of the Fingall. He was fighting bravely as a private soldier when he was shot in the knee. When the litter bearers were taking him out, he coolly lit his pipe and asked them how the battle was going, declaring he did not care a farthing for the loss of his leg if we won the day.

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## *FROM THE RANKS TO BRIGADE COMMANDER.*

BY COL. MANGUS S. THOMPSON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

As memory reverts to the long ago when in the pride of life the veterans of our beloved Southland rallied around the Stars and Bars, flushed with the fire of patriotism that never waned, when we recall the many deeds of chivalry that won the plaudits of our matchless leaders who elevated so many of our men from the ranks to commands of distinction, I feel that it is due to their memories that we, their followers, should recall and record their services. Hence, actuated by a love and admiration for the one under whom it was my privilege and honor to have served, I shall attempt a review of his remarkable career that those who are not familiar with his achievements may readily appreciate that service as well as the motive that inspires me to relate it, for all true veterans love to hear of those who merit it.

As an introduction to the story of the brave deeds performed by the hero of this article, it will be proper to give a sketch of him who as chief of the Comanches gave to the 35th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry its existence and led it through so many campaigns, battles, and raids to occupy a place in history second to no command of its numbers and was distinguished under the special notice of such men as Stonewall Jackson, Ewell, Stuart, Jones, Rosser, and the gallant Butler of South Carolina, besides receiving the highest encomiums from one of the greatest cavalry commanders since the days when Murat led the squadrons of Napoleon—Gen. Wade Hampton—and of Robert E. Lee, before whose fame the most splendid garlands of glory that wreath the brows of the noblest of all time pales as does the silver moonbeam before the radiant rays of the noonday sun.

Col. Elijah V. White, born near Poolesville, Md., August 29, 1832, went to Kansas in 1855-56, during the troubles of that section, joined a Missouri military company, and took an active part in the struggle for control of the new State. At its conclusion he returned and purchased a farm in Loudoun County, Va., making it his permanent residence. In 1859, during the exciting period following the John Brown attempted insurrection, he joined a company of cavalry

under Ashby and was actively engaged in scouting. Having thus had a rare experience in the armed conflicts preceding the great war that was pending in the spring of 1861, he was prepared to enter it with enthusiasm. With a spirit akin to that of the gallant Ashby, under whom he had previously served as a scout, he rendered valuable service by his familiarity with the country bordering the Potomac.

In the battle of Ball's Bluff, on October 21, 1861, though a private, his conspicuous bravery elicited the praise of the officers engaged. Being familiar with every part of that section, they relied on him to pilot various regiments to the most advantageous positions by which our troops were enabled to defeat superior numbers and win a splendid victory. The commands engaged were the 13th, 17th, and 18th Mississippi, the 8th Virginia, and Jennifer's Cavalry. Colonel Burt, of the 18th Mississippi, was killed by the side of Mr. White (as he was then called) when at the head of his regiment. The same volley knocked down eighty-six men, and yet the regiment never wavered, but rushed upon the enemy and drove them from the field. From the reports made of that battle I will give briefly a few extracts in which Mr. White is mentioned. Colonel Jennifer says: "I never witnessed more coolness and courage than this young gentleman displayed. Being exposed to the heaviest fire of the enemy, he rode in front of a part of the 17th Mississippi Regiment, cheering and encouraging the men." Lieutenant Colonel McQuirk, of the 17th, says: "Mr. White, of Ashby's Cavalry, arrived, leading two companies of the 8th Virginia Volunteers. I joined my force to his, and we went forward to the river bank and took over one hundred prisoners." General Hunton says of this fight: "I requested Mr. White, who was with me during the fight, to remain during the night with the pickets. He did so, and by his intimate knowledge of the couutry and daring courage rendered invaluable service."

The War Department was soon thereafter petitioned by these officers to commission Mr. White a captain, which was done. He soon collected a few men for independent border service, and a series of exciting events and captures followed.

During the latter part of April White was ordered to report to General Ewell in the Upper Valley for scout and courier duty, and on the 28th, while General Banks was at Harrisonburg, Ewell joined Jackson, and preparations were made to drive Banks from the Valley. The result is familiar to all, and reference is made only to the arduous duties, for night was the same as day to White's Scouts during that campaign. After the defeat of Shields and Fremont at Cross Keys and Port Republic, Jackson quickly withdrew from the Valley to go to Lee's assistance in front of Richmond, where General McClellan was concentrating a large force. As usual, Jackson was there on time and opened the battle, resulting in McClellan's defeat. After Cold Harbor, on June 27, followed in quick succession Malvern Hill, Slaughter Mountain (or Cedar Run), and Second Manassas, in each of which White and his men were actively engaged in scouting and carrying orders on the battle fields. When on August 25 Stonewall Jackson left the main army and started on ths flank movement to Manassas, White marched with him, crossing the river opposite Orleans, after which he made as fast time as possible to reach the head of Jackson's Corps, which he succeeded in doing at Salem. Just as White and his men passed the last regiment the men who had halted to rest called out: "You wouldn't have caught up with us if the Colonel's horse hadn't given out."

Receiving permission to go to Loudoun, he moved rapidly for the promised land, and at once learned of the location of Captain Means's company of cavalry and made preparations for its capture, which, after a brisk fight, was effected near Waterford, and they returned to Manassas field in time to carry off their beloved commander, General Ewell, who had lost a leg. After defeating Pope's army and sending it staggering back to the confines of Washington, the army then moved by way of Leesburg on its march into Maryland. General Jackson requested Captain White to accompany him, as he was familiar with the country; but upon reaching Frederick he was ordered to return to Virginia and keep advised of any force of the enemy that might move from Harper's Ferry, as Jackson would move on that place to capture it, which he did, taking eleven thousand prisoners and a large quantity of guns and supplies, all of which Captain White witnessed from the Loudoun side.

In the interim several companies were formed and encamped at Snicker's Gap for independent partisan service, and on the 28th of October Captain White was unanimously elected major, and the battalion was then and there formed. After the battle of Sharpsburg, our army returned to the Valley of Virginia and, the Federals following, crossed the river into Loudoun County, on the east side of the Blue Ridge, in an effort to get between Lee's army and Richmond. Our little band located in the mountain gap to watch every move, and their supply trains and stragglers fell an easy prey to us. Great quantities of army stores were captured and turned over to our army. To our great surprise and grief, we were ordered into the regular service, much against the wishes of the men, who had volunteered for independent service and therefore dreaded the restrictions imposed upon regulars. However, our brave leader prevailed upon us to accept the situation as good soldiers, and, loving him as we did, no farther complaint was heard, and thenceforward we followed him without question.

In recognition of the capture of such vast stores from McClellan's army, the following official report was made by General Lee to General Stuart: "You will be pleased to learn that Major White with his battalion captured many prisoners, including a large number of wagons loaded with stores." General Jackson to Major White: "Major, the beautiful sword of Col. T. P. Wainwright, of the 91st Pennsylvania Infantry, which you have so kindly presented to me, and also the other much-prized presents, have been received from Lieutenant Marlow, of your distinguished command. Please accept my thanks for them. I have watched with great interest your brilliant exploits, and your men may well be proud of having such a leader. Press on in your successful career. With high esteem, I am, very truly, your friend, T. J. Jackson, Lieutenant General." Gen. William E. Jones, commanding the brigade, said: "The recent captures made by Major White's command, evidenced in this instance, is characteristic of this command."

On December 14, 1862, our command crossed the Potomac into Maryland and captured at Poolesville seventy-seven prisoners, their horses, arms, wagons, and supplies. Of this expedition General Jones says: "I am much gratified by the manner in which Major White conducted his scout and the substantial results accomplished with such slight loss on his part." General Lee says of it: "The report of Major White of the operations of his command at Poolesville and his previous attack on Kilpatrick's Cavalry has been forwarded to the War Department as an evidence of a bold, successful cavalry leader. He deserves great praise for this successful expedition. The activity and energy of his command and the gallantry of his officers and men reflect great credit upon the service. I hope his operations will always be attended with the same success." General Stuart says of this: "Lieutenant Colonel White has given every evidence of a bold, successful

cavalry leader. He deserves great praise for his successful expedition."

Early in November, 1862, General Burnside advanced through Snicker's Gap to the Shenandoah River, but every foot of the way was warmly contested by our command, and in recognition of that service Gen. A. P. Hill reported as follows: "Colonel White gallantly contested the advance of the enemy, preceding them so closely that great caution had to be taken to prevent exposing his men to our fire." General Stuart said: "I have heard with much pleasure of the successful operations of your command in the actions with the enemy at Snicker's Gap, and I trust it may be a forerunner of still further deeds of daring skill and success by your command and wish to assure you of my high appreciation of its conduct and the gallantry and skill of its commander." General Jackson wrote to Colonel White later in which he says: "The courier who bears this has an order from General Lee directing you to report to me for orders. The object to be accomplished is explained by the accompanying papers from General Cooper. Keep your instructions and also your destination confidential until your plans require you to make them known. I hope some time to have the pleasure of being with you again. It is important that you move at once. Please write me upon your return, reporting your success."

Early in February, 1863, Major White was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and the battalion moved camp to near New Market, in the Valley, for rest and recruiting. On April 24 General Jones started with the entire brigade to West Virginia on our famous raid to the Ohio River, covering a period of thirty-two days. In the affair at Greenland Gap Colonel White and his command were praised for the gallant attack on a blockhouse, forcing the surrender of eighty men. On May 21 the brigade returned to the Valley pretty well exhausted, not, however, to rest many days, for on June 1 it marched to Culpeper to participate in the grand cavalry review, and on June 9 occurred the most sanguinary cavalry battle of the war, terminating, as usual, in a victory for us, but not without the loss of many of our best officers and men. As on former occasions, Colonel White's command covered itself with glory. He led one of the two columns which made the first attack, and, in spite of the discomfiture of the other column, he drove back the enemy, at the same time repulsing without wavering an attack in the rear. He made several gallant charges with his small force, finally driving the enemy from Fleetwood Hill (General Stuart's headquarters) and capturing a battery, in which the resistance was so tenacious that the gunners fought with their gun staffs and and our men the saber, and, being surrounded in the interim, the command was compelled to cut its way out with a loss of half its number. General Stuart made an eloquent reference to our command and its dashing leader, Colonel White, who, though painfully wounded, continued in command of his battalion on active and important duty. In this action the battalion captured four stands of colors.

After the battle of Brandy Station, Colonel White's command was detached from the division and ordered to report to General Ewell (his old friend), who had again taken the field, and was assigned to the 2d Corps, the men Stonewall had so often led to victory and who believed the mantle of military inspiration of their sainted chieftain had fallen upon the person of the lion-hearted Gen. R. S. Ewell. Soon after his disabling wound at Manassas, which caused him to appear with an artificial leg, he told Colonel White that if he ever took the field again he wanted his command to be with him, an assurance never forgotten by either. Upon General Ewell's arrival in the Valley Colonel White received permission to make a raid into Maryland at Point of Rocks. Dividing his command upon crossing the river below Berlin, part of them under Lieutenant Crown attacked Cole's Battalion on the road to Frederick and simply crushed all they could catch, while the other party under Colonel White went direct to Point of Rocks and captured what was there of Captain Means's company, all his wagons and supplies, besides a train of seventeen cars. These we set on fire and, with a full head of steam, started the blazing train for Baltimore. After collecting the prisoners and plunder, we returned to Virginia in time to receive orders to report as advance guard of our march into Pennsylvania. The brief report of the Yankees of this affair is as follows: "We were attacked by White's Cavalry, overpowered, and, I am sorry to say, whipped. G. D. Summers, Captain Commanding." Gen. Daniel Butterfield reports: "White was at Point of Rocks last night, marching indifferent of our cavalry."

We reached General Ewell and marched direct to Gettysburg, arriving there on June 27, when we drove out the 26th Pennsylvania Cavalry, capturing one hundred and seventy of them. General Gordon's brigade soon arrived, and we remained all night in the town. The citizens gave us all we wanted and more, for in a little while every man who ever did indulge in the ardent was in condition to imagine himself the greatest hero of the war. In fact, some were heard recounting to the horrified citizens of Gettysburg the immense execution they had done with the saber on a hundred battle fields. This experience was had three days before the real battle. We were the captors of that place and did not leave until the next morning. The Yankee report is as follows:

"White's Cavalry occupied Gettysburg last night and moved toward Hanover Junction this morning.

[Signed.] F. Norvell, *Assistant Adjutant General.*"

We moved to Hanover Junction, on the Northern Central Railroad, where some eight hundred infantry were stationed; but they retired upon our approach, and we were glad of it, for we wanted to leave a few to tell the story. From there we moved to York, destroying all bridges *en route*, and from there to Wrightsville, on the Susquehanna River. This was the farthest point north reached by Confederates, as far as I have learned. The troops stationed there, anticipating our approach, had prepared for the destruction of the bridge, which is a mile and a quarter long, and before many shots were exchanged they retreated across the bridge, setting it on fire in numerous places as they went. Our boys tried to put out the fire, but to no avail. Gordon's command was with us, and then and there were ordered to return at once, as the battle of Gettysburg was about to open. Our command, being the only cavalry command with the Army of Northern Virginia, was ordered by General Ewell to the left of his corps; and as they gained the hills in that direction they had a full view of the battle between Ewell's Corps and the 11th Corps of Meade's army, particularly that fought by Heth's Division, which finally drove the enemy through the streets of Gettysburg. The second day White's men were divided into small scouting parties for the generals of the left wing, some of them reaching the rear of the Yankee line and very near a long train of wagons, which they were about to capture when a large force was seen moving directly toward them, necessitating a speedy retirement. The remainder of the day was spent in watching the flank of our army. The third day's battle is familiar to all. Words fail to paint the struggle our men made in trying to reach the rocky cliffs of Cemetery Ridge. The Yankee cavalry, however, were discovered about two

o'clock in the evening, and Colonel White immediately attacked them and drove them upon their reserve. Just then General Stuart, with the cavalry, arrived (in the nick of time), and after a heated fight we drove the Federals from the field.

Of the result of that battle, I, for one, have never conceded defeat. We drove them from Cashtown the first day, four miles to and through Gettysburg, and captured several thousand prisoners. We attacked them the 2d and 3d of July, and they never attempted to attack us. Although we lay in full view all of the fourth day, they stayed in their trenches and rocky cliffs and never moved or fired a gun. After dark on the 4th our army withdrew slowly, and they never followed us until the morning of the 5th, and then we held them in check, although our artillery ammunition was very low. The priceless memory of the compliment paid our command by being assigned (as I claim) the post of honor in the advance of the army going into Pennsylvania and as the rear guard on our return is enough glory for me. General Early says: "My commendation is due Colonel White and his command for the very efficient service performed by them."

General Gordon says in his report: "Colonel White and his battalion were detached with my command on the direct road to Gettysburg. White encountered the 26th Pennsylvania Cavalry, routed them, and captured one hundred and seventy-five prisoners and their horses."

On August 27, 1863, Colonel White, with his command, attacked "Scott's 900" at Poole's Farm, near Edwards Ferry, captured twelve, and routed them. On September 5 he attacked a part of Kilpatrick's Cavalry at Barbee's Crossroads, killed six, wounded ten, and captured twenty-four men and thirty horses without the loss of a man. Of this affair General Stuart says: "Colonel White and his command in this daring enterprise, which struck terror to the enemy, deserves high praise." General Lee writes: "Colonel White is entitled to great praise for his boldness and good judgment."

On October 2, 1863, Colonel White, with fifty men, attacked the enemy at Lewinsville, killing four, capturing twenty prisoners and sixty-four horses.

The battalion participated in the cavalry fight at Parker's store on November 29, 1863, and in General Stuart's report he says: "I ordered Colonel White to charge the enemy on the right flank. He did so, and I have never seen dead bodies more thickly strewn than they were in the small thicket in front of White's men." It was in this fight that General Rosser called White's command "Comanches."

On December 18, 1863, our brigade crossed the river at Fredericksburg at dusk, passed around the entire Federal army in a drenching and freezing rain, attacked a force guarding Sangster's Station, and defeated them; thence to Bull Run, crossing it with much difficulty, and reached Upperville by daylight, fed our horses, and moved on to Front Royal, covering a distance of over ninety miles in twenty-four hours. The following day we crossed the Shenandoah and entered God's country—the Shenandoah Valley.

On January 25, 1864, we started on a raid to West Virginia, and on reaching the road to New Creek Station we discovered a long train of loaded wagons, guarded by the 2d Maryland Yankee Regiment. In less time than it takes to tell it we drove them off and had the train, consisting of ninety four-mule teams, loaded to the bows with supplies for the garrison at Petersburg, W. Va.

Lieutenant Conrad was ordered with twenty-seven men to attack the enemy at Patterson Creek. In his accustomed style he rushed the garrison, captured forty-two, killed four, and wounded six, a total of fifty-two men. The command retraced its steps with its plunder of ninety wagons, three hundred cattle, and two hundred and fifty prisoners. The total loss of White's command was two horses killed, one being the Colonel's.

On February 25, 1864, hearing of an attempted Yankee raid on the Virginia Central Railroad, one of if not the principal arteries for supplyiug the army, we moved in a freezing rain across the mountains to Charlottesville. There we drew three days' rations of corn meal and bacon (about enough for three meals) and marched and countermarched from Charlottesville to Ashland, within eighteen miles of Richmond, over the worst road known until men and horses were almost exhausted. We saw no Yankees; they had made a dash at Charlottesville before we reached there, but retired at once.

On March 31 we went into winter quarters eight miles from Lexington to rest and recruit for the campaign soon to open. On May 1 we were ordered to join Lee's army and prepare for the coming battle. On the 4th we reached the Catrarpin Road near the right of Lee's army. The bloody campaigh opened by daylight on the 5th, and the slaughter in killed and wounded surpassed by far, in proportion to the number engaged, that of the late World War. The two great armies of Lee and Grant locked horns, as it were, and for forty-two days, with scarcely an intermission, swayed back and forth as the ocean's tide in a death struggle until, drenching the soil with their blood, the great army of Grant, exhausted and baffled at every point in its efforts to take Richmond, went staggering across the James to seek shelter in the trenches at Petersburg. And there they were securely held for nine months, when the gnawing pangs of that worst of enemies—starvation—accomplished what Grant failed to do—compelled that once invincible army to retire to Appomattox, where it fell from exhaustation, but wearing a crown of glory that no people can tarnish or time destroy. Through all of this White's command was by no means idle. Our losses were heavy, yet we were ever ready for the conflict, terrible as it was; and although winning each fight, our man power was fast ebbing. Not a day passed that we were not engaged. On June 4 we were ordered by General Hampton to charge some breastworks near Old Church. The order was quickly obeyed without dismounting, and as we leaped the works the enemy fled. The General's "Hurrah for the Comanches" was reëchoed from the whole brigade, which witnessed the operation. Next came the battle of Trevillian Station between Generals Hampton and Sheridan. In this, as on other occasions, Colonel White and his command won unstinted praise fron Hampton and Rosser. Sheridan was badly defeated and hastily retreated to the protection of their gunboats on the Pamunkey River.

On June 26 we crossed the James at Drewry's Bluff to oppose a raid of Wilson and Kautz. We met them at Stony Creek Station, on the Weldon Railroad. The fight was a hot one and against great odds. However, we defeated them and captured six pieces of artillery and about seven hundred prisoners.

On September 16, 1864, the command participated in a raid in the rear of Grant's army, capturing and bringing out safely 2,535 head of fat cattle. On September 27, 1864, the brigade started for the Shenandoah Valley, and on October 6 witnessed the destruction wrought by Sheridan from mountain to mountain. Flames from barns, mills, grain stacks, and homes were blazing heavenward, leaving a smoky train of desolation to mark the footsteps of the devil's inspector general and show in a fiery record that will last as long as the war is remembered that the United States under the govern-

ment of Satan sent Phil Sheridan to campaign in the Valley of Virginia. Many engagements were had in which the battalion figured with distinction.

On November 1, 1864, the battalion moved to Loudoun County and procured cattle and forage for the troops in the Valley. On the 19th they returned to the Valley, and our brigade and that of General Paine started on a raid to West Virginia. On November 27 we captured artillery wagons and prisoners at Moorefield, and on November 28 we captured New Creek Station, taking eight hundred prisoners, over one thousand horses and mules, two hundred wagons, and a large quantity of stores and arms, making it a highly successful raid without the loss of a man on the Confederate side, as the enemy were surprised and pushed so close that they did not fire a gun. On Christmas Day the battalion passed into the Valley, and soon the battalion was granted thirty days' leave by order of General Lee for meritorious service in the campaign of 1864.

On January 17, 1865, about seventy of us, under Colonel White, raided the camp of the 6th New York Cavalry (about five hundred strong) of General Deven's brigade and brought out about forty horses. The night was dark, the snow very deep, and the men quartered in log huts. This was the last blow the command struck in dear old Loudoun.

On March 6, 1865, Colonel White issued an order for the command to assemble prepared to join the army, the last clause reading as follows: "Come, my brave boys, and we will throw the weight of our sabers in the scale with our brothers in arms against the dastard hordes of the North, who thus without mercy or justice pollute the sacred altars of our bleeding land."

On the 28th of March the brigade reached Stony Creek Station, below Petersburg, and on March 31 the battalion participated in the battle of Five Forks and likewise to the end of the struggle. Near High Bridge General Dearing, commanding the Laurel Brigade, informed Colonel White that they were surrounded and said: "We must cut our way through or surrender; we must whip that infantry, and if you and I lead the charge we can do it." Colonel White at once agreed to it, and the regiments were again moved forward, with the battalion in front, and Colonel White and General Dearing leading it. The "Comanches" swept forward, supported by the brigade, and the enemy was driven in confusion over the hill. Here General Dearing was mortally wounded and carried from the field. On reaching the top of the hill and finding himself in command of the brigade, Colonel White halted to reform his scattered line, preparatory to charging the Yankees that were rallying at a corner of the woods, from which they opened a terrible fire; but the "Comanches" swept forward, supported by the brigade, and the enemy was again driven in confusion over the hill. The "'Comanches" had their fighting blood on fire with the excitement of victory, having used their sabers with such desperate courage that no troops could have stood long before this little band of men who had been starved and harrassed into very devils of war and blood. The enemy's infantry in heavy force was in position on the crest of a steep, rocky hill, and here for a moment they checked the Confederate advance. Part of our cavalry was dismounted and advanced steadily. Then Colonel White led his men up the bluff through a perfect storm of bullets, and again the Yankees fled, pursued fiercely by the "Comanches," who captured many prisoners in the chase to the river near High Bridge, who to the number of over seven hundred threw down their arms and surrendered to Colonel White's battalion. In the entire engagement we captured four stands of colors and over eleven hundred prisoners. After the battle Colonel White went to see General Dearing, who had been carried to a house near the field. General Rosser was seated by his side. When Colonel White came in, the wounded general took his hand and, pointing with the other to the brigadier's stars on his own collar, turned his face to General Rosser and in a weak, whispering voice said, "These stars belong on his collar," pointing to Colonel White.

Returning to the command, the brigade resumed its march and soon reached Farmville. After destroying the bridge, the brigade, with the "Comanches" as rear guard, was hotly pressed. Colonel White ordered his command forward and instantly drove the flanking party back, which proved to be General Gregg's command of about four thousand, capturing General Gregg himself, who was trying to rally his men.

On the following morning the battalion was drawn up ready for action while Captain Myers, with a few pickets, was on duty about half mile down the road, when a party of four Yankees was seen approaching through the woods. As they were making no sign to our men, who were standing in full view, it was decided to halt them with a shot, which resulted in the killing of the foremost Yankee, who in falling displayed a white flag, which until that moment had not been seen because of the pines. Discovering that the army was again moving, we retired slowly where the open country displayed an immense force of Yankees drawing close along our flank and rear. At that moment a Yankee was seen gallloping along the road, waving a white flag, and on being met by our men he presented a letter from Grant to General Lee. But Captain Myers refused to forward it unless the line of infantry, now within half a mile, would halt, which the bearer of the flag communicated to the enemy's officers, and a halt was ordered, the order being distinctly heard by our rear guard. The letter was then forwarded, and we subsequently learned that it informed General Lee, who had made inquiry, that his son, a prisoner, was not killed or wounded and was perfectly well.

About three o'clock the battalion was relieved from its perilous position in the rear by another command. The scene which presented itself to the rear guard as it passed on the way was distressing in the extreme. The few men who still carried their muskets had hardly the appearance of soldiers—their clothes all tattered and covered with mud, their eyes sunken and lusterless, and their faces peaked and pinched from their ceaseless march through storm and sunshine without food or sleep through all that dire retreat, when, in fact, they were worn out from excessive duty in the trenches at Petersburg before tthe retreat began. Many of the men, from exhaustion, were lying prone upon the ground, only waiting for the enemy to come and pick them up, while at intervals horses and mules lying in the mud had struggled to extricate themselves until exhaustion had forced them to be still and wait for death to glaze their wildly staring eyes. And yet through all these scenes the remnant of that once invincible army still trudged on, with their faith still strong, only waiting for General Lee to say where they were to face about and fight. For they knew the enemy would be whipped, and every day brought nearer the last decisive battle, when the hosts of the North would be overthrown and the final success of the Confederate States assured.

About two o'clock on the morning of April 9 White's Brigade halted at Appomattox Courthouse to see if anything further was to be done. By dawn a battery directly in front opened fire, and before them stood Sheridan's whole command, cutting off the retreat of our army from Lynchburg. Colonel White formed his brigade on a hill near some timber

that extended to a swamp, where it remained until sunrise, when he rode up to the battalion, which was on the right of the line, and informed Captain Myers that the army was about to surrender and General Rosser was arranging to take his cavalry out. Rosser moved forward about half a mile and halted to wait for a demonstration, which General Gordon, who now commanded all that was left of Stonewall Jackson's old corps, had arranged to make with his infantry in order to draw Sheridan's force toward the left. About seven o'clock the signal was given in the rattling rifles of Gordon's men, who had followed Lee and Jackson through victory after victory from Manassas, where they had made Stonewall immortal, to fire their last shot and lay down their arms in surrender at Appomattox Courthouse. Rosser now put White's Brigade in front and moved promptly upon the enemy, who seemed not to understand exactly what was expected of them, and as Colonel White took position on a hill in an open field about four hundred yards from a division of Federal cavalry the latter only looked, but made no hostile movement. After a while a column of about four hundred Yankees moved from the division and formed on the hill near the remnant of the Laurel Brigade. This was too much for Colonel White, and he ordered a charge. The enemy soon broke and retreated upon their reserve, which in turn gave way, and the entire force fled panic-stricken before our men. This was but an hour before the surrender. Again, but for the last time, the avenging sabers of the Laurel Brigade flashed fiercely over the Yankee cavalry, many of them being killed or wounded, but no prisoners were taken. When chased nearly two miles a halt was called, and Colonel White ordered the men to dismount and skirmish with some Yankee infantry until the great firing of guns and sky-rending shouts of Grant's army announced the surrender of General Lee.

Seeing that the hours of the Stars and Bars were numbered on that field, the brigade, with Colonel White at its head, cut its way out and encamped at Lynchburg. Soon, however, the death knell of capitulation was heard, and the Laurel Brigade, having won the admiration of such soldiers as Lee, Jackson, Stuart, and Hampton by heroic services in the path of duty, disappeared from among the military organizations of the earth, never to meet again, with nothiug left but its honor, its scars, and the memory of the past.

In its brief but brilliant career the Confederacy followed the footsteps of nations gone before and, like them, passed through the chances and changes of triumph and defeat that in this weak human life follow each other so closely from sunshine to the sunless land. Colonel White survived the shock of arms and returned to Loudoun County, beloved and honored by a host of friends and admired by his enemies. He bore the scars of seven severe wounds, mute evidence of many hotly contested fields, and for one of his rank he had no peer. His quick perception and unsurpassed courage equipped him him for a leader. He was a born military genius. With a heart tender and sympathetic he possessed a nerve of steel. Danger delighted him. His flashing sword ever in the front inspired his men to follow him gladly and proudly, while the dead and dying melted his heart in a flood of tenderness and sympathy. In the excitement of a charge his voice rang clear above the roar of guns, and some of his commands were strictly original and effective, although unknown to tactics. We not only heard them, but acted upon them at once. One was when meeting the enemy, "Mix with them, boys," and another, equally as effective, "Unjoint them." And at the close of the fight it could readily be seen from the appearance of the field that his order had been obeyed and that he was the most active in its execution. He has woven an imperishable record that all lovers of the brave and true will never cease to honor.

Soon after the war Colonel White espoused the cause of religion and, entering the ministry, exerted by his earnestness and zeal great good in his locality. He fought the followers of evil as persistently as he did the Yankees.

Fourteen years ago this distinguished hero passed from this transitory existence to join that incomparable army which, with Lee and Jackson, is parading the streets of the celestial city amidst the strains of ecstatic music and the hallelujahs of the heavenly host.

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## *BATTLE OF SABINE PASS.*

BY JAMES A. STEVENS, BEAUMONT, TEX.

At a recent meeting of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp of Confederate Veterans at Beaumont Mrs. Hal W. Greer, Historian of Dick Dowling Chapter, read a vivid description of the battle of Sabine Pass, which occurred on the 8th of September, 1863, the facts of which were furnished her by two Confederate soldiers who were present. The fight was the result of an invasion of Texas by Gen. N. P. Banks, who sent a fleet of nineteen gunboats, three steamships, and three sloops of war, with fifteen thousand men, the attack being made at Sabine Pass near the dividing line between Texas and Louisiana.

Capt Dick Dowling was in command of the Confederate forces, forty-two men in all, holding a small fort, and named the "Davis Guards" after the Confederate President. The Federals were commanded by Capt Fred Crocker, who surrendered four hundred and ninety men; number of killed unknown. Three gunboats were sunk or disabled and the rest put to flight. The names of these Federal gunboats were Sachem, Clifton, and Arizona. Captain Dowling had as the fort's armament two 32-pounders, two 24-pounders, and two brass mountain howitzers. The garrison were all Irish except one American and one German

In the beautiful Keith Park in Beaumont there is mounted on a marble or concrete base a relic of the battle which speaks for itself in this inscription: "Walking beam from the United States steamer Clifton. On September 8, 1863, a Federal force of twenty-two gunboats and eight steamships, with fifteen thousand men on board, attacked the Confederate fort at Sabine Pass, Tex., defended by the Davis Guards of forty-two men, Lieut. Dick Dowling in command. The Federals were driven off with the loss of the steamers Clifton and Sachem, forty-two men killed and four hundred captured, including Commander Crawford. This defeat stopped an invasion of Texas by the Federals."

In his "History of the Rise and Fall of the Confederate States" Hon. Jefferson Davis says this victory "has no parallel in ancient or modern warfare when the number on each side is considered."

A slight discrepancy will be seen between the two accounts of the number of ships engaged in the battle.

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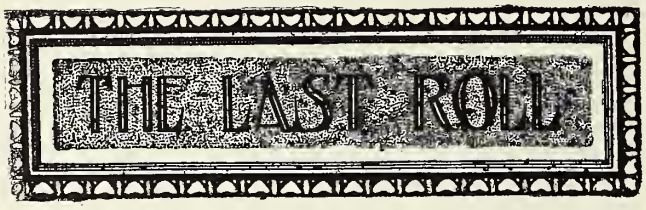
"Old Joe" Johnston.—And there's Joe—my bully Joe. Wouldn't I walk ten miles on a rainy night to see them hazel eyes and feel the grip of his soldier hand? Didn't my rooster always clap his wings and crow whenever he passed our quarters. "Instinct told him that he was the true prince," and, it would make anybody brave to be nigh him.—*Bill Arp.*




Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, $3.00 each.

"The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more.
An army now might thunder past
And they not heed its roar.
The Stars and Cross 'neath which they fought
On many a bloody day
From their green graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away."

### Comrades of the Washington Camp.

Members of Camp 171, U. D. C., of Washington, D. C., who have died this year, as reported by Capt. Fred Beall, Commander:

Richard B. Ray, Company C, 2d Virginia Infantry, buried at Arlington.

Elijah G. Peterson, Company B, 17th Virginia Infantry, Alexandria, Va.

James D, Graves. 7th Kentucky Cavalry, Glenwood, D. C.

Charles A. Dunnington, Company A, 4th Virginia Cavalry and Mosby's Battalion, 43d Virginia Cavalry, Arlington.

George W. Lee, Dement's Maryland Battery, Glenwood.

John H. Hickey, Mount Olive.

James C. Lee, died at Staunton, Va., buried at Hyattsville Md.

Benjamin Thrift, Mosby's Battalion, 43d Virginia Cavalry, Arlington.

J. H. Hoof, Maryland Battery.

Dr. J. L. Suddarth, Company I, 4th Virginia Infantry, Lexington, Va.

### Veterans Buried in Arlington This Year Who Did Not Belong to Camp 171.

Henry L. Plumbe, 21st Alabama Infantry; Sir Moses Ezekiel; Martin Luther Price, first lieutenant Company K, 3d Virginia Infantry; John A. Miller, Imboden's Virginia Cavalry.

### Comrades at Savannah, Ga.

Report by D. B. Morgan, Secretary Camp 756, U. C. V., Confederate Veteran Association:

"Joseph M. Solomons, one of our most beloved members, departed this life on June 2, 1921, at the ripe age of nearly ninety-six years. Comrade Solomons entered the State's service as a member of the Republican Blues, Company B, 1st Volunteer Regiment of Georgia Infantry, in February, 1861, and attained the rank of acting assistant surgeon, serving until his term of service expired, when he immediately enlisted in the service of the Confederate States of America and was detailed to serve at Fort Pulaski, Ga. Later he was transferred to Savannah and discharged on account of physical disability. However, upon recovery he rejoined the army and was sent to North Georgia as acting assistant surgeon and chairman of battle field supplies, and was attached finally to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's Army of Tennessee. With it he went through the campaign of Georgia and the Carolinas and was paroled at Augusta, Ga., then walked from there to his Savannah home. Comrade Solomons was born in Georgetown, S. C., on December 20, 1825, and in 1847 joined an older brother in the drug business in Savannah and was president of the company at the time of his death and active therein until a short while before. He established a reputation for honesty and business enterprise, with altruistic characteristics, so that his death was universally regretted. Charitable in his opinions of others, he took the greatest pleasure in serving others. He was laid to rest in beautiful Laurel Grove Cemetery with the rites of the Jewish faith, followed by the simple ceremonies by his Confederate comrades, and taps was sounded in farewell.

"Early on the morning of the 23d of May, 1921, Charles S. Ellis answered a sudden call and put on immortality. Though in his eighty-seventh year, he was deeply interested in the affairs of his country and was awake to anything pertaining to the memory of his beloved Confederacy. Being a great student, he had surrounded himself with a valuable library and kept well posted. He entered the Confederate army as a private in the Washington Light Infantry, 25th South Carolina Regiment, at Charleston, S. C., on the call in January, 1861, and was on Sullivan's Island during the attack on Fort Sumter. When his native State, North Carolina, seceded, he obtained a transfer to the 1st Battalion of Heavy Artillery of North Carolina, was detailed by Gen. Braxton Bragg to the quartermaster's department, and attained the rank of captain. He was surrendered at Chester, S. C., with General Bragg's headquarters in April, 1865, and returned to his home in Wilmington, N. C., later coming to Savannah, Ga., and entered into business. He was an active, high-toned business man during a long career, filling positions of trust in banking circles and societies. He died a communicant of the First Baptist Church of Savannah. His wife was Miss Catie Buckner, of Savannah, and he is survived by two sons and three daughters."

### Thomas E. Abernathy.

Thomas E. Abernathy, who died in Navasota, Tex., on the 4th of November, 1920, was born on the 24th of February, 1847, in Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn. He was married to Miss Nannie E. Ivey in September, 1867.

Comrade Abernathy volunteered his services for the Confederacy on the 5th of February, 1864, and was enrolled as a private in Company F, 14th Tennessee Cavalry, serving under General Forrest until the surrender. He participated in the many skirmishes and battles while under Forrest and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., on the 27th of April, 1865, receiving his parole from General Canby. He made a good soldier.

After his marriage he moved to Texas and located in Navasota, where he lived for more than forty years. He was a member of the Hannibal Boon Camp, U. C. V., of Navasota, and attended the last Reunion at Atlanta. Many friends mourn his death. His many good qualities as a friend, neighbor, and citizen will keep his memory green.

Comrade Abernathy joined the Methodist Church when a young man and was a steward for a number of years.

### William Foushee Harrison.

In his eighty-first year, William Foushee Harrison died at his home, in Madison, Va., on June 3, 1921, near the place where he was born. He was the son of the late George W. and Sarah A. Harrison and the last survivor of the family.

In his twenty-first year William Harrison entered the service of Virginia and the Confederacy, enlisting as a private in a volunteer organization in April, 1861, which became Company A, 7th Virginia Infantry, under Colonel Kemper. In the brigade of General Early, of Beauregard's Army, he took part in the action at Blackburn's Ford and the famous battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861. His brigade was subsequently commanded by General Kemper, and with it he shared the record of Pickett's Division until the close of the war. He took part in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, and Fraser's Farm, on the Peninsula, and received a slight wound at Williamsburg. He also participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, the Suffolk and North Carolina campaigns, including the capture of Plymouth, the immortal action of his division at Gettysburg, aided in the repulse of Butler at Drewry's Bluff, and fought many months in the trenches before Petersburg. His last battles were at Millford Station (where he received a severe wound in the left breast), Five Forks, and Sailor's Creek. There he was captured and held as a prisoner at the Old Capitol Prison and Johnson's Island until some time after the close of hostilities. During the last three years of the war he held the rank of second lieutenant. He was a member of Kemper-Strother-Fry Camp, U. C. V. On June 30, 1867, he was married to Miss Eleanor A. Harrison, of Greene County, and two sons and six daughters survive him.

After his return from the war Comrade Harrison engaged in the mercantile business at Madison, and later held the offices of county clerk, sheriff, deputy county treasurer, and deputy county clerk. In all relations of life, both public and private, he was faithful to every trust reposed in him and well merited the confidence and esteem of his fellow men.

### Judge R. O. Hannah.

Prairie Grove Camp of Confederate Veterans mourns the death of one of its most valued members, Judge Robert Owen Hannah, who for more than twenty years was Commander of this Camp. On Sunday, May 8, 1921, he was suddenly called to a higher and holier service in the presence of his Lord.

Judge Hannah was a man in the highest sense of the word, faithful in all relations of life. He never sacrificed principle for profit. He was devoted to his family, to his country, to his lodge, to his Church, in which he was a faithful elder who never failed to be present at the meetings of the session, and, above all, to his God.

Judge Hannah was born at Benton, Polk County, Tenn., on November 1, 1844. He volunteered for service in the Confederate army in October, 1862, and served throughout the war. He was in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, and others. In 1863 he was captured while on special duty and sent to Rock Island Prison, where he remained for more than a year. He was paroled and sent to Richmond, Va., and from there he returned to his Tennessee home. When General Lee surrendered, R. O. Hannah also surrendered and became with him a loyal citizen of the United States. He was a true soldier of the Confederacy, a fatihful public servant, and a most useful citizen. Most of his public life was spent in Washington County, Ark., where he served as deputy sheriff, justice of the peace, and county judge with honor to himself and benefit to the community. He was held in the highest esteem by public officials.

The Christian life and character of Judge Hannah, his devotion to truth and right, will be a cherished memory among us. For all these things we are thankful. He was our friend, and we loved him, our comrade, and we honored him.

[Committee: E. G. McCormick (honorary member), Chairman; W. R. Wallace, A. Allen.]

### Charles Alexander Carson.

Charles Alexander Carson died at his residence, in Greenville, S. C., on April 10, 1921, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and was laid with his people in Christ Church Cemetery the following day. He was the son of T. C. and Martha Bee Carson, and, except when at school, his boyhood was spent on his father's plantation on South Saluda River, and he became proficient in all manly exercises and accomplishments of the youth of his day. In the fall of 1862 he enlisted in the Butler Guards of the 2d Regiment, S. C. V., and participated in all the subsequent battles of Kershaw's famous brigade. As a soldier he was always cool, fearless, and efficient, and proved himself worthy of the race from which he sprang. After the surrender he married Miss Elise W. Butler, a sister of Maj. Gen. M. C. Butler, and spent the remainder of his life on the farm.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, and one daughter—W. Butler Carson, of the Seaboard Railroad; Thomas P. Carson, of Greenville, S. C.; and Mrs. Elise Bowen, of Greenville, S. C.—and by a sister, Mrs. Jane M. Brunson, of Florence, S. C.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!

[J. W. Brunson.]

### A. G. McDougal.

A. G. McDougal was born in Waynesboro, Tenn., in 1840, and he was a loyal Confederate soldier, enlisting at the beginning of the war in Company E, 6th Texas Cavalry, Colonel Ross and Capt. Jack Wharton in command. He was captured in battle and sent to Fort Delaware, where he remained a prisoner for twenty-two months, being discharged on June 1, 1865. He was married to Miss Lou Tabler in 1867, and the only child, a son, died several years ago.

Though he had passed the eightieth milestone, his spirit was youthful and always cheerful, a blessing to his loved ones and friends, and he was active and energetic to the end. At his home in Savannah, Tenn., his tired eyes closed on earthly scenes on June 3, 1921, to open again in the dawn of eternity. Just as the coming glories of a new day were dawning on earth the sunrise of an endless morning broke upon his vision.

"Like the watch-worn, weary sentinel,
He laid his armor by to rest in heaven."

### Comrades at Wilson, N. C.

Commander J. C. Hadley reports the following deaths in the membership of Jesse S. Barnes Camp, No. 1264, U. C. V., at Wilson, N. C., for the past year: Allison Hight, B. Hardy Boykin, Stephen Peele, Henry L. Graves, Ben E. Thompson, Thomas Felton, Eli Williamson, Sam D. Marshburn, Levin Watson, W. T. Pittman, Woodward Thorne, A. M. Murray, W. M. Robbins, Albert Brinkley.

### William C. Williams.

William C. Williams was born in Campbell County, East Tenn., on the 17th of February, 1839, emigrated with his father and family to Arkansas in 1853, and settled in Batesville, where, except during his absence in the Confederate army, he continuously resided until he departed this life on May 9, 1921, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was a man of sterling integrity and unflagging industry and held the esteem and confidence of his neighbors throughout his long life. He was twice married and is survived by his widow and seven children. Since 1914 he had been a consistent member and faithful attendant of the services of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Comrade Williams was the last surviving member of Company K, of the 1st Regiment of Arkansas Mounted Riflemen, commanded by Col. Thomas J. Churchill, which was the first company raised in Independence County, Ark., for the Confederate service, and with it participated in its first battle, that of Oak Hill, near Springfield, Mo., on August 10, 1861, and its second, that of Elk Horn, in Benton County, Ark. Soon after the last-named battle the regiment was dismounted and sent east of the Mississippi River, ultimately becoming a part of the Army of Tennessee and participating in the battles of Shiloh and Murfreesboro, Tenn., Richmond, Ky., Chickamauga, and was in front of Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta, Ga., Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and until the surrender of that army at Greensboro, N. C., under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, on April 26, 1865. In all these campaigns and battles Comrade Williams was with his regiment, never making a visit home from the time it crossed the Mississippi River in the spring of 1862 until he returned after the surrender with his parole in his pocket.

### Moses Anderson.

Moses Anderson was born in Hawkins County, Tenn., on July 12, 1837, and died at his home, near Springdale, Ark., on January 22, 1921. He belonged to the old type of Southerner. Entering the Confederate army near the beginning of the war, he served in the 16th Tennessee Cavalry under the leadership of Lieut. Col. J. R. Neal and Capt. F. M. Satley. Soon after being mustered out of the service he went to Washington County, Ark., where he resided until death claimed him.

When a young man he professed faith in Christ and united with the M. E. Church, South, at Zion. This membership he always prized, and he served his Church as steward and Sunday school superintendent and teacher.

He was married on December 31, 1868, to Mary J. Eidson, to whom for more than fifty years he was a devoted companion. To this union were born nine children, seven sons and two daughters, all surviving with the wife and mother except one son. There are also sixteen grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

### James Cassell.

James Cassell, eighty-two years old, died on April 26 at his home, in Belton, Mo. He was widely known in Cass and Jackson counties. He was one of six brothers who enlisted in the Confederate army from Jackson County at the outbreak of the War between the States, only two of the six being twenty years old. Two of the brothers were killed, two taken prisoners, and the other two were wounded several times.

Comrade Cassell is survived by his wife, three daughters, and two sons, also by a brother, T. W. Cassell, of Independence, Mo., and two sisters.

### Capt. S. I. Matthews.

After a year's illness following a stroke of paralysis, the brave spirit of Capt. Samuel I. Matthews yielded to the great destroyer, and he sank into the last long sleep at his home, in Houston, Tex., on March 17, 1921. He was born in Kingstree, Williamsburg County, S. C., on October 1, 1840, of ancestry from before the Revolutionary War, and was educated at the Citadel in Charleston. He became a man of culture and intellect, and as a soldier of the Confederacy he was brave and gallant, serving as captain of Company I, 26th South Carolina Regiment. He was in the last battle at Appomattox and surrendered with General Lee, laying down his arms, down-hearted over the defeat of the Southern cause, but ready to face the future as gallantly as he had fought, and he was a loyal Confederate to the end of life.

In 1865 Captain Matthews was married to Miss Sallie Cannon, a beautiful and accomplished belle of her time and also of patrician birth. After several years they removed to the Lone Star State, and there had a successful and eventful life. They had lived in Austin and Houston, and he took an active interest in the civic, philanthropic, and social life of those cities.

Captain Matthews possessed the best constituents of character. He was the soul of honor and the embodiment of nobility in addition to his great mental endowment. He was a successful civil engineer and a Christian of the old school. Two children survive him and his wife, with whom he had lived blissfully for fifty-five years. He was affectionate, kind, and good, ever trying to alleviate the suffering about him. He lived to a ripe old age, and now that he has been called to "rest under the shade of the trees" on the "eternal camping ground" we mourn his loss.

[From tribute by Mrs. Julia M. Gerety, Columbus, Miss.]

### J. W. Skinner.

James William Skinner was born in Cynthiana, Ky., on June 15, 1842, and died ar his home, in Adair, Okla., on February 6, 1921. He was married to Lucy C. Parks in 1874, and to this union nine children were born, of whom five daughters and two sons survive him, with the second wife, who was Miss Lina Langley.

Comrade Skinner left Kentucky in 1856 and moved to Boonville, Mo., and later to Lexington, Ky., to attend school, where he was when the War between the States came on. He organized a company for General Morgan and was made the captain. He was wounded during the war and also cited for bravery. After the war he moved back to Boonville and in 1882 went to Vinita, Okla., and from there to Adair in 1887, where he spent the remainder of his days.

In the death of Comrade Skinner Adair loses one of its pioneer citizens and one of the leading business men of the community up to his retirement, about a year ago. He had been a steward in the Methodist Church there for the past twenty years and was its treasurer. He was a leader and adviser in the Church work and gave to it the same thought and care which he bestowed upon his personal affairs. He was also a member of Adair Lodge, No. 569. I. O. O. F., and member of that order for fifty years.

### Comrades at Donaldson, Ark.

The following is a list of members of Van H. Manning Camp, No. 991, U. C. V., of Malvern, Ark, who have died in the last twelve months, reported by H. S. Fuller, Commander:

T. J. Thrasher, captain of Company F, 3d Arkansas; S. H. Emerson, Company F, 3d Arkansas; D. M. Noble, Company I, 3d Arkansas; S. C. Price, colonel Green's Missouri Cavalry.

### David D. Hickman.

In the death of D. D. Hickman, which occurred at his home, near Hubbard, Tex., on October 30, 1920, another soldier of the sixties and wearer of the gray passed to his reward in the great beyond. Wearied in mind and body, with years of feebleness and affliction, death came as a relief and marked the end of a long and useful career.

David DeWitt Hickman was born in Clarksburg, W. Va., on June 19, 1837; but in early life drifted West, and at the outbreak of hostilities in 1861 he was in Missouri. There he enlisted in the Confederate Army and served in various capacities, finally being assigned to Company A, 16th Missouri Infantry, under command of General Price. For nearly three years he followed the flag of the Southland throughout Missouri and Arkansas, taking part in numerous engagements and sharing the dangers and hardships of that trying period. In the spring of 1864 his command was rushed South to aid in the campaign against Banks, and in the battle of Pleasant Hill, La., he was severely wounded, being shot through both hands, thereby rendering him useless for farther service in the army and crippling him for life.

After the war he moved to Texas, and in January, 1870, he was married to Sicily M. Robinson, into whose home near Mansfield, La., he had been carried as a wounded soldier and who for nearly fifty years was his faithful wife and companion.

Settling on lands near Hubbard, Tex., in 1871, he engaged in farming and stock-raising, and in true pioneer spirit he aided in every way to develop the country, always lending his assistance to any worthy enterprise undertaken by his community.

Comrade Hickman was a member of the M. E. Church, South, and took an active part in its affairs until enfeebled by old age and affliction. He is survived by his wife and three children, all of whom were with him at the end.

### Capt. N. C. Carr.

Capt. N. C. Carr was born in Newton County, Ga., on January 11, 1836, on his father's plantation and was reared in Covington. He was married to Miss Angia McCalla in July, 1856. He spent two years of his life in the gold fields of California. During the War between the States he enlisted for the South and was a member of Company B, 35th Georgia Regiment. He served with distinction and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox. At the time of surrender he was captain of his company and adjutant on Gen. Ed Thomas's staff. He served his native county in the General Assembly of the State.

Captain Carr died at the home of his son, J. P. Carr, in Piedmont, Ala., on February 26, 1921. Three sons survive him. He was a member of the Methodist Church. Captain Carr was a brave soldier, a good citizen, a kind and loving husband and father. Peace to his ashes!

[Committee: W. A. Cannon, William Bird.]

### D. O. McKinley.

In Geiger, Ala., on April 17, 1821, occurred the death of Corp. D. O. McKinley, of Company A, 5th Alabama Battalion, C. S. A. Comrade McKinley was born in Sumter County, Ala., near Gainesville, on the 17th of March, 1843. He fought under Jackson in the battles of the Virginia Valley and was a gallant soldier to the end. He was a subscriber to the Confederate Veteran for many years. A good citizen has been lost to his community and State.

### Capt. James C. Purnell.

One by one the old guard is passing out and the thin gray line is becoming thinner and thinner. Most of the "boys who followed the flag" with Lee and Jackson and other chieftains of the Confederacy have "crossed over the river and are resting beneath the shade on the other side."

Capt. James Carstaphen Purnell was born at his father's plantation home, near Duck Hill, Miss., on March 17, 1847, and died on April 9, 1921, at Battle Creek, Mich., and was buried at his home, in Winona, Miss. Captain Purnell was twice married. His first wife was Miss Jane Boyd Hawkins, of Carroll County, Miss. His second marriage was to Miss Helen Purnell, of Eupora, Miss., and he is survived by the following sons and daughters: Frank M. Purnell, of Memphis, Tenn.; Jennie H. Purnell, James C. Purnell, Jr., and Mrs. Eunice Purnell Cameron, all of Winona; and Rhesa Hawkins Purnell, of Roanoke, Va.; and there are seventeen grandchildren. Two daughters died several years ago.

Captain Purnell served gallantly in the Confederate army, and in May, 1865, surrendered with the 28th Mississippi Cavalry at Gainesville, Ala. He loved his comrades, and in June, 1913, he paid the fares of some of the survivors of old Company K, 11th Mississippi Regiment, to the blue and gray reunion at Gettysburg, Pa. Wishing to perpetuate the memory of these companions in gray, he presented to Statham-Farrell Camp, U. C. V., a monument of beautiful design that is located in the courthouse yard at Winona, Miss., dedicating it "to the memory of Jefferson Davis, to the soldiers, and to the women of the Confederacy.

### Mississippi Comrades.

[The following report comes from W. A. Love, President of Mississippi Pension Board, writing from Columbus, Miss.]

David James Martin was born in Morgan County, Ala., on August 25, 1832, and died at Crawford, Miss., on May 4, 1921, in his eighty-ninth year. He was a member of the "Prairie Guards," Company E, 11th Regiment of Mississippi Infantry. In the battle of Second Manassas, Va., he lost an arm and was discharged. Six Martin brothers were in the Confederate service. The family came to Lowndes County, in 1839 and engaged in farming. The year 1855 was very dry, the Tombigbee River being unnavigable. It is said the Martins shipped the first cotton to Mobile, Ala., over the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, having hauled it two hundred miles to Citronville, the first station where they met the construction crew.

Julius Orlando Canfield was born in Lowndes County, Miss., on July 1, 1841, and died on May 2, 1921. He was a member of Company C, 35th Regiment of Mississippi Infantry, and served throughout the war. He was in the battles of Corinth, Shiloh, and Vicksburg, also in the Tennessee and Georgia campaigns. He was a frequent attendant at State and general reunions of the Confederate veterans. He served for years as pension commissioner from his district, and was a large and successful planter in active control until recently.

### Comrades at Macon, Ga.

Commander John A. Jarrell reports the following losses in R. A. Smith Camp, No. 484, U. C. V., of Macon, in the last twelve months: A. H. Rice, Company G, 45th Georgia Regiment; Judge Devhant, Guerry Georgia Volunteers; L. P. Lane, Company D, 8th Georgia Regiment; Mote Clark, Company —, 45th Georgia Regiment; Lafayette Balcom, Company C, 4th Georgia Regiment; Henry Durdan, Company A, 45th Georgia Regiment

### Benjamin Gildersleeve, Sr.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

On Saturday, the 28th of May, 1921, Benjamin Gildersleeve, Sr., an aged and esteemed citizen of Abingbon, Va., passed away in his eighty-seventh year. He was born in Charleston, S. C., on October 9, 1833, the son of Benjamin Gildersleeve, a Presbyterian minister of English ancestry, who at the time of his death was the senior of the religious press of America.

Mr. Gildersleeve was educated at the University of Virginia and left that institution to enter the Confederate army, where he served with distinction. He was a faithful and loyal soldier, serving with Company D, 1st Virginia Cavalry, up to the day of Lee's surrender.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev W. M. Walsh at the Presbyterian Church of Abingdon and interment was in Sinking Spring Cemetery.

Mr. Gildersleeve is survived by five daughters (Mrs. Pendleton Taylor, Miss Mary Gildersleeve, Mrs Thomas S. Russell, Miss Grace Gildersleeve, Mrs. L. D. Kirby) and one son (Basil G. Gildersleeve). His older brother, Dr. Basil Gildersleeve, of Baltimore, Md., the eminent Greek scholar, also survives him.

### E. C. Watson.

Ephraim C. Watson, Confederate veteran and one of the most highly esteemed citizens of Leetown, W. Va., died at his home, Lee House, on June 14, at the age of eighty years. He was a life-long resident of Jefferson County. His army service was rendered in Company D, 12th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A. He was badly wounded in the battle of Brandy Station and was a prisoner at Elmira, N. Y., at the time of Lee's surrender. Comrade Watson was also a soldier of the cross, a faithful member of the Methodist Church, ever ready and willing to do his best for the Master's cause. He had been a steward of the Church since its organization and a teacher of the Bible class for thirty years; was also superintendent of the Sunday school for fifteen years. He made a beautiful record, and his memory will ever be cherished.

A comrade who was intimately associated with him while in the army—in camp, on the march, and in battle—knew him under all circumstances since the war bears testimony to his unimpeachable character. For many years he owned the famous Lee House, named for its Revolutionary owner, Gen. Charles Lee, who lived in seclusion there after he had been dismissed from the American army for misconduct at the battle of Monmouth. Mr. Watson is survived by a daughter and two brothers.

### J. Bart Watson.

J. Bart Watson, of Middleway, Va., Confederate veteran and well-known farmer in his section, died at his home after a long illness at the advanced age of eighty-four years. He was a Jefferson County man by birth and identification, and many years he was actively engaged in farming. Of late years he had been living a retired life in Middleway. He was an active Churchman, identified since boyhood with the Presbyterian congregation of Middleway.

During the War between the States Comrade Watson served as a member of Company D, 12th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.

He is survived by six children—two daughters and four sons—and one brother, G. W. Watson, of Martinsburg.

[J. B. Osbourn, 12th Virginia Cavalry.]

### Thomas LeRoy Taylor.

A long, useful, and beautiful life ended with the death of Thomas LeRoy Taylor, one of thhe oldest citizens of his community, who died on June 1, 1921, at the home of his daughter, at Bailey, Tenn., in his seventy-ninth year. Mr. Taylor was of the old school of Southern gentlemen of the most pronounced type, of gentle manners, and refined, lovable personality. He served with distinction throughout the four years of the War between the States, having enlisted with the "Wigfall Grays," and later was a member of the 4th Tennessee Regiment, Cheatham's Division. He was twice wounded, at Shiloh and again at Franklin, and each time he left the hospital to return to his command under the violent protest of his surgeon.

THOMAS LEROY TAYLOR.

At the close of the war Comrade Taylor was united in marriage to Miss Annie Lauderdale, a member of one of the pioneer families of Memphis. He came of two old and distinguished families of the South, being a son of Andrew Taylor and Clarissa Polk and was closely related to the present Governor of Tennessee. He is survived by two daughters (Mrs. W. C. McBeth, of Memphis, and Mrs. J. T. Bedford, of Bailey), eight grandchildren, and six great grandchildren. His death was widely mourned.

### Capt. J. T. Fisher.

"Capt." Joel Thomas Fisher, eighty years old, a Confederate veteran, died at his home, northeast of Fulton, Mo., Sunday morning, May 8, 1921, after a two weeks' illness. After an attack of influenza, an infection developed in an old wound received in the War between the States, and this caused his death. He was laid to rest in the Richland Baptist Church cemetery.

Captain Fisher was born in Franklin County, Va., on August 17, 1840, and lived in that county until the beginning of the war. The year after the war he went to Calloway County, Mo., living for a short time with his mother's old friend, Col. George Law, near Reform; then he located near McCredie, Mo., and resided in that section until his death. He was married on December 20, 1870, to Miss Mary E. Houf, who survives with three sons: R. Edmund, of Fulton; Oscar R., of Little Falls, Minn.; amd Pearl, of Calwood, Mo.

Captain Fisher was one of the first volunteers from his native county in Virginia when the war came on. He joined Company D, 2d Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, serving under Gen. Stonewall Jackson. He participated in the memorable Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, Pa., where he was wounded and captured and taken to Fort Delaware as a prisoner of war, but was exchanged in time to serve in the last battles before the fall of Richmond, although he was yet on crutches. In the Gettysburg campaign he served as a courier on the staff of Gen. Robert E. Lee. He never wavered in his devotion to the Confederate cause, and there were few reunions of veterans that he did not attend. He served as Lieutenant

Colonel on the staff of the Western Commandery at Houston, Tex., In 1920. He was a strong Democrat and through many years was active in party affairs in his county.

Captain Fisher had been a member of the Richmond Baptist Church many years and was prominently identified with the work of the congregation. He was a man of strong convictions, of intense loyalty to his friends, and in his home neighborhood was noted for his neighborliness. Many friends throughout the county grieve with his family over his passing.

### Thomas W. Colley.

Thomas W. Colley, Commander of the William E. Jones Camp, U. C. V., of Washington County, Va., passed away at his home, near Abingdon, some months ago, aged seventy-nine years.

At the outbreak of the War between the States Comrade Colley volunteered in a cavalry company raised in this county by Capt. William E. Jones, and when the cavalry was organized in the Army of Northern Virginia, this became Company D, 1st Regiment of Virginia Cavalry.

Comrade Colley wac twice wounded. A bullet passed through his body, and from this wound he recovered. He was then shot in the foot, which caused amputation. These wounds unfitted him for farther service. After the close of the war he prepared himself for commercial life, which he followed for some years; then he was appointed deputy sheriff, in which position he served very acceptably. The last office he held was commissioner of revenue, holding it for several years. He was one of the most daring Confederate soldiers in the cavalry service. He was a man of powerful physique and was conspicuous in any crowd, clad, as he always was, in a suit of gray. He took great interest in looking after the welfare of all of his comrades and of every man who was a true Confederate. He was long a member of the Methodist Church and was laid to rest at Washington Chapel, near his home, survived by his wife and several children.

This tribute is penned by one who soldiered with him.

[L. T. Cosby, Abingdon, Va.]

### James D. Farrar.

James Democracy Farrar was born in Albemarle County, Va., on September 30, 1841. In the spring of 1860 he joined a military company at Buffalo, Putnam County, Va., known as the Buffalo Guards, organized by William E. Fife, who became its captain. The company afterwards became Company A, 36th Regiment of Virginia Volunteers. James Farrar was captured at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Chase. When exchanged in the fall of 1862, he returned to his company and was with it in every engagement to the end, doing his full duty as a gallant soldier. The regiment was disbanded at Christiansburg, Va., on April 10, 1865, and he and his younger brother started afoot for home, more than three hundred and fifty miles away, reaching there on May 22, after many hardships and trials and finding nothing left to them but the dear, patriotic mother and sister, all stock gone but one faithful dog, who stood sentinel day and night.

Going to Missouri in 1868, James Farrar was there married to Miss Eldorado McBain in January, 1872, then moved to Texas, and from there to Oklahoma, where he died on April 18, 1921. He was converted and joined the Baptist Church at Buffalo, Va., just after the war, and thenceforth was the same faithful soldier of Christ that he had been for the Confederacy, ever ready when duty called.

[C. M. Farrar, Plus, W. Va.]

### Capt. C. M. Davis.

Clark Mason Davis was born on October 25, 1846, and died on April 16, 1921, at his home, in Eatonton, Ga, where he had lived his life.

He volunteered in August, 1863, and became second lieutenant in Company A, 27th Georgia Battalion, C. S. A. He was often in command of Company E, same battalion. His service was mostly in Georgia. In the fall of 1864 the battalion hindered the march of Sherman from the Oconee Bridge to Savannah, then through the Carolinas, and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., on April 26, 1865.

For a number of years he was captain of the Putnam Rifles, a local military company which helped to keep peace in Reconstruction times and later. He was a merchant and banker. For many years he was county treasurer. He was a Mason for fifty-three years, was a Christian, and a member of the Presbyterian Church for thirty-nine years.

Captain Davis was one of five brothers, all of whom served in the Confederate army with distinction: Alfred, in Texas artillery, Nelson's Georgia Rangers, Ross's Cavalry; John W., 3d Alabama and 3d Georgia Infantry; James T., 3d Georgia; Edward S., 12th Georgia Regiment of Infantry, killed at McDowell, Va., on May 8, 1862. Clark was the last to pass over the river. He was married on October 8, 1868, to Miss Julia Guttenberger, of Macon, Ga., who, with three sons and two daughters and many grandchildren, survives him.

[Robert Young, Adjutant R. T. Davis Camp, No 759, U. C. V.]

### Smith Powell.

The last roll call was answered by Smith Powell on June 26, 1921, at the hospital in Rusk, Texas, after an invalidism of several years, He was born in Columbus, Miss., on June 21, 1845, and was thus only a few days more than seventy-six years old. Left an orphan at an early age, he was reared by an uncle, Col. R. D. Powell, of Columbus. He was attending the University of Alabama at Greensboro when he enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of sixteen. During the four years of this struggle between the States he played an active part as a brave and faithful soldier. His service was with the 36th Alabama Regiment, Company C, and he was mustered in at Mobile, Ala., with Robert H. Smith, colonel, and L. T. Woodruff, lieutenant colonel.

Smith Powell was in some of the great battles, such as Chickamauga (where he was wounded), Missionary Ridge, Corinth, Nashville, and the fighting around Atlanta. At Nashville, during the hottest of the fight, when the color bearer, Joe Tillinghast, was wounded, Powell hoisted the flag on high and leaped over the breastworks, calling to the boys to "come on and go to Nashville." It was he who picked up the flag inscribed, "13th U. S. Colored Infantry, presented by the Colored Ladies of Murfreesboro," which he turned over to the command. When Hooker's Corps surrounded Chattanooga and took Mississionary Ridge, Powell's company escaped, but lost all arms and equipment. He was engaged in all the battles of the spring campaign clear to Atlanta and walked barefooted through snow and slush uncomplaining and unafraid.

At the close of the war Comrade Powell went to Greensboro, later to Columbus, Miss., the home of his childhood, and in Lowndes County he met and married Miss Blanche Rush. The fiftieth anniversary of this union was the 21st of December, 1920. He was a member of the Methodist Church and lived the life of a Christian. He was also a member of Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., of Waco, Tex., and in the cemetery there his comrades laid him to rest.

# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn.....*Second Vice President General*
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MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## *FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.*

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* The General Convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, will be held in St. Louis, Mo., November 8-12, 1921. The Statler Hotel will be the headquarters, and rates may now be secured from the management. Rates at other hotels will be announced later.

The matter that calls for widest publicity now is that of railroad rates and the conditions incident thereto. Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, Va., Chairman of Transportation, has the following announcement to make: "Reduced rates of one and one-half regular fare for the round trip on the 'certificate plan' have been obtained for the Convention, provided there are three hundred and fifty certificates held by those going to St. Louis. Tickets at regular one-way fare for the going trip may be purchased November 4 to 10, inclusive. Be sure when purchasing your going ticket to ask the ticket agent for a 'certificate receipt' and see that this certificate is stamped with the same date as the ticket. Sign your name to the certificate. Do not fail to secure certificate receipt from ticket agent when purchasing your ticket to St. Louis. Without the certificate you will not be able to secure reduced rates for the return trip. These certificates will not be sent to small towns, but if agents at such places are asked about them long enough beforehand they will get them for any inquirers."

It will be recalled that at Tampa delegates failed to get the one-half fare return because there was not the required number of certificates held by those attending the convention. It was found than many delegates had not asked their agents for certificates when buying their tickets to Tampa. Division Presidents may avoid a repetition of this unfortunate condition by sending to all Chapters the foregoing information and by assisting the President General and the Transportation Committee in the effort to reach the individuals who will attend the Convention.

*The Hero Fund.*—Mrs. Morris had to the credit of the fund in May $37,550, and since that report Mrs. Beal has received $750 in bonds and has $219.69 in cash, making a total of $38,519.69, only $11,480.31 needed to reach the goal. This should enlist the energy and interest of the individual member. Every loyal Daughter can have a part in this great work by seeing that her $1.15 is sent at once to the Treasurer. Remember this is not a tax; it is the *per capita* estimate made in our effort to make the fund easy to finish. The Divisions that met the quota promptly must be very proud of their record, and my earnest hope is that others will fall in line in time to write "Finis" after the report in St. Louis.

*Hector W. Church.*—The attorneys, Messrs. H. C. and V. D. Stratton. of Oxford, N. Y., have settled in full with your President General through our attorney, Mr. John L. Woodbury, and the entire amount, which is in liberty bonds and municipal securities, is in the hands of the Treasurer General. Among the private papers of Mr. Church is his honorable discharge from the Union army, a document the U. D. C. will preserve in appreciation of his consideration of the efforts we have made.

*General Forrest's Birthday.*—Memphis has planned a celebration of the one hundredth birthday of General Forrest on July 13. The program will be one of interest to all U. D. C.'s, and I am happy to represent you on this occasion.

*A Chapter in France.*—The Major General de Polignac Chapter in Paris is the outcome of the personal work of our former President General, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, and we rejoice in having organized these splendid women to represent us overseas. The potential value of this Chapter is worth earnest consideration, now that distance has been eliminated and all points of the earth are in close touch. Let us hope that Southern women the world over will catch the vision that led Agnes de Polignac, Marquise de Courtivron, to organize in France. To do this we must be alert and take advantage of opportunities to inspire interest after the manner of our ever-faithful coworker, Miss Poppenheim. Who will be the next godmother of a Chapter in some far-away land!

Cordially, MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## *DIVISION NOTES.*

*Alabama.*—The annual State convention was held in Montgomery May 3-6. The gracious hospitality extended the large number of visitors and the beautiful social functions will long be remembered, especially a visit to the White House of the Confederacy, which was enjoyed by many unable to attend the later formal opening on June 3.

Historians' Evening stands out with the bestowing of many prizes to reward the workers of the year and a splendid and forcible address by the President General, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney.

Much interest was taken in the election of officers. Mrs. E. L. Huey, of Bessemer, was chosen President. Being a woman of many charms and graciousness of manner, the State Division is honored in honoring her.

The State reunion, U. C. V., was held in Anniston on May 18 and 19, and it was the pleasure of the William H. Forney Chapter to lend every assistance possible for the pleasure of the veterans. An enjoyable reception and dance was given the visitors and friends at the Country Club on the evening of the 17th, and a lawn party was given them on the grounds of the Anniston Inn, while the ball in their honor was a brilliant affair. The favors were paper soldier hats for the veterans and gay parasols for the ladies.

Gen. Henry C. Davidson, of Montgomery, was elected Commander of the Alabama Division of Confederate Veterans.

The closing feature of this reunion was a spectacular parade, led by General Craig and staff, accompanied by Governor Kilby.

*Arkansas.*—The Executive Board of the Division held an interesting meeting with the President, Mrs. W. E. Massey, in Hot Springs, on May 21, members from Little Rock coming in motors. Good reports from officers and chairmen of committees were made, two new Chapters reported organized, three hundred application blanks issued for new members, and one hundred and seven new membership certificates have been signed by the President since February 1, the registration for Arkansas completed showing 1,831 members in the Division and all lines of activity greatly incresaed. Arrangements were made for the completion of the Hero Fund before the 15th of June and the finishing of the Jefferson Davis monument before the 1st of September.

*Maryland.*—The Baltimore Chapter observed the birthday of President Davis, and memorial services were held in Loudoun Park with the largest attendance in years. Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter at their observance read some letters of Mrs. Davis and the message of condolence sent her by former slaves of the family at the death of their beloved master.

At the June meeting of Ridgely Brown Chapter contributions were made to the Confederate Museum, Richmond, and the Hero Fund.

*Missouri.*—On Decoration Day, May 30, the members of the six Chapters, U. D. C., and of Camp No. 80, U. C. V., of Kansas City, held memorial services at the monument erected to the memory of Confederate soldiers in Union Cemetery. After a program and the floral decoration of the monument, taps was sounded by Boy Scouts. At the services at Forest Hill Cemetery Southern songs were sung by the Daughters of the Confederacy. A floral piece of unusual beauty, presented by the Murray Davis Post, American Legion, added greatly to the impressiveness of the occasion.

Judge J. M. Lowe, of Kansas City, was elected President of the Board of Managers of the Confederate Home at Higginsville recently. The new board of five members was named by Governor Hyde.

The Dixie Chapter, Kansas City, presented twelve crosses of honor at a special meeting held on June 3.

Mrs. Virgil H. Jaudon, President, gave a review of battles fought in Missouri and eulogized the Missouri leaders in the Southern cause.

Mr. William B. Mumford presented the Chapter with a pitcher in which he had carried coffee to his father while the latter was in prison in New Orleans.

A cross was presented to William B. Mumford, Jr., eldest son of William B. Mumford, who was executed by the Federal commander, Benjamin J. Butler, in the city of New Orleans on June 7, 1862, for removing the Union flag from the government mint during the siege and defense of that city.

Sterling Price Chapter fittingly observed Davis Day with a fine program.

*North Carolina.*—The thirteenth district meeting had sixty delegates present and transacted much business and, among other matters, decided to erect a monument to General Pender, who fell at Gettysburg. A marker at the grave of Mrs. Rebecca M. Winborne, who made the first Confederate flag, was unveiled with impressive ceremony.

Manly's Battery, C. of C., of Raleigh, is asking its members and friends to give them books, which they will place on a shelf in the children's alcove in the public library. They want to fill this shelf with all of the most interesting books about the South—her little children, her brave women, and her fine men. It is hoped they will carry on the fight to build up among the young people more appreciative loyalty to the great principles for which their forefathers fought. The "Battery" decorated the four Confederate statues—Big Monument, Wyatt, Vance, and the monument to the women of the Confederacy—on Memorial Day and offered a prize of five dollars in gold for the best ten-minute experience story to be told by any man or woman of the sixties, while the veterans were smoking their cigars after their Memorial Day dinner at the Home.

The Frank Bennett Chapter, C. of C., and Anson Chapter, U. D. C., of Wadesboro, were "at home" on President Davis's birthday, and a "rice or silver offering" was given for the Confederate museum and the new library at Richmond, Va.

The Julia Jackson Chapter, C. of C., of Charlotte, sends each month some remembrance to the twenty-two members of the Old Ladies' Home and are buying a piano for the Veterans' Hall of their city. Just recently they gave a card and sewing party, realizing $75 for the piano fund. Under the able leadership of Mrs. Ellis Henderson these little folk are doing most wonderful work.

The Charles Fisher Chapter, of Salisbury, is an enthusiastic band of little ones too. The Chapter is divided into the senior and junior groups, there being more than forty members. These children act as godchildren to the four veterans who occupy the Robert F. Hoke Chapter room at the Confederate Home in Raleigh.

The ninth annual meeting of the fifteenth district, of Halifax County, was held in Enfield on Tuesday, April 5. Delegates arrived by automobiles from Littleton, Weldon, Halifax, and Scotland Neck. The meeting was called to order by Miss Katie W. Riddick, District Director, in the Baptist church, which was appropriately decorated in patriotic colors, potted plants, and cut flowers. Back of the pulpit hung the U. D. C. five-pointed star, each point representing a distinct feature of the work. Mrs. Thomas W. Wilson, of Gastonia, President of the North Carolina Division, charmed the audience by her gracious manner and gave them many new ideas and beautiful thoughts to dwell on. Mrs. R. P. Holt, Third Vice President General, made a splendid talk on the work of organizing Children's Chapters and urged each Chapter to encourage and organize the children in the work. She is State distributor of the book, "Southern Women in War Times," and would like to place a copy in each Southern home. A copy was presented by the hostess Chapter to the Enfield Graded School. Miss Katie Riddick was unanimously reëlected Director for another year. Invitations for the next district meeting were extended by Halifax and Scotland Neck, the latter being accepted.

District No. 6 met at the Country Club in Greensboro on April 7, with the Guilford Chapter as hostess. Mrs. Thomas Wilson, of Gastonia, Division President, made a most inspiring address. She said, among the numerous other good things during her talk, that the motto typified by the five points of the U. D. C. star—pray, think, know, live, love—could be the true guiding star. Pray to prove worthy of the great cause; think over and become informed of every phase of the work; know all the causes for which the U. D. C. works and for which it stands; live, vitalize the work; love, for in love there is service. She also emphasized the importance of historical work and of coöperating with the textbook committee in order to correct the unfair statements

regarding the South during the War between the States, and even after, with which history and literature abound.

Mrs. Wilson called the district's attention to the numerous prizes offered by the State and National Divisions. The pre-eminent tasks before the U. D. C. are the preservation of reminiscences by veterans and women of the Confederacy, preservation of Southern music, publicity for the book, "Southern Women in War Times," the organizing of Children's Chapters, and the importance of registering each new Chapter. She stressed the various monument funds. Every Chapter in the district was represented, and every report was an expression of work, enthusiasm, and service. District No. 6 consists of six Chapters.

A motion to indorse a scholarship to Vassar was adopted. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Kernodle next conducted a round table in which various questions, including the Lee Memorial, the World War Hero Fund, etc., were discussed.

During the year each Chapter in the sixth district will invite Mrs. Kernodle to attend one of their monthly meetings in order that she may keep in touch with the Chapters and make coöperation more perfect.

*Ohio.*—June is the month that gives all of the Chapters in Ohio the opportunity of celebrating the birthday of Jefferson Davis, but it is to the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Columbus that the real glory falls. This Chapter takes this occasion to honor the Southern soldiers who lie at rest in Camp Chase Cemetery.

The date for the memorial services is set as near the 3d of June as possible. On Saturday, June 4, over two thousand persons attended the memorial services at Camp Chase Cemetery, when the graves of 2,260 Confederate soldiers were decorated with flowers and flags.

Flowers and cash donations were received from many Southern States. Palm leaves and wreathes of Southern gray moss came from South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. Among the most notable floral donation was a box of exquisite American Beauty and Killarney roses sent from the White House bearing a card, "Mrs. Harding."

In a letter to Mrs. Daniel Carroll, President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, Mrs. Harding expressed a desire to do her part in honoring the country's heroes everywhere, saying: "While making arrangements to send some of the White House flowers to Arlington Cemetery for the decoration of soldiers' graves on Memorial Day, the thought has come to me that I must not forget the soldiers of the other side in our national conflict. Our tears and our love are for the heroes of both sides in that older conflict. Their sons and grandsons in the more recent struggle poured out their blood to wash away the last of sectional feeling. So I am sending to you a box of the White House blossoms with the request that you will have them placed on the graves of the Confederate soldiers at Camp Chase Cemetery on June 4. I wish that it were possible for me to help in thus decorating the graves of our heroes everywhere. As I cannot do that, I feel that I must do my little part for those in the two cemeteries that have so long seemed, because of neighborship, to be entitled to my special thought—Arlington, so close to us here in Washington, and Camp Chase, only a little farther away from our Ohio home."

This box of lovely blossoms was carried to the monument by three soldiers: Col. James M. Worrell, of Columbus, wearing the Southern gray; Capt. W. H. Hallister, of Newark, wearing the Northern blue; Capt. Guy Manning, U. S. M. C., Columbus, wearing khaki.

The speaker for the day was the Rev. G. M. Boyd, son of a Confederate veteran. Short talks were made by members of the G. A. R. Camp of Newark, of which organization the Confederate Veterans of Columbus are honorary members. There are only three Confederate veterans living in Columbus: Col. Charles S. Ammel, Col. J. M. Worrell, and Capt. John H. Levy.

Music was furnished by the marine band from the barracks, and a male quartet from Al Field's Minstrels sang several beautiful selections.

A firing squad from the barracks fired a salute at the end of the services, and "Taps" was sounded, thus ending a most perfect Memorial Day.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Cincinnati reports a memorial service on June 3 to honor the memory of President Davis. Mrs. W. T. Shannon opened her home to the members and friends of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, and Dr. Beverly Bond, professor of American history at the University of Cincinnati, spoke on the "Life of Jefferson Davis."

This Chapter also reports a charity ball and bridge given on the 13th of May, "Jamestown Day," at the Hamilton Country Club, the proceeds to be used for the Chapter's charities.

*South Carolina.*—Reports show several new Chapters added to the Division. Annie White Chapter, Rock Hill, has been working for several years to erect a monument to York County soldiers and hope to have it in place soon, since the Kiwanis Club is now coöperating with the Chapter.

One of the veterans, Rev. H. H. Boys, a noble, knightly gentleman of the old school and a minister of the Methodist Church, has passed to his reward.

*Tennessee.*—On July 13, the one hundredth birthday of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, whose birthday is now a legal holiday in Tennessee, was fittingly observed by the Citizens' Committee, Forrest Command, and Memphis Chapter, U. D. C. A luncheon was given at historic Gayoso Hotel to Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, President General U. D. C., of Paducah, Ky., and Mrs. Alexander B. White, ex-President General U. D. C., of Paris, Tenn., where tributes were paid to General Forrest. Later the equestrian statute of General Forest in Forrest Park was decorated with two handsome wreaths, and exercises of music and addresses were held at the Scottish Rites Cathedral.

# Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

### *U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1921.*

NORFOLK.

Describe the historic events in this harbor, including the battle in Hampton Roads. Fortress Monroe was the prison of President Davis. Describe his life there, the hardships he endured, and the reason for his release from captivity.

### *C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1921.*

J. E. B. STUART, OF THE CAVALRY.

Read about his ride around McClellan, the battles of his cavalry, and his death at Yellow Tavern.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

*STATE PRESIDENTS*

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville .....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg .....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

## *A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.*

*My dear Coworkers:* Your earnest consideration, coöperation, and interest is desired in several questions of momentous importance which we as loyal daughters of the Southland are pledged to support, and prompt action is needed that we may answer the clarion calls to duty. Our foremost duty is to aid in the too-long-delayed completion of the wonderful monument at the birthplace of our first and only President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis. Delayed by the exigencies of the World War, a reorganization of the committee has given the C. S. M. A. a part in the responsibility of raising money to complete the half finished monument, which is to be the second highest in America and will fittingly honor our beloved chieftain. As ours is memorial work, truly no subject could be chosen that would more fully command our support.

Only twenty-five cents is asked of each person, though one may give as much more as desired. Will you not as Association members secure this small amount from your members and have the joy of realizing that you each contribute one brick, as it were, toward this splendid tribute of the heart of the South? Send contributions to Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.

Then, secondly, you are asked to have a part in saving for future generations the battle field of Manassas, a company having been incorporated for the purpose of purchasing one hundred and twenty-eight acres known as the Henry Farm and embracing the spot where our immortal Stonewall Jackson made his last charge and which is for that reason alone consecrated ground. Twenty-five thousand dollars is the purchase price, which includes the Henry house, already established as a museum and containing many valuable relics, to which additions will be made from time to time. The charter states that it is "In memory of the brave dead and wounded of both armies who fought in that battle and that the said land may stand as a perpetual park as the South's tribute to all Confederate soldiers of that war and as an expression of Southen love and admiration of the glorious and devoted women of the South during that dread era." Will not every Association want a part in this splendid work of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park?

Please also take this matter up with your Association and help to raise the money in order to make possible this glorious memorial. Up to this time the South has builded monuments, with no battle fields set apart to stand to future generations as silent witnesses of the matchless valor of her soldiers. So let us make of this a spontaneous outpouring of our loving appreciation by a gift from every Memorial woman. Dimes as well as dollars count; only let us feel that it is a privilege to have our names listed among the contributors. Send money for this also to Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson marked for Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park.

The third matter for which I would call your consideration is the recent article by our own Miss Mildred Rutherford, the widely known Southern historian, in "Facts and Figures vs. Myths and Misrepresentations," "The True History of the Jamestown Colony." Indebted as we already are to Miss Rutherford for collecting and preserving much valuable Southern history, this article is of incomparable value in that it brings to light facts of paramount interest to this section so long misrepresented and corrects errors of most vital importance to our civilization. This pamphlet should be in the hands of every adult south of the Mason and Dixon line, and its cost of ten cents puts it in reach of all. Please help to circulate it in every community. Order copies of Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga.

A most encouraging and inspiring letter from Mrs. W. H. Crowder, State President of Oklahoma, announces the organization of a new Memorial Association at Sapulpa, the Winnie Davis Association, with Mrs. George L. Burke President, having twenty-three paid members. Mrs Crowder writes of the splendid spirit on Memorial Day at Tulsa, observed for the second time in its history, and that reports tell of June 3 having been widely observed over the State. The discovery of the graves of twenty-five Confederate soldiers near rhe Texas border line, still unmarked, is a most appealing call to the women of Oklahoma and gives them real work to do.

This proves the reason for wide-awake vigilance that we seek out the many graves yet neglected and organize women willing to take the responsibility.

Let us pray during the season of rest for the best year each Association has ever had and have real, active work to report at our next Convention.

Cordially and faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

## *ASSOCIATION NOTES.*

Two new Associations report beautiful Memorial Day exercises with great interest on the part of the people. Huntington, W. Va., led by Mrs. Thomas Harvey, had its first wonderful Memorial Day, and Monroe, La., with Mrs. E. L. Owens President, had its first and most inspiring Memorial Day celebration. These answer the question as to the perpetuation of our Southern Memorial Day.

* * *

Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, Correspondent General of the C. S. M. A., made an interesting suggestion at the convention held by the Georgia Division, Children of the Confederacy, at Athens, Ga., recently that each member of the Children of the Confederacy write a story to be called "Grandmothers"

Story," giving facts received from grandmother and family about the Confederacy. A medal will be given for the best story, and it was decided by the convention to call the medal the Margaret Wooten Collier Medal, in honor of Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, who is, besides her office of Corresponding Secretary General of the C. S. M. A., the official Biographer of the C. S. M. A.

The C. of C. convention was attended by several distinguished members of the Memorial Associations and by the President General C. S. M. A., Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, who was one of the toast makers at the banquet.

It was decided at this convention to celebrate annually the birthday of Miss Mildred Rutherford, the noted Southern historian, which falls on July 16, with appropriate programs throughout the section where there are C. of C. Chapters, and to establish a scholarship at Lucy Cobb Institute to be known as the Mildred Rutherford Scholarship. This scholarship will be given to some worthy girl each year at Lucy Cobb Institute, the C. of C. having pledged the needed amount.

### *A CONFEDERATE MOTHER.*

Mrs. Susan Hoge Ross, the only Confederate mother of Loudoun County, Va., peacefully entered into rest on February 2, 1921, at the home of her niece, Mrs. John L. Gill, in Leesburg, Va.

Mrs. Ross was the daughter of the long-departed Henry and Frances Lloyd Plaster. She was born on August 4, 1828, hence was in the ninety-third year of her age. Of her immediate family, she is survived by one brother, Dr. George T. Plaster, of Bleumont, Va. now in his ninety-sixth year.

Her only child, Dr. G. D. Hoge, of Unison, Va., was a gallant Confederate soldier, entering the service at the age of seventeen with the 8th Virginia Infantry, known as the "Bloody Eighth," and serving faithfully to the end of hostilities. Dr. Hoge typified in all the walks of life the Christian gentleman of the Old South. For nearly fifty years he practiced medicine in his home community, passing out at the age of seventy-four honored and beloved by all with whom he came in contact.

Two brothers of Mrs. Ross, Capt. George E. Plaster and Lieut. David H. Plaster, also followed the wavering destiny of the Southern Confederacy for four long years.

As the mother of a Confederate soldier Mrs. Ross had been presented with the "gold bar of honor" through the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. She was a gentle, refined Christian woman, possessing and exemplifying all the Christian graces and virtues that go to make up a beautiful and lovable character. Her long life was one of service and sacrifice. Into many homes darkened and distressed by the shadows of sorrow and death she went as one of God's angels of mercy. How well and faithfully she performed her missign of love and sacrifice will be attested both here and hereafter. May her gentle spirit rest in peace!

### *HAS NOT REPORTED YET.*

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

In the July VETERAN Capt. W. T. Ellis, of Owensboro, Ky., writes that he was captured at Rutherfordtown, N. C., on April 28, 1865, paroled the same day, has never been exchanged, and is yet a paroled Confederate soldier.

I was captured near Darbytown, Va., on September 29, 1864, and kept at Point Lookout till about the middle of March, 1865, when I was taken to Richmond with a shipload of weak, hungry, sick prisoners. At Richmond I was given a parole by the Confederate authorities for thirty days, the parole being conditioned that I should not go south of the south line of the State of North Carolina. However, I went on to my home in South Carolina and remained till Monday, April 10, 1865, when I went to Walhalla and reported to the enrolling officer with the view of going back to the army in Virginia. The officer said: "General Lee has surrendered, and you may return home. I will notify you when to report to me." I have never received that notification to this good day, nor did I ever take the oath of allegiance. I came out of the war on that Confederate parole, and I reckon I have been an average citizen since.

### *DEDICATION OF CAMP BEAUREGARD MONUMENT*

A long-cherished project was brought to a satisfactory conclusion on the 20th of October, 1920, when the officers and members of three Chapters of the Kentucky Division, U. D. C., met for the dedication of the Camp Beauregard bowlder. There was also an assemblage of visitors from the little town of Water Valley and vicinity, representatives from the Mayfield Chapter, Private Robert Tyler Chapter, Himan, and the Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton, as well as a good number of our honored veterans; so that memorable spot was again alive with the tread of those who had come to pay tribute to larger numbers who lay sleeping beneath the sod.

Camp Beauregard had been one of Kentucky's neglected spots, it having been a training camp for Confederate soldiers, and yet it was a battle field of even greater honor than that of "shot and shell," where through the winter months of 1861 and 1862 the soldiers encamped there fought the epidemics of measles, pneumonia, and cerebro-spinal meningitis, giving up their lives by the hundreds without even the ordinary comforts of camp life.

Stories are told of kind people who took some of the sufferers into their homes to care for them, so pitiable were the conditions there; but those were the fortunate exceptions. The majority of the soldiers at Camp Beauregard, who were from Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississipp, Missouri, and Louisiana, laid down their lives not only without the "glory of battle," but without sufficient medical attention. Therefore it was a most worthy tribute long neglected.

Beautiful exercises were held under the leadership of Mrs. George T. Fuller, whose constant zeal as Chairman of this Monument Committee had made it possible.

The invocation was given by Capt. John Daugherty, a veteran who had been for a time at Camp Beauregard.

Following this was a splendid address by Mr. Holifield, of Mayfield, who recounted historical facts on the conflict, and most appropriate addresses were made by Mrs. Stunston, President of Kentucky Division, U. D. C., Mrs. Fuller, Chairman of the Monument Committee, and Mrs. McKinney, President General U. D. C.

A quartet from Fulton furnished music, singing the old Confederate songs, which always grip the heart with their Southern melody.

Miss Eugenia Parham, of Mayfield, gave several original poems, inspired by incidents of the war, and there were talks by "our heroes" who were there, by which our hearts were deeply touched.

At the conclusion of the program a magnificent bouquet of large red and white dahlias was presented to Mrs. Fuller by Mrs. J. T. Royster, of Fulton Chapter, as a token of appreciation for her untiring service in this cause.

[Mrs. Earnest Fall, Mrs. George L. Major, Mrs. Herschel T. Smith, Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton, Ky.]

# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

*OFFICERS, 1919-20.*

**Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest**
**Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton**
**Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.**
**[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]**

## *CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.*

Mr. J. Edward Beale, Commandant of the Black Horse Camp, S. C. V., Warrenton, Va., has completed arrangements for the annual meeting and picnic to be held by the Camp on August 19 at Fauquier Springs, Va. Mr. James Timberlake is chairman of the reception committee. Mr. W. H. Robertson and Judge G. L. Fletcher are in charge of the transportation and music respectively.

* * *

N. B. Forrest, Commander in Chief S. C. V., announced the appointment of Mr. Archie D. Marshall, 1790 Broadway, New York, N. Y., as Commander of the Eastern Division. Under the leadership of Mr. Marshall a Camp of Sons is now being organized in that city.

* * *

The annual reunion of the Mississippi Division was held at Tupelo on June 9. Mr. D. M. Featherston was elected Commander of the Division. Commander Featherston has started a movement to mark the roads and highways leading to the various battle fields of the State.

THE JACKSON CEDAR ON FIELD OF MANASAS.

* * *

A chair formerly owned by Gen. Robert E. Lee and used by him at the surrender at Appomattox is bequeathed to the United States government for exhibition in the museum of the War Department, according to the will of Mrs. Bridget E. O'Farrel recently filed for probate.

* * *

Mr. D. S. Sanford, of Milledgeville, Ga., has been appointed Commander of the Georgia Division, S. C. V., vice J. Hugh Conley, resigned. Mr. Sanford is now reorganizing that Division. He will appoint his Brigade and staff officers at an early date.

* * *

Stonewall Jackson got his immortal name and was wounded near where to-day stands this cedar on the Henry plateau. Is not the spot worthy of a more creditable marker and memorial tablet? The inviting forest in the background is on the proposed park and to the southward as one looks from this tree, while the enchanting Bull Run Mountain is in the opposite direction and far away in the blue haze.

McDowell's great flanking army, nerved by United States regulars and backed by twenty-five or more deadly rifled cannon, was sweeping a thin Confederate line, greatly outnumbered, from the field just as Jackson halted his men on the crest of the hill overlooking the field. Jackson sat his horse near the little cedar, shot and shell raking right and left. General Bee, striving heroically to hold his thin line against the swelling Federals and yet watching for help, saw Jackson as he halted. Galloping up, Bee shouted: "General, they are beating us back." "Then," calmly replied Jackson, "we will give them the bayonet." Bee, impressed by the calmness of Jackson and the firmness of his men under the deadly rifled cannon fire, rushed back to his men, shouting: "See Jackson and his men standing like a stone wall." Then shortly Bee fell dead upon that splendid field, and to-day nothing marks the sacred spot where either he or Wheat or the men of Evans and others paid the highest price for what the South stood. And Jackson's terrible bayonet charge will, if something is not done quickly, soon be little appreciated, though Jackson and his men then and there taught the world a lesson in the art of war that did much to help America win on the bloody fields of distant France.

Hon. William Gibbs McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury, has underwritten the cost of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park to the amount of $1,000 and will become a member of the general committee to promote the success of this patriotic enterprise.

Chairman Owens is directing the drive for an initial fund to total fifty thousand dollars, one-half which will be used for the purchase of the Henry farm, where the battle was fought, and the museum now established there; the other half is to be used in laying out the park and in erecting monuments, markers, and other memorials. When the title to the property is taken by the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, incorporated under the laws of the State of Virginia, under the presidency of Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, the committee will launch a campaign throughout the country for States through legislative appropriations and various patriotic organizations, North and South, to place their monuments and memorials on the battle field.

Manassas is only thirty-three miles from Washington as contrasted with a distance of eighty-five miles to Gettysburg. Manassas, therefore, with its close proximity to Washington, will become one of the historic points to be visited annually by thousands by way of the Federal capital. The battle field park will be located on a magnificent boulevard known as the Lee Highway, named for Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Gov. Edwin P. Morrow, of Kentucky, the son of a Federal officer, has given his hearty approval to the plan of establishing a great memorial park on the battle field of Manassas. An extract from his letter addressed to Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, President, is as follows: "I am the son of a colonel in the Union army, but I hold the heroism, the devotion, and the glorious tradition in both the army of the Union and the army of the Confederacy as the common heritage of my country. Every nation is made great by its traditions. They furnish at least the great fountains from which a people drink love of country and patriotic consecration. Monuments, battle parks, etc., to both the soldiers of the North and the South are spots of national inspiration and are, therefore, to be encouraged in every way possible. I most heartily approve of the plan to raise by contribution a sum sufficient to erect on the battle field of Manassas a beautiful national park to which the feet of a reunited America may travel in the years to come."

General Van Zandt, of the United Confederate Veterans, writes: "I am very glad to learn of the movement to convert the battle field of Manassas into a Confederate park. I hope the movement may be eminently successful. The location is a most proper one. The movement should meet the approval and coöperation of every Confederate organization in the South."

Here is an extract of a letter from Hon. Thomas C. McRae, Governor of Arkansas, addressed to Dr. Clarence J. Owens: "The high tide of human valor was reached by Southern heroes at Manassas, and the part played by Confederate soldiers in that and a hundred great battles should be perpetuated in memory of men. If there is anything I can do to aid this plan and organization, I will be pleased to do it."

Hon. R. A. Cooper, Governor of South Carolina, says: "This project, I am sure, is one that willl have a strong appeal throughout the South. Our people have been far too careless in my opinion, about preserving historical places; also they show too little interest in the matter of having beauty spots scattered here and there throughout the country."

Hon. Lee M. Russell, Governor of Mississippi, writes: "When your plans are ready, please advise me and I will be glad to give you any help I can. I think this is a most worthy undertaking."

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C. M. Farrar, of Plus, W. Va., writes that his parents, John B. and Martha Norvell Farrar, reared two daughters and six sons, five of whom were in the Confederate army. William B. was in the 2d Missouri Cavalry under General Price; John A., C. M., and J. D. were soldiers of Company A, 36th Virginia Infantry, in the Stonewall Brigade. John was killed near Leetown in 1864, and C. M. was wounded and captured at Piedmont, in the Valley of Virginia, in June of the same year; Veto, the younger brother, was captured and sent to Elmira Prison and held to the close of the war. The whole jamily were members of the Baptist Church, and C. M. became a minister. The third son, Floyd, went to California before the war and lived for awhile at Oakland. Comrade Farrar would appreciate any information of him or his family at present.

*A WELL-DESERVED TRIBUTE.*

The Confederate Veterans, the Confederate Memorial Association, the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the local Post of the American Legion, and a large assemblage of people gathered to commemorate the valiant soldiers of the South on Memorial Day, May 19, 1921, in the Confederate Cemetery at Fredericksburg, Va., where lie buried Confederate heroes who fell in the battles of Fredericksburg, Salem Church, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Bloody Angle, and Spotsylvania Courthouse, soldiers from every State in the South, passed resolutions in tribute to Judge John T. Goolrick, himself a brave Confederate soldier of Braxton's Battery (severely wounded in one of the battles before Richmond), on the occasion of his presiding for the twenty-first time at these annual memorial exercises, a record without parallel either in the North or in the South, stating "That the appreciation of these assembled, who ever cherish the memory of Lee and his legions, be expressed to the Hon. John T. Goolrick for the tireless efforts he has exhibited in the many offices of honor bestowed upon him by his comrades in arms, his unfailing devotion to the Southern cause, and his valued service in keeping ever fragrant the priceless traditions of the Southland by his inspiring oratory and gifted pen."

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Tablet to Confederate Soldiers.—When a handsome bronze tablet was placed in Christ Church (Episcopal) at Greenville, S. C., to the boys who went into the World War, it was suggested that a similar tablet be placed to the memory of the gallant souls connected with Christ Church who served in the Confederate army, and accordingly the tablet was placed by the ladies of Christ Church Guild as a thank offering and memorial to those men, both living and dead. Among the names appearing on this honor roll is that of Rt. Rev. Ellison Capers, who was one of the youngest of the Confederate generals. He was rector of Christ Church at Greenville for over twenty years and was then Bishop of South Carolina. The placing of this tablet was a just tribute to the heroic sacrifice of those soldiers of the Confederacy and an example that could be appropriately followed elsewhere.

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J. C. R. Kerr, of Dallas, Tex., who was with Company B, 55th Tennessee Regiment, Quarles's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, wants to know how many Confederate veterans remember to have seen a grandfather who was a Revolutionary soldier of 1776. He says: "I remember seeing my mother's father, Jacob Lowrance, of Giles County, Tenn., who was a soldier of the Revolution; also an uncle, James Orr, who was a soldier of 1812; and I had two cousins who fought Mexicans in 1846. Six of my cousins were prisoners in Camp Douglas in 1862. I am the youngest of three brothers (all of my father's family), and we were all in the Confederate army from 1861 to 1865. My father died at the age of eighty-five, my oldest brother reached eighty-two, and the second brother passed eighty-four by several months. I am six months past eighty-one years."

---

A correspondent asks for some information of "Adjutant Hunter," a Confederate cavalry scout, who, he thinks, was from Maryland and was a sort of "free lance" and regarded as a brave and skillful scout. His name is associated with that of Aiken, Cabell, Bell, and others. The Veteran will appreciate some data on this member of the Confederate scouts, of whom so little has been recorded.

## *SOME EX CATHEDRA CRITICISMS.*

BY J. N. W.

In the library of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., is a copy of "Memoirs of the Confederate War," by Heros von Borcke, the Prussian officer who was Jeb Stuart's chief of staff. At the end of the chapter describing Second Manassas I found in pencil the following comment: "The luckiest termination I have ever read of a campaign violative of the most important principles and maxims of war. It was fortunate for General Lee that he had such good troops commanded by such able lieutenants as J. and L., and that he had such a numskull as Pope to oppose him. The latter should have reëstablished his base at Acquia Creek and cut off Lee's communications with Richmond and then pursued him. Time alone would have destroyed the whole Confederate army and ended the war." This categoric statement was signed "G. T. B.," and it was very natural that curiosity was aroused. Looking at the fly leaf, I was interested, to say the least, to see that "G. T. B." was G. T. Beauregard and the date New Orleans, March, 1867.

Few students of the War between the States will fail to agree that in this opinion General Beauregard overlooked three very important facts. First, that no matter where Pope established his base, he would still have been a numskull. Second, that under any circumstances General Lee would have still had the good troops commanded by Jackson and Longstreet. Third, and most important, that immediately after Second Manassas General Lee of his own volition cut loose from Richmond and, leaving Pope the choice of all Virginia as a base, went into Maryland. Pope had all the time and space he needed then, but for all that he didn't destroy the Confederate army. He might have done General Beauregard that way, but nobody that "fit with Mars Bob" will agree with General Beauregard.

Of the Sharpsburg battle, General Beauregard says: "This is another [sic] very remarkable departure from the simple and important maxim of war, 'never to fight a battle in front of a defile or river.' It is evident that only the gallantry of our troops and the inaptitude of McClellan saved the army of the Confederacy from utter destruction."

Two rather important factors, after all, and the ones that determined General Lee to fight at Sharpsburg. It is idle to talk of what somebody other than McClellan would have done at Sharpsburg. If there had been any other, there would have been no battle there. Lee wasn't *forced* to fight on that side of the Potomac.

No one will disagree with General Beauregard that the detailing of Longstreet's Corps to Suffolk on the eve of Chancellorsville was "a grave error."

---

## *JUST AS IT WAS.*

Col. Henry Wysor writes from Dublin, Va.: "A somewhat notable gathering of Confederate veterans in a local way assembled at Greenwood, the summer residence of Prof. Henry Wysor, at Easton, Pa., near Dublin, Va., on April 29, 1921, and the day was spent in a most joyful, reminiscent way, which was declared to be the most delightful occasion experienced by them in a thousand years; for, be it known, the thirteen old veterans present aggregated in age almost exactly 1,000 years. Two of the expected comrades, ex-Gov. J. Hoge Tyler and our old county court clerk, James N. Bosang, were kept away by illness, but having just thirteen on Friday (double luck) 'made up for a heap of trouble.'

"Many amusing anecdotes were related, and a joke was perpetrated on some of the guests not "wised up" beforehand when they were invited to partake of real Confederate fare of corn bread and fat bacon; some actually did so, and a great laugh was indulged in when the bountiful dinner of all the best things of the season was brought in. Such a spread of delicious viands was served by the Daughters of the Confederacy that no one failed to do justice to the occasion.

"Before concluding the day religious services were held, led by the two ministers present, who were in no way ashamed or regretful that they had taken part in the strife of the sixties. God bless our friends, both North and South, in this united country, the strongest and greatest in the world!"

---

## *AN OLD BEDSPREAD.*

Mrs. Joseph Johnson, Treasurer of Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C., Chicago, sends an interesting item about an old bedspread, made more than one hundred and thirty years ago by the grandmother of a Confederate officer, which was recently presented to the Chicago Historical Society by its last owner through Stonewall Chapter. A committee from the Chapter made the presentation, with Mrs. Ernest S. Bell, former Division President, to make the speech of presentation. In accepting it for the society, Miss Caroline McIlvaine, Librarian, called their attention to a beautiful mahogany table among the relics there which had been owned and used by President Jefferson Davis.

"The spread, which is of homespun, with pattern elaborately fashioned in tufted or raised design, is the handiwork, in about 1790, of Miss Claire Wright, of Alabama. Later she became a Mrs. Prydgen, and the spread was presented to her granddaughter as a wedding gift upon her marraige in 1863 to Rufus Middlebrooks, an officer in the Confederate army.

"The spread has been kept in the Alabama family as a cherished heirloom and was handed down from one generation to the next until it became the property of Mrs. H. N. Harsin, 4726 West End Avenue, Chicago, who is the great-niece of Mrs. Middlebrooks and the great-great-great-niece of the woman who made it.

"The spread, although now yellow from age, is still in good condition.

---

## *GENERAL WRIGHT'S COAT RETURNED.*

After more than fifty years, the uniform coat lost by Brig. Gen. Marcus J. Wright after the battle of Chickamauga, when a Confederate wagon train was captured, has been returned to him. The coat was found in one of the wagons by Corp. John Toomey, of Troop K, 3d Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, and he turned it over to Colonel Howland. The Corporal wrote to General Wright in 1919 as to where his coat could be found, but it took some tracing to locate it, and two years had passed before it came into the possession of its owner. It had gone into the possession of Colonel Howland's son, who had a married a Southern girl and was living in Texas, and through them it had found its way to the Confederate Museum in the State Capitol at Austin, and through the Confededate Veterans and Daughters there the son of General Wright procured its return. And, strange to relate, the money which was in the coat pocket when found was also returned by the finder. As it was Confederate bills ($70),

the finder was not so lucky; but it was remarkable that the bills had been preserved all the while.

The coat is in a good state of preservation considering its age. It is of rich gray cloth, with white broadcloth collar and cuffs. The buttons are such as were used by Federal generals, and only three are missing.

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*"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."*

The managing editor has little to report in the way of progress on the sale of the book "The Women of the South in War Times" this month. Doubtless the excessively hot weather is having its effect on U. D. C. activities.

The Committee on Publicity wishes, however, to report the receipt of $10 for the publicity fund from the Drayton Rutherford Chapter, at Newberry, S. C. This was sent in through Mrs. John M. Kinard, Treasurer, and was extremely timely. The M. A. E. McLure Chapter, of Missouri, sent in through Mrs. Taylor $1 under date of July 5, and again the Missouri Division, through Mrs. Taylor, sent $2, credited to the Kansas City Chapter and the Brown-Rives Chapter, at Richmond, Mo.

In regard to the circulation of the volume, the managing editor would report that Mrs. R. P. Holt, the very energetic distributor for the North Carolina Division, sent in the first large order on the second printing. This was for twenty-five copies, the sale of which was promoted very largely through the efforts of the Junior Bethel Heroes Chapter, Children of the Confederacy.

Although recognizing the difficulties of the hot season, the managing editor hopes that he will receive some support for the book during the summer to keep some of the publicity work going. He has been able to distribute only a few copies to editors and historians for some time past.

---

*A VALUABLE BOOKLET.*

"Living Confederate Principles, a Heritage for All Times," a patriotic address by Lloyd T. Everett, has been published in pamphlet form and should be widely disseminated. Copies can pe procured from the author at 50 cents per copy, two for 75 cents.

This address gives a historical outline of certain political and institutional principles from Magna Charta to and into the twentieth century. A former justice of the United States Court of Claims referred to it as "a gold mine of historical and patriotic information," while an educator of extensive historical research says it is "the clearest, most convincing presentation of the subject" he had ever read. Send for a copy and then pass it on. Address Lloyd T. Everett, Ballston, Va.

---

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES. By Mrs. Andrew Marshall Sea.

Here are two historical essays read before the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of Louisville, Ky. They are a very valuable contribution to the true history if the introduction of the institution of slavery into the United States and of the treatment of the slaves by Southern masters. The facts, the result of thorough investigation, are logically arranged, clearly told, with thorough loyalty to the highest principles of justice that moved the Southern people in dealing with one of the most difficult social questions ever forced on a people first by the cupidity and then by the fanaticism of Old England and New England. The Daughters of the Confederacy would do well to have these essays widely circulated, especially in the schools of the South, to correct the misrepresentations of ignorance and malice that pass for history in so many of our textbooks. J. H. McNEILLY.

---

Mrs. R. L. Dunman writes from Coleman, Tex.: "I want to tell you how the VETERAN has been instrumental in locating one member of a family who had been lost to me for over fifty years. During the war Miss Emma Powe, of Pennsylvania, a school-teacher, was detained in Texas, and my mother's home (as well as several others) was her home; we all loved her. She married in Liberty County during the time, her husband being a discharged soldier of the Confederacy. They went to Mexico, but came back to Liberty with a baby girl. They went away again, and our family moved West, thus losing sight of them. In the June VETERAN I saw where this baby girl, Julia Bennett, was inquring for the record of ler father in the Confederate army. Her family had all passed on, but she has heard from her mother's friends. Any one knowing of J. N. Bennett's war record will please write to Miss Julia Bennett, 1215 35th Street, Denver, Colo."

---

William Dodson writes from Jackson, Ga.: "In looking over the VETERAN for March, 1920, I noticed the picture of my old captain, T. J. Elmore. The sketch says that he was of the 14th Mississippi, Company G, and organized it. Now Capt. T. J. Nelson organized this Company G, 4th Mississippi Regiment, and Captain Elmore was our orderly sergeant; but we were taken prisoners at Fort Donelson, and after being exchanged we were sent back to Vicksburg and reorganized at Jackson, and it was then that Sergeant Elmore was elected captain of Company G, 4th Mississippi Regiment, and Captain Nelson was made major of the regiment under Colonel Adair, Baldwin's Brigade, Stewart's Corps. Captain Elmore was in this company until the surrender; was a prisoner of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, Miss., and Blakely, Ala. I was with him during the whole four years. Every one in the company loved and trusted him."

---

D. W. Pattie, of Madison, Va., who served as a member of Carrington's Battery, Charlottesville Artillery, writes that he has a book entitled "Regulations for the Army of the Confederate States, 1862," with an order for their use signed by P. J. Benjamin, Secretary of War, and on the inside cover in a heavy, bold hand is the name of "Capt. W. P. Harper, Company H, 7th Louisiana Regiment," and on the fly leaf, "Captain Harper, Aid de Camp to General Jackson." He does not know how the book came into his possession, but is willing to send it to Captain Harper or any of his descendants who would like to have it.

---

William H. Garrett, of Lent, Va., who wrote the "True Story of the Capture of John Wilkes Booth," in the April VETERAN, asks that correction be made in the reference (last paragraph but one, page 130) to Booth having traveled a certain route to Richmond "as a spy." Colonel Baker was the spy in question.

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The annual reunion of the First Texas Division, U. C. V., will meet in reunion at Terrell, Tex., on August 10 and 11. This Division is composed of survivors of Ross's, Ector's, and Granbury's Brigades and Douglas's Texas Battery, all of which served in the Army of Tennessee, C. S. A.

H. L. Rahl, of Marshall, Ind., who served with Company K, 30th North Carolina Regiment, C. S. A., would like to locate a member of that company or regiment.

---

Mrs. E. B. Downing, of Mobile, Ala. (1061 Washington Avenue), wishes to secure information of her husband's record as a Confederate soldier and will appreciate hearing from any of his surviving comrades of the Mississippi troops.

---

Mrs. J. L. Kirby, 1908 Grand Avenue, Nashville, Tenn., has volumes of the VETERAN from 1897 to 1918 which she will dispose of at a reasonable price. Any one interested in making up a file of the VETERAN will do well to write her as to price, etc.

---

Edmund Pendleton Major, adjutant of the 26th Alabama Infantry, C. S. A., was killed at Seven Pines in 1862. His sister is anxious to reach some surviving member of his command, from its colonel down. Address J. B. Nalle, Woodrow, Lee County, Va.

---

Any surviving comrades of Edward Thomas, who enlisted at Natchez, Miss., in the 28th Mississippi Cavalry, will confer a favor by giving information of his record. He is applying for a pension. Address him at Pensacola, Fla., 425 East Zarragossa Street.

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D. F. Field enlisted as a private in Company K, 41st Alabama Infantry, under Capt. James Craddock and Colonel Hanson. His widow is in need of a pension and will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades who can testify to his record as a soldier.

---

Mrs. C. H. McIntosh, of Big Springs, Tex., wishes to hear from some one who knew her husband, John Hart McIntosh, who enlisted for the Confederacy somewhere in Lincoln County, Mo., thinks it was Snow Hill. He was at work in a mill before his service in the field.

---

Mrs. C. F. Wise, of Mobile, Ala. (Route No. 1, Box 112a), would like to hear from any comrade of her father, Edwards Watts Rice, born at Fortress Monroe or Jamestown, Va., and who enlisted from there or St. Louis, Mo., or New Orleans, La. She is anxious to secure his war record.

Rev. H. W. Sturgis, of Brooksville, Fla., would like to hear from any survivors of Law's Brigade, especially the 44th Alabama Regiment.

---

Mark Y. Judd, of Bandera, Tex., wishes to hear from any one who knew him in the Confederate army, 1864-65. He served with Company B, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, Dibrell's Brigade.

---

Any survivors of the 8th Alabama Cavalry or the 16th Alabama Infantry are asked to write to A. D. Rape, of Quitman, Tex., as to the war record of Sill Britton, whose widow is in need of a pension. He served with Company I, of the 8th Alabama Cavalry.

---

T. A. Orand, now at the Confederate Home, Ardmore, Okla., wishes to locate some of his comrades of the sixties. He enlisted at McMinnville, Tenn., and served under Forrest in Company A, of Smith's Regiment; was captured on Lookout Mountain and kept in prison at Nashville until the surrender.

---

CAUTION.—The rector's wife rather objected to the gardener being a single man, especially as he lived in a picturesque cottage. "You know," said she to him one day, "the first gardener that ever lived had a wife."

"Quiet true, ma'am," replied the gardener; "but I've heard tell, ma'am, that he didn't keep his job long after he got her."—*Every Woman's Magazine.*

---

*INCIPIENT KNOWLEDGE.*

That the royal road to learning is full of strange pitfalls is shown by some of the definitions and statements given by school children, some of whom are well along the way. The following are *bona fide* samples coming under the knowledge of one teacher:

About the time Columbus was cruising around among the West Indies.

Jackson's campaign in the Valley was the greatest piece of millinery work ever known.

The Valkyrie were the choosers of the Slain and the Valhalla the Haulers of the Slain.

The oldest son of the king of France is called the Dolphin.

The Duke of Clarence, according to his usual custom, was killed in battle.

Heathens are paragons (pagans) that wash up idle things.

The Indians call their women squabs. —*Harper's Weekly.*


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*THE OUTDOORS MAN.*

He must come back a better man,
Beneath the summer bronze and tan,
Who turns his back on city strife
To neighbor with the trees;
He must be stronger for the fight
And see with clearer eye the right,
Who fares beneath the open sky
And welcome every breeze.

The man who loves all living things
Enough to go where nature flings
Her glories everywhere about
And dwell with them a while
Must be when the comes back once more
A little better than before,
A little surer of his faith,
And readier to smile.

He never can be wholly bad
Who seeks the sunshine and is glad
To hear a song bird's melody
Or wade a laughing stream;
Nor worse than when he went away
Will he return at close of day
Who's chummed with happy birds and trees
And taken time to dream.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

---

John W. Jennings, of St. Louis, Mo., (1330 Pierce Building), wants a copy of "Under the Black Flag," by Capt. Kit Dalton, C. S. A., and any one having a copy for sale will please write to him as to price.

# IN MEMORIAM

THE desire to perpetuate heroic and patriotic service is as old as time itself. America has a great responsibility in preserving the noble deeds of her sons and daughters.

Many gave their lives that we might enjoy the "Sweet Land of Liberty" that is ours to-day. Do our "hearts with rapture thrill" as we contemplate what is ours and what our forefathers did for us?

Others gave their all in the Southern Cause for what they deemed was right, and left to us the most glorious record of self-sacrifice, chivalry, bravery, and honor that was ever bequeathed to any people.

And later the sons and grandsons of these noble patriots maintained this glorious record on the Fields of Flanders, and many gave their all for liberty and right.

Such noble lives must not be forgotten. Many communities have already placed sentinels of stone and bronze that will remind generations to come of the glorious heroism and patriotism of their fathers.

We are now building beautiful Confederate and Soldier memorials for St. Petersburg, Fla., Dublin, Ga., Decatur, Ala., and Marianna, Fla., and others are making plans for erecting their memorials within a few months.

Our Company has designed and erected more than two hundred public memorials during the past thirty years. We make a specialty of such work. We give liberal terms and deal with committees under a moral obligation contract, no member of the committee being personally responsible for the payment of a dollar.

We have many practical plans for raising the monument fund, and will furnish free of charge an experienced publicity man to assist committees in starting their work.

We have helped more than two hundred other committees, and we can help yours. Write us for plans and suggestions. We will show you how you can soon have your memorial in place. We make no charge for our assistance, and you incur no obligation of any kind.

If you know of any community planning a memorial, give us the names of the interested parties. You will do them a favor as well as us.

Don't delay the matter, but write to-day.

## The McNeel Marble Company

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*THE SOUTH'S LARGEST MONUMENT WORKS*

# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIX. SEPTEMBER, 1921 NO. 9

## THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL REUNION, U. C. V.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander in Chief, announces that the Reunion United Confederate Veterans will be held in Chattanooga, Tenn. October 25-27, 1921

Moccasin Bend on Tennessee River, Chattanooga, Tenn.

# New Uniforms for the Reunion

## COAT AND TROUSERS

## $18

VEST $3 ADDITIONAL

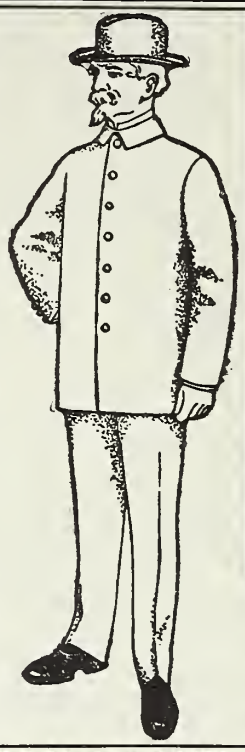
"Dixie Gray" cloth; regulation U. C. V. gilt buttons included; either blouse style, like illustration, or civilian sack with outside pockets.

BETTER QUALITY "SHERMAN GRAY" AT $22

Order at Once for the Reunion, So as to Avoid Disappointment in Delivery.

Hats, Caps, Wreaths, Cords, Buttons, and All Kinds of Insignia of Rank

Write for Catalog and Samples, Mentioning the Veteran.



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The True Story of Andersonville. By Lieutenant Page ..... 3 00
War Songs and Poems of the Confederacy. By M. B. Wharton ..... 2 00
Poems of Sidney Lanier ..... 3 00
Women of the South in War Times. By Matthew Page Andrews ..... 2 50
Secession and Constitutional Liberty. By Bunford Samuel. A valuable reference work. Two volumes ..... 6 00
Books by Harry Stilwell Edwards:
Sons and Fathers. (The $10,000 prize story.) ..... 1 75
Eneas Africanus. (The story "with a laugh on every page.") Paper, 50 cents; illustrated ..... 1 25


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*A VALUABLE BOOK.*

The book on "Women of the South in War Times" adds some interesting chapters to the history of the War between the States. It should be in every library of the country. Send for a copy at once. Price, $2.50, postpaid. Orders should go to Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

---

R. J. Tabor, of Bernice, La., writes that the inquiry made through the VETERAN in behalf of Comrade J. K. Fomby resulted in securing information that proved his war record and enabled him to get a pension. He says: "Louisiana is doing a good part by her old veterans. I would like to see every old comrade a subscriber to our magazine. It is our duty."

---

Richard B. Harrison, only surviving son of Col. Richard Harrison, 43d Mississippi Regiment, who commanded Adams's Brigade in the latter part of the war, seeks information of the flag which was presented to Colonel Harrison and the gallant 43d Mississippi by Miss Helen Crozier in Columbus, Miss. Doubtless some survivor of the regiment can tell what became of it.

# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.
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Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

*OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:*
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. | VOL. XXIX. NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1921. | No. 9. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

## *THE REUNION.*

The hearts of many of our Confederate veterans will be made glad by the announcement that there will be a Reunion this year; and that it is to be held in Chattanooga, Tenn., brings pleasing anticipations of another visit to many scenes of historic interest. The great battle field of Chickamauga near the city will be the attraction for many who fought in that bloody battle, and the bold heights of Lookout and Mission Ridge will be thronged again with veterans who held those rugged steeps in the days of war. It was in Chattanooga that the first Reunion was held after the organization of the United Confederate Veterans' Association, and those who participated in the second Reunion there in 1913 will remember the royal entertainment of the city and its people.

The difficulty of arranging for the entertainment of our Confederate veterans in this year of such financial depression brings to mind the thought brought out in the last speech prepared by Gen. Stephen D. Lee, then Commander in Chief U. C. V., to deliver to his comrades in convention, but which fate decreed should be delivered by another. The leading thought and expression in its conclusion was, "Do they love us still in Dixie?" Though we might feel that thought of those who had so willingly sacrificed life and all self-interest when the call came to defend native land was submerged by the commercial struggle which followed the late disruption of the even tenor of civic life, we could not feel that the memory of their heroic deeds had forever passed. And so to those survivors of that high endeavor of the sixties the thought goes out: "Yes, they love you still in Dixie!"

"Ah, how they love you still!
The deathless courage of your lives
Makes every true heart thrill
And beat with loving warmth and pride
At deeds so nobly done;
So shall it be throughout the years
Till quick and dead are one.

. . . . . .

Though your ranks now fast are melting
And the Stars and Bars long furled,
Yet the South will live forever
In the glory of your world."

## *MORTALITY AMONG PRISONERS OF WAR.*

Letter from the Secretary of War in answer to a resolution of the House of July 12 relative to the number of Union and Rebel soldiers who died while held as prisoners of war:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington City, July 19, 1866.

"*Sir:* In compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives, dated July 12, directing the Secretary of War to report the number of Union and Rebel soldiers who died while held as prisoners of war, I have the honor to state that it appears by a report of the commissary general of prisoners:

"1. That twenty-six thousand four hundred and thirty-six deaths of Rebel prisoners of war are reported.

"2. That twenty-two thousand five hundred and seventy-six Union soldiers are reported as having died in Southern prisons.

"The reports also show that two hundred and twenty thousand Rebel prisoners were held in the North and about one hundred and twenty-six thousand nine hundred and forty Union prisoners in the South.

"Your obedient servant, EDWIN M. STANTON,
*Secretary of War.*

"HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,
*Speaker of the House of Representatives.*"

[Mortality in Federal prisons, over eight per cent; mortality in Southern prisons, over five per cent. These figures exonerate the South of the charge of greater mortality in proportion to number among those they held as prisoners of war. This letter is a part of the "Congressional Records" and was sent to the VETERAN by Leroy S. Boyd, of Washington, D. C.—EDITOR.]

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## *CIVILIZED (?) WARFARE.*

Among the things the Germans will never be able to explain away is what the ruin of a cathedral or some other priceless art object had to do with advancing the cause for which they fought.—*National Tribune.*

And equally impossible is the effort to explain the value to the Federal army of its destruction of public and private property in the South during the War between the States. Quite a similarity in their methods of waging warfare it seems.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

### *A TRIBUTE.*

BY VIVIAN EDITH RAYZOR, HEREFORD, TEX.

The Southland called to her men for aid,
And they answered, sire and son,
And their blood flowed red in the battle wake
Of the victories lost or won.

And the long, long roll of missing men
Will tell how bravely fought,
And the long, long roll of the enemy dead
Will prove how dearly bought.

And the dim old eyes grow a bit more dim
As we follow the battle line,
And the bent old backs grow more erect
As the fancied Minies whine.

A tribute then to the man in gray,
Whose deeds have made us thrill!
A tribute then to the Southland's son,
A gallant soldier still!

### *SCHOOL HISTORIES.*

An effort to introduce into the schools in New Orleans, La., and perhaps throughout the State, the "History of the American People," by Beard and Bagley, was frustrated by the timely move of the Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans recently through a committee of veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy of that city. The book is considered improper for use in any section of the country because of its socialistic tendencies, and particularly objectionable for the South for its unfair and careless treatment of many important features of our history.

Mr. W. O. Hart, Past Commander of Camp Beauregard, S. C. V., of New Orleans, was active with this committee, which went over the book carefully in a joint session with the committee of teachers appointed by the school board to examine it. The book had been condemned by the U. C. V. and S. C. V. in their Reunion at Houston in 1920 and by the U. D. C. convention as Asheville, N. C., in 1920, and protests from all the Confederate organizations of New Orleans, with resolutions from the general organizations in condemnation of the book, were sent to each member of the school board, to the superintendent of education, and to the assistant superintendent, all having the exanimation of the book in charge. At the meeting of the board on July 22 all these organizations were represented. Mr. Forrest was there to add his protest, and the weight of all this caused the book to be withdrawn. A copy of these protests has been sent to other States to frustrate any attempts at its adoption. It had already been rejected by Georgia, Mississippi, and Texas.

And not only by such histories are the children of the country being misinformed. Biography and fiction make an even stronger impression on young minds. The greatest work now before the U. D. C. is educational, and scholarships given to advance the cause of education are not so important as the teachers and literature provided. A committee should be appointed by each Chapter to look over the books in local libraries and report on those that tend to mislead in any way. A recent book by a Miss Edith L. Elias on "Abraham Lincoln" (their name is legion, all making of him a being divine, more or less) comes in this class according to Miss Elizabeth Hanna, Chairman U. D. C. of Southern Literature and Textbooks, who has written to its publishers a protest against the issuance of books by such ignorant and prejudiced writers, which tend to excite sectional feeling as well as to mislead the young. In an extensive review she brings out the weak points of the book as well as its falsity, and in conclusion she says: "In reading this book we ask ourselves how long will such illiterate and illogical works find readers, and what must inevitably be the effect upon the opposing sections, North and South, of works calculated to deepen the antagonisms which have been engendered through the years. Shall we ever have peace, real peace? Not until the truth has been diligently sought out and fearlessly told of both sections, * * * giving to both North and South their due, accepting for each her share of responsibility for any wrongdoing, and granting to each her proper place in the making of this great nation."

### *JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.*

For the benefit of the Jefferson Davis monument fund an attractive certificate is now being given as a souvenir to every contributor of one dollar. These certificates will be largely distributed by the U. D. C., but they will also be mailed out from headquarters to all contributing direct. Contributions should be sent to Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, Louisville, Ky.

This monument is now about one hundred and eighty-six feet high, and its completion in accordance with the original plans, which will carry it to a height of three handred and fifty-one feet, is the earnest hope of the Association and friends everywhere.

"Women of the South in War Times."—The following commendation comes from Mrs. Mary L. Valentine, of Little Rock, Ark: "I have read 'Women of the South in War Times' with the deepest interest and feel that it should be in every home in Dixie and in all the schools, both North and South. I was in Richmond all during the War between the States. I heard the first sound of the drum and bugle that called the Southern men to defend their country, and what Mrs. McGuire and others have chronicled in their diaries is only too true. * * * Mr. Andrews has compiled a heroic story, and I hope it will wield a mighty influence for good in the minds of the men, women, and children of this country. There was wonderful chivalry on both sides of the line."

### *DECORATION.*

Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand,
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades, in what soldier grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

—*Thomas W. Higginson.*

## COL. HUME R. FEILD.

BY DR. CHARLES W. MILES, SR., UNION CITY, TENN.

On the 17th of June, 1921, at his home, in Union City, Tenn., the immortal and unconquerable spirit of Col. Hume R. Feild broke the bars of its earthly prison and returned to Him who gave it.

As I stood near his "coffined clay," gazing down into the placid face bathed in the tinted lights that sifted through the windows of the beautiful Methodist church, my thoughts drifted back into that ever-beautiful "land of smiles and tears"—the land of memory—back to the years of his young manhood; and, as though pictured on canvas and held before me, I visualized all his deeds of daring on a hundred fields of battle, all his miraculous escapes from impending death, all his sacrifices and sufferings in defense of the land he loved, the long, long reign of quiet and peace that was his in the years that came after, and then there came to my mind the assurance from Holy Writ: "For He is good and His mercy endureth forever."

Colonel Feild was one of the most picturesque characters of all the long list of gallant men who took part in the War between the States. And for individual gallantry, for coolness under fire, and his unconquerable will in every undertaking, I very much question if he had an equal in either army, North or South.

I was for many years his family physician, and through it all, and even up to his death, I was honored with his confidence and his friendship. Colonel Feild was by nature a Chesterfield in his bearing. He was modest and rather shrinking in his intercourse with the world, and very rarely referred to the part he played in the tragic drama of the sixties unless questioned closely, and even then his thrilling story was told in modest phrases and with little reference to himself. And yet with all this he was a man of the strongest convictions, much of which was made evident in his likes and dislikes. He typified Shakespeare's lines:

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of a tiger—
Stiffen the sinews and summon up the blood."

Biographic custom would seem to call for Colonel Feild's ancestry, but I shall only note that he was from Norman stock, the founder being Baron Feld (later Anglicized to Feild), who fought under William the Conqureor at Hastings in the eleventh century. He was related to Cyrus W. Field, who laid the first Atlantic cable, and to Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court. He was born in Pulaski, Tenn., in 1834, and took a B.A. and C.E. degree at the Kentucky Military Institute in 1856.

He was opposed to secession, but, to use his own words, "When the first gun boomed at Fort Sumter, the die was cast; then I was heart and soul with the South."

Colonel Feild raised the first company organized in Giles County, Tenn., of which he was made captain. Later this company became a part of the 1st Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, Col. George Maney commanding, which, after a short period of drilling, was sent to West Virginia and there served under Lee against McClellan. It was at Cheat Mountain and while on detached service with twenty picked men scouting in McClellan's rear that Colonel Feild received his baptism of fire, and it was there, too, that, while temporarily separated from his men, he killed three Yankee soldiers whom he was pursuing toward their camp.



After Cheat Mountain and some very arduous service under Stonewall Jackson, the regiment went into winter quarters, and, having been promoted to major of his regiment, Colonel Feild asked for and obtained leave of absence to visit his family, for he was then married. But upon reaching Nashville and learning that Grant was moving on Fort Donelson, he at once reported to General Pillow at Dover, Tenn., was attached to his staff, and served as such until Buckner assumed command, when, without visiting his family as he had purposed, he at once returned to his command. Shortly afterwards, for lack of adequate transportation, he was detached with half of his regiment and ordered to report to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Corinth, in pursuance of which he reached Corinth in time to take part in the battle of Shiloh. It should be here noted that Colonel Maney, with the remainder of the regiment, arrived in time to take part in the second day's engagement. After Shiloh, General Maney having been promoted, Colonel Feild was appointed colonel of his regiment, and he was also detailed with Gen. Marcus J. Wright and Colonel Campbell to examine and weed out incompetent officers up to and including their own rank.

Then followed Bragg's campaign into Kentucky, and then came the battle at Perryville, where his regiment lost between two hundred and fifty and three hundred men, among whom was that gallant officer, Lieutenant Colonel Patterson.

Maney's entire brigade had attempted to storm a battery in their immediate front. The assault was unsuccessful, whereupon General Maney ordered Colonel Feild to repeat the effort with his regiment alone. Without one word Colonel Feild took position some distance in front of his regiment, turned and, facing them, slowly drawing his sword, he cried with ringing voice: "Follow me!" The battery was carried with hardly a man of the battery left to tell the story; but a strong force of infantry occupying a ridge to the left continued to pour in on them an enfilading fire so destructive that, to again quote from Colonel Feild's diary, "seeing that to hold their ground meant the destruction of the whole command, I withdrew the regiment after sacrificing the best and noblest blood of Tennessee to a mistaken order. Twenty-three or four commissioned officers were killed or wounded in the two assaults."

The campaign in Tennessee followed, culminating in the battle of Murfreesboro, on which occasion Colonel Feild was in temporary command of the brigade, Maney in charge of the division, and Cheatham in command of the corps. Here, while carrying a battery, Colonel Feild had his horse killed under him. Bragg's retrograde movement followed, and then came the battle of Chickamauga, in which Colonel Feild led his regiment to the end. And here it was that, in company with General Forrest, he rode out of the woods into the open field at the foot of Snodgrass Hill, where they were unexpectedly fired on by an entire brigade, five Minie balls passing through the little gray mare the Colonel was riding, killing her instantly.

Little need be said of the battle of Missionary Ridge. Colonel Feild's diary shows between the lines a very evident disgust with the unfortunate denouement. In this action the 1st Regiment was temporarily detached from the brigade and placed on Bragg's extreme right at the point of the ridge and confronting Sherman. Colonel Feild held this position to the end, at times even fighting Sherman's men with rocks, which were thrown down on them. He further states that "late in the evening," expecting to bivouac on the ground, he sent his servant to the rear to bring his blankets, and later through this servant he learned that Grant's army was in his

rear and in possession of his ambulance. Lack of space will not permit me to follow Colonel Feild in that notable campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. Two incidents during that time are especially worthy of record, in that they most eloquently portray the bravery and unconquerable spirit of this remarkable man.

Near Adairsville, Ga., and eight hundred yards in front of Sherman's rapidly advancing lines, stood a large octagon-shaped building with three or four smaller buildings around it. These buildings were held by two regiments which, by order of General Polk, were withdrawn and replaced by Colonel Feild's regiment with orders to hold the position, though it cost the entire command. Later and under a terrific artillery fire, Captain Flournoy, his favorite cousin, reported from an out-building that they could no longer live and hold their position. Colonel Feild quietly replied: "William, our orders are to hold this position. Go back to your company." Still later, having exhausted their ammunition, a call was made for a volunteer to go for more. Charlie Ewing, a youth, responded. Colonel Feild led the way outside, saying: "Charlie, I will stand here and draw their fire while you run." At eleven o'clock that night orders came to retire and rejoin the brigade, the army in the meantime having gotten into its new position.

The second incident occurred at Kenesaw Mountain at a point in Cheatham's line of earthworks, later known as the "Dead Angle," because of the great slaughter on Sherman's assaulting lines. Confronting Sherman and projecting well out into a deep valley that intervened between the two opposing armies was an elevation which was included in Cheatham's line of works, the result being a rather acute and at the same time vulnerable salient in the line of defense. It was a key to the whole situation. Colonel Feild was ordered to occupy this salient with instructions to hold at all cost. At about one o'clock in the afternoon the enemy opened on this position with several batteries with a range which Colonel Feild describes as the most accurate he ever saw, very few if any shots going above the works and many plowing entirely through the embankment. An hour and a half of this was followed by an assault by three successive lines of battle. The first line, with fixed bayonets and uncapped muskets, at quick step and in perfect alignment, rushed to the works, planting their colors on the top, but with the great body crouching in the ditch below. The second line followed, firing as they came, planting their colors on the works, but, as with the first line, crouched in the ditch below, some begging for quarter and others attempting to run back. The third and last line never reached the works. Now it was, in the midst of this maddening hell of human destruction, that Colonel Feild sat astride of a stringer that supported a head log while his men below passed loaded guns up to him, which he fired as rapidly as possible until, while looking down into the face of a big brown-eyed Yankee, with gun barrels lapping, both in the the act of firing, Colonel Feild received the shot of his antagonist in the top of his head and fell unconscious among his men below. A few minutes and he regained consciousness; and though paralyzed on his left side, he resumed command and witnessed the retreat of all three lines, save only the dead and prisoners left behind. While still in the hospital the battle of Peach Tree Creek was fought, the only battle during the whole war where he failed to lead his command.

Colonel Feild commanded the skirmish line in front of Cheatham's corps at Franklin. He was talking to General Gist when that officer received his death wound, and commanded his brigade through the rest of the engagement. After the disaster at Nashville Colonel Feild was put in command of a brigade of sixteen hundred picked men and covered the retreat of the army until it crossed the Tennessee River. He continued in command of Gist's Brigade until just before the surrender in North Carolina, where he was shot through the leg and was still in the hospital when the end came, and,

"Hope, born one pleasant morn.
Died at even."

One other incident in the life of Colonel Feild should be recorded here.

After recovery from his last wound, accompanied by his faithful servant, Colonel Feild, returning home via Baltimore, took passage on a boat from Cincinnati to Louisville, his destination being Nashville, Tenn. Included in the passenger list were a few paroled Confederate soldiers, a delegation of New Jersey editors, and a force of negro soldiers commanded by a white colonel. These negroes began cutting the buttons from the coats of the Confederates and, learning of Colonel Feild's presence, went to his stateroom and demanded that he submit to this indignity. With drawn pistol, he stood in his stateroom door and told them he would die first, and that the first man to move on him would die with him. The editors, seeing a tragedy impending, persuaded the colonel to put a stop to it. At Louisville it developed that this same colonel of negro troops was also on his way to Nashville, and shortly after his arrival he received this ultimatum from Colonel Feild: "Either meet and fight me to-morrow or leave Nashville by that time." The colonel, being fully advised as to his adversary, left on time.

Colonel Feild's life subsequent to the war was quiet, unostentatious, and uneventful, much of it being spent on his farm. As age crept on he purchased a home in Union City, Tenn., where he spent his remaining years and where he died. He was never reconciled to the defeat and fall of the Confederacy and seemingly avoided as far as possible everything that tended to perpetuate his own memory of that great conflict. He looked forward to the coming of the death angel with the same composure that characterized him on the field of battle, and truly did he meet him

"Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

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### *THE MONUMENT TO GEN. STAND WATIE.*

Among the Confederate monuments that deserve notable mention is that recently erected by the Oklahoma Division, U. D. C., to Gen. Stand Watie, the only full-blooded Indian brigadier general in the Confederate army. The monument is at Tahlequah, and is an imposing structure, ten or more feet in height, of Georgia granite, with a large bas-relief tablet showing a bust size likeness of General Watie in bronze with the following inscription:

"In honor of Gen. Stand Watie, only full-blooded Indian brigadier general in the Confederate army. This brave Cherokee, with his heroic regiment rendered inestimable services to the Confederate cause in the Indian Territory. Born in Georgia on December 12, 1806; died in Cherokee Nation on September 9, 1871. A tribute to his memory by Oklahoma Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy. 'Lest we forget.'"

A splendid program was given on the occasion of the unveiling at Tahlequah on June 6, which was largely attended by veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy and other people

from all parts of the State. Ten veterans who served under General Watie were present. A splendid address was given by Hon. W. W. Hastings, ex-Congressman from Oklahoma, on the life of General Watie, a sketch of whom has heretofore appeared in the VETERAN. In appreciation of the long and faithful work of the chairman of this memorial work of the Division, Mrs. Mabel W. Anderson, of Pryor, Okla., through whose efforts largely the final completion of this monument and that at the grave of General Watie in Missouri was made possible, the Oklahoma Division, U. D. C., presented to her a beautiful Division medal, the first to be bestowed upon any Daughter of Oklahoma. A history of this memorial work of the Division was given in her response on the program of the unveiling at Tahlequah. For eight years Mrs. Anderson served as chairman of the committee, and her enthusiasm did not waver during the slow growth of the undertaking, for there was no general solicitation of funds, only contributions from the Division Chapters and those friends thought to be interested being sought. The World War also delayed this work. A part of Mrs. Anderson's report is here given, as follows:

"At the U. D. C. convention in Muskogee in September, 1913, a plea was made to begin a monument fund for General Watie, that great Oklahoma leader in the Confederate cause and the only full-blooded Indian brigadier general in the Confederate army. It was laid upon the hearts of our Division to pass a motion to the effect that the Oklahoma Division erect a suitable monument to his memory. And it was stipulated in this 'Division pledge' that this monument be placed near the Capitol building at Tahlequah, the old capital of the Cherokee Nation and where General Watie had played such an important part in the political affairs of his people. * * * In 1916 at the Durant Convention it was decided that it would be only half honoring the memory of General Watie and also our Division to erect a monument at the old Cherokee capital and leave his grave still neglected and unmarked. A motion was passed to place a stone there also. * * * General Watie was buried in the old Ridge Cemetery in Delaware County, very near the town of Southwest City, Mo. I have met many men and women who attended his funeral at this spot, and a few men are still living near this cemetery who were present at his burial, which was conducted by the Masonic Lodge. His grave is not far from that of John Ridge and other kinsmen.

"I recently returned from the unveiling of the stone at his grave, May 25. No member of our Division other than myself was present, but there was a good crowd from Delaware County, Okla., and McDonald County, Mo., and all expressed pride and appreciation that this stone was placed there by the Daughters. We had an interesting program, and Judge Grover Scales gave us a good address. The songs by a full-blooded Cherokee choir were unusual features and proved a great attraction.

"The stone, which is about five feet high, is plain but beautiful in its simplicity and has a similar inscription to that on the monument. At the top of the square-shaped stone of smooth Georgia marble is the Southern cross of honor, which we can now say we have bestowed upon him. * * *

"The history, legends, and traditions of our people, the Cherokee, and other Indian tribes have always possessed a fascination for me, and it is a matter of regret that we as a people and a State possess so little written history of the men of the five Civilized Tribes, whose characters and achievements made any early history of Oklahoma possible. Eastern Oklahoma, as many of us know, has furnished all the history of our State from the time of the removal of the Cherokees from Georgia up to the war period, and from then on to the date of Statehood. Our heritage of the history of the Five Civilized Tribes has been a verbal one from father to son. In order to secure the facts relative to this particular Indian character, whose memory we honor to-day, I spent two years collectint authentic data from people who had known him personally and prominent veterans who had served under him. The book compiled from this material, "The Life and Military Career of Gen. Stand Watie and Contemporary Cherokee History," was written and published with a threefold purpose: To preserve those heretofore unpublished facts and to honor one of the leading characters of that interesting and tumultuous period, to encourage the youth of our State to a more extended study of the early history of Oklahoma than is found in their textbooks, and also to help in our memorial to General Watie's memory by making information possible to every Chapter and others in the State in regard to the part he played in the Confederate cause of the Indian Territory and in the history of our State.

"The fair history of our Southland is written in the beautiful monuments in every city of its realm. The majority of these have been made possible by the suggestion and leadership of the U. D. C. Oklahoma alone, until this memorial, was without a Division monument, and yet the Five Civilized Tribes of the Indian Territory lost as many men in proportion to their citizenship as any other Southern State, with the exception of North Carolina. No nation, country, or section of country has ever shown such high regard for their soldiers and statesmen as has the South. It is a conceded fact that more monuments have been erected to the Confederate cause than to any other, civil, political, or religious. ours is a written history, beautiful to the vision and lasting to the memory.

"We might say of our Confederate heroes and statesmen that they need no monument of stone or bronze to commemorate their heroic deeds, for sublime in their matchless devotion to duty, despite overwhelming odds, they have builded for themselves—if a true American history be written—monuments more enduring than bronze or stone. But these monuments should be erected not ouly as a duty we owe our immortal dead, but to teach history to the living. For nothing else will so impressively teach history to the youth of our land. * * *

"But the U. D. C. do not build alone in marble and stone. That great work is well-nigh done, but, among many other things, they provide homes for the needy, homeless Confederate veterans, their wives and widows, and spend thousands of dollars annually in helping to educate girls and boys of Southern lineage.

"I must say further as the chief reason for our monument that no man was ever more deserving a memorial from his people than General Watie—a man whose character was above reproach and whose remarkable bravery and military prowess were known and felt far beyond the limits of his activities. The value of his services to the Indian Territory and the bordering counties of Arkansas and Missouri during the years of 1861-65 can never be estimated. During the baneful period at the close of the war and the beginning of reconstruction he was indeed a savior to his stricken people. For the Cherokee Nation, which had partially been occupied by both armies, had indeed suffered, and the Southern Cherokees were exiled and destitute. The great number he aided at this time will never be known.

"His followers all testify to his powerful personality and leadership, his courage and bravery that were as stalwart and changeless as the granite rocks of his native hills of Georgia. Yet the keynote of his character was his utter sincerity and simplicity. No man ever rose to higher distinction among his people who had less to say. He never sought nor desired self-praise or glory, but gave his loyal heart and life to duty as he saw it. His was a character whose virtues every boy and girl of Oklahoma would do well to emulate.

"This monument from his native hills of Georgia, unostentatious as befitting the man, is a tribute of loyalty from the Oklahoma Division, U. D. C., to show to the world that sentiment is not dead nor heroism forgotten; that Stand Watie still lives in the hearts and lives of his people."

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## *THE GREATEST ARTILLERY DUEL.*

BY W. L. TRUMAN, GUEYDAN, LA.

In the VETERAN for December, 1920, Capt. William L. Ritter gives an account of one of his artillery duels which took place at Jackson, Miss., on July 5, 1863. He had five guns, one a 64-pound rifle piece, and he fought thirty-six 12-pound rifle Parrot guns for two hours, claiming that the enemy threw one hundred and twenty tons of iron during that time, and he says history nowhere records the concentration of so many pieces of artillery focused on a single object, etc. Then in the February (1921) number Comrade C. J. Snead, of Fork Union, Va., gives an account of an artillery duel which took place on September 19, 1862, at Blackford's Ford, on the Potomac River. Colonel Nelson's battalion of twelve guns occupied the heights on the Virginia side of the river, and after General Lee's army passed over, returning from the drawn battle of Antietam, he says: "It was then it seemed that the whole artillery force of the Yankee army came up and occupied the heights on the Maryland side of the river, and for about three hours they poured shot and shell into us." And yet not a man or a gun was knocked off of the perch. Comrade Snead says further: "So I claim that from the number of the enemy's guns focused on a single battalion of only twelve pieces this artillery duel deserves to be placed among the greatest in the annals of time."

I am sorry Captain Snead did not give the number of Yankee guns focused upon Colonel Nelson's battalion of twelve guns. We are writing history and must give facts to substantiate our statements.

I will now enter for the prize. The 1st Missouri Battery of Confederate States Volunteers, organized at Springfield, Mo., in 1861. Capt. William Wade, of St Louis, was our first captain. He was a noble character, was promoted to colonel of artillery, and was killed at Grand Gulf, Miss., on April 18, 1863, in our gunboat battle. About all of the Missouri troops east of the Mississippi River were captured at the siege of Vicksburg. When exchanged, Landry's and Guibor's Missouri batteries were consolidated with Wade's, but still retained the name of 1st Missouri Battery, with Captain Guibor in command. He was seldom with us, generally on the sick list. What I say of this duel is not from memory, for I quote from my memoir written from notes taken on the field:

*July 1, 1864.*—Everything quiet up here until about five o'clock this evening, when Sherman got mad about something and commenced to throw shells at us. We bore the insult for twenty minutes or more, until Lieutenant Murphy, who was in command, a man of great patience, to the astonishment of all, was suddenly wrought upon and lost his usually good temper and said: "Boys, those Yanks want a fight, and let's give them what they want." And this decision brought on what I think was the greatest artillery duel in history as to the number of guns (52) focused upon a few (3) for several hours without intermission. Many of the enemy's guns were of large caliber, certainly none less than our three ten-pound Napoleon bronze field guns.

We were soon ready, and our three guns belched forth in response to their challenge, and the duel was on in dead earnest until nearly two hours after dark before Murphy ordered us to cease firing. Our guns were so hot that loading was dangerous. It has been a warm evening, and we boys are hot, thirsty, hungry, and wearied. There were many new guns brought into the ring against us this evening, and the odds were so great that nothing but the mercy of God saved our lives. We did not have a man killed, only a few slightly wounded. How wonderful that such could be the case amidst such a tornado of bursting shells and rain of iron and flying rocks! Yet we are here and ready for another round tomorrow.

General French speaks of this duel in his history of "Two Wars;" and as he had a taste for the sublime, I will quote what he says of this artillery duel: "This afternoon the enemy turned fifty-two pieces of artillery on the three guns I have on the west brow of Little Kenesaw and continued the fire until long after dark. Seldom in war have there been instances where so many guns have been trained on a single spot. But it was only in the darkness of the night that the magnificence of the scene was displayed. Grand beyond imagination, beautiful beyond description, Kenesaw, usually invisible from a distance at night, now resembles Vesuvius in the beginning of an eruption. The innumerable curling rings of smoke from the incessant bursting of shells over the mountain top, added to the volumes belching forth from our guns, wreathed Kenesaw in a golden thunder cloud in the still sky, from which came incessant flashes of incandescent light from shells like bursting stars. The canopy of clouds rolling around the peak looked softer than the downy cotton, but ever changing in color. One moment they were as crimson as the evening clouds painted by the rays of summer's setting sun, and the next brighter than if lit by the lightning's flash or bursting meteors. However brilliant and varied and beautiful to the sight, it was not one of pure delight, because it was not a grand display in the clouds for amusement; and when it died away, when silence came and night threw her dark mantle over the scene, there was no feeling of joy, only one of relief from the excitement of hope and fear ever incident to the wager of battle."

Now you have my claim and the evidence before you—fifty-two pieces of artillery of different caliber focused upon three field guns located at one place, more than seventeen guns to one, and yet those three guns were not silenced for the simple reason that the men who managed them were not killed or wounded so badly that they could not do their duty.

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RARE LOGIC.—A teacher, observing what she thought to be a lack of patriotic enthusiasm on the part of one of her small pupils, demanded:

"Tommy, What would you think if you saw the Stars and Stripes waving over the field of battle?"

"I should think that the wind was blowing," was Tommy's unexpected answer.—*Exchange.*

## *THE EFFORT TO CAPTURE KILPATRICK.*

BY POSEY HAMILTON, PLEASANT HILL, ALA.

Just before the fight at Fayetteville, N. C., our command was traveling all night over an awful muddy road, and it was raining. Just before day we were halted, and in a few minutes we were moved out of the road into a thick, scrubby growth of timber with orders not to speak above a whisper. In a few minutes we came into an open place where the small growth had been cut out, nothing left but large pine timber, where we halted for a short time, and a detail of twenty picked men reported to Lieut. Tom Stewart. Ed Knight and I were the only ones sent from our company. The object was to ride up quietly to Kilpatrick's tent and capture the General and others with him. What we took for Kilpatrick's tent was a large one located on a round knob in the pine timber about three hundred yards from where we waited to make up the advance guard. We came in from the east, according to my recollection, and Kilpatrick's quarters was a little north of west from us.

Our advance was following Lieutenant Stewart in silence and going directly toward General Kilpatrick's headquarters, using a dim road or path. We soon came up to where the Yankees were lying under good blankets fast asleep, and while we were passing by we said nothing and did not intend to molest them. Our objective point was the big tent, and thus far we were moving in fine order and thinking we were going to make a good haul. We knew we were being led by a cool, brave officer, and that we could depend upon him. Lieutenant Stewart knew that he had twenty men following him that he could depend upon to stand by him in a desperate undertaking.

Up to this time everything was going on fine; we were not troubling them nor they us. Day was just breaking as we got to within fifty yards of the General's big tent, with about twenty-five fine horses hitched around it, and things looked mighty good for a big haul. Just then the report of a gun came from our men left two hundred yards behind us, then another and another, and here they came in a desperate charge. The Yankee's camp looked like a cyclone had struck it all at once. Their blankets were flying in the air, and the men were running about in every direction in their night-clothes, while the men from the big tent were legging and heeling it down the hill to beat the band. If this was not a stampede on foot, then I never saw one. If our men left behind us had kept quiet three minutes longer, our little band of twenty men would have been in General Kilpatrick's tent.

The whole thing was well planned and executed up to this point and all spoiled by a volley fired before the right time. Our advance guard had to get out of the way of bullets fired by our own men, as we were directly between them and the big tent. Right here the duty of our guard ended. We could do no more, and we had to look out for ourselves. The big tent was on our left and a big black piney woods slough on our right. My friend and I rode down about two hundred and fifty yards to find a crossing where some men and horses had crossed, but when we got to it nothing could go through. We saw horses all covered in mud except their heads and necks, and their riders trying to save themselves by clinging to tufts. In fact, it is said that skeletons of a horse and rider were found in that awful mire five years later.

Knight and I looked at that black mud hole and decided at once that we would not attempt to cross, so we turned back and retraced our steps, finding that we were completely hemmed in. A Yankee company had moved in and formed in line, all mounted on good horses, well dressed and armed with pistols, between us and the big tent. We were coming back toward them for two hundred yards, and they were firing at us with pistols at a rapid rate. A few men were following us, and some of them were wounded and dropped out. We kept going toward them until to within about sixty yards, when we turned a little more to the east and passed in about forty yards of the cavalry company. They had almost ceased firing at us at that time. Neither of us nor our horses was hit. It was a very narrow but bold escape.

While we were maneuvering in front of that Yankee cavalry company General Wheeler's men were over the hill west of the big tent fighting like the mischief. After Knight and I had passed by the cavalry company and reached the top of the hill, we met Gen. W. W. Allen, our division commander, who was riding a big slick black horse he had just captured at the big tent, his horse having been killed in the charge. General Allen told us that he and one of his cousins saddled up one of General Kilpatrick's horses, and he was riding him at that time; also one of our soldiers captured another of the General's horses and presented him to General Wheeler. This was a spotted horse, and I have seen General Wheeler riding him. I verily believe most of those fine horses at the big tent were captured by our men.

When we reached the top of the hill where we met General Allen, we saw a big batch of Yankee prisoners under guard, said to be four hundred, captured by General Wheeler's men. Most of the fighting was west of the big tent, where our men ran upon Yankee infantry, who fought bravely and held their ground.

Some writers of this fight claim that General Kilpatrick was sleeping in a house near by, but I never believed that statement, as I saw no house that he would spend the night in. I saw nothing but dirty negro cabins. What I did see at the big tent was enough to make me believe he was there. No one in the big tent had time to dress. Those I saw leaving were running to beat the band in their night clothes. Some on the Yankee side did say Kilpatrick had something on, perhaps boots and hat, beside his sleeping clothes. If this be true, some one must have carried them to him before I saw him. He surely had no time to put them on before leaving the big tent.

Some of the writers of this fight have thought that General Wheeler had all his command there. This was a mistake, for a part did not get up until it was all over, and some near by did not get into the fight. There were too many as it was, because they were in one another's way. We felt that we could have accomplished far more if we had had the 8th Texas and the 8th Confederate Regiments with us and no others, as they were both charging regiments and properly armed. We lost Jim Hollon, a fine soldier from our company. He was severely wounded and left in the hands of the enemy, and we never heard from him again.

We never felt satisfied over having failed to capture General Kilpatrick and all the occupants of the big tent. There were a good many lost on both sides, and we never thought the capture of four hundred men compensated us for the loss sustained. After it was all over and the excitement gone, we marched toward Fayetteville with our prisoners.

That detail was of twenty grown men; I was the only boy. Doubtless they have all passed away. My comrade and friend, Ed Knight, acted the part of an elder brother to me during all the trying days of war, and he was a true friend to the last day of his life. Honor to his name and peace to his ashes!

## *THE CONSTITUTION OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES: ITS INFLUNCE ON THE UNION IT SOUGHT TO DISSOLVE.*

(Presented at the eighty-second annual meeting of the Georgia Historical Society, April 29, 1921.)

BY JUDGE ANDREW J. COBB, PRESIDENT OF THE GEORGIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution of the United States, had its origin in the recognized inefficiency of the government under the Articles of Confederation. In these articles each State expressly retained its sovereignty and independence. The only sovereign power that could be exercised by the Confederation was in connection with foreign relations, and this was hampered by the inability of Congress to legislate without the concurrence of the States.

There was neither an executive nor a judiciary, and Congress could not reach either the person or property of a citizen of a State except through the constituted authorities of the State, and Congress had no power to compel a State to act. A voluntary league between sovereign States was all that the Articles of Confederation created. The surrender of any part of the sovereignty of a State was negligible.

The single creative act of the Convention of 1787 was the bestowal upon the central government, organized by a league of sovereign States, of the power to operate directly, without the concurrence of the State, upon the person and property of the inhabitants thereof. In all else the Convention followed, with modifications, that which had existed and was existing.

The government was divided into its three departments—legislative, executive, and judicial—as had been in England, in all the colonies, and all the States since the day of independence. The rights of individuals, as recognized in the four charters of English liberty—the Great Charter, the Petition of Rights, the Habeas Corpus Act, and the Bill of Rights—were preserved to the full extent applicable in a republican form of government.

As the central government was to have the right to enter the domain of a State, it was necessary for the preservation of the rights of the State that the powers of the central government should be within defined limits. That the central government might not be hampered in the exercise of its delegated powers, it was also necessary that there should be limitations upon the power of the States. The Constitution, therefore, sets forth the powers of the central government and the limitations upon the power of the States. Thus the central government has all the power that is delegated, either in express terms or by reasonable implication. The States have all power that has not been delegated or which has not been denied to the States. A grant of power, couched in the clearest and most precise terms that ingenuity and scholarship may devise, will rarely if ever close the door to construction.

A difference of view as to the extent of the powers of the central government was coincident with the establishment of the government.

The question as to the tribunal to settle such difference also arose. The contention of some was that as the Union was the creature of the States, each acting independently, each State was the final arbiter as to the powers delegated and the powers reserved. Others contended that the central government was the arbiter on all questions of power arising under the Constitution. These differed among themselves, some contending that each of the three departments was independent of the other two, while some maintained that the legislative and executive departments were bound by the conclusions reached by the judicial department.

The right of a State to nullify an act of the Congress and remain a member of the Union was the doctrine asserted by some. The right of a State to dissolve its relation to the Union when the central government exceeded its powers was maintained by others.

There were those who denied both the power to nullify and the authority to secede. One State only in its organized capacity committed itself to the doctrine of nullification. The power of the general government was so exercised as to render its act of nullification ineffectual. Seven States, each in its organized capacity, committed themdelves to the doctrine of secession. Delegates elected by these States assembled at Montgomery and framed a Constitution providing for a Union under a central government composed of seven States and other States that might thereafter be admitted comformably to the terms of the Constitution.

"The Constitution was modeled on that of the United States and followed it with rigid literalness." Alabama and Georgia instructed their delegates to form "a government upon the principles of the Constitution of the United States." President Davis in his inaugural address said: "We have changed the constituent parts, but not the system of our government. The Constitution founded by our fathers is that of these Confederate States in their exposition of it."

The promoters of the new government were as much, if not more, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States as the framers of the Constitution of the United States were to the four great charters of English liberty. The changes that were made merely embodied in the organic law of the new government the opinions and claims on constitutional right of the Southern statesmen. The political thought of the South as to the true interpretation of the Constitution found its expression in the Constitution of the Confederate States. The preamble recites that "each State is acting in its sovereign and independent character," and the purpose is "to form a permanent Federal government."

Certain powers were subjected to express limitations which merely declared the constructlon which had been contended for as to similar grants of power in the Federal Constitution.

The general welfare clause was omitted from the taxing grant. Bounties from the Treasury and extra compensation to contractors, officers, and agents were prohibited.

No duties or taxes on imports could be levied to promote or foster industries.

Internal improvements, except in connection with river navigation, were prohibited, and the cost of such improvement was to be levied on the navigation facilitated. The slave trade was prohibited. The right of property in slaves was recognized and guarded.

All these changes merely carried into effect the interpretation which had been placed by the framers of the new instrument upon the provision in the Constitution of the United States relating to the different subjects.

The only departure from the terms of the Constitution of the United States was in instances where an experience of seventy years seemed to demonstrate that a change was wise, and all these changes related to administrative features.

A seat upon the floor of either house of Congress might be granted to the head of an executive department, with the right to discuss any measure relating to the department. This was to bring the legislative and executive departments

in closer touch and give to the executive department the privilege of a direct hearing, either in advocacy or opposition to pending measures which had to be carried into effect by the department. The President could remove at pleasure the head of an executive department and persons connected with the diplomatic service. Experience had demonstrated that the administration of the government was at its best when the President was allowed a free hand in the choice, both at home and abroad, of those officers who should be in sympathy with the plans and policies which the President had the right to formulate and follow in the exercise of the executive functions which the Constitution had vested in him. The right, the unhampered right to remove an unsympathetic or obstructive adviser or representative was indispensable. All other civil officers could be removed for cause, but the removal and reasons therefor were required to be reported to the Senate. No person rejected by the Senate could be appointed to the same office during the ensuing recess of the Senate.

The President had the power to disapprove particular items in an appropriation bill, which would then become a law only when passed over the veto thus expressed. This was to prevent appropriations which on their merits could not command the requisite vote from being carried through by a combination of members interested in appropriations which lacked the necessary number of votes. The disapproval of any particular item or items would not prevent other items which were approved from becoming effective.

The President was elected for six years and was not reeligible. The unfortunate, undesirable, and sometimes deplorable consequences resulting from the incumbent of the office of President using, or permitting to be used, all the prestige, influence, and patronage of the office to secure a renomination or reëlection had even in that day become manifest.

A court for the investigation of claims against the government was to be established, and no claim was to be paid until its justice was judicially established.

Jurisdiction of suits between citizens of different States was withheld from the Federal courts. This was to prevent defendants from being harassed with suits in places remote from their residence. The right of the litigant, whether resident or nonresident, to have the Supreme Court ultimately to pass on questions arising under the Constitution, laws, and treaties was not impaired by the provision referred to.

Any Federal judge or officer resident or acting solely within the limits of a State could be impeached by a two-thirds vote of both houses of the legislature thereof.

This was an assertion of State rights in its last analysis. Direct amenability of the Federal officer to the authorities of the State of his official activities would make both appointing power and the officer more careful.

All electors in each State were required to be citizens. Senators were to be elected at the session of the legislature immediately preceding the beginning of the term of service.

Export duties were allowed with the concurrence of two-thirds of both houses of Congress. These were prohibited by the Constitution of the United States. It was deemed wise to open this source of Federal revenue with the restriction mentioned.

States divided by rivers or through which rivers flowed could enter into compacts for improving their navigation, and consent of Congress was not required to render such compacts valid, as is the case with the Federal Constitution.

No discharge in bankruptcy could affect debts contracted before the passage of the Bankrupt Act. This was the State rights expression of a much-mooted question in other days. No State was allowed to pass a law impairing the obligation of a contract. The Federal government was the creature of the States. Therefore, the creature could not do that which the creator was prohibited from doing. Such was the argument.

A two-thirds vote of each house of Congress was necessary to appropriate money unless it was asked and estimated by a head of a department and submitted to Congress by the President, and a like vote was necessary when the purpose was to pay the "expenses and contingencies" of Congress.

This seems to be the first recognition in this country of the budget system.

Every law must relate to one subject only, and that must be expressed in the title of the law.

This was to remedy three evils: First, the incorporation of "riders" on bills relating to matters wholly foreign to the subject of the bill; second, what is commonly-called "log-rolling"—that is, the insertion of a number of subjects in one bill, some of which could not be passed standing alone; and, third, legislation in the body of the bill attention to which was not called by the title of the bill.

The notorious "Yazoo Act" of this State is the conspicuous example of how a law authorizing the sale of a large area of public land could be passed under the apparently harmless title, "A bill to be entitled an act for the relief of the soldiers in the late war."

New States could be admitted, but only by a two-thirds vote of each house, the Senate voting by States.

The Constitution could be amended only by a convention of the States, which could be demanded by three States in their several conventions. The convention could propose only the amendments suggested by the States making the call for the convention, and the amendments so proposed must be ratified by two-thirds of the States.

"The Confederate Constitution was the embodiment of the State rights and Republican construction of our organic law."

Its distinguishing features were:

1. Guarantees against antislavery.
2. Prevention of the enlargement of the powers of the Federal government.
3. Safeguards against the taxing power.

The Montgomery convention was representative not only of the best political thought of the South, but of the entire Union.

The spirit of the Constitution framed at Montgomery, disconnected with the subject of slavery, still lives, and its wisdom has been and is being vindicated.

The budget system is now in the law of several States, advocated in many others, and will soon be in the law of the United States.

The Court of Claims, originally established in 1855, with its enlarged jurisdiction, is a recognition of the principle that the justice of claims against the government should be judicially established.

The established policy of the several States and of the general government is at this day against the payment of extra compensation to public officers and contractors, and the sentiment of the country is against the payment of bounties from the public treasury.

The soundness of the inhibition against the use of the taxing power to promote and foster industries has met with judicial recognition in Loan Association vs. Topeka, 20 Wallace, 655, where Mr. Justice Miller says: "To lay with one hand the power of the government on the property of the citizen and

the other to bestow it upon favored individuals to aid private enterprises and build up private fortunes is none the less robbery because it is done under the forms of law and is called taxation."

The Rules of both the House and the Senate each declare in substance the principle that bills should relate to one subject only, and that should be expressed in the title of the bill.

Many States, Georgia included, now declare that voters must be citizens. The right of the denizen, the half naturalized foreigner, to vote is rapidly disappearing, even if it has not already disappeared.

The acquittal of President Johnson on the charge of having violated the law in the removal of Secretary of War Stanton was a declaration that the President had the right to remove a member of the Cabinet, and it must be remembered that this acquittal came notwithstanding an act of Congress which declared that the President could not remove such officer without the consent of the Senate. The so-called "tenure of office act" was, in effect, declared unconstitutional in the jugdment rendered.

Senators are now elected by the people and not by the legislature, and the law provides that they shall be elected at the general election immediately preceding the term of service.

The appearance of heads of departments before congressional committees when the affairs of the department are under consideration, which is now so common, may in time develop into the larger privilege of appearing before the whole house.

A referee or referees in a State to advise the President as to appointments of Federal officers whose activities are to be within the State is a mild, very mild, recognition that the people of the State should be consulted on these matters.

There has been for some years and is now a recognition that the Federal courts should have jurisdiction of cases between citizens of different States only where the amount involved is large or the questions grave.

It is interesting to note that some of the provisions of the Constitution of the Confederate States appear in the Constitution of this State.

The Constitution of Georgia of 1777 allowed inhabitants having certain qualifications to vote. The Constitution of 1798 allowed only citizens to vote, and such was the provision in the Constitution of 1861-65. The Constitution of 1868 allowed citizens and those who had legally declared their intention to become citizens to vote. The present Constitution limits the right to vote to citizens.

The provision that the purpose of the law must be expressed in the title first appeared in the Constitution of 1798. The tradition is that this was inserted in the Constitution by Gov. James Jackson to prevent the recurrence of a "Yazoo fraud." This provision appears in all subsequent Constitutions.

It would seem, therefore, that the provision on this subject in the Constitution of the Confederate States was a Georgia contribution to that instrument.

The rule that a law should have only one subject first appears in the Constitution of 1861 and reappears in every later Constitution. This is also true as to the provision that a person rejected by the Senate shall not be appointed to the same office during the ensuing recess, and also as to the right of the Governor to disapprove particular items in an appropriation bill.

The government formed at Montgomery did not perpetuate its existence, and slavery has ceased to exist, but the political wisdom of the convention survives and is still operative in the governmental affairs of the Union and the States. When the origin of measures of governmental reform, now existing or that may hereafter appear, is sought, the Constitution of the Confederate States should not be overlooked as a source. When prejudice is conquered and calm judgment is pronounced, it will take its place among the historic documents of the country.

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## *WITH GARY'S BRIGADE AT APPOMATTOX.*

BY J. H. DOYLE, GRANBURY, TEX.

I belonged to Company G, 7th South Carolina Cavalry, Gary's Brigade. which was composed of the 7th South Carolina, the 24th Virginia, and the Hampton Legion, and was the advance guard at Appomattox Courthouse, having arrived there on Saturday evening, April 8, 1865. Near dark we advanced some distance west of the town and skirmished with Sheridan's Cavalry till quite a while after dark. Our company sustained no loss except one man captured. The brigade fell back and camped near the town that night.

The 7th South Carolina formed near the courthouse early next morning, Sunday, the fatal April the 9th. In a short while we marched in a southeastern direction perhaps a half mile and up a slight hill to an almost level woodland, with rather large scattering trees and no underbrush, something like a picnic ground. The right of our company was near a large chestnut tree, close to which I was stationed. If I were at Appomattox Courthouse to-day, I could go to that old chestnut tree if still standing. Here we soon became engaged with Custer's cavalry at close range, and, strange to say, not a man or horse was killed in our company, but three or four men were wounded, all severely.

During the engagement a Confederate officer rode through our company with a white cloth tied to a stick and said: "General Lee has surrendered." We fool boys didn't believe it, and continued to shoot. In a very short time General Custer and staff came to where we were and, addressing General Gary, who was near by, said: "Have your men cease firing and surrender." General Gary replied in cuss words, for which he was famous: "My men shall cease firing, but we are South Carolinians; we never surrender." General Gary didn't. He went through the Yankee lines and joined Gen. J. E. Johnston's army in North Carolina.

Gary's Brigade may have fired the last guns at Appomattox. At any rate, we didn't hear any firing after we ceased, though there could have been small arms firing later beyond our hearing.

After the surrender the 7th South Carolina camped a short distance east of the town. General Grant ordered rations issued to us, consisting of seven crackers and a pound of raw beef. I put my beef for a little while on some coals and ashes, but soon ate it—blood, ashes, and all—without salt.

We were paroled on Tuesday evening, the 11th, and the proud, gallant soldiers of the once invincible Army of Northern Virginia with sad and heavy hearts, began the tramp to their once happy but now devastated, far-away homes.

Company G, of the 7th South Carolina Cavalry, was previously Company B, Trenholm's Squadron, in which were five pairs of twins, as follows: Albert and Elbert Cannon, of Spartanburg, S. C.; Ben and Bob McKey, of Pendleton, S. C.; Bill and John Clark, of Anderson, S. C.; Bill and Jim Doyle, of Pickens, S. C.; the Barnwell boys (names forgotten), of Barnwell, S. C.

I was the only one of the ten twins at Appomattox.

## *THE SOUTH IN HISTORY.*

BY DR. E. P. LACEY, BESSEMER, ALA.

A quotation from a letter written by Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart to Dr. McNeilly and published in the April VETERAN has induced me to write this letter. It concerns a matter long since settled, but still of interest, as it pertains to a subject practically as old as the human race.

Dr. McNeilly's dignified reply is a refutation of Dr. Hart's charges, and he needs no assistance from me or any one in defending any position he takes in an argument; but he did not enter very minutely into details, and that is my apology to him for appearing to come to his assistance in the controversy.

I dislike to take issue with so distinguished a historian as Dr. Hart, but he made some assertions that are erroneous and untenable. He will find it difficult indeed to substantiate the assertion that "slavery kept the South poor, kept part of it ignorant, kept it out of the track of advancing civilization."

I consider it exceedingly unfortunate that so many intelligent people appear to know so little about the South during the days of slavery. This lack of information leads them into error when the endeavor to estimate the influence of slavery on the industrial, spiritual, and intellectual life of the Southern people. The admission that an institution is sinful and cruel gives no one license to misrepresent it, nor is it any palliation to deny benefits which have been derived from it.

The propaganda of abuse and denunciation organized and directed by Northern Abolitionists prior the the War between the States, and kept up for years after it closed, has given way to reason and justice, and I firmly believe people are now anxious to learn the truth. Any question which cannot stand in the presence of truth and bear the most rigid investigation is unworthy of the consideration of fair-minded and intelligent people.

In my estimation the most regrettable feature of the whole business is the fact that many of the young people have been stuffed with this false propaganda until they appear to think that nothing worth while existed in the South during the days of slavery. Nor is this opinion confined exclusively to the North, for it has been so cunningly and persistently kept up that some of the young men and young women of the South are of the same belief. "Time, the mighty miracle worker," will yet come to the rescue of the South and give her justice and correct many false impressions which prevail in regard to a patriotic, courageous, and chivalrous people.

In his book, "Twenty Years in Congress," Senator James G. Blaine said: "The Southern leaders occupied a commanding position. They were almost without exception men of high integrity, and they were especially jealous and careful of the public money. Too often ruinously lavish of their personal expenditures, they believed in an economical government, and throughout the long period of their domination they guarded the treasury with signal and unceasing vigilance against every attempt at extravagance and against every form of corruption."

If the character of the people of a country is a measure of their civilization, then the civilization of the slaveholding States was not only in "the track of advancing civilization," but it was in the middle of the track and kept there by the high ideals and exalted character of her public men.

Senator Hoar, of New England, in speaking of the people of the South, said: "They have an aptness for command which makes the Southern gentleman wherever he goes not a peer only, but a prince. They have a love for home. They have—the best of them and the most of them—inherited from the great race from which they come the sense of duty and the instinct of honor as no other people on the face of the earth. They have not the mean traits which grow up somewhere in places where money-making is the chief end of life."

He referred, of course, largely to the public men of the South, for they were the ones he knew best. However, it is the representative or public men of a country who make its reputation and determine its destiny.

It has been said that "war is one of the strongest evidences in the world of the imperfection of modern civilization," and the manner in which it is waged is an evidence of the degree or character of civilization attained by those engaged in it. The ingenuity displayed by the Southern people in devising implements and munitions of war, their self-sacrifices and devotion to duty, tenacity of purpose, masterful strategy, humanity to the wounded, and desire to mitigate the suffering of prisoners marked their civilization as the equal of that of the North or any other country in the world.

They were accused of cruelty to prisoners during the war, but the records of the War Department prove this to be untrue. There were fifty thousand more Northern prisoners in Southern prisons than Confederate prisoners in Federal prisons, and yet the South lost only nine per cent of prisoners in her possession, and the North lost twelve per cent in hers. The food and drug supply of the South was inadequate, *as drugs had been made contraband of war by the United States government*, and what the South obtained was by smuggling it in on blockade runners.

Dr. Hart says not a single Southern State took or dared take any steps toward the education of the slave. This is correct, but he does not state the reason why, or possibly he did not know. Fanatical Northern Abolitionists sent incendiary and insurrectionary literature into the South to incite the negroes to rebellion against the white people, and they did not deem it wise to enable negroes to read literature that was intended for the white man's destruction. No reason of this kind prevailed at the North during the slavery period, and yet history records the fact that there was opposition to educating negroes in the free States.

In 1835 Prudence Crandall opened a school for negro girls in Canterbury, Conn. Her school buildings were burned, she was ostracized by her friends, and was indited under a State law of 1833. "An academy at Canaan, N. H., had admitted a few colored boys, whereupon a town meeting voted the school a nuisance, and farmers assembled with a hundred yoke of oxen, which were used to drag the building from its foundation." Two schools in Ohio which agreed to admit negro pupils were closed.

"The relative illiteracy of the two sections was markedly against the slave States," but slavery was not the cause. The compact population of the Northern States made the school problem less difficult than in the South, where people were scattered over large areas, and those in isolated and mountainous districts were deprived of the advantages of schools. But the ignorant white man in the South was superior to the ignorant foreigner of the North, who knew practically nothing of the institutions of our country and had not the patriotism and love of country possessed by the ignorant native of the South.

"Nor did the fact of his illiteracy operate to deprive the individual white man of the South of the respect and confidence inspired in the minds of educated people by his general character for probity and industry. The character of his work—agriculture—gave the illiterate whites of the South

an equal opportunity to hear public oratory and to attend public assemblies, and the social recognition allowed him on all sides by all classes encouraged a manly appreciation of the advantages to be derived from it."

The educational system of the South was modeled on the system which originally prevailed in New England. They began at the top with academies and universities and worked down to the bottom or the public school. The amount expended in slaveholding and free States was not to the discredit of the former when one considers the population of the two sections. The following table shows the appropriations for the two sections in 1860; and as all money appropriated in the slave States was for the whites, and as they constituted only one-fourth of the white population of the country, the disparity was not very great.

APPROPRIATIONS FOR EDUCATION IN 1860.

The slave States expended on colleges $1,662,419; on academies, $4,328,127; on public schools, $5,227,217. Total, $11,-267,763.

The free States expended on colleges $1,514,298; on academies, $4,663,749; on public schools, $17,271,302. Total, $23,-449,349.

The public school system of the free States was far in advance of the slave States, but there was a great educational awakening in the South when the war came on and stopped it. The people were so impoverished by the war that they had no money to devote to education or anything else after it closed, and it was all the most of them could do to procure food and clothing. Those who went to the war returned to a land of desolation, and it was the Southerner's grit and tenacity that enabled him to reclaim from the ashes of defeat and destruction a part of the prosperity he formerly enjoyed.

Dr. Hart spoke of the "high material prosperity of the South at the present time." I regret to say this is more apparent than real when compared with the slaveholding South.

The census report in 1860 disclosed the fact that the South, or slaveholding States, "with only one-fourth of the white population of the United States, had thirty per cent of the banking capital and forty-four per cent of the wealth of the entire country. Now it has only one-tenth of the wealth of the nation." "In 1850 flour and meal made by Southern mills was worth $24,773,000, and by 1860 this had increased to $45,000,000, a gain of $20,000,000, or nearly one-fourth of the gain of the entire country."

The impression prevails that prior to the War between the States, or during slavery, cotton was practically the only product of slaveholding States. The slave States produced all the cotton, rice, molasses, sugar, turpentine, and naval stores, large quantities of wheat and oats, tobacco, and in 1860 358,000,000 bushels of corn, or forty-four per cent of the entire crop of the country. One of the largest flour mills in the country was located in Richmond, Va. Practically all the peanuts were produced in the South.

In 1860 the South ranked very high in animal industry, as she had fifty per cent of the cattle, twenty-six per cent of the sheep, annd fifty-four per cent of the hogs. The value of animals slaughtered in the South in 1860 was $84,400,000; in all other sections, $128,000,000.

As evidence of the increasing prosperity of the South during the days of slavery, the increase in property from 1850 to 1860 was $3,480,000,000; in the New England and Middle States, $2,460,000,000. The South's *per capita* wealth, including whites only, was $682; the North, $372. Only two States in the Union had more wealth *per capita* than South Carolina, and they were Connecticut and Rhode Island.

At one period the South led in the production of iron, but after Eli Whitney's perfection of the cotton gin the returns from the production of cotton were so great that the iron business was to a great extent abandoned for the more lucrative business of cultivating cotton. For a number of years the market price of cotton was 45 cents per pound, and the average price till 1845 was 17 cents per pound. Following this there was a period of depression, and in 1845 it sold for five cents per pound. This price convinced the Southern people that they would have to engage in some other business. They returned to manufacturing, and this was increasing rapidly when the war stopped it.

"The advance in iron founding was from $2,300,000 in 1850 to $4,100,000 in 1860, a gain of $1,800,000, a very much larger percentage of increase than in the whole country. In the manufacture of steam engines and machinery the gain in the country, excluding the South, was $15,000,000, while the gain in the South was $4,200,000, the increase in the former case less than forty per cent and in the latter of over two hundred per cent. Cotton manufacturing had commenced to attract attention, and nearly $12,000,000 was invested in cotton mills. The South's sawed and planed lumber product in 1860 was $20,890,000, against $10,900,000 in 1850, this gain of $10,000,000 being largely more than one-third as much as the gain in all other sections combined."

From 1850 to 1860 $200,000,000 was invested in building railroads in the South, and most of it was local capital. During this period three hundred and eighty-seven more miles were built in the South than in the New England and Middle States. Manufacturing capital increased in the slave States from ninety-three millions in 1850 to one hundred and sixty-one millions in 1860.

"The census supplies the following facts bearing upon social customs in Massachusetts and Alabama, for example, in the year of 1860, and the two States are chosen here because of the approximate equality of their numbers of population to stand the contrast:

*Alabama.*—Died of neglect and exposure, 1; died by suicide, 21; died by murder, 18; died by homicide, 17; insane returned, 217; idiots returned, 437.

*Massachusetts.*—Died of neglect and exposure, 17; died by suicide, 110; died by murder, 5; died by homicide, 14; insane returned, 2,015; idiots returned, 712."

This contrast is creditable to the civilization of the South, and there is nothing in it of which her citizens can feel ashamed.

It was unfortunate for America that the African was brought into the country, but the South was not responsible, as it was an inheritance from colonial days and against the protests of the Southern people. A gradual emancipation was going on, and if the Northern people had been more tolerant and patient with a stupendous problem of which they were not very familiar and which taxed the wisdom and ingenuity of the best people in the country, the question would have been settled without revolution and bloodshed. It was unwise, if not cruel, to liberate 4,000,000 people at one time without means of sustenance or the ability to take care of themselves. Gradual emancipation would have given them time to adjust themselves to their changed condition and would have given the Southern people time to make provision for the revolution which it produced in the labor system in the South.

In 1850 there were the following number of free negroes in the Southern States: Virginia, 53,826; North Carolina, 27,373; South Carolina, 8,900; Georgia, 2,880; Florida, 925;

Louisiana, 17,537; Mississippi, 899; Arkansas, 589; Alabama, 2,233; Texas, 311; Tennessee, 6,271; Kentucky, 9,763.

Constant denunciation of slaveholders by Northern people delayed this process of liberation that was working out the solution of this troublesome question. The fanatical spirit which saw nothing but sin and cruelty in slavery and denounced it as "the sum of all villianies" is now demanding the abolition of the present industrial system and the substitution for it of socialism. Its advocates declare no one should be permitted to make a profit off of the labor of others and that wealth should be distributed equally among the people. The most gigantic scale on which this Utopian scheme has been tried is the so-called Bolshevism of Russia. Such cruelty, destitution, and destruction has never been seen before among those who are classed as civilized people. The autocracy of the czar was the most benevolent paternalism when compared with the present régime.

As much as we may dislike to make the confession, we cannot escape the fact that civilization demands inequality, and the farther we advance the farther apart the poles are drawn. It is written on every page of the book of nature, and no man-made law has ever been able to level the mountains and place all men on the same plane in any sphere in life.

Some form of servitude has been in existence since the dawn of civilization, and the indications are that it will last as long as a human being remains upon the earth. Slavery was a step in the evolution of society; it played its part in advancing civilization, left the stage, and vanished behind us, and doubtless will never return. It was not without benefit to the African, as it put him on the road to civilization and Christianity and raised him to a place in progressive civilization never attained by the race before.

If one will compare the present status of negroes in Africa with slavery as it existed in the South, we cannot escape the conclusion that slavery was a blessing to the negro.

I have a letter in my possession written from Monrovia, Liberia, April 4, 1917, from which I quote the following: "The soldiers I had with me were semicivilized natives, and when they once see blood they are worse than the uncivilized ones. When I first started out they would always bring the right hand of every man they killed and lay it before me as evidence. I told them that they must not do this. So the next fight we had they brought six heads. I guess you will hardly believe this, but I have actually seen what passes for human beings cooking and eating human flesh. On the most distant parts of the boundary I found some of them that were little above the stage of wild animals. They wear no clothing at all; the few who made any pretense at all used a leaf or piece of palm thatch. They were also dirty and lived in small mud houses that you would be ashamed to put a dog in."

If slavery rescued people from such a life as the one described in this letter and elevated them to a position where they were capable of making laws for and governing civilized white people, as was declared by the Republican party, it was "the most beneficent institution ever devised by man or sanctioned by God."

"We live in days when the last remains of slavery have disappeared from the higher nations; but though the civilized world has outgrown the ancient institution, the benefits which early society gained from it still remain. It was through slave labor that agriculture and industry increased, that wealth accumulated, and leisure was given to poets, priests, and scribes, and philosophers to raise the level of men's minds."

The South's contribution to civilization during the days of slavery was not surpassed by the North or any other section. It gave of its brain, its brawn, and its treasure more than its quota in winning independence from England; and when the strife was over, the wisdom and patriotism of her statesmen were conspicuous in establishing a government that was a marvel in statecraft and has been declared second to none ever devised by man.

"That manhood of the highest order was developed under the system of slavery in the South is attested by almost every page of the country's history, for Southern men played a leading part in the making of that history. The men of no other section contributed more, or even so much, to the greatness and glory of the American republic. No others were braver in battle, wiser in counsel, more devoted to the common weal, more disinterestedly patriotic, more self-sacrificing in the public service."

NOTE.—I am indebted to Mr. Edmonds, of the *Manufacturers' Record*, and "The Life and Times of Yancey," by Mr. J. W. DuBose, for most of the statistics quoted.

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## *COMMANDS HOLDING FORT GREGG.*

BY R. B. THETFORD, KILBOURNE, LA.

Will we ever get a correct history of Fort Gregg? I belonged to Company H, 12th Mississippi Regiment, and was camped at Fort Gregg all the winter of 1864. We used water from the ditch that was dug around the fort. I broke the ice many a cold morning to get water to make coffee when we could get the sorghum seed to make it out of.

On or about the 25th of March Harris's Brigade was ordered to the left about ten or fifteen miles. We relieved the troops that were sent to Five Forks and were deployed about ten paces apart. On the night of April 1 about ten o'clock we got orders to go to Petersburg. We got in front of Fort Gregg about sunrise; had left about one-half of the brigade behind to guard that part of the line. We formed in line just to the left of our old winter quarters. Capt. R. R. Applewhite was in command of the 12th Mississippi Regiment. We could see Yankees in every direction. We lay down for a few minutes then, and the enemy's sharpshooters began to advance and were flanking us on both sides. General Harris ordered the 12th Mississippi and the 16th Mississippi to Fort Gregg and the 19th and 48th Mississippi to Blakely. Just as we got the order one of our men was killed, Rufe Woods, of the 12th Mississippi.

Well do I remember what Captain Applewhite said when we were called to attention as the Yankees were advancing: "Men, we must stand like iron." We were in the fort an hour before the Yankees made the advance. I stood on top of the works and could see them coming three ways—front, left, and right. I will bever forget that scene of April 2, 1865. The order came: "Hold the fort at all hazards; Longstreet is coming!" Then the Yankees came, three lines. We drove them back, but they came again, and this time got into the ditch. We could not see each other, and there was a lull for a few minutes. Then we heard the order again: "Hold the fort; Longstreet is coming!" But Longstreet was going.

Then came the third charge. They halted in the ditch, helped each other on to the parapet, and came over on us with such overwhelming numbers that they killed and wounded nearly all of us. I was not wounded, but had my ramrod bent double by a Minie ball just as I started to ram down a cartridge.

After we had gone out of the fort and out of range of the shells, they commenced searching our pockets, but an officer soon put a stop to that. I don't know how many of our men

were killed nor how many of the Yankees. However, the ground was nearly covered with dead and wounded Yankees for a considerable distance in front. The ditch was full of dead, dying, wounded, and living but scared Yankees.

I do not believe that we had over two hundred men in the fort. There were not over ten artillerymen in it. I am satisfied none of Pickett's men were in it. There were none in it but the artillerymen when the 12th and 16th Mississippi went in. The 19th and 48th were only about three hundred yards from us. We could hear them cheering every time we repulsed the Yankees. Mr. F. H. Foot, of Vicksburg, can, and I am sure will, verify what I have said about the 48th Mississippi. He was a member of that regiment and was watching the fight, but the 48th was not in Fort Gregg. Capt. R. R. Applewhite was in command of the two regiments that were in Fort Gregg.

If there is another of my company, Company H, 12th Mississippi regiment, who was in Fort Gregg, I haven't been able to locate him. I would be very glad to hear from any one that was in the fight.

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## *IN THE SPIRIT OF HOMER.*

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

General Stoughton was in supreme command at Fairfax Courthouse. In company with Sir Percy Wyndham and a few other choice spirits, he maintained the supremacy of the great Yankee nation over the rebellious Virginia county, and as a glorified side issue engaged in the thrilling sport of trying to capture the wily and elusive Confederate partisan, Colonel Mosby.

His success in this latter undertaking had been precisely what any intelligent observer would have prophesied from the start, for it was not usual in those days for a hare to lose the race to the tortoise, and Ben Franklin was the only person before Stoughton's time that had ever caught and confined the lightning in a bottle.

Yet with a praiseworthy persistence the General devised plans to effect his favorite scheme and by the fireside at night dreamed pleasant dreams of the promotion he would receive and the fame that would be his when he should succeed in bringing the redoubtable Mosby into camp a prisoner of war.

The General maintained his headquarters in the courthouse at Fairfax. It was his custom at night to have an informal gathering of officers in one of the rooms of the building. Here affairs of moment would be talked over in the convivial way men have of disposing of such matters after supper as they smoke and chat.

On the night with which this story deals the General was unusually brilliant and vivacious.

"We have been busy for two months," he exclaimed, "racking our wits to devise some method of capturing this infernal Mosby, when here in this book is the very method we need, and it was actually used three thousand years ago."

With vast pride the General displayed a copy of Homer's *Iliad*.

"What is the method, General?" inquired Curtis, a young officer.

"The method," replied the General, thumbing the volume, "was successfully used by the Greek hero, Diomed. He took a few chosen men with him and, leaving the Grecian camp in the dead of night, stole into the midst of the Trojans and slaughtered them before they could recover from the confusion into which the unexpected assault had thrown them. That is what we should do now. Mosby has been allowed to take the initiative too long. We have hunted him by day and slept at night, while he has hunted by night and disappeared from the earth in the daytime. We must hunt the owl by night, gentlemen."

Having delivered himself of this weighty opinion, the General persisted in reading to his officers the poet's description of the midnight sortie of the Hellenic heroes.

"O for another Diomed!" he sighed as he finished reading and surveyed the silent, thoughtful faces of his officers. "If Sir Percy were here to-night, I would send him forth to try the ruse this very night."

"I suppose," remarked Major Pitney ironically, "that Sir Percy's success in his great effort to bag Ashby earlier in the war induces you to believe that he is qualified by experience for such a task beyond any other officer under your command."

The officers suppressed a smile, for it was a standing joke how Sir Percy had gone forth with many boasts to bag Turner Ashby, and how he had been bagged himself by the great horseman of the Valley.

"I see what you are driving at, Pitney," replied the General without losing his good humor, "but you are dead wrong. In spite of his failure in the Ashby incident, Sir Percy is the only man in my command who has the dash and the daring to go out at the dead of night after these dare-devils of Mosby's and beat them at their own game."

"You do us a great injustice, General," chorused the officers in unison. "Call for volunteers, and every one of us will go now. We'd rather go than to sit here in idleness."

The General smiled on them indulgently. "I like your spirit, gentlemen," he assured them smilingly, "and I don't doubt that all of you would volunteer to go. But that isn't the point. Our men have gone out before on these ventures. They start away from camp in fine spirits, but the night and the stillness and the awful loneliness of these woods takes the dash out of them. You have to be raised in the forest to be brave in it at night. Our men are brave enough to stand and repel a charge, but they simply can't force themselves to plunge through the night after an unseen enemy. That is where a dashing leader is needed—to put heart in the men and make them eager to seek the enemy through the darkness."

"Let us try it, General," urged Major Pitney. "Maybe we can convince you that we can fathom the mysteries of these forests at night quite as well as our friend Mosby."

"It isn't to be considered," replied General Stoughton. "If I sent you on such a wild-goose chase, Mosby would capture the last mother's son of you as sure as you went."

With a gesture of finality he dismissed the matter from further discussion and, rising to his feet, started toward the door. "I believe I'll turn in now," he remarked. "I haven't had much sleep lately, and I need a rest."

When he had left the room, the group of officers vented their spleen over the lack of confidence he had shown in them.

"He makes me tired," growled Major Pitney, "with all this praise of what Sir Percy would do if he were here. Didn't Ashby play with him like a child down in the Valley? And Ashby wasn't a whit more resourceful than this Colonel Mosby."

"As for me," interrupted Captain Talbott, "I can't for the life of me see how the Homeric exploit would work in these days anyway. Suppose we should locate Mosby's camp, which of itself is improbable, how could we ever creep in among them? They are sure to have a double or triple line of sentries thrown around their camp. The first one of these we strike will give the alarm, and then we've got to fight it out with the whole kit of them there in the dark."

"It wouldn't be so hard to get in among them as you might think, Talbott," replied Major Pitney. "In sorties of this character the whole thing depends upon the first sentry you strike. To be successful you must slip up on him unawares and overpower him before he can make a sound. This is not so difficult in these dark, lonely woods. When you have captured the sentry, the rest is easy. All you have to do is to explain to him after you have found him that he must go go with you to the next sentry and give the password. Then place him between two men, who keep him covered with their revolvers, and he will do whatever you say. You can then ride in and palm yourself off as some officer and party returning from a scouting expedition. The great difficulty is in capturing that first sentry without undue noise."

"I see your point," agreed Talbott.

"What we ought to do," broke in young Curtis eagerly, "is to organize a party to-night without the knowledge of the General, and go out looking for Mosby on our own hook."

"Why, Curtis," laughed Talbott, "you are letting your valor go to your head. That would be nothing less than insubordination."

"I don't care," announced Curtis defiantly. "We ought to do something."

"Then suppose we go to bed," laughed Talbott. "The hour is late, and we ought to give our young friend a chance to reflect a little. Isn't that correct, Major Pitney?"

"Ye-es," admitted the Major rather doubtfully, "and yet I don't know but what it would be better to take a chance, as Curtis suggests, than to listen forever to this nonsensical praise of Sir Percy Wyndham."

"You have the fever too," accused Talbott.

"Maybe so."

As they left the room the Major and young Curtis walked side by side, talking to each other in low, eager tones that their comrades were unable to overhear. Soon their footsteps died away along the corridors of the courthouse, and the silence of the sleepy little town of Fairfax was unbroken save for the tread of the sentries and the occasional sound of voices whenever the officer of the day went around with his relief to post new guardsmen. General Stoughton lay in his bed in the embrace of brilliant dreams.

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In the small hours of the night a group of horsemen approached the second line of sentries around the town. These sentries, deeming the camp amply protected by the outer line of pickets, were not keenly alive to their duties. They managed, however, to bestir themselves and challenge the party as it approached.

"Halt!"

The party halted in its tracks.

"Who goes there?" next demanded the sentry.

"Friends," replied one of the party, who rode in front, with a man on either side of him.

"Give the password."

"Union," replied the same man.

"Pass," directed the soldier, stepping aside from the path of the party. Then as the party swung abreast he asked: "Who is it anyway?"

"Major Pitney and party, returning from a chase after Mosby."

The soldier was tense with excitement. "What luck?" he inquired eagerly.

"Can you keep a secret?" inquired the leader of the party, a thin, wiry man who sat his horse like a centaur.

"Sure," replied the soldier.

"Don't breathe a word of it yet," continued the leader in the same tense voice," for we are not quite sure of it. But we had a brush with the enemy down the road a few miles, and we think we've caught Mosby himself. He refuses to talk. We're taking him in to headquarters to General Stoughton. We'll be back by here in half an hour to bring up the other prisoners whom we left under guard up the road, as they were afoot and couldn't keep up with us."

"That is fine," exulted the soldier. As the party rode by he exclaimed gleefully: "I always did know that the Major was a real soldier. There surely will be a sensation when the news of this trick goes abroad. Who will say now that all the daring escapades are committed by the other side? Give our boys a chance; that's what I've always said. We've got as brave men in this army as there are in the whole world."

The horsemen clattered up the road and through the quiet town to the courthouse. An air of tense, subdued excitement communicated itself from them to the sleepy sentries whom they passed. All realized that something unusual and stirring had taken place. The mention of Mosby's name stirred them like an electric shock.

When they reached the courthouse itself they dismounted, and the thin, wiry leader, accompanied by a few followers, went into the building and walked with easy familiarity to the room where General Stoughton lay slumbering heavily. Opening the door, they entered without any ceremony whatever and walked over to the bed of the doughty warrior, who lay snoring with wide-open mouth.

"An active, energetic, and highly efficient officer," laughed one of the group by the bed, quoting newspaper encomiums heaped upon the General at the time of his appointment.

The thin, wiry leader grasped the sleeper by the elbow and, turning him partially over, gave him a thorough shaking. "Wake up, General," he exclaimed sharply. "I have something important to tell you."

The General started up in surprise. Amazed at the audacity of any understrapper treating him in such an indecorous manner, he bellowed in a terrible rage: "What do you mean, sir, by such impudence? Take care, sir, that you are not punished for such insolence. Who are you to dare such a thing?"

His wrath seemed all the greater because he could not see the culprit who dared to treat him in such an ignominious manner.

"Have you ever heard of Mosby, General?" asked the thin, wiry man in the tense voice that had thrilled the sentries.

The General leaped from the bed in amazement. "yes," he exclaimed eagerly, "have you caught the scoundrel?"

The thin, wiry leader laughed sardonically. "No," he replied; "he has caugh you."

In the light of the torches, now relit, General Stoughton recognized the famous Confederate. "'Twas done in the very spirit of Homer—the rogue," he muttered as his captors led him away.

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Ku Klux Imitators.—After the passage of the Anti-Ku Klux Statute by the State of Tennessee, several instances occurred of parties being arrested in Ku Klux disguises; but in every case they proved to be either negroes or "radical" Brownlow Republicans. This occurred so often that the statute was allowed by the party in power to become a dead letter before its repeal. It bore too hard on the "loyal" men when enforced.—*C. J. Lester and D. L. Wilson.*

## *CONFEDERATE HOSPITALS AT PETERSBURG, VA.*

BY MISS NORA F DAVISON, PETERSBURG, VA.

There were no Confederate hospitals in Petersburg until the spring of 1862. The need of one suggested itself when volunteers from the far South were arriving and there was no place to afford them comfort and shelter, soldiers resting on "Poplar Lawn," the fair grounds, surrounding hills, and even the doorsteps of residences.

Early in the fall of 1861 some ladies of Petersburg had started a series of entertainments, the proceeds of which were to be appropriated for Confederate purposes, the original idea being to equip some companies for the field. After some hundreds of dollars had been accumulated, the "Ragland Guards," one of the companies then being drilled, was furnished its equipment, and the remaining funds were held for the purpose of assisting in the purchase of a gunboat for the James River; but the destruction of the Merrimac (Virginia) changed that plan. However, we continued our entertainments with success financially until we were approached with suggestions to use the fund in helping to establish a home for the sick and wounded soldiers. We first made a donation toward the endowment fund for a hospital on Bollingbrook Street, then appeals were made to the families of that street. A desirable residence was donated for twelve months, the furniture for nine rooms contributed, two meals per day were promised, and in twenty-four hours the ladies' hospital was comfortably equipped and ninety patients, principally Georgians, were received.

The 2d Georgia Battalion, composed of Georgians and South Carolinians, were the first volunteers who came to Virginia. Two of the commands of this battalion were the Floyd Rifles, of South Carolina, and the Macon Volunteers, of Georgia. Notable among the Georgia Volunteers received at this hospital was "Sid" Lanier, the sweet Southern poet, who charmed his friends with voice and flute. His brother Clifford was also an inmate at the time.

The Ladies' Hospital was kept up by private subscription for a while, then two enterprising ladies, Mrs. Louis Marks and Mrs L. T. Young, visited Richmond and petitioned the government that the rations of our patients be turned over to the Ladies' Hospital, which was done and requisitions were made every week for twelve months to supply food to the inmates. The hospital was then turned over to the government and became a Confederate States hospital throughout the year of 1863.

Another Confederate hospital was located where is now beautiful Central Park of Petersburg. In *ante bellum* days this was known as "Poplar Lawn," so called from the native trees which lined its borders.

Early in the forties Poplar Lawn was the resort for the *prestige* of Petersburg, It was here in 1824 that the brave Lafayette was welcomed by an "innumerable throng" of youth and age, on which occasion the little ones sang the following:

"Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!
Thee we never can forget.
Friend of man, we love thee yet;
Friend of liberty.

Thou wast once our friend indeed;
Wast our friend in time of need;
Thou for us didst freely bleed
For our liberty.

Yes, we take thee by the hand,
Welcome thee to our Southland;
By thee we will ever stand,
Firm and true to thee."

These verses are given to show how the young of Petersburg welcomed the "grand old man," and it was said that he shed tears at beholding the instinctive patriotism of the boys and girls who, after strewing flowers in his path through the principal thoroughfare, ended their patriotic demonstration in a song of joy, impromptu and simultaneaous. Poplar Lawn was also the drill ground for the 39th Regiment of Virginia Militia, when Capt. Giles Wells, a diminutive but brave specimen of a soldier, exercised his raw recruits, which to the children of those days "outdid the circus," for, arms not being allowed for drill, each man carried what he could to represent a gun or sword. Cornstalks, walking canes, fence rails, broom handles, and perchance here and there a few muskets of different sizes, shapes, and conditions might be seen. The small boy, as mischievous then as now, dubbed the militia "grasshopper killers." Nevertheless, in times of danger these men did execution equal to the regular army. In colonial days it was necessary that every man should be a soldier; at least he must know how to perform his part when needed as such, and all males from sixteen to forty must enroll their names in some volunteer military company or be enrolled in the militia, which all tried to avoid, as the drills afforded amusement to a jeering crowd.

Petersburg in *ante bellum* days could boast of numerous volunteer companies which created and kept alive the martial spirit in man, woman, and child. During the forties and fifties Poplar Lawn was the field for many a grand review. As many as twelve thousand troops from the city and surrounding country—artillery, infantry, and cavalry—have been seen passing under review of that gallant soldier and courtly gentleman, Gen. Daniel Claiborne de Butts, the chief officer of the 39th Virginia Regiment.

The wealthy owner of beautiful Poplar Lawn had this spot of ground laid off as a front garden to his beautiful grounds and mansion opposite. Where ancestral trees once proudly stood as serfs to minister to their good and noble master, George W. Bolling, Sr., new residences are now seen. Being centrally located and endowed by nature with cooling springs and shady nooks, so inviting to the weary, Poplar Lawn was selected as a fit spot for thhe location of a hospital for the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers, so in the early part of 1862 the government caused to be erected there for the use and comfort of her sons from the far South five wards, each capable of accommodating from sixty to seventy occupants, also a doctor's office and dispensary, commissary department, and morgue; and it was so used until the autumn of 1864.

Our gallant, good, and distinguisged physician (may God ever bless him and his!) can attest the fact that it was used until the autumn of 1864. Dr. John Herbert Claiborne was made chief surgeon and received the blessings and prayers of the poor, forlorn defenders of our Southland. I was made linen matron of Poplar Lawn Hospital early in the spring of 1863 and continued as such till the hospitals were removed to Danville in the autumn of 1864.

We were associated with Miss Mary Batte, a good, noble, patriotic Christian woman, who gave all her time and energy to the Southern cause. Hundreds of pounds of soap were made by her for the use and comfort of the soldiers, and her

busy hands were always employed in ministering in some way to them. Indeed, the Batte family was a unit in good works. Mrs. Henry Batte was a daily visitor at Poplar Lawn, coming laden with delicacies and necessary articles. She was known to take the entire contents of her smokehouse and pantry to feed the hungry ones. Mrs. Almeria Batte was our stand-by when the wounded soldier needed bandages, lint, etc.; she gave up home, comforts, everything, to minister to them. These Confederate women never tired, but were always in the front ranks when duty called.

Iu connection with these ladies, their nieces, the Misses Gilliam, also lent their valuable aid during those days of courage. And there were many other hospitals in Petersburg at which all the noble women of the city were working. Ours was but one of many, and "every woman did her part."

The officers in charge of Poplar Lawn Hospital were: Dr. John Herbert Claiborne, surgeon in chief; Dr. Robert Page, surgeon in charge; Dr. Emmett Drewry, Dr. Henderson, and Dr. Bray, assistant surgeons; Dr. James Rives, commissary; Mrs. C. Showalter, diet matron; Mrs. B. Eckles, assistant matron; Mrs. Nora F. M. Davidson, linen matron; Miss Mary Batte, assistant linen matron; Mrs. Van Duyne, ward matron; Mrs. J. Posey Hall, first ward linen matron; Mrs. J. W. Goodwin, ward matron.

All the nursing at this hospital was performed by males, detained or detailed soldiers. Under the superior management of the competent corps of physicians mentioned Poplafr Lawn ranked as number one on account of its superior advantages; soldiers from every Southern State found a home there.

Our linen department received the commendation of the Confederate surgeon in chief, who never failed to comment on its neatness and thoroughness. We added to our scanty store of hospital clothing by means of entertainments given and participated in by the boys and girls of our city; the receipts would frequently amount to a large sum, furnishing many a sick one with necessities and comfort.

It was necessary that one ward should be given to the sick and wounded prisoners, a conglomeration of negroes and foreigners and but few Yanks and were attended by their own physician, Dr. D'Avignon, a Canadian Frenchman, who enlisted in our army for the purpose, as he said, of "experimenting in his profession." These creatures were afraid of the Confederate doctors and for their importunity were rewarded with the decision that their own men should treat them. They proved fine executioners, slaughtering fearfully daily, their experiments being deadly in every instance.

Just after the battle of Drewry's Bluff, many Federal wounded having been brought in, the linen matron was applied to for bandages, lint, etc. As these articles were scarce the authorities had notified the matron to be careful in issuing to the prisoners and to substitute what we could, reserving the best for our own wounded. Dr. D'Avignon was so importunate that after dispensing several rolls of our best cloth and being unable to satisfy his demand an idea seized us that perhaps he could utilize some calico spreads which our generous, kind, and patriotic friend, Mrs. Joseph Mason, Sr., had sent as a gift to our soldiers. He was delighted, it seemed, accepted the bundle, and went on his way, as we thought, satisfied. Alas! poor matron! The old fellow's greed knew no satiety. He applied again and again, when, the supply becoming "beautifully less," we proposed to him that "the articles stolen by Wilson's raiders, such as baby shirts, women's clothing, Marseilles quilts, curtains, valances, etc., be sent to us to tear into bandages, he left us, gesticulating violently and saying some right ugly words, not blessings, we imagine.

On one occasion, a Sunday afternoon in 1864, we noticed several officers ride into the Lawn through the Adams Street gate and take their course directly to the Doctor's office. We knew that meant important business and, "woman's curiosity" was thoroughly aroused. Our young kinsman friend, Dr. Emmett Drewry, attended the meeting and related the following: The linen matron having been reported to the surgeon general, Moore, C. S. A., a committee composed of two Confederate surgeons, T. Cooper Madison and Breckinridge, had been sent over to inquire into the matter. They were ushered in, and Dr. D'Avignon, with bland smile and right hand extended, stepped forward to welcome them, when Dr. Breckinridge, placing his hands behind him and drawing himself proudly up, said: "Well, sir, what is it you have to ask? Please be brief as possible; our time is precious." "O sare," said the Frenchman, "I wish to be allowed to send to General Grant for proper instruments and medicines for my men. O sare, those I have are murderous when I operate on them. I saw and I saw, and the poor fellow dies before the limb is off."

"Well, sir," said Dr. Breckinridge, "I suppose you are aware that yours is the only government on earth that ever made surgical instruments and medicine contraband of war. We can do nothing for you there. What next?"

"O sare, I want a pass granted me that I may walk about the city. Sometimes I have to ask a 'woman' for a pass," meaning the ward matron.

"Well, sir," said Dr. Breckinridge, laughing, "I reckon you know that yours is the only government that ever made physicians prisoners of war. What else?"

With clenched hands and vociferating excitedly, he exclaimed: "O, sare, I want to tell you about dat Rebel matron, dat Miss Davis' (Davidson.) I go to her repeatedly. I say, 'Miss Davis'; she say nonchalantly, 'Well, sir.' I say I want bandage, lint, etc., for my men. She gives me a little bundle. I say: ''Tis not enough.' She say: 'I have no more.' I come again. She say: 'I cannot take from my soldiers to give to you.' O I was so mad! She give me a bundle of curtain calico. She say: 'You can have dat, all of it; I not want it for my soldiers.' I take it. What I see— flowers wid green leaves. O, sare, the verdigis in de leaves is murderous. I say: 'Miss Davis, I vill not use it; give me de Confed bandage.' What you tink she say? 'I tell you what to do, Doctor, go back to de ward and send me all dose close your men stole from the country people in Dinwiddie. I vill tear dem up and make you a heap of bandage. I'll fix you all you want.' Den I vas mad; I vas so mad as I never vas."

"Our time is up, sir. Is there anything else?"

"Nothing but dat. What you t'ink of de matron?"

"That she is sworn to protect the government and is doing her duty."

With a laugh they bowed out, leaving the old doctor gesticulating with clenched hands and vociferating: "We'll hang her as high as Haiman." The old fellow's threat might have been carried out had not the commandant of the city been a Mason. When the Federal army entered the city, three patriotic Union men urged her arrest, but the gallant General Thomas placed a guard to protect her.

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"What needs his name? or any name
Of those brave hearts that with him died,
They battled not for fee or fame,
Our loyal brothers, true and tried."

## *WITHIN THE ENEMY'S LINES.*

BY CHANNING M. SMITH. DELAPLANE, VA.

On the night of May 7, 1864, I had orders from General Lee to go into Grant's lines and if possible ascertain the enemy's plans and movements for the next day. Taking Miller, of Company D, 4th Virginia Cavalry with me, I entered the lines about twelve o'clock that night. I was without my guide, Private Chewning, and steered my course by the north star until we were halted by a dismounted cavalryman (as I ascertained a few minutes later) with the challenge of "Halt! Who comes there?" I replied, "General Stahl's scouts," and rode up to the man, who proved to belong to Gregg's Division of Sheridan's Corps of Cavalry. He passed us in without question. Riding on a short distance, we emerged from the densely wooded forest into the open country and struck the Todd's Tavern Road. On the side of this road a large wall tent was pitched, with the flaps thrown back, and a handsomely uniformed officer was writing at a table covered with papers and on which a lamp was burning. Just across the road opposite the tent a number of horses were tied to a fence surrounding a farmhouse, and a Yankee guard was pacing his beat around the inclosure, which, including the garden, yard, and stable, contained a couple of acres. I asked this guard who the officer was sitting in the tent and found that it was General Gregg. I waited until he moved around on his beat, and when he got in the rear of the dwelling and out of sight of the line of horses I picked the best of the horses, as well as I could judge by moonlight, untied the halter, and, giving it to Miller, we rode back to the picket we had left a short time before. The men of Gregg's command were bivouacked in the woods along the road, their camp fire burned out to a dim glimmer, the men asleep, and the horses munching their hay. We passed on into the woods, riding as fast as we could through the bushes and moving, as I supposed, in the direction of our line of battle.

"In the meanwhile it became cloudy, and the light of the moon was obscured, consequently in the dark woods we were compelled to move slowly. Neither of us knew the country, so we became bewildered and really could not tell in what direction we were going. Finally we struck a narrow wood road and decided to follow it, hoping to reach some farmhouse and get directions for our route. Suddenly, without our being halted, a volley of musketry was fired at us, the flashes from the guns for a second lighting up the road, but not long enough for us to tell whether the volley was from our men or the enemy. Wheeling abruptly to the right, we dashed again into the woods, the led horse jerking loose, scared by the flash and noise of the guns. I suppose we had ridden several hundred yards when we heard the sound of cavalry, as we thought, coming after us. I said to Miller: "They are after us sure." Halting for an instant, we listened and decided that not more than four or five were pursuing us, so I said: "Draw your revolver, and we will give those chaps a fight." In a few seconds they were right behind us, but to my joy it was only my new horse in pursuit. We rode slowly on again, the darkness in those woods as black as Erebus.

Soon I saw camp fires burning dimly ahead of us, and this proved to be Warren's Corps. Passing through them, we struck again into the open country, when I recognized my whereabouts. Just before daybreak I heard a body of cavalry moving in front of us, and on getting close to them we soon discovered by their voices that they were our men, and when it got a little lighter I recognized George M. Slater, then a member of Captain Dorsey's company of the 1st Maryland Regiment.

A word about this gallant old Confederate veteran, who still lives in Fauquier County, Va. He was among the first young men of Baltimore who responded to a call from old Virginia to help defend her soil from the invading armies of the North, and he fought under Stonewall Jackson in his first Valley campaign, in which he successfully defeated McDowell, Fremont, Banks, and Shields. Then, still following the flag of that "Thunderbolt" of war, Slater fought at second Manassas, afterwards rejoining the Maryland Cavalry, and he was with General Stuart when the latter was mortally wounded at Yellow Tavern and helped him down from his horse and into the ambulance. Slater was also one of the first of the ten soldiers detailed to follow Capt. John S. Mosby across the Rappahannock River and assisted materially to win for that gallant officer the stars of colonel and a fame as a partisan leader not second to Sumpter or Marion of Revolutionary fame.

The advance of Warren's Corps was in the direction of Spotsylvania Courthouse and on the right flank of General Lee, consequently it was of the utmost importance that the General should be informed as soon as possible of the movement.

Saddling my newly-acquired horse, which proved to be fast and sure-footed, I raced him to Gen. Wade Hampton's headquarters and wrote a dispatch to General Lee, informing him of the enemy's movements. Explaining to General Hampton the importance of getting the message as soon as possible to General Lee, a courier was at once ordered to mount the fastest horse belonging to Hampton's headquarters, carry it to General Lee, and return with a receipt for its delivery. I then rode back to make my report to General Stuart, whom I found on the Todd's Tavern Road with Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's division, all dismounted and fighting desperately the advance of Warren's Corps. This was, if I remember it correctly, about 10 A.M. May 8, 1864.

I had just reported to the General my adventures of the preceding night and the fact that he was fighting a part of Warren's Corps, when a soldier galloped up and told him that our line was being flanked and forced back. He said to me: "Ride forward, Channing, as quickly as possible and see what this means." Riding up a hill through the bushes and scrubby growth, I moved to the front as quickly as I could. As I rode up the hill in the direction of the enemy's advance I saw a dead officer, one of Warren's men, lying on the ground, a handsome sword belted to his waist and a handsome pair of new boots on his feet, which I thought would just about fit me. Resolving to get them on my return, I moved on to the top of the hill, about one hundred yards farther. As I approached the edge of the thicket I was stopped by an old rail fence, covered with a tangled growth of grapevines and poison oak; on the other side was a cleared field, and at the farther edge of this field was a long blue line of battle and a battery in position. As I took in the whole scene, this battery opened on the hill with grape and canister, fortunately shooting over my head and cutting off the limbs of trees.

I wheeled my horse and rode back down that hill as fast as possible (would have liked to make it a mile a minute), never casting a second glance at the new boots, etc., and got back to General Stuart just as the head of Anderson's Division came up. General Lee had received my message soon after daybreak and hurried General Anderson to the right of the line. General Stuart said to General Anderson: "This man

will show you where to put your men." Explaining the situation to him as quickly as I could, I said: "General Anderson, for God's sake double-quick your men as rapidly as possible up this hill." Throwing his division at once in line of battle, Anderson moved up through the bushes, getting to the fence some fifty yards before Robinson's Division, the advance of Warren's Corps. Dropping on their knees all along the fence line, they fired a volley into the advancing line, wounding General Robinson and stopping the entire advance of Warren, thus turning what would otherwise have proved a disaster to us into a failure for them, and thus once more enabling General Lee to frustrate Grant's efforts to turn his right flank and get between him and his coveted goal, the city of Richmond.

General Warren in his report wrote: "At 9 A.M. we began to move forward toward Spotsylvania Courthouse, General Robinson's division, led by himself. * * * Robinson's troops, being attacked by the enemy, fought with reluctance and fell back, himself severely wounded in the knee. * * * All in much confusion, refusing our attempts to stop them till they got out of fire." I quote from Col. R. M. Stribbling's history of this campaign, page 116.

The ground in front of Anderson was covered with dead and wounded.

"Of all the hearts that beat with anxious life at sunrise there,
How few survive! how few are beating now!
Loud and more loud
The discord grows, till pale Death shuts the scene
And o'er the conquered and the conquerer,
Draws his cold and bloody shroud."

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## *ANOTHER CHAPTER ON THE MYSTERY.*

BY J. T. WEBSTER, PITTSBURG, TEX.

The notes on "One of War's Mysteries," by John C. Stiles and G. A. Williams in the VETERAN for June and July, were both interesting to old Confederates. As one who was probably at one time more closely associated with Lieut. Orton Williams (which was the name by which we knew this mysterious personage in my command) than either of the two writers mentioned, I desire to add my bit to this interesting case.

G. A. Williams is doubtless correct in stating that Lieutenant Orton was on General Polk's staff in early campaigns of the war, but he was later on General Braxton Bragg's staff as lieutenant of artillery. My company, or troop, it being a mounted command raised for the most part in Southern Alabama and commanded by Capt. R. W. Smith, accompanied General Bragg while he was engagged in reviewing the troops concentrated in and around Mobile just prior to the North Mississippi campaign which culminated in the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing. We were selected by General Bragg to continue on escort and courier duty for him and ordered to report at Corinth, Miss., for this purpose. We left Mobile on March 1, 1862, and on reaching headquarters in a few days were sent to the front on scout duty on account of the army being short of cavalry at that time. We were stationed at Monterey, five or six miles from Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River. Having so large a territory to guard with such limited forces, we were posted two men on a stand as pickets, where we remained twenty-four hours at a time without relief. Thus we guarded the front of the whole army until relieved by a regiment of cavalry, the 3d Alabama, I think it was. We returned about the last of March to Corinth, reporting for duty at General Bragg's headquarters. A few days later found us on the march to meet the Federals under General Grant at Shiloh.

The first time I remember seeing Lieutenant Orton was on the morning of the first day's fighting at Shiloh, where he was serving on General Bragg's staff. The description of his uniform and general appearance by G. A. Williams is most accurate, as probably is also his explanation of why Orton had dropped the name of Williams, a circumstance which gave occasion for much curious comment among our men and which, in fact, was of itself a small mystery to me and my associates, arousing much speculation on the subject.

The fighting started early Sunday morning, and while approaching the line of battle at Shiloh General Bragg's mount, a fine bay horse, was killed under him. Lieutenant Orton dismounted and gave his horse to the General for a remount. This horse, a large sorrel, was also killed soon afterwards, and one of the men in my command dismounted and tendered his horse to General Bragg. This third horse was soon wounded, but not too severely for service, the General continuing on him through the day. I saw Orton continually throughout this memorable Sunday. He was a fearless and daring officer, and General Bragg appeared to rely more on him than any member of his staff in the execution of important orders.

Again, on Monday morning, before the second day's fighting began, we could see the enemy planting a battery on a ridge not far from our front, so General Bragg ordered Lieutenant Orton to ride across an old field lying at the left of our lines to discover what was going on over there if possible. Orton called for a courier, and I was sent with him. We rode but a short distance to the top of a ridge when we saw the valley just beyond swarming with Yanks. We turned and rode back to report, and just as we reached General Bragg the battery we had noted earlier opened fire directly on our headquarters, this being the first firing of the day and doubtless the signal for the renewal of the battle, which was to go against us. Buell had brought up more fresh troops during the night than we probably mustered in the two days' fighting.

Not long after the battle of Shiloh Lieutenant Orton was transferred to the cavalry, and the next we knew of him he was a colonel in command of a regiment of cavalry in Martin's Brigade, stationed near Spring Hill, Tenn., in the spring of 1863. Mr. Williams's report of the date of the Franklin affair is, I think, the nearest correct, as I can recall many things to corroborate his statement. We at army headquarters had greater opportunities to secure first-hand, reliable information of events pertaining to general army affairs than the average soldier could have; but in this case we merely heard of the execution of these men as spies by the Federals at Franklin without obtaining any of the particulars until reports published in the Northern newspapers were received. We secured our account of the affair from Nashville newspapers, which were brought through our lines by our scouts and copied by our newspapers later.

The story as published at Nashville was to the effect that Colonel Orton and Lieutenant Peters appeared before the commander of the Franklin garrison and presented papers purporting to give them authority to inspect the works about Franklin. That after making a thorough review of the defenses at this point they reported back to the commander and after taking leave of him rode out of the post toward Nashville. They had passed entirely beyond the Federal lines and were out of danger when it occurred to Orton that, having worked his ruse so successfully on the unsuspecting Union officer, as he considered him, he would ride back again

and request a loan of his brother Federal, as he was in need of funds to complete his rounds of the posts he was supposed to inspect. It is said that Peters remonstrated with his superior at their taking such unnecessary risks as contemplated in a second trip to the Federal lines, but Orton was so confident they had aroused no suspicions that they rode back and appeared before the astonished commander the third and fatal time. The Federals in command at Franklin had not been as simple as Orton believed and had been trying to get in touch with General Rosecrans, whom they purported to represent, from the moment they appeared, but had been unable to verify his suspicions until after they left the post. But by the time they reappeared word had come from Rosecrans that he had sent no officers to inspect the Franklin works; that they must be spies and to arrest them, which was promptly done when they came in the second time to strike the irate Federal officer so boldly for a small loan, a hundred dollars, it was said. The orders were to place them under arrest, court-martial them, and, if found guilty of spying, hang them. These orders were carried out to the letter.

The motive for Orton's bold expedition into the lines of the enemy was supposed to be for the purpose of obtaining full knowledge of the defenses at Franklin in order that he might lead a force into them in a surprise attack, capture the place, and obtain for himself a reputation as a successful leader. These men were evidently acting without authority or knowledge of their superiors. My command, first under Capt. R. W. Smith, and later captained by E. W. Holloway, carried practically every order or dispatch that controlled the movements of the Tennessee Army from Shiloh to the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. I would like to hear from any member of this old company.

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## *THE BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN.*

BY THOMAS J. ARNOLD, ELKINS, W. VA.

July 11, 1921, marked the sixtieth anniversary of the battle of Rich Mountain, one of the first real battles of the War between the States, when three hundred and ten Confederates (see Colonel Pegram's official report), under the immediate command of Capt. De Lagnel, fought four Federal regiments, the 8th, 10th, and 13th Indiana, and the 19th Ohio, under command of Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, aided by Gen. F. W. Lander, recognized as one of the ablest officers in the United States army. The battle took place on the top of Rich Mountain at the point where the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike crosses, some five miles west of Beverly, the then county seat of Randolph County, Va. (now W. Va.). The Confederates were stationed on and at the north side of the pike, the Federals south of it, having advanced for approximately a mile along the top of the mountain northward; and while the battle resulted in a complete victory for the Federals, the Confederates could well feel pride and satisfaction in the gallant manner in which they acquitted themselves upon that occasion. The battle lasted some three and a half hours, beginning about 3 P.M., with an intermission of probably half an hour due to the repulse of two Federal regiments, which had been advanced to open the engagement. These, upon being driven back, were reënforced with the other two regiments, when the full Federal force again advanced and overwhelmed the Confederates. The firing was incessant except for the interval mentioned; both musketry and artillery were distinctly heard in Beverly. The Confederates retreated northward and came down into the valley and then southward to Beverly, arriving there shortly after dark.

Among the Confederates engaged was a company from Upshur County and a section of the Danville Virginia Battery. I do not recall what other companies. My information as to the details of the battle was obtained in conversations with both Federal and Confederate officers and men who were in the battle. The official reports of both McClellan and Rosecrans of the losses sustained by the Confederates in this battle are erroneous, as was fully verified when a few years later the remains of the Confederates killed were taken up from the two trenches near the battle ground wherein the Federals had interred them and removed to Mount Iser, near Beverly, where they were reinterred. The Confederates killed did not exceed twenty. General Rosecrans reported about twenty Confederates wounded and "the number of burials reported 135." He estimated the Confederates at 800 to 1,200, but qualifies this by saying "probably not all of them were in action." General McClellan reports of Rich Mountain battle: Federals, 12 killed, 59 wounded; Confederates, 135 killed, "number of wounded has not yet been ascertained," although his report was not written until three days after the battle. McClellan's report further reads: "The attack was commenced by the enemy with heroic spirit and determination. They opened upon the advance of our column with volleys of musketry and rapid discharges of canister, killing several of our men *and at first throwing them into some confusion.*" (Italics by writer.) This evidently refers to the Federal repulse already mentioned. The report of Rosecrans of twenty Confederates wounded, as compared with the number he reports killed, shows such disproportion in numbers as to be manifestly incorrect and probably accounts for McClellan not reporting the number of wounded. McClellan presumably followed Rosecrans's report in making up his own as to number killed, etc. Rosecrans's report was doubtless based upon vague reports of subalterns, who no doubt were disposed to magnify their hotly contested victory and were probably somewhat chagrined when they learned the small number of Confederates as compared with the Federal force in the engagement.

The Federal regiments in the early period of the war were supposed to contain full one thousand men. They were, aside from the regular army, volunteers in response to President Lincoln's first call, the quota of each State having been ascertained according to population. And here it is of interest to mention that the volunteering in many of the States far exceeded in numbers the quota of their respective States and which resulted in many going from their own States into the border States, where the quotas were still unfilled, and there volunteering as from those States. In this way both Virginia and Kentucky and probably other border States got credit for much greater loyalty and for furnishing many more troops to the Federal army than they were justly entitled to claim. For instance, the 2d Virginia (Federal) Regiment was largely composed of men from Pennsylvania and Ohio, one entire company being from Pittsburgh. Men went from Pennsylvania even to Kentucky in order to get into the service and served throughout the war as from the latter State, not to mention numbers from the contiguous States of Ohio, Indiana, etc.

Referring again to McClellan's official report of July 14, in outlining Rosecrans's flank movement he writes: "The remainder of the force under my command to be held in readiness to assault in front [meaning the Confederate fortifications two miles west of De Lagnel's position] as soon as Rosecrans's musketry should indicate that he was in their rear." The assault was not made by McClellan, as had been

prearranged between himself and Rosecrans. Afterwards Rosecrans, as a witness before a Congressional investigation committee, upon being asked why McClellan had not attacked the same evening in front as was expected, in his reply quotes McClellan's official report as follows: "The firing at the top of the mountain, which apparently receded, ceased. Shortly afterwards an officer appeared in the Rebel camp and made a speech. We could not hear the words, but from the cheers which followed many supposed it had fared badly with our (Rosecrans's) detachment." This cheering was caused by a message from De Lagnel to Pegram informing him of the repulse of the two Federal regiments before mentioned and believed at the time to be a Confederate victory and which without doubt influenced McClellan in not making the prearranged assault on the Confederate front. So it would seem that the Confederate temporary success at least prevented what otherwise might have been a bloody slaughter, as storming an enemy in his fortified position usually means.

The afternoon of the day preceding the battle the 44th Virginia Regiment, under command of Colonel Scott, arrived in Beverly via Staunton and also a Richmond battery. The next day, not later than noon, this regiment was on the road one mile west of Beverly and four miles from the Rich Mountain battle ground, a good road leading thereto and completely screened by timber and intervening hills from the enemy's view. If this distance of four miles had been covered within the three hours' interval, the 44th Virginia would have been on hand at the opening of the battle, and with such reënforcement would presumably have resulted in the defeat of Rosecrans, and which would at least have delayed McClellan sufficiently to enable Garnett and Pegram to retire in safety to Cheat Mountain or beyond. The 44th Virginia Regiment advanced up the mountain during the engagement, but was a mile or more distant therefrom at the close of the battle. Under whose orders this regiment moved I do not know. Colonel Scott was in immediate command.

Had this regiment been pressed forward even after the firing had begun, it had ample time in which to have arrived on the field before Rosecrans's second attack was made, and would have in all likelihood deterred Rosecrans from making the second attack or have resulted, as before premised, in his defeat.

The Rich Mountain battle made the reputation of McClellan, who prior to that time was known only as an able engineer, and of Rosecrans, the former being soon thereafter called to the chief command of the Army of the Potomac following McDowell's disastrous defeat at Bull Run, while the latter thenceforward ranked among the foremost Federal generals. General Lander died not long afterwards.

Both McClellan and Rosecrans report this expedition as composed of Rosecrans's Brigade and a company of cavalry. Rosecrans places the number of Federal troops engaged at somewhere over 1,900, but this does not account for the full brigade Nor does he claim any absent, except some on guard duty. There was not much sickness in the army until some months later, so this would not account for the absence of any considerable number. It may be stated that neither the Confederate nor Federal volunteers engaged had ever been under fire prior thereto.

Capt. De Lagnel, who was a man of recognized ability, although badly wounded, made his escape through the woods southward from the battle field until he reached the residence of a family by the name of White, some two miles south of the pike leading from Beverly westward, where he was taken in, sheltered, and cared for and his presence concealed. Mr. White got Dr. Yokum, a local physician, to come out from Beverly and dress his wounds, and he continued to give him all requisite attention until he was sufficiently recovered to travel. Then he and a member of the 1st Georgia Regiment, a convalescent typhoid fever patient, whom I had at the instance of my parents taken on horseback the morning after the battle to the White's for concealment and who was kept there with the same secrecy, were well supplied with provisions and other necessaries, and escorted by Mr. White westward up the mountain, and, receiving all necessary directions, they proceeded southward until clear of the Federal lines at and beyond Huttonsville.

After Colonel Pegram's surrender he was permitted by McClellan to stay at my father's house in Beverly under parole until he was sent off to prison and was probably with us a week or more. Of course during his stay I heard him express himself fully in conversations with the family as to the Confederate forces, the battle, etc. I remember General McClellan called on at least two occasions to see him and my parents, my mother's brother having been a classmate of McClellan's at West Point.

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## *THE HOME GUARD.*

BY NATHANIEL J. WALKER, ATLANTA, GA.

I was one of the young boys of 1864, was one of Joe Brown's Georgia Militia. Our company was composed of little boys of sixteen years old, weight between fifty and one hundred and ten pounds, and old men from fifty to sixty, five to six feet tall; so you see it was a fine-looking company. I cannot comment on our fighting, but it was we who took care of the women and children and furnished the means at home to run the war, and it was the old men who furnished some of the soldiers who did the fighting, and it was we in the ditches who kept Sherman back. He had to go around to come into Atlanta, and the militia stood them off at Jonesboro for quite a while. From Atlanta Sherman went down right through my home settlement in Putnam County, where the roads cross from Eatonton to Macon, the Milledgeville and Monticello road, and there took the Macon road. Sherman talked with my grandfather, a large farmer named Allen Lawrence, who gave up five boys and a grandson for the Confederate service and thousands of dollars and foodstuff. Sherman stopped and talked with him awhile and, with his staff, spent the night at my uncle's, where my brother lived, in two miles of the Devil's Halfacre. I was not at home then. I went from Macon to Atlanta and was in Captain Hitchcock's camp, Company H, about May or June, 1864.

I will now give you a few notes on Stoneman's raid in Georgia. It was only a short time before Sherman came along. The capture of Stoneman was one of the most complete victories won by Wheeler with only a handful of men against Garrard's Division, 3,800; McComic, 3,600; Stoneman, 2,200—making a total of 9,600 Federals against about 2,000 of Wheeler's men. Wheeler surely did some fine fighting in that raid near Macon, Ga., and deserves great credit for it. I know he was one of the best officers, for what he did around Atlanta and Jonesboro was heroic; the world could not beat it.

I am now at the Confederate Home in Atlanta, Ga., which is an honor to Georgia and her boys in gray. It is we who have made old Georgia one of the banner States of the South, and our Home is an honor to the State, with its beautiful flower yards and meadows, and we have one of the best of managers. Superintendent McAlister is a gentleman in every respect and treats us well. We all like him.

## "THE EMPEROR'S BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES."

(After Andersen's Fairy Tale.)

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, MACON, GA.

Speaking of the Lincoln myth, may I be permitted to read into the Confederate records an uncensored document found in the opposing camp? In the *Smart Set* for May, 1920, H. L. Mencken, the *Enfante Terrible*, turns traitor to the myth and points out the real Lincoln. Our fairy tale runs something like this:

Near the dawning of the twentieth century there arose to the American imagination quite surprisingly a figure from out the past and his proper place in history to become a subject for creative artists in propaganda. This figure—six feet-four in height, rather a skeleton form to be clothed in myth—began to show strange substance, uncanny in growth, becoming more and more compelling, transfigured and haloed as limned on the printed page by countless tireless creative pens; with every passing stroke the acclaimed hero rose to vision, the idol of a worshipping mob; an emperor with beautiful clothes. The spell of delusion should by the old magic be broken when an *Enfante Terrible* cries out: "But he has nothing on!"

The above-mentioned document by Mr. Mencken holds out such a possibility: the figure of Lincoln without the imaginary clothes is a poor one. The denuding of this overshadowing figure of morbid growth, as suggested by the Mencken method, has piquancy. The naïveté with which our *Enfante Terrible* exclaims: "Am I the first American?" etc., is amusing to us of "Confederate mind." If Mr. Mencken will examine the files of the VETERAN, it will relieve him of any vanity about being "first" in this view of Lincoln. The well-known "Confederate mind" got there first and, in the oft-quoted (or misquoted) words of General Forrest, "with the mostest men" (including minds of first-rate caliber). Hence we must deprive our fellow American of Baltimore of this bit of gray feather from a very gayly decorated cap.

The proper assemblage of facts makes a scintillating literature and great biography. For one, I should like to see such a biography of Lincoln, not in the manner of Strachey's Queen Victoria, but in the manner of our own Mencken. It would rank as the greatest biography in the American language and put up the "backward art." After Charnwood and Drinkwater, we are rightly due a Strachey Lincoln. This is an international debt. My challenge is to Mr. Mencken. Read this excerpt from his article:

"The backwardness of the art of biography in these States is made shiningly visible by the fact that we have yet to see a first-rate biography of either Lincoln or Whitman. Of Lincolniana, of course, there is no end, nor is there any end to the hospitality of those who collect it. (Some time ago a publisher told me that there are three kinds of books that never, under any circumstances, lose money: First, detective stories; secondly, volumes on spiritualism, occultism, and other such claptrap; and, thirdly, books on Lincoln.) But despite all the vast mass of Lincolniana and the constant discussion of Old Abe in periodicals, ever so elementary a problem as that of his religious faith—surely an important matter in any competent biography—is yet but half solved. Here, for example, is the Rev. William E. Barton grappling with it for more than four hundred large pages in "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln" (Doran). It is a lenghty inquiry—the pastor, in truth, shows a good deal of the habitual garrulity of his order—but it is never downright tedious. On the contrary, it is curious and amusing, and I have read it with steady interest, including even the appendices. Unluckily, the author does not finish the business before him. Was Lincoln a Christian? Did he believe in the divinity of Christ? I am left in doubt. He was very polite about it and very cautious, as befitted a politician in need of Christian votes, but how much genuine conviction was in that politeness? And if his occasional references to Christ were thus open to question, what of his rather vague avowals of belief in a personal God and in the immortality of the soul? Herndon and some of his other close friends always maintained that he was an atheist—that is, that he denied any divine intervention in the affairs of men. Dr. Barton argues that this atheism was simple disbelief in the idiotic Methodist and Baptist dogmas of his time—that nine Christian Churches out of ten if he were alive to-day would admit him to their high privileges and prerogatives without anything worse than a few warning coughs. As for me, I still wonder.

"The growth of the Lincoln legend is truly amazing. He becomes the American solar myth, the chief butt of American credulity and sentimentality. Washington of late years has been perceptibly humanized; every schoolboy now knows that he used to swear a good deal and was a sharp trader and had a quick eye for a pretty girl. But meanwhile the varnishers and veneerers have been busily converting Abe into a plaster saint, thus making him fit for adoration in the Chautauquas and Y. M. C. A.'s. All the popular pictures of him show him in his robes of state and wearing an expression fit for a man about to be hanged. There is, so far as I know, not a single portrait of him showing him smiling, and yet he must have cackled a good deal first and last; who ever heard of a story-teller who didn't? Worse, there is an obvious effort to pump all his human weaknesses out of him and so leave him a mere moral apparition, a sort of amalgam of John Wesley and the Holy Ghost. What could be more absurb? Lincoln in point of fact, was a practical politician of long experience and high talents and by no means cursed with inconvenient ideals. On the contrary, his career in the Illinois Legislature was that of a good organization man, and he was more than once denounced by reformers. Even his handling of the slavery question was that of a politician, not that of a fanatic. Nothing alarmed him more than the suspicion that he was an Abolitionist.

"Barton tells of an occasion when he actually fled town to avoid meeting the issue squarely. A genuine Abolitionist would have published the Emancipation Proclamation the day after the first battle of Bull Ruu. But Lincoln waited until the time was more favorable, until Lee had been hurled out of Pennsylvania and, more important still, until the political currents were safely running his way. Always he was a wary fellow both in his dealings with measures and in his dealings with men. He knew how to keep his mouth shut.

"Nevertheless, it was his eloquence that probably brought him to his great estate. Like William Jennings Bryan, he was a dark horse made suddenly formidable by fortunate rhetoric. The Douglas debate launched him, and the Cooper Union speech got him the presidency. This talent for emotional utterance, this gift for making phrases that enchanted the plain people was an accomplishment of late growth. His early speeches were empty fireworks, the childish rhodomontades of the era. But in middle life he purged his style of ornament and became almost baldly simple, and it is for that simplicity that he is remembered to-day. The Gettysburg speech is at once the shortest and the most famous oration in American history. Put beside it all the whoopings and snortings of the Websters, Summers, and Everetts seem gaudy and silly. It

is eloquence brought to a pellucid and almost childlike perfection, the highest emotion reduced to one graceful and irresistible gesture. Nothing quite like it is to be found in the whole range of oratory. Lincoln himself never even remotely approached it. It is genuinely stupendous.

"But let us not forget that it is the oratory, not logic; beauty, not sense. Think of the argument in it! Put it into the cold words of every day. The doctrine is simply this: that the Union soldiers who died at Gettysburg sacrificed their lives to the cause of self-determination, that government of the people, by the people, for the people should not perish from the earth. It is difficult to imagine anything more untrue. The Union soldiers in that battle actually fought against self-determination; it was the Confederates who fought for the right of their people to govern themselves. What was the practical effect of the battle of Gettysburg? What else than the destruction of the old sovereignty of the States—*i. e.*, of the people of the States? The Confederates went into battle an absolutely free people; they came out with their freedom subject to the supervision and veto of the rest of the country, and for nearly twenty years that veto was so effective that they enjoyed scarcely any freedom at all. *Am I the first American to note the fundamental nonsensicality of the Gettysburg address?* If so, I plead my æsthetic joy in it in amelioration of the sacrilege. Abe was simply a democratic politician talking to a democratic people. He knew their gigantic delight in the palpably absurd, their infinite capacity for logical imbecilities." * * *

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## *IN THE YEARS OF WAR.*

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS," SERIES III, VOLUME II, 1863-64.

*Negro Characteristics.*—General Hunter, U. S. A., in suggesting the raising of an army of 400,000 niggers to bust the Confederacy wide open, said: "The corn crop is abundant, and we should certainly be able to live on that, and the negroes would know every path; and as they make most of their visits by night, we should be able to march just as well in the night as in the daytime." Yes, they still are great night prowlers, and if fowls could talk they would cheerfully attest to it.

*Newspapers.*—General Sherman wrote the editor of the Memphis *Bulletin* on November 9: "You or any fair man looking back on the history of our country for the past forty years must admit that the press has gradually intensified the feelings of mutual jealousy and hatred between the North and South till war not only resulted, but was bound to result. You see, the press of each section, instead of healing the gap, is vigorously widening it. If all men were good, we would not need law; but, unfortunately, some will steal, murder, and commit crime, therefore punishment must be resorted to. So if editors were filled with a desire to do right, they would allay rather than arouse the passions of men." No sensation, dull sales—same thing to-day.

*Partisan Rangers.*—General Ransom, C. S. A., said on December 19: "Having witnessed a good deal of the operations of what are known as partisan rangers, I have the honor to petition that all such organizations be abolished. They are usually, as far as my experience has gone, the most trifling troops we have. Acting alone, they accomplish nothing, and when serving with other troops they hang upon the rear to gather up property and instead of turning it in spirit it away for speculation." A perfect curse to the Confederacy, but kept up all through the war.

*An Enforced Pedestrian.*—Capt. Phil U. Schmidt, 2d Missouri (Union), reported from Camp Chase, Ohio, on October 13: "Here I am, but for the life of me I cannot say what for. I reported to General Granger with a portion of the paroled men, and he, against my wishes, ordered me to report here. I should never have taken the parole if I had known the treatment I would get. The Rebels marched us sixty-five miles on a stretch without giving us a bite to eat. For my part I was glad to get away from the damned robbers. When I got to Nashville I was completely worn out. I walked altogether one hundred and eighty-five miles, and, not being used to walking, it came rather hard on me." That Dutchman was surely some peeved, but he never walked any sixty-five miles without anything to eat, and that's certain.

*Wearing Yankee Uniforms.*—On November 26 Gen. S. D. Lee ordered: "The wearing of Federal uniforms having become so common in this command, and as it has sometimes caused fatal mistakes, it is hereby ordered that every article of that description be at once dyed." I am not at all surprised that mistakes were made, as at least one-third of his men were totally or partly uniformed in Yankee clothes.

*Good-By to the Wooden Steed.*—On December 30 General Hindman, C. S. A., wrote General Bate: "The major general commanding desires that you will inquire and report at once whether the punishment of the "wooden horse" is inflicted in any part of your command. This and other methods of punishment having the character of torture will be immediately prohibited." Something similar to riding a rail with a weight to each foot added.

*Handling a Live Shell.*—Major Braxton, C. S. A., mentions that "Private John S. Sawyer, of Carpenter's Virginia Battery, deserves particular mention for having prevented the explosion of a limber by promptly seizing a burning cartridge, ignited by the enemy's fire, and throwing it from the limber before it could explode."

*Women Bridge Burners.*—General McCook, U. S. A., wrote General Granger: "Mrs. Hunter, on Carter's Creek, should be sent South. She says she helped to burn the bridges before and will do so again." Sent South, and yet some unreconstructed Rebels say that the Yankees were as atrocious in the sixties as a certain nation was in the recent war.

*Milk Sickness.*—I only put this in to show how thoroughly the medical department of the Union army went into local conditions and because it may be of interest to those who have never heard of such a disease. Medical Inspector F. H. Hamilton wrote General Rosecrans on August 31: "At the request of Dr. Perin I have made some inquiries in relation to the milk sickness which is said to prevail in the Cumberland Mountains. It occurs especially after a prolonged drought and generally in the coves where the soil is black and fertile and the land not cleared. The cattle turned into these pastures soon become affected with tumors and die. The person who has partaken of the milk from one of these cows is seized with vomiting, prostration, and nervous tremors, and if he recovers it will be slowly. In some cases these conditions continue for years."

*Rebel Bands.*—General Sherman said on September 9: "I don't want those Rebel bands captured. They are doing us excellent service. They are disgusting the minds of the people of Mississippi with Confederate pretensions and government." I am not so sure about the last clause, but I am about the first.

# THE LAST ROLL

Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, $3.00 each.

"There's end to all toiling some day—sweet day,
But it's weary the waiting, weary!
There's a harbor somewhere in a peaceful bay
Where the sails will be furled and the ship will lay
At anchor—somewhere in the far-away;
But it's weary the waiting, weary!"

### Col. James W. Bowles.

Col. James W. Bowles, who died on July 16, 1921, at his home in Waynesville, N. C., was born in Louisville, Ky., on May 21, 1837. He was prepared by private tutors for Yale College, but left before graduation at the outbreak of the War between the States. Telegraphing to Gen. John H. Morgan that the would raise a company and join him, he started through the blue grass section of Kentucky and soon accomplished his object, joining Morgan at Camp Boone, Tenn. He was present at many of the major battles of the war, including Shiloh and Franklin. After two and a half years of service he was wounded and captured at Cynthiana, Ky., and was sent to the officers' prison at Johnson's Island, Ohio. One of his treasures was a book containing the name of every man there. Colonel Bowles was the last commanding officer of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's old regiment.

In June, 1865, he was released from prison, and on April, 1866, he married Miss Anne Frederica Pope, only child of Capt. Godfrey Pope, of the Louisville Legion, who lost his life in the Mexican War. Returning to Louisville after a year spent in regaining his shattered health in Europe, he engaged in the real estate business.

Though of Quaker ancestry, Colonel Bowles early in his married life embraced the Presbyterian faith, joining the Second Presbyterian Church of Louisville and remaining a consistent member. He removed to Waynesville, N. C., with his family in 1903, when he retired from business. His health had failed since the first of this year, but he was confined to his bed only two days before the final summons came. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and a son.

Funeral services were conducted in Waynesville and at Cave Hill Cemetery, in Louisville, where he was laid to rest by the side of his brother, Lieut. John Bowles, who was killed while trying to escape from Johnson's Island.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

### M. L. Boling.

M. L. Boling died at his home, in Sherman, Tex., on April 3, 1921, at the age of seventy-three years. He is survived by his wife and one son, of that city, also a sister of Tuscon, Ariz. Comrade Boling was born on April 10, 1847, in Marshall County, Miss. He enlisted in April, 1864, at Holly Springs, Miss., in Company C, 18th Mississippi Cavalry, Chalmers's Brigade, Forrest's Division, Wheeler's Corps. His company was escort for General Chalmers. He participated in the Harrisburg or Tupelo fight, also in the battles of Johnsonville, Franklin, and Nashville, and many other smaller engagements, the last being at Selma, Ala., and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala. He went to Texas in 1876 and settled in Grayson County, where he had since lived..

### Dr. W. S. Grimes.

In many homes of Wapello, Iowa, there was mourning for the faithful family physician, friend, and counselor, Dr. W. S. Grimes, whose death occurred recently, after a long, useful, well-spent life of service for others. For about half a century he served this community as a physician, and for years he was a leader of medical and surgical practitioners in this county. His death occurred at the ripe age of seventy-nine years.

W. S. Grimes was born in Pocahontas County, W. Va., on May 20, 1842. In 1861, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in Company B, 59th Virginia Regulars, C. S. A., and served until their capture at Roanoke Island. He was afterwards identified with Company B, 26th Virginia Battalion, and served during the remainder of the war.

In July, 1867, he entered college at Iowa City, Iowa, then completed his medical course at Rush Medical College, Chicago, Ill., later taking a postgraduate course in the same institution.

Soon after his graduation he located in Wapello and there spent the remainder of his life.

In June, 1875, he was married to Abbie Baker Grimes, who died in 1880, leaving him with two little daughters. His second wife was Laura E. Thompson, and one daughter was born to them. She survives him with the three daughters.

Those acquainted with Dr. Grimes know of his unselfish devotion to his people and his interest in the advancement of his community. He was untiring in his activities, and his efforts to do good morally were as persistent as his efforts to give physical relief. Dr. Grimes was also prominent in lodge work, being affiliated with Wapello Lodge, No. 5, A. F. and A. M., a charter member of the local Order of Eastern Star, and a member of the I. O. O. F. and Rebekah Lodges. He was also a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church for a number of years.

### Adolphus Schoppaul.

Adolphus Schoppaul was born in Germany on June 11, 1834, and died at the Confederate Home at Austin, Tex., on July 13, 1921. Comrade Schoppaul came to America in 1858, locating at Spartanburg, S. C. At the breaking out of the War between the States he enlisted as a volunteer in May, 1861, in Capt. H. Foster's company, Jenkin's Brigade. He fought his first battle at Manassas, and was in every other noted battle in Virginia. He served throughout the war, and was honorably discharged at the close.

Comrade Schoppaul came to Texas in 1880, locating at Bartonville, in Denton County, in which community he was known as an honorable and upright citizen. Early in 1921 he entered the Confederate Home. In his death a good citizen and friend has passed on, a true comrade, proud of his record as a Confederate soldier. He was a member of Sul Ross Camp at Denton, Tex. Surviving him are four sons, one daughter, and a host of friends.

[His comrade and friend, Marion McCreless.]

### V. C. Lewis.

V. C. Lewis, a Confederate veteran, who first saw service in the Army of the West under General Bragg, and for the remainder of the war was with the 18th Mississippi Regiment, under Gen. N. B. Forrest, died suddenly at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Massey, after a lifelong residence in De Soto County, Miss., where he was an honored member of the De Soto County Camp, U. C. V. He was a brave, true, and efficient soldier, and where he and his horse Joe could not go it was useless for others to try.

V. C. LEWIS.

On January 8, 1867, he married Miss Emma Pryor, of Cockrum, Miss., reared a large family of children, and died as he had lived, universally loved and respected by his friends, neighbors, and acquaintances. He was an intellectual and entertaining man. His reminiscences of his experiences with the Southern army were especially entertaining and instructive, and his passing occasioned great regret to all who knew and loved him.

### Col. Charles Withrow.

The death of Col. Charles Withrow at his home, in Waynesboro, Va., on the 27th of January, removed one well-beloved by the people of that community and appreciated for his many virtues. He was born February 6, 1838, in the home where he died, and much of his long life was spent there.

After his early education in private schools of his native town, Charles Withrow entered the University of Virginia in 1856, graduating in 1860 with the degree of M.A. His career as a teacher then began at Natchez, Miss., but when the war came on he returned to Virginia and enlisted in the Richmond Howitzers, was commissioned a lieutenant, and attached to a corps of civil engineers; was later made captain and put on General Rosser's staff.

After the war Colonel Withrow returned to his chosen vocation as teacher and continued this good work for the remainder of his active life. He filled the chair of Greek at Hampden-Sidney College and afterwards taught in Kentucky. In that State he met and married Miss Mary Shyock, of St. Louis, Mo., in 1874, and their two sons died in infancy. After the death of his wife in 1878 he removed to Augusta, Ga., and became a member of the faculty of Richmond Academy and was later its principal for twenty-nine years. His retirement was marked by many tributes from the faculty and graduating class to his worth and ability and devotion to his work. He then returned to Waynesville to spend his last days, teaching in Fishburne School for several years, and twice being elected mayor of the town. He then retired permanently and devoted his time to his farming and fruit-growing interests.

Colonel Withrow was a man of brilliant intellect and broad culture and was considered one of the foremost educators of his time, leaving the imprint of his genius upon the records of his labors and achievements.

### Clement Saussy.

Clement Saussy, Past Commander of the Comfederate Association of Savannah, Ga., died in this city on July 9, after a long and painful illness. He was one of five brothers born and reared in Savannah, sons of a physician who lost his life in the practice of his profession during an epidemic of yellow fever. The name of Saussy is closely identified with the growth and history of Savannah, and one long to be remembered as representing noble qualities of the human family.

Comrade Saussy enlisted in the Confederate army at the Isle of Hope, near Savannah, on March 2, 1862, becoming a member of the famous Chatham Artillery, a company possessing two of the famous Revolutionary War cannon called "the Washington guns." He served during the entire war in the same command; was with it on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, S. C., through the Florida campaign at the battle of Olustee, was on short detail in the ordnance department at Savannah at one time under Capt. W. D. Harden, went with his company through the Carolinas with Johnston and Hood, finally surrendering with that hero of many wars at Greensboro, N. C., on the 26th of April, 1865.

Returning home, Clement Saussy became one of the leading citizens of Savannah, taking an active part in the business life of the city. Ever true to the cause for which he had fought so valiantly, his comrades honored him with office in the Confederate Association as its Commander and later as Treasurer, which latter office he held up to his last illness. He never aspired to public office, but kept in close touch with national, State, and city affairs. He was a sincere, noble-hearted Christian, a member of the Methodist Church.

In the Veteran for November, 1920, Comrade Saussy had an interesting article comparing conditions in the war of the sixties with those in the late World War, and with it was given a picture of himself and his lifelong friend, George P. Walker, in their boyhood and old age.

[D. B. Morgan, Secretary Camp No 756, U. C. V.]

### William M. Tribbett.

William M. Tribbett, a veteran of the Confederate army, having served with Company H, 4th Virginia Volunteer Infantry, a part of the famous Stonewall Brigade, answered the last roll call on the 21st of July, 1920, in his seventy-ninth year. He was born on November 27, 1841, in Collierstown, Rockbridge County, Va. He died as he had lived, in the firm belief in the justice of the cause for which he had fought and that he had served his country rightfully. After the war was over, he endeavored to live as a loyal citizen of the country, as befitted a soldier and a man of honor.

Comrade Tribbett served three years under the Stars and Bars, and at the close he was a prisoner of war at Elmira, N. Y., having been wounded and taken prisoner on the third day at Gettysburg. His wife writes that the last thing she read to him was from the Confederate Veteran on the battle of Cedar Creek, and that his eyes brightened as the details of the battle were brought out, and he seemed to live over again the thrills and emotions of the contest. He had been sick for years and died at his home in Pana, Ill.

### Comrades at Granbury, Tex.

The following comrades have passed out of Granbury Camp, No. 67, U. C. V., at Granbury, Tex.: John Barrett, Company E, 16th Alabama Infantry; J. F. Kerr, Company D, 32d Texas Cavalry; J. N. Chandler, colonel 24th Georgia Infantry.

[Joel C. Archer, Adjutant.]

### Gen. J. Thompson Brown, U. C. V.

Gen. J. Thompson Brown, former Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., died at his home, in Richmond, Va., on April 23, after an illness of several months, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was born in Richmond on May 4, 1840, was educated in that city and at Randolph-Macon College at Boydton, Va., where he met and later married Miss Bettie Harrison. He was being educated for the Methodist ministry, but, the war coming on just before his graduation, he volunteered in the Confederate army and served gallantly to the close of the war. His first service was as sergeant in an infantry company organized in Richmond which participated in the West Virginia campaign. Later, upon the organization of Parker's Battery, he was transferred thereto as second lieutenant and was with it to the end, being promoted from time to time until he attained the rank of captain. He was with his battery in nearly every important battle fought by the Army of Northern Virginia; was captured twice, at Marye's Heights and at Sailor's Creek; was severely wounded at Sharpsburg and slightly at Marye's Heights. The nature of the first wound, which was in the throat, made it necessary after the war to abandon his purpose to enter the ministry.

Returning to Richmond, he founded the real estate business which still bears his name, with the financial assistance of a Northern man, then an entire stranger, a mere chance acquaintance, and continued it until his death, with the record of never having lost a dollar for any client, many of whom were in distant States.

Comrade Brown was prominent among the Confederate element of his State and had served as Commander of the Virginia Division, U. C. V., previous to commanding the Army of Northern Virginia Department. His Confederate associations constituted the greatest interest of his life in late years, and his comrades honored him with leadership. He was also prominent as a Mason, and was the oldest Past Master of Fraternal Lodge No. 53, and had received all degrees up to the thirty-third. He is survived by two sons and two daughters, also one brother, of Richmond.

### Capt. S. B. Alexander.

Capt. S. B. Alexander, one of the leading citizens of Charlotte, N. C., died at his home there on June 14. He was born at Rosedale, in Mecklenburg County, on December 8, 1840, and was a descendant of John McKnitt Alexander, one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. He was the youngest son of Dr. Moses Winslow Alexander, and his mother was a daughter of Gen. Joseph Graham and a sister of Gov. William A. Graham. His education was finished at the University of North Carolina, graduating in 1860. He entered the service of the Confederacy as a private of the "Hornet's Nest Riflemen," which was afterwards mustered in as Company B, 1st North Carolina Regiment, later known as the Bethel Regiment. Young Alexander was later made drillmaster of the 26th North Carolina, then, in March, 1862, he became first lieutenant in Company K of the 42d North Carolina Regiment and shortly after was made captain because of his bravery and ability as a soldier and fighter. Later still he was made inspector general on the staff of General Hoke and remained in active service to the surrender in 1865.

After the war Captain Alexander entered public life and became a leader in politics of his State. During his five terms in the State Senate he was active in getting through some of the most beneficial legislation, the "no fence" and "good roads" laws, and that at a time then his people did not appreciate these measures, but later acclaimed his far-sightedness. He also served two terms in Congress. He helped to bring about the establishment of the North Carolina Agricultural and Engineering College and was also President of the North Carolina Railway for some years.

In 1872 Captain Alexander was married to Miss Emma Nicholson, of Halifax County, and of their six children three sons and two daughters survive. His second wife was Miss Louise Perry, of Franklin County, who also preceded him in death.

He was a member of Mecklenburg Camp, U. C. V., of Charlotte, and was for a number of years its Commander and was then made Honorary Commander for life. The Camp attended his funeral in a body, and the honorary pall bearers were Confederate veterans.

### Edwin S. Valliant.

Edwin Stearns Valliant was born on July 12, 1845, in Talbot County, Md., and died on June 28, 1921. In August, 1862, while yet a schoolboy, he joined a party of young men and hired a blockade runner to take them from Tilghman's Island over to the south side of the Potomac River, from which place they made their way to Richmond and enlisted in the Confederate army. This little party joined the 2d Maryland Infantry and fought throughout the war, being engaged in the battles of Winchester, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, White Oak Swamp, Weldon Railroad, Squirrel Level Road, Hatcher's Run, Pegram's Farm, Petersburg, and Appomattox. Several of his companions were killed at Gettysburg. He was one of a family of three sisters and five brothers, four of them serving in the Confederate army—viz., William, Thomas, George, and Edwin. A younger brother was not old enough to serve.

At the close of the war Edwin Valliant returned to his home and married Miss Mary T. Faithful, a daughter of W. E. B. Faithful, and took a position with his father-in-law in the canning business at Church Hill, in Queen Anne County. His business operations were very successful, and he was a highly honored citizen in that community, having held several offices of trust and confidence and being a judge of the orphans' court for several years. He was a devout member of the Protestant Episcopal Church; was active in all of its work, and one of the leading vestrymen in all work of the Diocese of Easton. He was an excellent soldier, conscientious and faithful to all of his duties, and in civil life maintained the same standard of faithfulness to duty.

The people of this community mourn his passing as a great public loss.

[Joseph B. Seth.]

### W. F. Hopkins

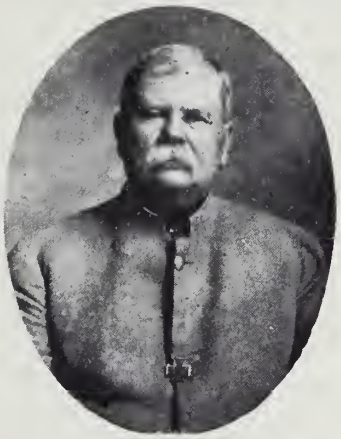
W. F. Hopkins, seventy-two, the youngest man to enlist in the regular service of the Confederate States of America, when he became a member of the York Rangers in 1861, died at Dixie Hospital in Hampton, Va., June 8.

Years ago the general U. D. C. organization presented Mr. Hopkins with a jeweled cross. He enlisted as a private immediately upon the outbreak of the war. while he still lacked three months of having attained his twelfth year. After Appomattox he returned to York County, a youth of sixteen.

For years he was a merchant in Newport News, removing then to Norfork, where he was Commander of the Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans. Lately Mr. Hopkins had resided in Bridgewater with his only son, the Rev. R. F. Hopkins.

### Capt. J. K. Bivins.

Taps sounded for the noble, chivalrous spirit of Capt. J. K. Bivins at his home, in Longview, Tex., on May 23, 1921, and thus ended a life so good, so unselfish, so rich to his country, his Church, and to humanity that the world is poorer for his passing. His interest and devotion were not for Texas alone, but for the whole South. His fidelity to the cause for which he fought in his early manhood was of a character superb, and he died like the gallant soldier he was. Belonging to that old régime which produced the highest type of Southern manhood, he was in the truest sense of the word a gentleman. No better tribute can be paid to his magnificent character than to say: "His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man."



CAPT. J. K. BIVINS.

As Commander of Camp Gregg, U. C. V., he is greatly missed. He attended all the U. C. V. Reunions, always meeting his comrades with gladness, his presence being a joy to them. Today they gather around the smoldering camp fire of memory, recalliug every hallowed association with him.

From a sketch of his life and army service written, by Captain Bivins, the following is taken: "James Knox Bivins, born in Henry County, Ga., on April 13, 1845, moved to Texas, near Pittsburg, in 1853, and lived on a farm until hostilities began in 1861. He volunteered in July, 1861, and was mustered into service at Marshall, Tex., as a member of Company B, 7th Texas Infantry; started to the war in September, the the command being sent to Hopkinsville, Ky. The regiment was at Fort Donelson, engaged heavily in the battle there in in 1862, and was surrendered with the whole army. Captain Bivins was a prisoner for seven months and was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., in September, 1862. After this his regiment participated in most of the battles of the Western Army under Johnston, Bragg, and Hood to the end of the war."

After the war Captain Bivins started out in life as a sawmill hand, becoming owner in a few years, and passsing successfully through the following years, accumulating a competence for declining years. He was married to Miss Viola Cobb, of Cass County, in 1882, and reared three sons and a daughter. He was a member of the Methodist Church and a Mason of high degree.

The R. B. Levy Chapter, U. D. C., of Longview, gave expression to appreciation of the life and services of Captain Bivins in this resolution:

"*Resolved*, That we place on record an expression of profound gratitude to God for the noble and inestimable services of Captain Bivins, who was a shining example of the truth that true and abiding greatness is always associated with goodness of heart and greatness of mind. He was an earnest Christian. Modestly and faithfully he lived, giving his strength gladly for the world's happiness and betterment, never tiring of well-doing. His creed, 'Let me live in my house by the side of the road and be a friend to man,' is writnessed by this Chapter, and his interest in a multitude of other causes—charitable, civic, educational, and religious.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of this tribute and resolutions be sent to the Confederate Veteran for publication, to his beloved wife, Mrs. J. K. Bivins, President of R. B. Levy Chapter and Second Vice President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., and to his daughter, Mrs. M. M. Turner, who are two of the most valued members of our Chapter."

[Mrs. Dush Shaw, Vice President R. B. Levy Chapter, U. D. C., Chairman of Resolutions Committee, Longview, Tex.]

### Mrs. Mary Jane Baker Wheeler.

A useful life reached its close with the death of Mrs. Mary Jane Baker Wheeler on May 25, 1921, at Morristown, Tenn. She was born on October 25, 1842, in Wythe County, Va., the daughter of Joseph M. and Jane Jackson Baker. She joined the Methodist Church at the age of seventeen and lived a consistent Christian life..

Experiencing many of the horrors of that fratricidal strife of the sixties, with courage and fortitude she rose to the occasion, as many heroines of her time found a like nescessity, and became the mainstay of the family.

In September, 1867, she was married to Samuel V. Wheeler, who had been commissary sergeant of Company B, 51st Virginia Infantry, and four sons born to them have done well their part in the affairs of the world. Charles A., captain of engineers, and Capt. William J. Wheeler, both of the United States Coast Guard, saw conspicuous service in the World War, the latter commanding the Coast Guard Cutter Seneca throughout the war in the submarine zone, European waters. In 1897 the family removed to Cedar Creek Farm, near Morristown, and the beautiful home of this venerable couple since 1914 has been the social center of the community. In 1917 they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, the hundreds of guests and the many handsome gifts attesting their popularity.

Mrs. Wheeler was a woman of sterling qualities, unusual energy, industry, sociability and generosity, a devoted wife and mother, a modest, unobtrusive Christian; it was her gift to comfort and cheer others. Two years of suffering were hers, borne with patience and submission. Her husband and three sons survive her, also two brothers and three sisters.

Dear friend, we would breathe the *requiescat in pace* to thee.

[Mrs. J. S. C. Felknor.]

### Comrades of Star City, Ark.

Report of deaths in Camp Ben McCulloch, No. 542, U. C. V., of Star City, Ark.: R. A. Boyd, Company F, 23d South Carolina Infantry; H. H. Tarver, Company F, 10th Arkansas Cavalry; T. W. Vick, Adams's Cavalry, Mississippi Troops; W. R. Raines, Adams's Cavalry, Mississippi Troops; T. J. Irvin, Company A, 26th Arkansas Cavalry; J. D. Smith, Company D, 7th Mississippi Cavalry.

[W. A. Shoup, Adjutant.]

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Correction.—The notice in the Veteran for July (page 271) of the deaths in Camp Cabell place it at Mount Vernon, Tex., when it should have been Vernon, Tex. And the command to which J. P. Hamilton belonged was Dick Collins's battery of Shelby's old brigade. These corrections come from L. J. Hensley, now at Ocean Beach, Cal., who served with Company A, Captain Adams, of Shank's Regiment of Missouri Troops, He says he helped to organize Camp Cabell and afterwards organized Camp Bedford Forrest at Stratford, Tex., and that only two now survive of the membership of twenty-two.

# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn.....*Second Vice President General*
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNES, Charleston, W. Va.....*Cor. Secretary General*
MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va.....*Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C.....*Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## *FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.*

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy*: The summer vacation is on the wane, and now is the time to begin with zeal the task of finishing up our year's work. The convention is only a few weeks in advance of us, and I hope we will be able to go to St. Louis with all undertakings finished and the way clear for new endeavor. The only way this can be accomplished is for each individual to assume a part of the responsibility, and it is to the individual that I now appeal. Think what we are doing! I submit it is a privilege to have a part in the work of the U. D. C., and I beg of you Daughters to avail yourselves of its great opportunity for service.

*The Matthew Fontaine Maury Prize.*—Mrs. Robert Alter, granddaughter of Commander Maury, consented to act as chairman of this committee, and reports the year's work finished and the binoculars awarded for excellence in physics.

*The Cunningham Memorial.*—Mrs. Birdie A. Owen, of Jackson, Tenn., Chairman, is making every effort to secure the necessary funds for the scholarship before November 1. It is not necessary for me to commend this to your especial interest. I know every member of our organization realizes the debt we owe Mr. Cunningham. It is only necessary to remind you of the great good we can do in his name if this scholarship becomes available at once.

*The Jefferson Davis Monument.*—The Veterans' Committee have had lithographed a very attractive souvenir receipt for one dollar, and they have asked the U. D. C.'s General Committee to assist in placing these in the hands of Southern people interested in the memorial to Mr. Davis. The following plan for the sale has been sent out by Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash, Chairman: Division Presidents are asked to appoint twenty earnest workers to assist the Director in handling the receipts in lots of one thousand at one time. each of the twenty women to take fifty receipts to sell. It is further suggested that each of the twenty appoint ten helpers to be responsible for the sale of five receipts. The Division selling the greatest number of receipts will have a special place of honor accorded at the dedication of the monument. It is hoped that these receipts will be sold by the U. D. C. to people throughout the country, especially to people who are not members of our organization. This plan makes the work easy for the workers and divides the responsibility so that the individual worker can do all that is expected in a few hours. Surely there is not a locality in the South where it will prove difficult to dispose of fifty receipts at one dollar each, when it is made clear that the proceeds will be used to honor that man among men, Jefferson Davis. Please have all funds in the hands of the Treasurer General by October 1. To let September's work finish this fund will reflect great credit.

*The Arlington Amphitheater.*—Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, Chairman, has given time and faithful work to the duties of her committee. The work is not finished, but Mrs. Fahnestock has it before those in authority and will expend every effort to accmplish the object.

*The Faithful Slave Bowlder.*—Mrs. Mary Dowling Bond and her committee have very carefully developed the commission assigned them by the Asheville Convention. The bowlder will be ready to unveil immediately after the West Virginia Convention, which will be held at Keyser September 7, 8. The railroad facilities from Keyser to Harper's Ferry are good, and the committee hopes to welcome many of the delegates to Harper's Ferry on the occasion of the unveiling.

*Women of the South in War Times.*—Mrs. Eugene Glenn, Chairman, is the author of a round robin which is pleading the cause of the committee as it journeys from State to State. The necessity of the distribution of this book becomes more evident to me every day. Its strong appeal is the fact that it deals with principles not personalities, with facts secured at first hand, and all presented with justice and kindness. The committee deserves your support, and the cause we represent deserves to have this book read by all Americans.

*General Forrest's One Hundredth Birthday.*—The U. D. C. editor told in the August VETERAN of the observance of General Forrest's birthday in Memphis on July 13, but I cannot lose this opportunity to express my appreciation of the occasion. At the luncheon Mrs. Mary Forrest Bradley introduced many speakers, all of whom paid tribute to the great man we were there to honor. Gen. W. A. Collier, Commander of Forrest's Cavalry Veterans, was chairman, ably assisted by Mrs. Percy H. Patton, Vice Chairman. The scene at the the statue of General Forrest in Forrest Park was made most impressive by the presence of Company A, U. C. V., in full uniform. After placing a wreath on the statue, the program of the day was concluded at the Scottish Rite cathedral just across the street.

With regret I announce the death of Mr. I. H. Harness, of Chickasha, Okla. Mrs. Harness, President of the Oklahoma Division, has the sympathy of her U. D. C. coworkers.

Looking forward to seeing many of our workers and urging as many as possible to begin now to plan to attend the St. Louis Convention,

Cordially, MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## *U. D. C. NOTES.*

*The Lee Mansion.*—Every one throughout this country, North and South, should surely indorse the movement to make of the Robert E. Lee mansion at Arlington a fitting memorial. It is not dilapidated. It is in good repair, but it is far from what it should be. It should be completely renovated and made beautiful inside as it is in its architecture. It should be furnished as far as possible with what can be gath-

ered of furnishings that were General Lee's or of his family. It should be in every feature typical of the South of his day.

The building and, so far as possible, the immediate grounds should be screened from any obtruding view of monuments and graves. The mansion should be as little as possible a part of or an adjunct to the cemetery. As far as may be it should be a beautiful example of the old home of the Southern gentleman and a memorial of the then owner, who came from civil war with honor, dignity, and as an American of Americans.

As it is, it is not a credit to this government or people. The only approach is through the seemingly endless rows upon rows of graves. The magnificent view from the front over the wooded hills and valleys, the city of Washington, and the windings of the Potomac is broken in the foreground by obstructing and intruding monuments to the dead. Inside it is barren, empty, hollow, depressing. There should be something at Arlington, and this should be the Lee mansion, which carries a measure of solace, which speaks of home life, of family bonds, of what is sweetest, truest, and best in our national life. It should tell of the home for which soldiers died, and that home preserved should show that they have not died in vain.—*Washington Herald.*

This editorial from the Washington *Herald* surely finds an indorsement in every Southern heart, if not every American heart. The editor visited Arlington several years ago and was astonished and appalled at the barrenness and the blankness of the whole building. Its life, its soul had been taken from it. A gentleman of Washington has written me: "It does seem that something could be done at Arlington. It is a shame that the home of one of the greatest Americans should be allowed to stay in the shape it is in. The view from the front porch across the Potomac to Washington far surpasses that of any view from Mount Vernon, and the old mansion and its immediate grounds could be made the beauty spot of America.

Is the time ripening for another big work for the United Daughters of the Confederacy? Let us all interest ourselves in learning what can be done at Arlington (find out from our Senators and Representatives) and then help in the work.

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## *DIVISION NOTES.*

*California.*—The California Division met in twenty-first annual convention on May 11, 1921, at Long Beach and held one of the most successful, enthusiastic, and profitable conventions in its history. Mrs Thomas Jefferson Douglass presided, and business was dispatched with precision, yet the social and personal side, with the many flowery tokens, both literal and otherwise, interposed most happily.

Reports from Chapters denoted steady and increasing interest, and one new Chapter, the Woodrow Wilson, of Los Angeles, made its maiden report, showing a personnel of officers and members of quite young matrons and girls.

Gen. Jo Wheeler Chapter, the city and citizens of Long Beach made special effort to entertain the visitors, who praised the splendid hospitality extended.

Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, of Berkeley, was elected President at the end of the session. The Division will meet at Fresno on May 12, 1922, for the next convention.

*Illinois.*—This Division has passed through a most successful year under the leadership of Mrs. Ernest S. Bell. Its obligations have all been met promptly. The book, "The Women of the South in War Times," has been given to all the principal libraries of Chicago, while many histories and pamphlets on the South have found a welcome in the universities and libraries of this Northern city.

So rapidly are the members of Camp No. 8, U. C. V., of Chicago, Ill., passing away that the Daughters have now taken complete charge of the Memorial Day exercises. This year the ceremony at Oakwoods was especially beautiful. The full vested choir of the Holy Cross Episcopal Church furnished the music, and the Hyde Park Post of the American Legion fired the salutes and rendered military homage to the departed heroes. The base of the handsome Confederate monument was covered with red and white roses and wreaths of magnolia leaves, while each of the Daughters and those affiliated with them in the services wore a large white jasmine, a gift from South Carolina to the U. D. C. of Illinois.

Stonewall Chapter entertained the Division on General Lee's birthday, and on President Davis's birthday Chicago Chapter was the hostess, and a unique entertainment was given. After a few introductory remarks on Mr. Davis's life and character by Miss Powell, President of the Chapter, a Daughter from each of the Confederate States narrated some marked service that her State rendered the Confederacy.

*Louisiana.*—On July 10, 1921, the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, U. D. C., celebrated its silver anniversary at the Confederate Home in order that the veteran inmates might participate. A brief history of the Chapter was given by Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, in which she referred to the generous offer made by Charles Broadway Rouss in 1895 to give $100,000 toward the erection of a "Battle Abbey," a like sum to be raised by the people of the South. The people of Louisiana went to work enthusiastically, raised $3,000, and offered a handsome site for the building; but through the years of disappointment and delays in the project it was decided to use the money for educational purposes, so it was given to Tulane University for two scholarships for descendants of Confederate veterans. However, an impetus had been given toward Confederate work, and in 1896 application was made for a charter for the New Orleans Chapter.

Relief and memorial work was at once taken up. The membership increased rapidly and extended its interests. Assistance to the wounded and the passing regiments in the Spanish War and the presentation of a sword to the young colonel of the Louisiana Immunes, U. S. A., Duncan Hood, son of Gen. John B. Hood, C. S. A., on his departure for Cuba, were among its early activities. In 1899 New Orleans Chapter summoned five other Chapters in Louisiana to organize a State Division, and one of its members, Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, was elected President. The convention met again the following year as the guest of the New Orleans Chapter, and in 1902 it entertained the general organization, six hundred delegates being present. Several other times this Chapter entertained the State Convention, the other Chapters there joining in as hosts in late years.

For the veterans' reunions this Chapter has opened rest rooms and assisted in caring for visitors, $6,000 was raised as its part toward the Beauregard monument, and constant contributions have been made to other memorials. For many years its chief care has been the Confederate Home of Louisiana; in one year nearly two thousand dollars was raised for comforts for the veterans there. Eighteen scholarships, medals, and other prizes for essays attest its educational work. Chapter dues are small and its gifts generous. Crosses of honor have been given by this Chapter to Mrs. Margaret Davis Hayes for her father, President Jefferson Davis, to Gustave T. Beauregard for his grandfather, and to Gen. Stephen D. Lee. Two of its members have been honored with

offices in the general organization—Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught as Second Vice President General and Mrs. E. C. Schnabel as Corresponding Secretary General—and five State Presidents have come from its membership. * * * Its meetings are held in the Confederate Memorial Hall, filled with valuable relics, portraits, and flags. Contributions to civil and patriotic work have come as its sphere of action enlarged. On April 6, 1917, the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh and the State Confederate Memorial Day, its members sprang to arms at the call of the country, and by its patriotic work did its part in helping to win the World War. The Chapter membership is now four hundred.

Beautiful flowers were presented by the Chapter to Mrs. Vaught as its oldest charter member and to Miss Nina Harper as the youngest. Refreshments were bountifully served under the spreading oaks. Capt, James Dinkins gave a splendid talk on General Forrest, this being a joint celebration of the Chapter anniversary and the birthday of General Forrest. The Chapter President, Mrs. H. J. Seiferth, presided.

The Fitzhugh Lee and Stonewall Jackson Chapters closed their activities for the summer with luncheons at the Yacht Club, both being most enjoyable.

The Louisiana Division mourns the death of Gen. C. H. Taylor, owner of the Boston *Globe*, for his kindness to the veterans of the Louisiana Confederate Home. Some years ago while in New Orleans he made a visit to the Confederate Home and was deeply impressed. To show his kindly feeling toward those who had fought against him during the War between the States—he wore the blue as a member of the 38th Massachusetts Regiment and was wounded at Port Hudson—he contributed $100 for a special Bunker Hill dinner to those veterans of the gray, and ever since had forwarded a similar amount to make this dinner an annual event. It was only on the Friday before his death that the veterans had taken his framed picture to the dining room, decorated it with flowers and vines, and there enjoyed that annual feast.

*Massachusetts.*—Boston Chapter has again closed a most successful year. The meetings in homes of members have promoted and strengthened the ties of friendship, and much inspiration has been gained.

Donations for the year were as follows: *Per capita* tax to Hero Fund, $55; Ann Carter Lee Home, $35; Peabody Institute, Nashville, Tenn., $50; White House of the Confederacy, $25; Cunningham Memorial. $50; Lee Memorial, $50; Matthew Fontaine Maury Memorial Fund, $10; subscription to the VETERAN for five needy veterans.

Boston Chapter has taken its quota of nine volumes of "Southern Women is War times."

The former President of the Chapter, Mrs. R. H. Chesley, who represented us at the annual convention at Asheville, N. C., was the first person there to announce a contribution of $50 to the General Relief Fund.

The January meeting was a memorial to the South's illustrious heroes, Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. A luncheon was given, at which addresses were made by two prominent men of Boston, followed by an excellent musical program.

The Chapter Historian has devoted five minutes at each meeting to some interesting event in Southern history.

On Memorial Day, May 30, eight members of the Chapter accompanied MacKenzie Garrison Army and Navy Union, down Boston Harbor to a government cemetery, where the grave of a Confederate naval officer was decorated with Confederate flag and a wreath.

It is a matter of regret that Boston Chapter has to report the loss of its first member by death in the passing of Miss Mary A. McIlveene, of Cambridge, a beloved and loyal member.

Twelve new members were added during the year, and the outlook is promising for another substantial increase in the membership during 1922. A new Chapter will probably be organized in Massachusetts in the near future.

Officers elected for the ensuing year at the annual meeting in May were as follows: President, Mrs. J. M. Head; First Vice President, Mrs. A. C. Schmelzer; Second Vice President, Mrs. H. H. Nance; Secretary, Mrs. E. Wilson Lincoln; Treasurer, Mrs. Robert D. Collier; Registrar, Mrs. E. W. Ware; Historian, Mrs. O. F. Wiley.

*North Carolina.*—The Bethel Heroes Chapter, C. of C., of Rocky Mount, has been given the care of the monument erected there to the "Boys of 1861-65" of Nash County by A. H. Ricks, and in May they planted around it sixteen trees to the memory of the boys who made the "supreme sacrifice" in the World War. Every tree bears a marker with the name and rank of the boy and by whom the tree was given, and is registered with the American Forestry Association.

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## *THE U. D. C. IN FRANCE.*

BY MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, RECORDING SECRETARY GENERAL.

At Paris, France, the first European Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was chartered on July 27, 1921.

The organization of this Chapter came about in this way: On January 19, 1918, the Marquise de Courtivron, third daughter of Major General de Polignac, C. S. A., visited Charleston, S. C., as a guest of the city, the Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., acting as hostess for the occasion. Mme. de Courtivron had come to the United States to present her father's sword to the State of Virginia, and after this presentation in Richmond she visited many prominent Southern cities.

At the Lee birthday celebration in Charleston the local Chapter, U. D. C., made Mme. de Courtivron one of its members, publicly presenting the badge of the society to her at the announcement of her election to membership.

From this date Miss Mary B. Popppenheim, then President General U. D. C., and a member of the Charleston Chapter, was constantly in communication with Mme. de Courtivron, especially because of her residence in Neuilly-su-Seine, where the chief overseas work of the U. D. C. was carried on through their seventy endowed beds in the American Military Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly.

In October, 1920, Miss Poppenheim was in Paris and met at Mme. de Courtivron's home in Neuilly her two elder sisters and "over the teacups" suggested the possibility of organizing there a Chapter of the U. D. C., since General de Polignac's family offered so many eligibles for membership. Mme. de Courtivron undertook the task of this organization, and Miss Poppenheim, discovering that the daughter of John Slidell, of the famous Mason and Slidell Commission, was also a resident of Paris, put Mme. de Courtivron in touch with Mme. de Comtesse de St. Roman, who was not only the daughter of Mr. Slidell, but also the niece of General Beauregard. From this combination Mme. de Courtivron has filled out the papers and sent every requisite necessary for the granting of a charter to the Major General de Polignac Chapter, No. 1743, with the following charter members: Knight, Princesse C. de Poliganc; Polignac, Comtesse Chabannes la Police; Cha-

bannes, Comtesse Neufboys; Polignac, Comtesse Michel de Peredon; Polignac, Marquise Crequi Montfort de Courtivron, Slidell, Comtesse de St. Roman; St. Roman, Madame Marchand.

Letters from the Marquise de Courtivron show how splendidly she has undertaken the work thus to establish a memorial to her beloved and distinguished father, who offered his sword to the Confederacy and who displayed such marked military genius in the Red River campaign and in the battle of Mansfield, La. Between the lines of these letters all unwittingly is revealed the charming personnel of the members of this first Chapter on European soil. When the history of the U. D. C. shall be written in the years to come, among the pages recording the achievements of its War President General, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, none will be brighter than that which shall describe the formation of the Major General de Polignac Chapter of Paris, France.

Some extracts are here given from the letter to the Recording Secretary General in making application for the Chapter charter, in which Marquise de Courtivron says:

"*My Dear Mrs. Wright:* It is a great honor and pleasure for me to organize this Chapter, and I trust you will find these papers correctly filled in. You will see that we have decided to name the Chapter for my father. My mother, Princesse de Polignac, is the first on the application form, then come my two elder sisters and myself, then the married daughter of my eldest sister, and lastly the Comtesse de St. Roman, whose father was Mr. Slidell, the Confederate commissioner to France, and her daughter, Mme. Marchand, wife of one of our noted generals in this war and the hero of the Fashoda Expedition. * * *

"It is indeed for us a most inspiring thought that this Chapter will bear the name of our dear father and be a memorial of his soldier life in the South."

The U. D. C. of Louisiana have recognized General Polignac's services in part in their monument at Opelousas, La., but this Chapter will be a perpetual historic reminder of his services to the Confederacy whenever the roll of the U. D. C. is called at our annual general convention.

And so this talented daughter has raised to her father's memory "a monument more lasting than bronze," and the United Daughters of the Confederacy welcome to their membership this group of brilliant French women who can claim with them the common heritage of Confederate service which was without fear and without reproach.

# Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."
Flower: The Rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAL GENERAL.

*U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1921*

A Norfolk Poet and Soldier, James Barron Hope.

Author of "A Wreath of Virginia Bay Leaves." Read "The Charge at Balaklava," "Our Heroic Dead," "The Future Historian," Have a sketch of his life and suggest these poems for school recitations.

*C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1921.*

N. B. Forrest, the "Wizard of the Saddle."

Tell of his exploits and his military genius.

*HILLS OF HOME.*

(To Talladega, Ala.)

BY EVALYN CASTLEBERRY COOK, CHICAGO, ILL.

O hills of home, ye loom in giant size
  Across the far horizon of my dreams.
I do not need an Epimetheus's eyes
  To catch within the past thy distant gleams.

O hills of home, ye call me back to you,
  To silver nights beside the shoals' onrush,
To golden dawns in fragrant forest dew,
  And that transcending joy of youth's first flush.

O hills of home, ye lure me onward too,
  To higher, sterner motives in the thought
Of many things I otherwise would do
  Had I not learned the lessons that you taught;

For when my tears half dim the hills from sight,
  They seem to bear the self-same honored gray
Of armies once encamped upon their height,
  Who fought a noble fight and lost the day.

Among the grasses underneath the trees
  Frail flowers lift their blossoms to the light,
And send a sweet reminder to the breeze
  That still they fly the colors, red and white.

O surely angels must when passing by
  Drop down ofttimes to wander there awhile;
And when at last returning to the sky
  Must pause to leave a blessing and a smile.

And when I strain to pierce the sunset mist,
  Its rosy lips in yonder mosaic dome
Seem to have left some splendor when they kissed
  The flame-capped peaks I know as hills of home.

The Soul of Lee.—Berkeley Minor, who was a private in the Rockbridge Battery, Stonewall Brigade, A. N. V., writes of something a friend had told him of the feeling for General Lee by those who were associated with him. This friend was in Lexington, Va., and "Uncle Tom," the faithful old servant of General Lee, came on an errand to the house where she was staying, when she asked him to tell her something of General Lee. He replied: "Mistis, I was with the General all the time. I saddled his horse and done everything for him; but I ain't never seen him mad. I've seen him troubled, O so troubled; but I never seen him mad."

Mr. Minor writes further: "An old Confederate once said to me: 'I can't think long about Lee without tears.' So now in writing this, though 'tis an old grief and almost too great for tears. General Lee was one of the few great men, great even to the valet de chambre. Gamaliel Bradford in his beautiful portrait of Lee says he wearies a little of such perfection and would fain find some fault."

T. B. Cox, of Waco, Tex., writes in renewing subscription: "I will read the Veteran as long as published, or until the limit of life. I hope it will continue to prosper and shed its genial rays all over the South and into every Confederate heart and keep alive the sacred rights and truths so dear to Southern hearts."

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
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MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

*STATE PRESIDENTS*

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
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NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

## *A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.*

*My Dear Memorial Women:* It seems most fitting that we, whose organization stands primarily for memorial work, should have a part in the two most appealing subjects here presented for our consideration, which has for its object memorializing and perpetuating the cause so dear to our heaarts. Since the Jefferson Davis Monument Association has been reorganized and our Confederated Southern Memorial Association has been included in the plan for raising money with which to finish the monument to our only President of the Confederacy, any member will feel it a privilege to have a small part in this work, and you are asked to send your contributions to Mrs. William A. Wright, 99 East Fifteenth Street, Atlanta, Ga. Only a small sum from each one will enable the committee to complete the now half finished monument and have it ready for dedication on the 3d of June next, the birthday of President Davis, with a glorious and fitting ceremonial. Send the list of names of contributors and let every Memorial woman have the privilege of contributing at least the 25 cents asked of each member.

*Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park.*—The second subject for which your interest is asked is the preservation of a part of the Manassas battle field, which, under a charter to be known as the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, has secured an option on that part of the land including the Henry house with its collection of relics and the spot upon which our immortal Stonewall stood. This is to be preserved as a memorial park, fittingly commemorating the splendid victory of our boys in gray. And you are asked to raise what amount is possible and send to Miss Mary E. Cook, Belmont, Columbus, Ga., who is general chairman and who would appreciate the coöperation of each State in the appointment by the State President of a chairman to work up interest in her own State. No call appeals more strongly than this one.

*Election Year.*—This being our election year when new officers are to be elected for the coming three years, it will be necessary to call the convention, and with the possibility of no Reunion this year, plans must be made for the convention by your Advisory Board and your President General in conference with the Sons of Veterans, and due notice sent out so soon as definite decisions are made. Please plan for good representation from each Memorial Association and let us have a working convention which may plan for a greater work in perpetuating our cause, realizing that on each one of us depends the success or failure to make of our Association the strong force which we would have it to be, a definite place in the history of the nation.

*Locating Unmarked Graves.*—From Mrs. W. O. Temple, the splendid President of the Denver (Colo.) Memorial Association, comes the message that that Association is undertaking to locate and mark all graves of Confederate soldiers, of which there are a great number, in and around Denver. This brings the thought that there is probably much work along this line yet undone, and the appeal is to you, each one, to seek out every grave in your section if any remain unmarked and let us before another year passes see to it that every known grave shall bear a proper marker. They gave their all these heroes of ours, even their lives for us. Can we do more than to see that their last resting places are cared for as a sacred trust lovingly and tenderly kept?

Keep ever in your heart of hearts our motto, "Lest we forget."

Yours in joyful and loving service,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

## *ASSOCIATION NOTES.*

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

The thought has come to me with the knowledge of a great wave of loving service that is sweeping over the world to-day, a service of planting trees, that it would be a beautiful thing for every Memorial woman to plant a tree for some Confederate soldier. Some one whom you knew and loved, perhaps, or some one whom your mother loved and who died back yonder in the sixties when chivalry and honor were the elements that moved the minds and hearts of our noble sons and daughters of the South. It is such a little thing to do to plant a tree, and yet what a beautiful expression to give to one's love and affection. A tree can be bought for a very small sum. Maybe you can get a tree for nothing. Sometimes I feel that trees have souls and a language given to them by God which makes the world better. Then when you have found one of those unmarked graves where our dead are sleeping, plant a tree near it, and if the sleeper's soul is free,

"Hovering, 'twill find that tree."

The American Forestry Association, at Washington, D. C., has small bronze markers that you can get for $1.25 or maybe a little more. They are inscribed with the name of the one for whom the tree is planted and the name of the one planting the tree. These markers are fastened to the tree and indicate them as memorials. And there is such a need for planting trees now. And so many are planting memorial groves, memorial highways, or single memorials for some loved and honored one. Then think it over and see if you can plant a tree beside the grave of every soldier whose grave you find this year, and then plant one for every dead Confederate hero wherever you see a place where a tree is needed. Future generations will bless you if you do this service now.

And there is something else that seems fitting at this time, and that is to consider a permanent memorial building where

the Memorial women can hold their meetings and have something to represent their wonderful work in preserving the sentiments and traditions of the Old South through so many long and eventful years. Richmond, Va., would be a good place for such a memorial building and would be a desirable place for the Memorial women to go for their conferences. New Orleans is another good place, and there is no place more appropriate than Columbus, Ga., where the Memorial Association had its birth over half a century ago. Patriotic organizations throughout the country are building chapter houses and museums. Then why cannot the C. S. M. A. have its own home where the work can go on and an impetus be given to the younger generations, who should be taught the true history of the Southern heroes and keep the Association forever active in its beautiful and unselfish work? If other organizations can have chapter houses and museums, so can the Memorial women have a place of their own which will in part show what they have been doing to keep alive their work.

The Margaret A. Wilson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, which is the largest C. of C. Chapter and named for your President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, has planned to plant a tree in honor of Mrs. Wilson in the Authors' Grove at Piedmont Park, where the Writers' Club has planted forty-three trees for dead and living authors. This year the trees will be for other distinguished persons, and the planting of a tree in honor of Mrs. Wilson is a pretty tribute to her.

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## *JAMES CARTER COOK, JR.*

The following article appeared in the *Enquirer-Sun*, of Columbus, Ga., a few years ago and is copied here by request:

"In a roster of the membership of the famed Nelson Rangers, one of the most gallant and distinguished commands that went out from Columbus, Ga., during the War between the States, was the name of Donald Cook. This was really James Carter Cook, Jr., son of James Carter Cook, of this city. His nickname among his intimates was 'Don,' and some presumed that his name was Donald, hence in compiling the company membership it was so written. Mr. Cook was one of the most gallant and popular members of the command. He was a brave soldier and was zealous in the service of the Confederacy. His superior officers reposed great confidence in him, and it is recalled that on one occasion Gen. Stephen D. Lee sent him with some important dispatches to another commander. He was unfortunately wounded and captured by the Federals, but managed to conceal the papers, as, owing to his youth, his captors did not suspect that he was the bearer of important papers.

"It is but just to this brave Confederate soldier to publish his name in full; for while his comrades will always speak of him as 'Don,' it should be known generally to whom reference was made."

Miss Mary E. Cook, of Columbus, adds the following:

"When wounded in the Tennessee Mountains, 'Don' was left alone on the roadside with no companion except his beautiful iron-gray horse Forrest, named for the great Confederate general; but very soon he was rescued by a passing party, who carried him to the home of Mr. Jerome Pillow, a brother of Gen. Gideon Pillow, of the Confederate army, where he was tenderly cared for until well enough to be sent home.

"Soon after the fortunes of war brought General Pillow, his son George, and his daughter, Mrs. Brown, to Columbus, and while there they were the guests of the Cook family. In making a hurried departure General Pillow overlooked his sword. Years afterwards Mr. Lamar Chappell, then sojourning in Memphis, Tenn., came home on a visit, and Mrs. Cook asked him if he had met any members of the Pillow family while in Tennessee. He said: 'Yes, I know several members of the family.' So the sword was brightly burnished and sent to Mrs. Brown, General Pillow's daughter.

"James Carter Cook was later in life Dr. J. Carter Cook, of Columbus. He left two sons: James Carter Cook, of Atlanta, and Benning Peyton Cook, of San Francisco, Cal."

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## *HIDDEN TREASURE.*

How the money of the State Bank of Georgia was successfully hidden during Sherman's march to the sea and how the entire sum, which was between $150,000 and $200,000, was returned to the bank virtually intact makes a strange story. An old subscriber sends us the tale.

On the evening of November 28, 1864, Wallace Cumming, cashier of the bank at Savannah, was ordered to take the money out of danger, for Sherman was approaching the city. Cumming's wife, who subsequently wrote the story of the adventure for her grandchildren, accompanied him on a special train that was hurrying to cross the Altamaha River before the Southern troops cut the bridge. The gold was packed in nail kegs. At Thomasville they hired an empty store and placed the kegs of gold there. Jerry, one of Cumming's servants, took turns with a man named Ross in guarding the store at night.

Later they transported the money to Macon, where the State bank had a branch office, In April, 1865, news came that another Federal force was making its way southward, and what to do with the money became again an anxious question.

Finally they decided to wear what gold they could, bury some, and sink the rest in a deep well. Each member of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nesbit, with whom the Cumming family had lived for six months, wore wide belts made of heavy linen, which they stitched full of $20 gold pieces. That, of course, took care of a comparatively small sum. Every day Mr. Cumming made several trips between the house and the bank, and on each trip he came home loaded with money. Nesbit, who owned a large iron foundry, cast a long, round iron bar about the width of a $20 gold piece and sharpened at one end. One night Nesbit and Cumming went out into the front yard, which was a mass of rosebushes in full bloom. They thrust the rod down close to the roots of a bush and as deep as their united strength could sink it; then they filled the hole with gold eagles, which they dropped in one by one, and threw loose earth over the top. In that way they buried between $30,000 and $40,000, and they kept a record of how much was buried under each rosebush. The rest of the money they sewed up in little bags, which they placed in boxes and let down into a deep well. Two days after the gold was buried the Yankee army took possession of Macon and seized the assets of two or three other banks in Savannah.

Cumming was captured, but all that the army found in his vault was several barrels of Confederate money and a few hundred dollars in silver that he had not had time to hide.

The money remained in the garden and in the well more than two years, and all of it was recovered and returned to the bank at Savannah except one small package of gold $1 pieces, which was lost in the mud and water.

[This was copied from a newspaper reprint from the *Youth's Companion* after being submitted to Adjt. D. B. Morgan, of the Savannah (Ga.) Confederate Association, who says it is given correctly.—EDITOR.]

# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

*OFFICERS, 1919-20.*

**Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest**
**Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton**
**Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.**

**[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]**

## *CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.*

R. M. Wells, Commandant of the Thomas D. Johnston Camp, Asheville, N. C., reports that the Camp has increased its membership and now has an ample fund with which to finance the needy veterans. Mrs. C. M. Brown is Chairman and Treasurer of the Entertainment Committee.

* * *

A prominent group of women, led by Mrs. Henry W. Keyes, wife of Senator Keyes and a native of Virginia, will endeavor to obtain permission fo the government to restore the Lee mansion at Arlington to its former beauty. The fine old home of the great Southern general now stands in the center of Arlington National Cemetery, a mere shell of its former grandeur.

* * *

Commander in Chief N. B. Forrest recently appeared before the Orleans Parish School Board, New Orleans, La., to protest against the adoption of the Beard and Bagley history for use in the public schools, which he charged is unfair to the South. Commander Forrest has blocked the entrance of this history in other Southern States. After hearing the arguments against the book, Superintendent J. M. Gwinn announced that the history had been withdrawn from the examining committee and is not being considered for adoption.

* * *

A picnic was held at Manassas, Va., on July 21 under the auspices of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park., Inc., the agent through which the South will carry out plans for this memorial project. Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, President, presided.

Major Ewing was presented with a gavel made from the "Jackson Tree" by Miss Isabelle Hutchison. The principal speakers were Major Ewing, Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Chairman of the Finance Board, and Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi.

The invited speakers and guests of the corporation were entained, along with accredited newspaper representatives, by the Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Prince William County.

Dr. Owens said in part:

"The Manassas Battle Field Park will be located on the Lee Highway, a great boulevard that is named for the famed chieftain of the South, and will be brought in close proximity to the Federal capital. As Manassas is only about thirty miles from Washington, it is certain that it will become one of the historic spots adjacent to the Capital that will be visited annually by thousands of visitors and tourists. It will become a patriotic shrine and will be the South's tribute to valor. It will be sectional only in its initiation and control, as it will pay honor to the gallant soldiers of both armies who fought on this field.

"There are those who refer to Gettysburg as the Waterloo of the Confederacy. The South, however, will be able to point to her Austerlitz, Manassas. Gen. Winfield Scott, when asked for an explanation of the defeat of the Union army on that field that became an utter route, exclaimed that the men opposing the Union army at Manassas were the men who followed him into the city of Mexico.

"Virginia has recently presented to Great Britain a replica of the Houdon statue of Washington, and it was officially received and given a place of honor in Trafalgar Square. An example of the complete reconciliation between America and Great Britain was in evidence during the World War when King George saluted 'Old Glory' as he received the boys in khaki of the American army passing in review at Buckingham Palace. There ended the Revolution.

"A greater and more significant result has followed the War between the States. Instantly after Appomattox the stars representing the South that for four years had been stricken from the flag were put back into the field of blue, and for years now the figure of Lee has stood on a pedestal, the equal of Washington, beneath the dome of the Federal Capitol in the nation's Hall of Fame.

"I predict that the day will come when the figure of Jefferson Davis will be placed by Mississippi or by the South in the nation's Capitol and will be respected as the exponent of the theory of government that rested on the Constitution as the fathers who wrote that instrument interpreted its meaning, and his record as a patriot will be cherished as a graduate of West Point, an officer in the army of the United States, the hero of the battle of Buena Vista, as a United States Senator, as Secretary of War (who really reorganized the army against which the forces of the Confederacy contended), as the President of the Confederate States of America, and as such the chief magistrate of a nation more populous than that for which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and the commander in chief of armies for greater than those of which Washington was general. The fact that Davis was never tried for treason and that the North did not vindicate its position in its own courts stands as a monument to the constitutional integrity of the South's course."

Dr. Owens detailed many evidences of the larger understanding between the North and the South. On this theme he said in part: "Judge Alton Parker, in an address in New York a few weeks ago, said there would have been no war had the North understood the South. It was not a slavery question, but a constitutional question that was at issue. Judge Parker stated that Thomas Jefferson wrote two indictments against England in the Declaration of Independence for forcing slavery on the South, but those indictments were stricken out by a vote of the Northern representatives."

In conclusion Dr. Owens discussed the nature of the Manassas memorial as such and as an educational force to teach the facts of impartial history, not in bitterness or enmity, but simple loyalty, teaching the great lessons that are now the common heritage of America. He quoted the lines written by a young Kentuckian during the World War avowing the solidarity of America:

"Here's to the blue of the wind-swept North
When we meet on the fields of France:
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the sons of the North advance!

Here's to the gray of the sun-kissed South
When we meet on the fields of France:
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the sons of the South advance!

And here's to the blue and the gray as one
When we meet on the fields of France:
May the spirit of God be with you all
As the sons of the flag advance!"

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### *WHY DID HE EAT MULE MEAT?*

J. D. Harewell, of Company I, 20th Alabama Infantry, Pettus's Brigade, writes from Pachuta, Miss.:

"If J. M. Eakin, of Whelen Springs, Ark., writing to Col. J. H. Stiles in the June VETERAN, ate mule meat at Vicksburg on the 4th of July, 1863, it was his own fault, for General Grant sent barrel after barrel of crackers and other food over to us early that morning. There is no doubt that he ate it during the siege, but not on the morning of the 4th.

I was Gen. S. D. Lee's secretary, or clerk, and messed with the General and staff. About eight or ten days before the siege ended Major Hollingsworth, our commissary, told General Lee in my presence that he had better draw enough meat to last a week or so, as the next issue would take it all, and then the next issue would be mule meat. General Lee said: 'No, I can eat what my men have to eat.' A night or two afterwards we had mule steak for supper. It was preferable to the old, poor blue beef we had been eating for some days; nor was it as tough, and we all were smacking our mouths and enjoying it hugely when suddenly General Lee arose from the table, excused himself, and walked off. 'Well, gentlemen,' said he on his return, 'you may have all my share; for while it tastes better than the beef we've had, yet the longer I chew it the larger it gets, and I just had to get rid of it.' That was the only kind of meat we had from then to the end of the siege, the 3d of July.

"General Pemberton surrendered on the 3d in preference to the 4th to avoid more useless slaughter and greater crowing on the part of the Yanks, as they wanted to say they captured us on the Fourth of July.

"On the morning of the 3d, as soon as General Grant learned our condition, he sent quantities of food over to us, and barrels of hard-tack were placed all along the line so we might munch on them all day if we wished. A lieutenant came over and entered into conversation with me, in which he remarked that had they known our trenches were so sorry they would have been over us long before. I asked him why they didn't come over us on the 22d of May, as our works at the last were far better. 'Well,' said he, 'you boys did us up badly that day, but we expected to come over you to-morrow.' I asked how many they expected to lose, and he answered 'about fifteen thousand,' when we had only eighteen thousand effective men in the whole line, while they had over one hundred thousand.

"Comrade Eakin also says General Pemberton sold us out on the 4th. He is mistaken, as I have shown, though the report was current all through the army; but as Pemberton was never court-martialed, it couldn't have been true. Besides, he continued to rank high among the high officials at Richmond, which would have denied him if he had been a traitor. I have never heard of his being censured in any report.

"The most remarkable case I ever heard of happened in Vicksburg. Col. I. Marks, of the 26th Louisiana Regiment of Infantry, was eating supper when a Parrot shell came over and exploded above him, a long fragment tearing the back of his head to pieces. The doctors took out a lot of his brains, fragments of his skull, and a lot of clotted blood. In a few days he was conscious, but a piece of skull began to press down on his brain, and they had to open and cut it away, taking out more brains. When the siege ended he was still alive. Twenty-five years or more after the surrender I met a drummer from New Orleans who told me that Colonel Marks was still living and was a big wholesale grocer in New Orleans at the time. I saw him in bed at a private house a few days before the siege ended, and I never dreamed he would get out of that bed alive. I am now in my seventy-eighth year."

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### *IN THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGNS.*

[The late Dr. W. S. Grimes of Wapello, Ia., a sketch of whom appears in this number of the VETERAN, contributed these notes on his war service some months before his death.]

I enlisted with the Greenbrier Riflemen, organized at Lewisburg, Va. (now W. Va.), under Captain Morris. We marched to Charleston, in Kanawha Valley, with the Richmond Grays, under command of Capt. O. Jennings Wise. Then both companies became a part of the 59th Virginia Infantry under Colonel Anderson. We engaged in a number of small battles between Charleston and Lewisburg, were then sent to Richmond, and on to Roanoke Island, N. C., where our army was defeated by Burnsides. Our regiment with much of our army was captured. Colonel Anderson informed us that any who wished to get away might do so; so three of us, Graves, Tucker, and I, followed the shore a short distance until we found a small skiff, in which we made our escape across the Albemarle Sound to Nags Head, and from there we found our way to Norfolk City.

This was in February, and from the exposure of the trip I was taken down with brain fever and sent to a hospital at Portsmouth. I was convalescing when the Merrimac made her attack on the Union vessels at Crany Island, accompanied by the Jamestown and Patrick Henry, as I now remember. I sat on the porch with Dr. Bell's field glasses and watched the battle until about dark, when a magazine of one of the enemy's vessels exploded.

After my recovery I was sent back to West Virginia and became a member of Company B, 26th Virginia Battalion, better known as Edgar's Battalion. Some of the more important battles we engaged in were: Lewisburg, W. Va., and New Market, in the Valley of Virginia, where we met and defeated Sigel on May 15. The cadets from the Military Institute at Lexington were in that battle with us. We then joined Lee's army at Hanover and remained with him until after the battle of Cold Harbor. Then we went to Lynchburg to meet Hunter. After defeating him, we moved down the Valley and engaged in a battle at Kernstown; then we made a charge and captured the forts at Winchester; then on to Washington, D. C., but we lay in sight of the city one day without an engagement. We then retreated to the Valley of Virginia, and our last big battle was at Cedar Creek on the 19th of October. I waded the Shenandoah River twice in the evening and night in getting away. It was a cold bath, but I preferred it to being captured.

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### *THE BATTLE OF HARTSVILLE, MO.*

BY W. J. COURTNEY, LONG BEACH, CAL.

My mind has been running back fifty-seven and a half years ago on a little fight, a hot one while it lasted, by the Federal forces of General Blunts's command and the Confederates under General Shelby and Col. John C. Porter at Hartsville, Mo., on January 11, 1863. Colonel Porter, without waiting for Shelby to arrive, made the attack on the Federals, who were preparing to evacuate and retreat; but they

were ambushed in a heavy black-jack thicket bordering on the road which had a strong rail fence on the other side, and when Porter got well in the trap the concealed Federals poured in a terrific fire, which threw them into great confusion.

Shelby, coming up, heard the uproar, and without waiting for orders he rushed his command forward, dismounted his men, and charged to gain possession of the fence and strike the Federal flank. But the Federals held the fence, and twice Shelby's Brigade was beaten back. On the third charge Shelby drove the enemy before him and saved Porter's Brigade and the day; but the loss was fearful. Col. John M. Wimer and Col. Emmet MacDonald were killed, Col. John C. Porter was shot from his horse seriously wounded, and General Shelby was hit on the head, his life being saved by the bullet glancing from a gold badge he wore on his hat.

That night of January 11 the dead were buried by starlight. It's a wonderful duty for soldiers to fight hard all day and then to bury their dead comrades by night.

Colonel Wimer and Colonel MacDonald were citizens of St. Louis before the war for many years. Colonel Wimer had been mayor of the city and was well known and universally respected. Col. Emmet MacDonald was born and reared there. Both of these men were highly respected citizens of St. Louis.

From the Missouri volume of the "Confederate Military History" I take the following: "The bodies of both were taken to the city by their friends for burial. But the provost marshal there, Franklin A. Dick, refused to allow them decent Christian burial, had their bodies taken from the homes of friends at night, and buried in unknown and unmarked graves in the common potters' field."

[A fuller sketch of this battle by some survivor would be appreciated.—Editor.]

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*LEVI MILLER, CONFEDERATE VETERAN.*

Levi Miller was born a slave, and as such he followed his young master through the war, waiting on him faithfully and nursing him with devotion when wounded. So marked were the services he thus rendered that some years ago the comrades of his master in Virginia had his name added to the pension roll of that State, and he was thus honored and cared for by the old commonwealth to his death. The Confederate Camp had a representation at his funeral, and his casket was draped with the Confederate flag, which was later raised over his grave. He died early in March of this year, and his body was taken from his home, near Winchester, Va., to Lexington, and there buried in the negro cemetery, for it was his request that he be laid away in his native county of Rockbridge, for which he had an abiding affection.

Levi Miller was a mulatto, of stalward frame and fine intelligence. He was born a servant of Mrs. Anne Maria McChesney McBride, widow of Col. Isaiah McBride, and grew up on one of those beautiful Rockbridge farms on Hays Creek. For the family he always had the utmost affection and a respect bordering on reverence. One of the sons of the family was John McBride, who had settled in Texas before the war, but came back to Virginia at the beginning of hostilities as an officer in one of the regiments of Hood's Brigade. Levi Miller went into the war with him as his body servant, and when the young master was so fearfully wounded in the Wilderness campaign in 1864 and left in his tent in what was thought a dying condition, Levi nursed him back to life. Though Captain McBride recovered, he was much crippled thereafter and died many years ago in his adopted State of Texas.

After the war Levi Miller worked and saved and became the owner of a small estate in Frederick County, his orchard providing comfortably for his old age, and he lived to be eighty-five years old. From time to time he would visit the old scenes in Rockbridge County and was welcomed by all who knew him. He had the gift of telling of ante-bellum days with rare interest, and his affection for the old county and its people continued to the end of life.

Could an institution under which such affection was created be other than beneficent in greatest part?

---

*"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.*

The managing editor of "The Women of the South in War Times" has but a brief report to make for the last month of the hot season. However, the committeee is grateful for the receipt of the following contributions toward the publicity fund. These are a contribution of $5 from the Junior Bethel Heroes Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, at Rocky Mount, N. C., sent in through Mrs. R. P. Holt. From North Carolina also come contributions of $1 each from the William D. Pender Chapter, Tarboro; Fort Macon Chapter, Beaufort; Robert F. Hoke Chapter, Salisbury—all through Mrs. L. F. Long, Treasurer.

The Dixie Chapter, of Tacoma, in distant Washington, sent in $1 through Mrs. A. W. Ollar. The Confederate Dames Chapter, of Webb City, Mo., contributed $1 through Mrs. John D. Taylor. The Musidora C. McCorry Chapter, of Jackson, Tenn., sent in $2 through Mrs. J. G. Perry.

It should also be noted that the President General has sent in an order for two copies to be sent to English libraries through Miss Elizabeth H. Hanna, of St. Petersburg, Fla.

Letters from Mrs. Wilbur M. Jones, of Hattiesburg, Miss., and Mrs. Arthur Walcott, of Ardmore, Okla., have promised particular activities as the fall season begins in order that especially good reports may be made of the work done in these Divisions when the delegates meet at the annual convention in St. Louis in November.

It should be added that some individuals are bestirring themselves to see that copies are presented where copies will do good. Recently communications have come from Miss Jessica Smith, of Washington, D. C., with interesting reports of the comments made on "The Women of the South in War Times" from Northern sources—men and women who are grateful for getting the information in this volume published under the auspices of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

---

J. O. McGehee writes from Richmond, Va.: "Please allow me to shake hands through the columns of the Veteran with Comrades W. T. Ellis, of Owensboro, Ky., and W. E. Doyle, of Teague, Tex. I served in Company F, 53d Virginia Regiment, Stewart's (previously Armistead's) Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps. I was wounded at Five Forks and sent to the hospital at Farmville, which was immediately on the line of the retreat. When the two armies approached, pursuers and pursued, I was furloughed and told to go to my home, which was in the same county, and 'remain there until 'called for.' I have never been 'called for' yet, have never surrendered, and never taken the oath of allegiance. But I yield to no man in my love for and allegiance to my dear old native State."

*McKENDREE.*

IN MEMORY OF CAPT. ELLIS McKENDREE.

My heart is sad; I weep for one,
  The bravest of the brave,
Whose battle fought, whose victory won,
  Now fills a hero's grave.

Nor I alone, but thousands more,
  Whose hearts with grief will swell
As they the early loss deplore
  Of one they loved so well.

Kentucky will with sorrow weep
  For him, her noble son,
Who died her olden faith to keep
  That freedom might be won.

Fond hearts will mourn his fate to hear,
  And silent tears be shed
When told the name of one so dear
  Is added to the dead.

At Shiloh through the battle storm
  His gallant band he led,
While shot and shell assailed his form
  And whizzed above his head.

There by a deadly missile maimed,
  They bore him from the field,
As shouts of victory proclaimed
  The foeman forced to yield.

Then once again in Tennessee,
  The pride of his command,
He fought as fight the brave—and fell,
  To gain his native land.

There as around him thickly flew
  The storm of shot and shell,
Pierced by a Minie through and through
  He faint and bleeding fell.

Brave soldier, I would fain thy name
  A nobler tribute pay,
And circle round thine earthly fame
  The laurel and the bay.

Thy lot to fill a stranger's grave,
  Thy home afar from thee,
No truer heart than thine e'er gave
  Its hopes to liberty.

What balm the broken heart may heal,
  How dry the weeping eye
Of loved ones that thy loss will feel
  Beneath thy native sky?

Can tears of mothers, sisters' love
  One pang of pain allay,
A solace to one dearer prove,
  Her sorrow chase away?

Friend of my manhood and my youth,
  The heart that knew thee best
Alone might to thy virtue, truth,
  Thy modest worth attest.

A soul that justice, truth gave birth
  To right and honor wed,
Thy steps seemed in the path of earth
  By unseen angels led.

Here 'neath the light of Georgian skies
  Thy grave will cherished be,
And stranger hearts with tearful eyes
  Enshrine thy memory.

And as the passing age recedes,
  The classic pen shall tell
The story of heroic deeds
  Where brave McKendree fell.

—*J. R. B.*

[This poem, taken from an old copy of the *Intelligencer*, was sent by Mrs. Ellis McKendree Gotcher, of Ada, Okla., whose father, James N. McKendree, was a brother of Capt. Ellis McKendree, and she would be glad to hear from any relative or comrade of her father and uncle.]

---

Mark Y. Judd, of Bandera, Tex., desires to hear from any person who knew him in the Confederate army in 1864-5, Company B, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, Dibrell's Division.

---

J. M. Garvin, of Weatherford, Tex., would be glad to hear from any comrade who served with Henry W. Garvin, who enlisted in Red River County in 1861 as a member of Company H, 1st Texas Legion, commanded by Gen. John W. Whitfield, of Texas.

---

Mrs. Mary E. Wells, of Austin, Tex., wishes to communicate with any one who served in Company C, 3d Texas Infantry, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A. She is trying to get a pension. Her husband, J. E. Wells, enlisted in or near Austin, Tex. Address her in care of the Confederate Woman's Home there.

---

In behalf of Mrs. R. C. Smith, who wishes to apply for a pension, inquiry is made of any surviving comrades or friends for the war record of Lafayette Smith, who enlisted at Saltillo, Miss., in 1862 in a Mississippi infantry regiment; was wounded at Murfreesboro and discharged, after which he joined a Mississippi cavalry regiment, Captain Roddy commanding his company. Response should be sent to H. D. Patterson at Temple, Tex., who makes this inquiry in behalf of the widow.

*LIFE OF GEN. STAND WATIE.*

Mrs. Mabel W. Anderson, of Pryor, Okla., has written a book on the life of Gen. Stand Watie, the only Indian brigadier general in the Confederate army, which also gives all the Confederate history of the Indian Territory. The book should be of great interest to all Southerners and to the lovers of history as well. Price, 55 cents, postpaid. Send all orders to the author.

---

M. W. Stewart, of Quebeck, Tenn., now in his seventy-ninth year, says he has "never surrendered yet." He belonged to the 8th Tennessee Cavalry, York's Scouts, and would like to hear from any of them now living.

---

Mrs. W. H. Thompson, of Meridian, Miss. (Eleventh Street and Thirty-Seventy Avenue), wants some information of the war record of her husband, W. H. Thompson, a member of Grier's Texas Cavalry. She needs this information in order to secure a pension, of which she is in need.

---

Mrs. Annie E. Mauck, of Jamestown, Ohio, wishes to hear from any comrade of her father, Richmond Henry Terrell, of Virginia, who enlisted at Fluvanna Church in 1861 and served as a private under Capt. John J. Ancell, Virginia Light Artillery, C. S. A. (previously Capt. Cary C. Cooke's company of Fluvanna artillery).

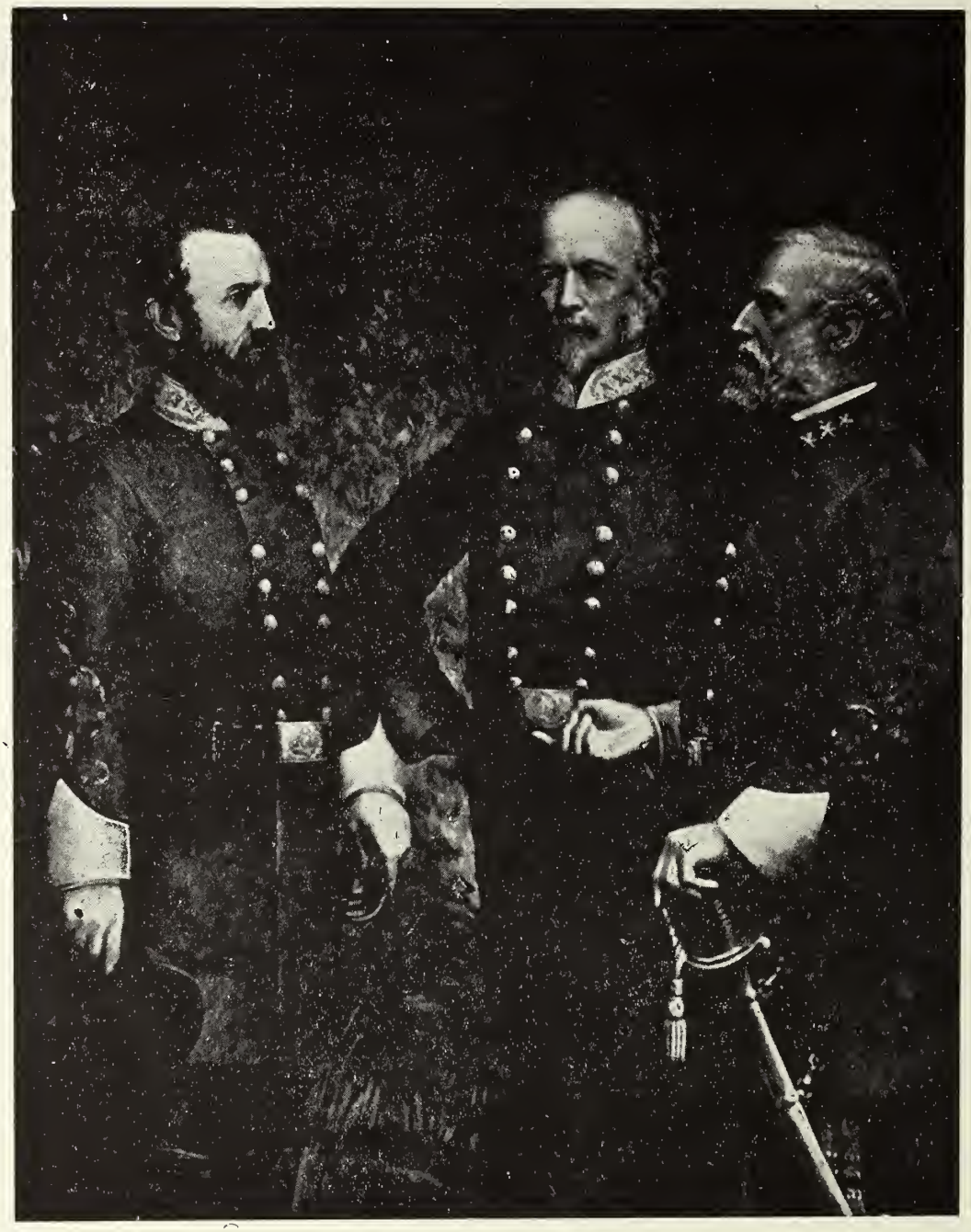
---

J. W. Fenner, of Arlington, Tex. (Box 234), asks that any comrade of his regiment who can testify to his service will write to him. He was with the 4th Mississippi Regiment, under Captain Alexander, and was at Camp Enterprise in 1862; went from there to Vicksburg, where he was discharged. He is now over eighty-five years of age and needs a pension.

---

Mrs. Mary Dyas, widow of Z. T. (Zachery) Dyas, wishes to hear from some comrade of her husband who can testify to his record as a Confederate soldier and a member of Capt. T. Sanders's company, 5th Mississippi Cavalry; the first lieutenant was B. D. Griswold. She desires to apply for a pension, and any response will be appreciated. Address H. D. Patterson, No. 8 North Sixth Street, Temple, Tex.

## THE THREE GENERALS



This splendid group picture of the three greatest generals this country has produced is offered as a handsome steel engraving 18x23½ inches. It is admirable in every way, and the VETERAN commends it above all others as most suitable for presentation to schools, libraries, Camps, etc.; it should also be in every home. The price is $7.50, postpaid. For a limited time it will be sent with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for $8.50. Order from the VETERAN.

# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIX. OCTOBER, 1921 NO. 10

## REUNION

We are gathered here a feeble few
  Of those who wore the Gray—
The larger and the better part
  Have mingled with the clay;
Yet not so lost but now and then,
  Thro' dimming mist we see
The deadly calm of Stonewall's face,
  The lion front of Lee.

The men who followed where they led
  Are scattered far and wide—
In every valley of the South,
  On every mountain side,
The earth is hallowed by the blood
  Of those who, in the van,
Gave up their lives for what they deemed
  The sacred rights of man.

And you who faced the boys in blue
  (When like a storm they rose),
And played with life and laughed at death
  Among such stalwart foes,
Need never cast your eyes to earth
  Nor bow your heads with shame—
Though fortune frown, your names are down
  Upon the roll of fame.

—*Harry Lynden Flash*

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The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
4. A Sketch compiled from authentic sources by Mrs. E. E. Moffitt.

All four sent for $1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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J. S. Richardson, of Delta, La., who was adjutant of the 2nd Arkansas Cavalry, is trying to get a pension and wants to locate some of the officers of that command, which was under Col. W. F. Slemons. He was in Company C, Capt. Thomas M. Cochran, later the Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment. Company C was made up of Louisianians. It seems there is no record of this regiment after 1863, and he wishes to prove that it was in service to the end and was disbanded at Corsicana, Tex., after the surrender. Comrade Richardson was paroled at Shreveport, La., on his way home.


**Confederate Pamphlets**

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All three pamphlets, $1; 2 copies, $1.75. Money order or stamps. Special rates, 10 or more pamphlets to clubs or history classes.

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# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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*OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:*
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. | VOL. XXIX. NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1921. No. 10. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

## *THE REUNION CITY.*

In patriotic spirit the city of Chattanooga, Tenn., met the situation and gave a cordial invitation to the Veterans of the Confederacy to meet there in their thirty-first annual Reunion, and that the entertainment will be equal to that of previous years is the expectation and belief of those who wish to share the hospitality thus extended. The very first general meeting of Confederate veterans was held in Chattanooga in 1890, when the organization was perfected, and to Gen. J. F. Shipp, of that city, is due credit for the conception of this great brotherhood. And those who remember the meeting there in 1913, with its something more than a hundred thousand visitors, have a realization of what Chattanooga is capable of doing.

Everything possible will be done to make this Reunion just as enjoyable and equal in comfort, though the committee had but a limited time for preparation. On this account the mess hall and "tented field" will be eliminated this year, and veterans will be entertained in the homes of Chattanooga. If these are not sufficient, cots and blankets will be furnished at convenient places.

MISS MARTHA DULANEY BACHMAN,
Sponsor for the South, Chattanooga Reunion.

The Reunion program will be similar to all others, with convention sessions at the Billy Sunday Tabernacle, the largest auditorium in Chattanooga. The parade of Thursday will be the crowning feature of the Reunion, as always, and there will be an illuminated parade on the night of the 27th, in which Sons of Veterans, sponsors and maids, members of the American Legion, and students of the public schools will take part. The following is from the Reunion Committee: "Confederate veterans and their friends will find Chattanooga a better city than it was in 1913. The same historic and scenic environment is here; the same warm hospitality that prevailed then will be in evidence at this Reunion; there will be rounds of entertainment, open-air concerts, receptions, balls, and informal dances for the official ladies of the Reunion and for Commanders and their staffs. These will form an outstanding feature of the Reunion, staged somewhat differently from the regulations of other Reunions and more enjoyable to the visitors. There will be boat rides on the Tennessee River through the historic and scenic rapids below the city, where the stream fights its way through a spur of the Cumberland Mountains. Arrangements are under way for one of the most elaborate barbecues for the visitors at a large public park that has ever been provided for any Reunion of the past. Other features for the entertainment of the visitors and guests are being worked out and will soon be announced in the official program of the event. There will be plenty of room and entertainment for all, and the invitation is extended to the Confederate veterans, their friends, and the general public with the assurance that all will be welcome."

*THE REUNION.*

HEADQUARTERS U. C. V., NEW ORLEANS, LA.
September 6, 1921.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 6.

1 The invitation of the historic and hospitable city of Chattanooga, Tenn., for us to hold our 1921 Reunion there has been accepted.

2. Therefore our thirsty-first annual Reunion and Convention will be held in that city on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, October 25, 26, and 27.

3. Officers and Camps will take due notice and endeavor to have all veterans who are able to come again for fraternal and social gatherings.

4. Following the usual custom, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will convene at the same time and at twelve o'clock noon Wednesday, October 26, will meet with us in joint session for their impressive memorial service.

K. M. VAN ZANDT, *Commander in Chief.*

Official:

ANDREW B. BOOTH, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

---

*REUNION SPONSORIAL STAFF.*

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., September 16, 1921.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 7.

1. The General commanding is highly gratified at being able to announce that the following talented Southern women have consented to serve in the official positions named and to grace our Reunion at Chattanooga, Tenn., October 25-27, 1921, by their charming presence—namely:

Matron of Honor, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Paducah, Ky.

Chaperon, Mrs. A. D. McKimbrough, Greenwood, Miss.

Sponsor, Miss Martha Dulaney Bachman, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Maids of Honor Miss, Eva Hall, Macon, Ga,; Miss Alice Richard, Lake Charles, La.; Miss Selene Rountree, Birmingham, Ala.

2. These ladies will be honored and respected in their respective official positions.

The noble women of the South by their loyal devotion gave us courage to endure during the trying four years, 1861–65, and are now our inspiration while we strive for a higher and nobler civilization for our republic.

These official ladies, descendants of worthy Confederate ancestors, bring to us the true spirit of our Southland in loyalty to our traditions and to our great republic.

K. M. VAN ZANDT, *General Commanding.*

A. B. BOOTH, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

---

*SPONSOR FOR THE SOUTH.*

Miss Martha Dulaney Bachman, of Chattanooga, Tenn., sponsor for the South at the thirty-first annual Reunion, U. C. V., is the only child of Judge and Mrs. Nathan Lynn Bachman and granddaughter of Rev. Jonathan Bachman, D.D., Chaplain General U. C. V. Dr. Bachman enlisted as a private in the 19th Tennessee Regiment and, being transferred to Virginia, served in West Virginia under General Lee and in the Romney campaign under General Jackson Later he became captain of Company G, 60th Tennessee Volunteers, and in that capacity commanded the regiment during the siege of Vicksburg on account of the disability of the colonel. He later served as chaplain of the company until the close of the war. His three brothers—Samuel, John Lynn, and Robert L.,—were also Confederate soldiers, as well as his uncle, George Bachman. Samuel died during the war

Dr. Bachman's mother was Frances Rhea, and eighty of the Rhea clan served in the Confederate army. While a prisoner on parole after Vicksburg he married Miss Evalina Dulaney, of Medical Grove, Tennessee Her two brothers were surgeons in the Confederate army, and her five brothers-in-law and the husbands of two nieces were all officers, making in all ten soldiers connected with Medical Grove.

Mrs. Nathan L. Bachman's father, Brodie Duke, served as a private, and her grandfather, Hon. Washington Duke, the well-known philanthropist of North Carolina, was in the Confederate navy with headquarters at Newbern, N. C.

Miss Bachman is still a schoolgirl, and she is the very youngest of those who have been honored with the appointment to this important position with the organization.

---

THE SHRINE AT LEXINGTON.—The number of visitors to the mausoleum of Gen. R. E. Lee at Lexington, Va., averaged one hundred daily during the past summer, according to Mrs. Charles B. Tate, the custodian appointed by the Virginia Division, U. D. C., which has undertaken to maintain a custodian there. To provide a salary for the custodian and to publish pamphlets for distribution to the visitors to that shrine a fund of $30,000 was found necessary, only a part of which has been subscribed so far. This fund was started by a gift of $3,000 from Mrs. Charles E. Senff, of New York, who is a native of Virginia and a member of the Stonewall Chapter at Richmond, Va. Quotas have been assigned each State Chapter, and gifts from other States will doubtless come in.

---

A CORRECTION.—The reference to Col. George H Carmical on page 277 of the July VETERAN as "former Adjutant General U. C. V." is an error unwittingly made by the editor of the S. C. V. page. There have been only three Adjutant Generals of the U. C. V. organization. The first of these was Gen. George Moorman, who was succeeded by Gen William E. Mickle The present Adjutant is Gen. A B Booth. A correction of this was asked by Colonel Carmical, who also writes: "I knew nothing about markers on Manassas field where the 8th Georgia was engaged. The 7th Georgia, to which I belonged, was the only Georgia troops that fought on the Henry house plateau, July 21, 1861."

---

REUNION AND UNVEILING.—The Grand Camps of Virginia Confederate Veterans will hold their annual reunion in Charlottesville October 18-20, at which time the monument recently erected there to Stonewall Jackson will be unveiled. This splendid equestrian statue of the great leader is the gift of Paul Goodloe McIntire to the city, and a companion statue of General Lee will be placed later on by the same generous and public-spirited citizen. The ceremonies of the unveiling of the Jackson monument will take place on the second day of the reunion, October 19.

---

Hugh Davidson writes from Shelbyville, Tenn.: "On the 27th of June, 1863, I witnessed a desperate saber fight between a Lieutenant Logan, of Memphis, Tenn., a Confederate officer, and three Federal cavalrymen. He was struck finally by one of them and knocked from his horse. That night he was brought to my father's house and the next morning was carried off as a prisoner Several years ago I saw in the VETERAN that a Lieutenant Logan, then residing in Montana, was in Memphis looking up old comrades. If he is living, I would like to have his address."

*THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.*

When in December, 1913, a movement was started to raise a fund for placing a memorial at the grave of the founder and editor of the VETERAN, who had just died, the idea was to push it through to quick completion. But the World War came on within a few months, and it became necessary to defer to the spirit of the time and let the memorial wait until a more convenient season. It is now eight years since the movement was inaugurated, and many of those so interested in it have passed into the silent land with the one they wished thus to honor. Those who are left will rejoice to learn that the monument will be dedicated the day after the Reunion in Chattanooga, October 28, unless there should be some unforeseen obstacle to further delay it. In either event announcement will be made at the Reunion, so that those who wish to attend the unveiling exercises can do so, and there will be many from a distance who could not otherwise attend.

THE TRIBUTE OF THE SOUTH TO S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

Founder and Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN
January, 1893-December, 1913.

He gathered the history of his people, written in tears, but radiant with glory.

The memorial will be placed on the grave plot in Willow Mount Cemetery at Shelbyville, Tenn. It is a handsome monument of granite and bronze, designed by the noted sculptor, Signor G. Moretti, of Pittsburgh, Pa. The design, as shown in the illustration, is in bronze, and the plate covers the front of the granite shaft, while the inscriptions are cut into the granite base.

This memorial is the tribute of patrons of the VETERAN and other friends who wished to thus express their appreciation of his labor in behalf of true Southern history.

Another tribute to the founder of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN takes the form of a scholarship in Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville, which will be called the S. A. Cunningham Memorial Scholarship. The fund for this is being raised by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, of whom many Chapters and individual members have also a part in erecting this memorial at the grave.

---

*EARTH'S NOBLEMAN.*

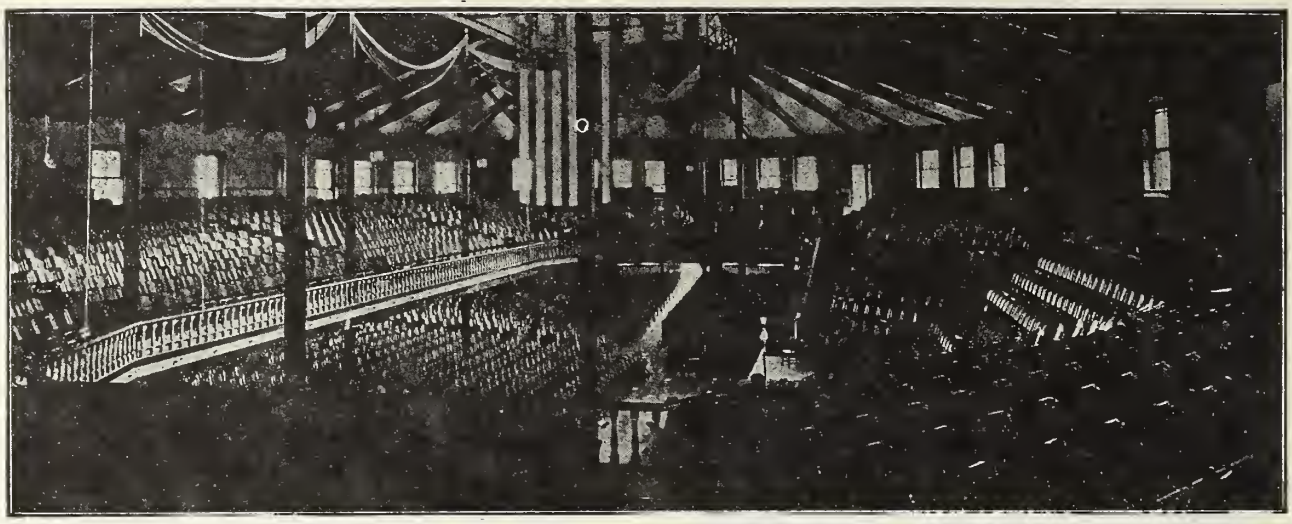
BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY.

He who, for love of country, gives
  His highest effort to preserve
The noble record of brave lives,
  That fought and died their land to serve,
Is just as real hero brave
  As he who met fierce battle's shock
And filled brave soldier's unmarked grave—
  Each sprung from Heaven's hero stock!

The name we exalt here to-day—
  Brave champion of our Southland clan—
We who have known him well will say
  Is name of Earth's true nobleman.
Here where his sacred ashes rest
  We raise fit tribute of our love,
To mark how well he stood life's test.
  His spirit rests with God above,

And we who've known him all his busy years
Unveil his monument with smiles—and tears.

The monument soon to be unveiled in memory of the honored and beloved founder of the VETERAN at Shelbyville, Tenn., his old home, will fitly symbolize the deathless love and reverence in which this faithful and tireless collector of Confederate records was held by the many thousands of his countrymen. No man since the last defiant bugle blast rang upon the April air had shown such loyal and untiring zeal in defending the dauntless purpose and inalienable right of the Southern States to found a government on their own matchless ideals as did our Comrade Cunningham, who founded the VETERAN and gave it a lofty standard of truth with the tragic record of high hopes and daring valor of a brave and noble people. His work will live after him and his memory will be ever lovingly and admiringly cherished in the hearts of the people of his dear Southland.—*H. G. B.*



AUDITORIUM IN CHATTANOOGA WHERE REUNION SESSIONS WILL BE HELD.

*HOW THE SOUTH CARES FOR ITS VETERANS.*

The provision made by the Southern States for their soldiers of the Confederacy is a matter of continual interest not only to the recipients of this bounty, but to others who are anxious that those who gave the best of themselves in their young manhood should be amply provided for in the evening of their lives; and that such provision is increased from time to time shows the desire on the part of the States to do the best possible for them. Inquiry of the different pension boards has brought out the following information:

Alabama makes an annual appropriation of $1,350,000 for veterans and widows, the veterans receiving $150 per year each, paid quarterly. The widows are divided into three classes. Those in first class are over eighty years of age and receive $100 yearly, those in second class are over seventy and receive $80 yearly, those in third class are under seventy years and receive $64; all payments are made quarterly. However, any widows totally blind are placed in first class, whether of the age required or not.

Number of veterans on the pension roll at last April distribution was 4,886; number of widows, 7,342.

Arkansas appropriated for the year of 1921 the sum of $1,150,000 for Confederate pensions, both veterans and widows, and the pro rata is about $125 for each pensioner. There are some 9,500 on the rolls, and no distinction is made for disability. This State appropriated $94,730 for the current expense of the Confederate Home and $15,000 for additional buildings there; also there is an appropriation of $5 per month for each inmate of the Home, which is paid to them in cash.

Georgia appropriated in 1920 the sum of $1,750,000 for both veterans and widows. The largest disability allowance is $175 for loss of leg or arm; smallest pension is $100 per year. There is an annual increase of $25 per year in this pension allowance for the next four years. Number of pensioners, 16,352.

Florida now makes an annual appropriation of $300 each for veterans and the same amount for widows; there is no distinction for disability. Number of veterans on pension rolls, 1,578; widows, 2,537. There is also an appropriation of $25 per month for the support of each inmate of the Confederate Home.

Kentucky makes no distinction between veterans and widows, paying each $12 per month, quarterly. There are 1,076 veterans on the pension rolls and 1,220 widows. The annual appropriation for the Confederate Home is $53,000.

Louisiana has about 5,400 pensioners on the rolls, the number of veterans and widows being about equal. The pension to each has been $200 per year, the total appropriation being $783,000, and will possibly be increased by the legislature now in session. There is an appropriation of $65,000 for the annual support of the Confederate Home, in which there are forty-nine inmates.

Mississippi reports an annual appropriation of $800,000, of which soldiers and sailors receive $345,310, which is prorated after deductions are made for the preferred classes; the widows get $407,174.50 and the servants $237,360.50. The largest amount allowed for disability is $200, and the prorate for 1921 was $84.50. There are 3,451 veterans on the rolls, 4,645 widows, and 557 servants. This State was the first to make this provision for the loyal negro servants. The last appropriation for the Confederate Home, covering two years, was $237,469, of which $17,000 was for repairs.

Missouri gives a pension of $120 per year to veterans; none to widows. There are 1,100 pensioners of that State. The Confederate Home at Higginsville has some 232 veteran inmates, and fifty-two of them have their wives there.

Oklahoma makes an annual appropriation of $375,000 for Confederate pensions. The largest amount allowed for disability is $15 per month; ordinary pension, $10. Number of veterans on rolls, 2,761. The annual appropriation for the Confederate Home is $38,000, and each inmate receives $5 per month in addition to maintenance.

North Carolina has now an appropriation for pensions of $1,000,000 annually, with some 10,200 on the rolls, about equally divided. The largest amount allowed for disability is $180 per year, paid annually through the county courts; the smallest amount is $70, paid semiannually. The appropriation for the Confederate Home is $60,000 annually, and $30,000 was allowed this year for repairs and improvements.

South Carolina has an appropriation of $600,000 for pensions, with some 10,000 on the rolls, of which 3,500 are veterans and 6,500 widows. The veterans receive from $36 to $120 per year, the widows $58.

Tennessee has on its pension rolls 2,629 veterans, drawing $157,830 quarterly; 3,172 widows, drawing $95,166 per quar-

ter; 48 servants, drawing $1,440 per quarter—a total of 5,849, with a quarterly allowance of $254,436. The allowance is $20 per month for veterans, $10 per month for widows, and $10 per month for servants. This State allows $240 per year for each inmate of the Confederate Home, in addition to what is raised on the farm of 462 acres.

Texas pensions all veterans and widows equally, and the present allowance is $24 per quarter; there is no distinction for disability. There are now about 15,500 on the rolls. An allowance of $12 per quarter is made for each inmate of the Confederate Home and the Confederate Woman's Home when they would be eligible for a pension, this in addition to the amount appropriated for support of these Homes.

Virginia appropriates $830,000 annually for its veterans and widows. The largest allowance is $200 per year for blindness; total disability otherwise, $100; partial disability, $75. All widows get $60 per year. Number of veterans on rolls, 5,271; widows, 4,508; total, 9,779. The amount of $78,500 is allowed for annual support of the Confederate Home, $12,000 for the Home for Needy Confederate Women, and $10,000 for needy Confederate women not eligible to the pension roll.

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## *WHEN SOUTH CAROLINA SECEDED.*

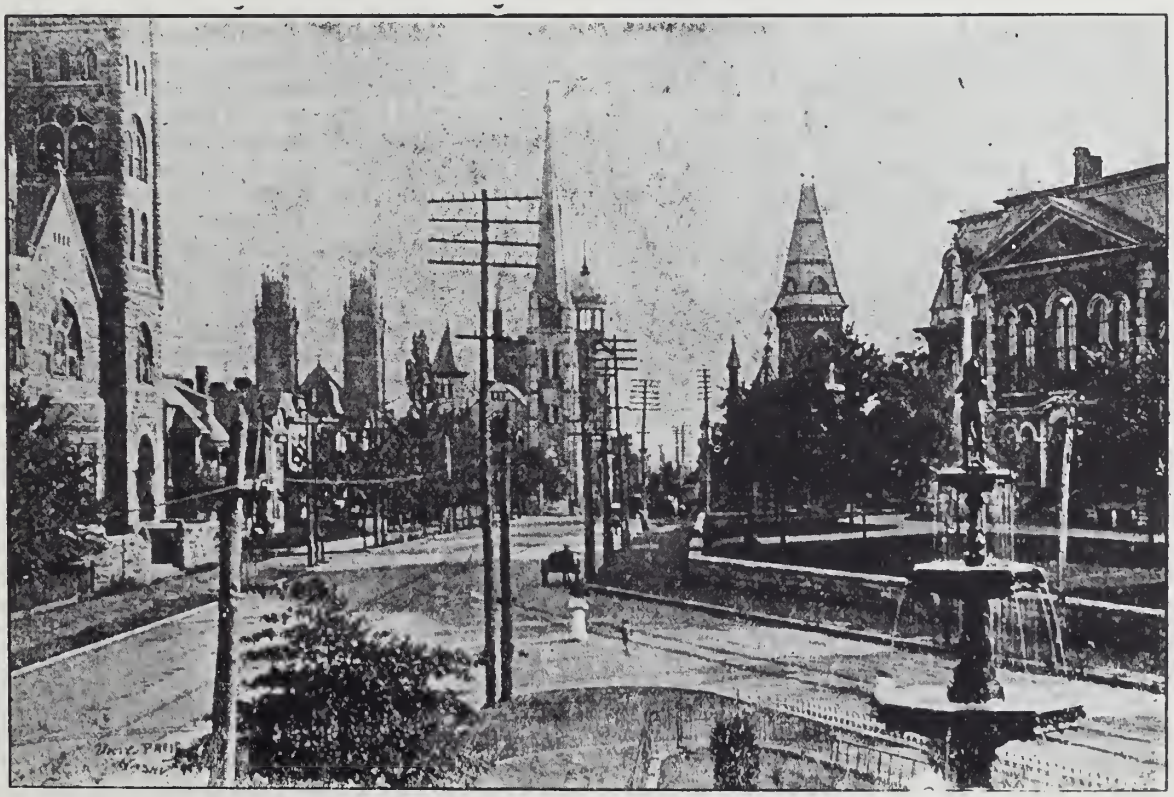
BY CLARA DARGAN MACLEAN, TAMPA, FLA.

No one who took part in the opening scenes of the war, or was even a spectator, can ever forget them. Though but a girl myself, I felt the tumultuous pressure of events and was overwhelmed by that wild, almost fierce, love of country which took possession of the women of the South when the tocsin sounded the first notes of battle. Like those of old Sparta, we were ready to string the bows of our heroes with locks shorn from our own heads or, like those of Rome, to bid them return with their shields or on them. No sacrifice was too heavy, no daring too great for the tender hands and high-beating heart. Alas! we lived to prove our faith by our works.

Residing at that time in the very center of the secession movement (Columbia, S. C.), it was but natural that the first rumbling of the political earthquake should arouse the attention of a comparative child; and later, when the cataclysm burst asunder the American union, I saw the dreadful scene and surveyed with an agony words cannot portray the wreck and ruin which resulted.

Too young to understand "what it was all about," like little Peterkin, I heard as in a dream the tales of long-borne oppression by a political party in power. The magic phrase, "State rights," now become a shibboleth, was echoed and reëchoed from mountain to sea in the tiny triangle of land we fondly called a commonwealth. The name of Calhoun was a household word, and I knew members of his family. Several years before at the home of Governor Means, his father-in-law, I had seen a handsome, cavalier-looking man, and somehow it became known to me that the hand which graciously presented me a cup of tea was the same which laid the historic cane across the shoulders of Charles Sumner. Then and there was born the faith of my forefathers, and I learned the sacred tenet. This young Alcides was the hero of the hour, and a cup of tea made a devout patriot of me. So when on that memorable December 21, 1861, we heard the deafening shouts of applause greeting each delegate as he signed the "Ordinance of Secession" the appeased manes of Preston Brooks seemed to hover over the scene, and one might involuntarily exclaim: "Judge Butler is avenged!"

Little did I dream that five years later I was to behold those very men with bowed heads and set, pale faces revoke that fateful decree. God alone knew what they were to suffer. I can yet see the flashing eyes and hear the ringing voice of



FOUNTAIN SQUARE, CHATTANOOGA.

Judge Aldrich, of Orangeburg, the only man who refused to retract his signature. One may call such an act vain and foolhardy in the face of circumstances, but one does not deny a thrill of admiration for the indomitable spirit which prompted it, the "Courage of conviction."

The December of 1861 was to all serious minds a crisis of immense importance, To us, the young and light-hearted, it was a high carnival. Such mad merriment, such gayety, such a series of exciting events, it is hard to imagine in these humdrum days. Business was almost suspended. Companies of "minutemen" marched and countermarched. The city was at fever heat; the air was thick with rumors. We felt as does an expectant audience before the curtain is rung up on a great play, and professional claquers were not wanting, men whose delight it was to shout and applaud and later on to shirk and skulk. Here follow verbatim selections from my journal:

"November 8, 1861. To-day is the great political crisis, the presidential election. By Monday we will know whether the cry is peace or war. Special prayer was made in all the churches yesterday for our country, and morning, noon, and night petitions went up for Almighty direction in this great matter.

"November 14. Great political excitement. Lincoln has been elected, and war seems inevitable. Visited the studio of Henry Kirk Brown, the sculptor, at work on the marble group for the pediment of the Statehouse. The central figure Peace, is ten feet high, beautifully proportioned. Mr. B. gave me a paper weight, with his initials, made from the first chip from it. (By a strange coincidence this statue was shattered while still in the studio by the first shot from Sherman's cannon in February, 1865. Mr. Brown told the details as narrated to him by eyewitnesses on a visit to their home, Newburg, N. Y., in 1876.)

"November 28. Smallpox has broken out in the city and is creating a panic. A convention has been called, however, and all danger seems forgotten in the intense patriotic strain.

"December 4. A call from Colonel Memminger urging me to come to Charleston. He is a plain sort of man, very earnest and yet dignified. I hope father will consent. The glorious day is approaching when South Carolina will stand, a little Switzerland, for liberty alone in the wide world.

"December 13. The Browns are going home to New York. They are not bitter, but things look so squally that it seems best.

"December 17. The convention meets to-day. It is a shame that ladies are excluded. Three cheers for secession! The Baptist church is our Faneuil Hall.

"December 19. Smallpox is raging, and the convention removed to Charleston. Meets there in Institute Hall to complete the great drama of our freedom. Public in intense suspense.

"December 21, Friday, 2 P.M. The dispatch has just been received that South Carolina is a free and sovereign country. Every bell in the city is ringing, cannon booming, people shouting. The military is out and all in a perpetual roar. Glorious day! Rejoice with me, coming generations, in our overflowing emotions! In the midst of our rejoicings our maid, Hagar, brought a little girl into the world. We have named her Chicora, the Indian name of the State, meaning 'mocking bird,' and added to it 'Secession.'"

The scene of action is now transferred to Charleston, and events are more fully detailed. Governor Pickens, the chief mover in this crisis, was a man of peculiar magnetism, a diplomat as well as a statesman, having returned from Russia, where he was minister plenipotentiary, to be inducted into the gubernatorial office only a few months previous. Several years later I knew him intimately, and while visiting his family at their ancestral home near Edgefield, S. C., he gave me the following outline of what was transpiring at this very time:

"Tuesday, July 14, 1863. Saturday night at Edgewood I mentioned to Governor P. I had seen in a journal of the convention during secret session that he sent a great quantity of arms and ammunition into other States before they seceded. He was amazed, said his secretary, Franklin J. Moses, Jr., afterwards Provisional Governor of the State, with all his 'poking and nosing' had never found out that these things were published, that they had kept them in a record, but had not the least idea of their having been given to the public. However, I could tell him so accurately what was said that he was convinced and then gave me a synopsis of many of his proceedings fraught with great results, which were never publicly known and perhaps never will be until a true history of this war is written.

"In the first place, he had told the delegates from Alabama and Louisiana confidentially on the night of the ratification of the ordinance of secession that he would on the first appearance of anything approaching a hostile nature, seize the forts in Charleston Harbor, and he begged that they communicate with their respective Governors to act in concert as soon as he gave them notice to take similar steps. On December 25 Anderson left Fort Moultrie, and the State took possession. Immediately the forts were seized in Alabama and Louisiana, and, accordingly, having taken such an irrevocable stand, they each called conventions and seceded.

"Tennessee at this time was as far from secession as Massachusetts. But the mayor of Memphis sent privately to Governor P. for cannon and ammunition in case any demonstration should be made on the city. Captain King, of the Marion Artillery, of Charleston, was sent at once with five guns and orders to plant them on the river five miles above Memphis and to fire on every Yankee boat that came down. Captain King followed orders and took several boats, which 'overt act' led to action on the part of the State and ultimately to secession. Across the river some Arkansans, emulating the capture of these rich prizes, hollowed a gum log in lieu of cannon, painted it black, filled it with powder, and, having planted it, hailed the first boat. Not coming to, they fired away, and, scared by the noise, the crew capitulated. The news spread like wildfire; the people of Arkansas grew brave with the demonstration and presently seceded.

"But the most astonishing part was that played by Virginia, dallying so long before acting with her sister States. Believing that the United States government was making ready to force 'the seceders' back, and hoping, while Virginia was deliberating, that she would come, Governor P. sent a secret agent to Fortress Monroe in the guise of a negro trader to inform him how matters were going there. In a short time the young man telegraphed that the guns of the fort were turned upon Virginia, and again a few days later that the navy yard was to be burned. Taking the alarm, Governor P. dispatched to Governor Letcher begging him to prepare for the emergency and to seize the navy yard, where a great number of heavy guns were lying, and several fine war vessels in the harbor. But Governor Letcher did not see the necessity and declined to act. Later, realizing his mistake, he had General Wise ask Governor Pickens for men and ammunition. This was refused till the chief executive himself applied for them. Then started the first men who ever entered Virginia

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

as an army to meet the Federals—Bonham's Brigade, consisting of Gregg's (1st) and Kershaw's (2d) Regiments. When they entered Richmond the excitement was intense, and Governor Letcher telegraphed: 'The Palmetto flag floats in front of the Capitol.' The women were crazy with enthusiasm. Governor Pickens added here that he said to Bonham upon presenting a flag to his brigade, which I well recall at the Institute Hall in Charleston in May, 1861: 'South Carolina should never retreat.' And on making a stand at Vienna they gained the first victory in Virginia.

"After Governor Ellis, of North Carolina, had taken the forts on the coast, he gave them up again and apologized. Afterwards on coming to his senses he sent word to Governor Pickens to assist him with guns and ammunition to retake them. By daybreak of the following morning three thousand pounds of powder were on the way, and the forts were seized and occupied.

The Governor told me much more, but I cannot now remember it all. Jennie says: "In those days father stood on his head. For nearly three weeks we were never saw him except at dinner with a table full of company."

This Jennie was the youngest of Governor Pickens's four daughters by his first marriage and became Mrs. Whaley in 1866. It is of her the absurd report was given that she was killed by a stray shot on Sherman's entry into Columbia during the wedding ceremony. Her death took place at Edgewood in 1867.

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## *BATTLE OF DOUGLASS'S CHURCH.*

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COL. JAMES W. STARNES.

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS, CAMP NEAR SPRING HILL, TENN., April 13, 1863.

*Major Anderson:* In making a forced reconnoissance of Federal forces at Franklin by the 1st Cavalry Corps, my brigade moved down the Lewisburg Pike. General Armstrong's brigade was some half or three-quarters of an hour in advance of me. In conformity to General Forrest's orders, I ordered Captain Groves's company, with five or six guides, on the right of the pike to scour the country for some distance, throwing videttes well out on either side. On reaching Douglass's Church six or eight of General Armstrong's command came back at the top of their horses' speed and in great alarm, hotly pursued, as they said, by cavalry. I immediately threw forward Company F of the 3d Tennessee Cavalry, numbering thirty men, which I had ordered up to act as guides should it be necessary, also Captain Gray's company of thirteen men, at the same time ordering Colonel Biffle's regiment to the left, across Reams's plantation, to get a position on the woodland hill just beyond, the battery (Freeman's) to take position on Dr. Odin's hill, to be supported by Captain McLemore's regiment.

By the time Colonel Biffle's rear had reached the church I discovered a heavy force of the enemy in the wood, one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards to my right, advancing upon me. I sent back for the rear regiments to move up. Discovering that the enemy was on three sides, the battery captured, and all in rear cut off from me, I ordered a few of Colonel Biffle's men to post themselves behind a stone fence at the church, who held the enemy in check until Colonel Biffle could dismount his men, load his guns, and get ready for action.

At the moment that Colonel Biffle's regiment started forward Captain Allison, my aid, came up to me with Company F and Captain Gray's company. I ordered Colonel Biffle to move on the enemy on the right. With his support I charged the enemy with the command that Captain Allison had brought up, sending him around the regiments in the rear which had been cut off from me. The enemy were then moving down from Dr. Odin's hill in heavy force and another force of cavalry, supposed to be a regiment, which I directed Colonel Biffle's men at the stone fence to hold iu check at all hazards. The charge was made in the most gallant aand determined style, driving the enemy back from my right in confusion. I turned then on the force that was moving against me from the rear. This was deployed, and, moving firmly and steadily forward with a mounted force on the pike, I ordered Colonel Biffle forward and to shelter himself behind

trees as he went. I made a charge upon them with Company F, commanded by Lieutenant Pierce, and Captain Gray's company, which routed and drove them back. Being checked by a woods lot fence, some little delay was occasioned, at which time I ordered Colonel Biffle with part of his force to check the enemy, which had appeared in pretty strong force, moving up the pike. Another charge by gallant Gray and Pierce completed the victory, dispersing the enemy in confusion, retaking our battery and most of the artillerists. At that moment the 4th Mississippi Cavalry came across Dr. Odin's field from the northwest, and I ordered them up for a pursuit of the routed enemy, but they did not come.

In the meantime I sent couriers back to the front to learn what was going on there. All reports agreed that the enemy was moving upon me from Ream's plantation, when I moved up my artillery and opened fire on General Armstrong, being unable to distinguish him from Yankees on account of the duskiness of the evening and the amount of dust floating in the air. The enemy had made a simultaneous movement against the 3d Tennessee Regiment, immediately in rear of the battery, and charged in on horseback. The horses of the rear caissons, taking fright, ran through one-third of this column and threw it into confusion. Owing to the fact that their guns were not loaded, they fell back some distance to the right and rear, and other regiments partook more or less of the same confusion.

I ordered a squadron forward and to the right under command of Capt. William Forrest to drive off the enemy, who had appeared in that direction, which he did in handsome style. Colonel Biffle is entitled to great credit for his prompt and determined action during the whole of the fight. My thanks are also due to Captain Allison for the valuable services he rendered, also to Tullass and Parke for coolness and promptness in carrying my orders. Without detracting in the least from Colonel Biffle, whose action in the engagement was invaluable, I will say that my success was greatly due to the gallant charges and persevering movement of Lieutenant Pierce and Captain Gray, the latter having four men wounded out of thirteen and seven horses killed and wounded.

Among the many individual instances of gallantry and daring which deserve particular mention, as he does in every battle in which he participates, is that of Sergt. John Norris, of Company F, of the 3d Tennessee; Lieutenant Lyle, of Captain Gray's company, who carries a crutch from a wound received in a previous engagement, distinguished himself in charging and shooting down the enemy and in recapturing our prisoners. Notwithstanding the precaution of putting out scouts on my right and other precautionary measures, the enemy captured my videttes and was upon me without notice. With all of these advantages, the force which fought them did not exceed two hundred and twenty-five men, yet they whipped General Stanley's brigade and drove it from the field in most handsome style.

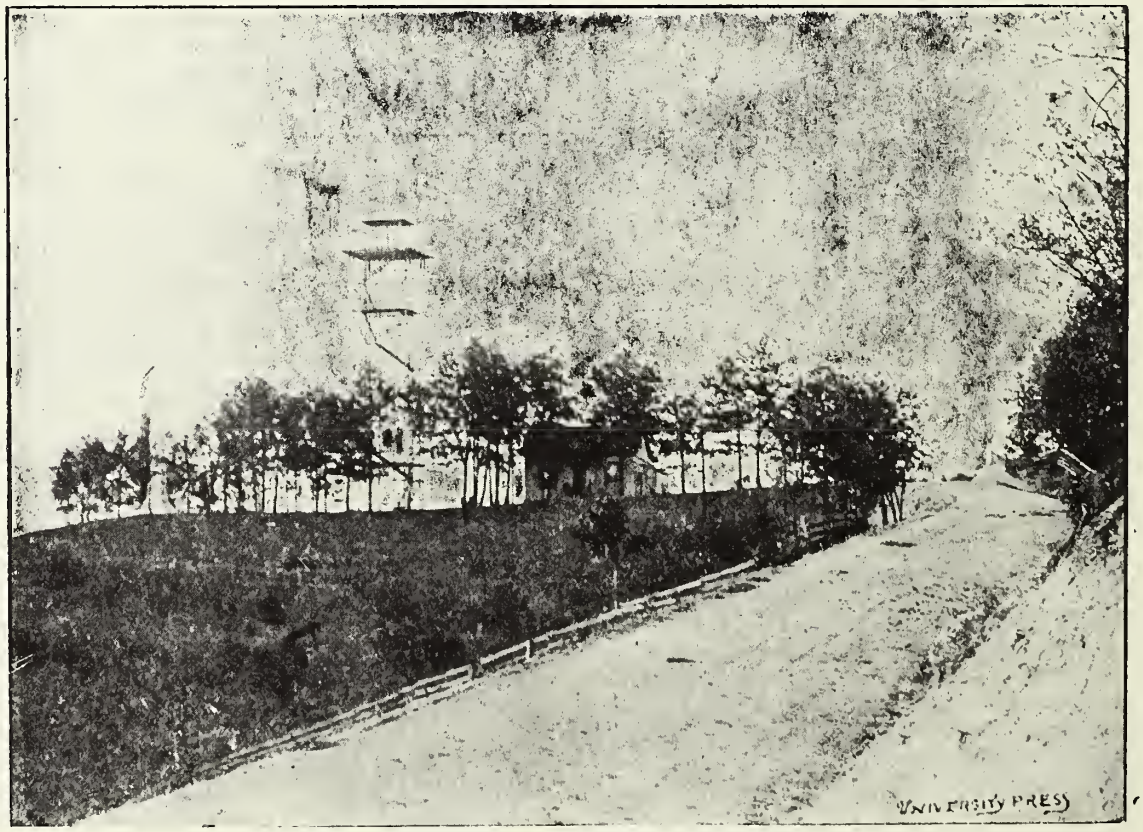
Most respectfully, JAMES W. STARNES,
*Colonel Commanding Brigade.*

P. S.—My loss was six killed, seventeen wounded, and thirty-one captured. The enemy's was seventeen killed, fifteen taken prisoners, wounded unknown.

### PERSONAL RECOLLECTIOBS OF THIS BATTLE.

[Some personal recollections of this battle at Douglass Church as told by Captain Gray to his son, R. H. Gray, of Fayetteville, Tenn., are given in the following, which was written by Lucile Gray Hiller, the 14-year-old great-granddaughter of Captain Gray.]

When Freeman's Battery was captured and he was mur-




OBSERVATION TOWER ON SIGNAL MOUNTAIN.

dered, Captain Gray, with Lieutenant Pierce's company, was ordered by Colonel Starnes to charge the Yankees on a small elevation and take no prisoners and to hold them at all hazards.

As Captain Gray was charging up the hill he saw a Federal trooper standing by a tree. He brought his pistol down on him, but the trooper gave a Masonic sign and was sent to the rear.

A young man by the name of Jim Harrison, who came to Captain Gray's command sometime before this battle and who had been in prison and roughly treated, had sworn vengeance against all Yankeedom. He boasted so much that Captain Gray became suspicious of him and ordered three men to watch him in the next battle and if he showed the white feather to shoot him. But here was a boasting fellow who did more than he said he would and was among the bravest of the brave.

About the time the fight was over this same Jim Harrison saw a Federal trooper marching off four prisoners of Freeman's Battery. He hopped down from his horse, put his gun beside the tree, blazed away, and down came the trooper. He jumped up and down on the ground and said: "I hit him right above the eye." On examination it was found true.

These four prisoners were: Dr. W. B. Martin, of Fayetteville; W. T. Lauderdale, of Lincoln County (both dead); Billy McDaniel, of Lincoln County; and Tom Armstrong, of Marshall County, still living.

A Methodist preacher by the name of Comer happened to be in the neighborhood when the fight began. He got up on the top of a gatepost and swung his arm, shouting and pointing out the location of the Yankees, doing everything he could to encourage the soldiers. After the battle was over my great-grandfather, Captain Gray, said to him: "Parson, why did you get on that gatepost, the most dangerous place on the battle field? It's a wonder you weren't killed."

The parson replied: "Captain Gray, fear did not enter my head, I was so excited."

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## *IN THE YEARS OF WAR.*

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS," SERIES III, VOLUME II. 1863-64.

*Some Rebels.*—A reliable lady told General Negley, U. S. A., that at Dug Gap she saw "a right smart" force of Rebels and that they had cannon with them. This means to my countrymen more than a few and less than a great many.

*Another War Mystery.*—General Meigs, U. S. A., wrote on September 27 from Chattanooga: "I have spent much time with Rosecrans and his generals. It is difficult for them to abstain from claiming a complete victory. They believe they could have remained upon the battle field and that in that case the enemy would have retired." Why didn't they do it?

*Yankees.*—General Beauregard said on November 19 that the Yankee Greek fire which they were throwing into Charleston was a humbug, as it at times couldn't even be ignited with a match, and adds: "How they do cheat each other even in their rascally attempts to destroy this 'nest of traitors and cradle of rebellion'! What a dark and despicable history will be that of the universal Yankee nation if ever written fully and exactly!" He certainly didn't mind what he said, but I don't think he meant this to go down to posterity, as it is taken from a private letter.

*Honor Given to Whom Due.*—The same general, in his report of the Mine Run campaign, said: "The commander of the enemy's cavalry reported 3,700 of his men put *hors de combat* during this movement. God having granted our cavalry signal success at every point and chastised a vainglorious people, to him, therefore, belongs the honor and the glory." I can't find where the Yankee commander made any such report, but I say amen to the "honor and the glory."

*Newspapers.*—On October 11 General Lee wrote Secretary Seddon: "Yesterday I moved the army into this position with the hope of getting an opportunity to strike a blow at the enemy. I regretted to hear that it was announced in one of the Richmond papers of yesterday that the army was in motion and had crossed the Rapidan. All such publications are injurious to us. We have difficulties enough to overcome interposed by our enemies without having them augmented by our friends."

*Bayonet Wounds.*—A United States surgeon reported of the battle of Wauhatchie, Tenn., in October: "In such an action as this, if anywhere, we would look for bayonet wounds. Here was a charge, a hand-to-hand contest literally. Some of the contusions were given by clubbed muskets. Not a bayonet wound is recorded. I looked for them, but neither saw nor heard of any. There were none." Did anybody know personally of any one being killed with this weapon?

*Satisfied.*—Captain Sheldon, of the 15th South Carolina, says that during the siege of Knoxville, "late in the afternoon, the enemy advanced three companies against our right, where the line was weakened and least protected, evidently with a view to discover our strength. The companies on the right gave them good information by several well-directed volleys which seemed to check their curiosity rather suddenly and sent them back to their intrenchments with more haste than is prescribed by tactics for movements of the kind." Another case of the "King of France" who marched up and down the hill.

*An Awful Time.*—Maj. Fitz Gibbon, 14th Michigan, in his report of the skirmish at Lawrenceburg, Tenn., on November 2, says: "Putting spurs to my horse, I dashed forward, urging Clark and his men to follow. Bravely, fearlessly, and heroically did they obey the summons. At this moment my horse was shot from under me, three balls having penetrated his heart, brain, and side. The struggle that now raged over me was fierce, terrific, and appalling, exceeding in stubbornness any hand-to-hand and face-to-face encounter that has marked any war of the present age. Never before was such daring, dashing, cool, determined bravery exhibited by men." The Major was running a close second to our Joe Shelby in his beautiful language.

*Prisoner's Information.*—General Sturgis, U. S. A., said: "On December 24 an Alabamian and a straightforward kind of a fellow, one of our prisoners, said that last Friday Longstreet was joined by A. P. Hill's corps and that what the men saw through the camps is that Longstreet has now 50,000 men." He was straightforward all right, but not to the Yankees.

*Stopping the Festivities.*—General McPherson, U. S. A., wrote on December 25 from Vicksburg: "When the last of the Rebel prisoners in this place went out a few weeks ago, some of the Rebel ladies were going to give them a party. I sent to the lady at whose house the party was to be given and told her that the entertainment could not be allowed. Two days after I heard that the reason why I would not allow the party to come off was because the Vicksburg ladies would not go to parties with Federal officers, a good reason truly." Surely an excellent one.

## *THE BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC.*

BY W. L. SANFORD, SHERMAN, TEX.

(A historic sketch dedicated to the glory of the living and the memory of the dead sons of Louisiana, whose illustrious deeds give some of the brightest pages of Southern history.)

General Shields had swept up through the Valley Luray
To "intercept Jackson." The first blush of day,
Streaming over the crest of the Blue Ridge, revealed
His dark lines of infantry stretched through a field
Of billowy wheat, gleaming yellow as gold,
As the star-studded curtain of night was unrolled.
His right, toward the river, his left, on a hill,
Crowned thick with artillery, grim, frowning, and still.

But the blade was not forged and the chief was not born
That could baffle the man of Manassas. At morn
His troops were in motion, all stripped for the fray,
Below Port Republic, a short league away.
At sunrise the booming of guns on the right
Announced that bold Winder had opened the fight,
Engaging the foe with the Stonewall Brigade,
And dauntless old Ewell rushed on to his aid.

At the critical time, when the Federal right
Had flanked him and put his artillery to flight.
His column was riddled and mangled and cleft
By the murderous guns on the enemy's left.
But the Federals paused for an instant, then reeled
From the fierce stroke of Ewell, who dashed on the field;
But they rallied again and, reforming about
Their colors, came back with a deafening shout.

With the rush of the tempest the infantry came;
Through the white clouds of smoke quivered sheets of red flame.
On the hill the artillerists, with frenzied delight,
Sprang forward; the cannon redoubled in might,
Enfilading with cannister, grapeshot, and shell
The Southrons who fought with the fury of hell,
But at length staggered back from the withering blast,
And the bright star of Jackson seemed paling at last.

The crisis had come, but supreme was the man!
The heavy jaws set and the flashing eyes ran
Down the wavering lines away to the hill
Where the deep-throated monsters were bellowing still,
Fairly scorching the earth with their fiery breath
And mowing his ranks with the cycle of death.
Then briefly to Taylor: "Whatever the cost,
Those guns must be hushed, or the battle is lost!"

A hazardous task! but how great was the need!
And Taylor the bold was the knight for the deed!
"Can my brave Louisianians silence those guns?"
An answering cheer through the regiments runs.
They stumble and fall, but are up and reform
And follow the flag that is leading the storm,
As on through the brush and the thick tangled vines
To the harvest of death speed the reckless gray lines!

Up the hill intervening they scramble and climb,
Disappear in the woods, and are lost for a time.
The moments seem hours! Have their hearts grown afraid,
Have they faltered in purpose, that matchless brigade?
Have they quailed from the task when they bear on their arms
The fate of Stonewall? Has that name lost its charms?
The cheeks of that chieftain grown ashen, when lo!
With a cheer they burst forward to grapple the foe!

All the guns on the crest as by magic now turn
On the Southrons so grandly advancing, who spurn
The tempest infernal that shrivels and maims
And slaugheters the foremost. The whole summit flames
Like a raging volcano. The hot lava pours
In streams down the slope, and the deep thunder roars!
But heedless of all the cannon's red mouth,
With a wild yell plunge the sons of the South!

With gallant resistance the gunners fall back
From the dreadful assault, but reform and attack,
While the Federal infantry dash to their aid
And charge with the bayonet Taylor's Brigade.
With fearful momentum the battle lines meet.
Then the bluecoats recoil with a crushing defeat
That ends in a rout, while with thund'rous cheer
Louisiana's brave boys rush the guns to the rear.

The enemy mass on their left, but in vain.
The Rebels are swarming o'er ridges and plain.
Reënforcing the left, they had weakened the right,
And the Southrons, relieved, turned the tide of the fight.
And the proud host that swept up the Valley Luray
To "intercept Jackson" have long rued the day
When they met that bold chief and his iron-nerved band
Who fought for their rights in their own sunny land.

Those dark clouds of anger have passed, and there gleams
The sunlight of love o'er the valleys and streams
Where the great armies battled, and everywhere glow
Fragrant blossoms of peace. May it ever be so!
But we'll cherish our heroes and weave into song
The deeds of their chivalrous daring as long
As the snow-mantled peaks of the Blue Ridge shall keep
Sacred watch over the graves where the patriots sleep!

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## *JACKSON'S HUMANITY TO A GALLANT OPPONENT.*

In one of its engagements the Stonewall Brigade had to defend a railroad cut. A New York regiment, the 52d, was ordered to charge the Confederates. At that moment the ammunition of the Stonewall Brigade had given out, and they were using rocks to defend the position. The major of the New York regiment led the bayonet charge. As the Confederates were giving way General Steuart arrived with his cavalry and saved the day. The New York major fell with a fatal wound and was left on the field as his soldiers retreated. Stonewall Jackson at this moment called out to his men: "Tell the surgeons to take that man (meaning the Federal major) to the hospital and do all they can for him. I never saw a braver charge." When this news was carried to the New Yorkers, they raised in camp: "Three cheers for Stonewall Jackson!"

This incident was related to me by Mr. George May, keeper of the National Cemetery at Annapolis, Md., who was a soldier in the charge and was wounded and lay on the field for several days. He states that the report of the cheers was given after he returned to his lines.—*From Riley's "Stonewall Jackson."*

## *HOW KINKY FEASTED THE MAJOR.*

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

Kinky, the sharpshooter, came into camp as black with anger as a thundercloud. His crimson locks formed a thatch of lightning for the darkness of his brow.

"Let the day perish wherein I was born," he wailed, "and the night wherein it was said, 'There is a man child conceived.'"

It was characteristic of him to quote the Bible in moments of excitement and always with that little twist of impropriety, of irreverence.

"Why, Kinky Smith," expostulated the suave and genial Cunningham, "what great calamity has befallen that so blithe a spirit as yours calls down upon himself the curse of Job?"

Cunningham, as irreverent as Kinky, was incapable of losing his self-possession. He keenly enjoyed Kinky's outbursts, however, and always made the most of them.

"It is not the anger of God that afflicts me," admitted Kinky, "but the rank and cowardly tyranny of that infernal Billy Bowlegs. It's a wonder to me that he don't get riddled the first time he leads a charge, with all the crack shots there are in this company. I wish to God I wasn't a sharpshooter, at least for one battle."

"Bowlegs was not born to die leading a charge, Kinky," replied Cunny. "After the way he treats his men he knows that every musket contains his resignation effective when he steps out in front. But what did he do to you this time?"

"The indignity was aimed not only at myself, but at the entire company."

We pricked up our ears at this, for it isn't safe to spit on us *en masse.*

"Tell it to us," and Company F gathered intently around Kinky.

"I was returning from a foraging expedition," Kinky related, "when this outrage occurred. I had nabbed a nice fat shoat that would have furnished a bite or two for Company F, and after dressing it outside the camp I wiggled in through the lines and came strolling carelessly down this way so as to make it appear to a casual observer that I was returning from the quartermaster with company rations. In spite of my innocent appearance, however, Bowlegs saw me and suspected that something was wrong."

"The mere fact that a Confederate soldier had anything to eat in his possession was enough to justify a suspicion," interrupted Cunny, "even in an unsuspicious officer. And, as you know, Billy Bowlegs wouldn't hesitate to suspect the twelve apostles of heresy if the idea had ever occurred to him. What happened then?"

"Well," resumed Kinky, "he halted out in front of me and gave me a searching look before he said a word. I looked as innocent as a lamb. 'What have you there?' he inquired severely. 'A hog, sir.' I replied meekly, but I realized from his tone that lying was useless, and I felt how it was all going to end. 'Don't you know,' he thundered, his neck swelling like a snake, "that you should convey all forage to the quartermaster?' He had me dead to rights with that question, confound him.

"'I was not detailed to forage, sir,' I had to admit.

"'Why did you kill that hog then?'

"I happened to think just then of the yarn we used to tell Colonel Harvey when he caught us stealing the stock of some farmer. 'I was forced to do it, sir,' I replied.

"'What do you mean?' demanded Bowlegs.

"'I was coming through the woods down yonder, sir,' I said solemnly, 'when I was startled out of my wits by the roar of rage from a near-by culvert, and this ferocious creature sprang upon me. With soldiers so scarce in this army and the South needing us as it does, what else could I do, sir? I had to kill the beast in self-defense, sir.'

"Billy Bowlegs grinned, and I felt that I was safe, for I have observed that a man can't laugh and be severe at the the same time.

"'The hogs *are* fierce hereabouts,' admitted the Major. 'Many of my men have suffered hairbreadth escapes from their ferocious attacks. I don't suppose you would have killed it under any other circumstances, would you?'

"'No, sir,' I lied quick as the crack of a whip.

"'You didn't kill it to eat, did you?' he asked slyly.

"'No indeed, sir,' I assured him solemnly.

"Then the treacherous sneak showed his hand. He'd been making a fool of me all the time.

"'I am glad,' he confided to me, 'that you didn't kill that hog to eat. For, you see, Kinky, I haven't tasted pork for some time; and since you killed it in self-defense and not to eat, I am going to do you a great favor and take it off your hands and thus save you the embarrassment of explaining to other officers how you came to have it in your possession. Carry it to my tent, sir.'

"I was so mad I wanted to kill him, but all I could do was to groan and carry it to his tent as he had ordered me to do. It is nothing short of cannibalism for Billy Bowlegs to eat that pig."

Company F smacked its lips and buckled up its belts as a substitute for the feast Billy Bowlegs had taken away. The Major was fast becoming an ogre in our estimation, as this was not the first time that he had come between us and a feast. Billy Bowlegs, however, paid no heed to the resentment of Company F. He felt at peace with the world and had almost forgotten the incident, when a couple of hours later old man Worley, a farmer of that neighborhood, came into camp and made a great clamor about the loss of a pig he had seen some soldier steal. Billy Bowlegs, having dined well on that very pig, listened patiently to the old man's complaints.

"Did this hog"— he began.

"Pig, sir, pig," promptly corrected the farmer.

"Pig, then," continued Bowlegs. "Did this pig of yours possess a blood-thirsty disposition and leap from its covert with a roar of rage upon the unsuspecting soldier?"

"You should be ashamed, sir," exclaimed the old man wrathfully, "to poke fun at an old man in any such manner. The pig would follow me like a dog, I tell you. Your devil of a soldier sneaked up to the pen, knocked him in the head, and was off before you could say Jack Robinson."

"You are positive he didn't kill this hog in self-defense?" asked the Major with a puzzled air.

"What are you talking about, Major? Who ever heard of a man killing a pig in self-defense?" He evidently thought the Major was daffy.

"What did the soldier look like?" temporized Billy Bowlegs.

"I couldn't get a good view," admitted the old man, "except when he took off his hat to run I noticed that his hair was red and inclined to be sort of kinky."

"There is only one such in the regiment," said the Major, summoning an orderly. Then he added, addressing the orderly who stood before him, saluting: "Bring me Private Smith, of Company F."

Soon the orderly appeared with Kinky, who flushed guiltily at sight of farmer Worley.

"That's him," stated the old man decisively. "I'd know him anywhere by that kinky head."

Billy Bowlegs proceeded then and there to lecture Kinky upon his transgression, much to the delight of old man Worley. As a climax to his excoriation the Major roared: "I'll see that enough money is withheld from your wages to recompense Mr. Worley for the loss of his pig. I won't permit such thieving by my men to go unpunished."

At this the old man raised his hand in a gesture of alarm. "I don't want the money, Major," he protested. "I can't eat your money. I want my pig."

The Major seemed displeased at this delicate compliment to the Confederate currency. He turned, however, to Kinky. "What have you done with that pig, sir?" he inquired sternly.

Kinky looked Billy Bowlegs in the eye, and a messsage passed between them, man to man. There was no mistaking the appeal in the Major's eyes. It said plainly: "Save me, and I am with you."

"It's eaten, sir," replied Kinky in an apologetic tone. He hated to save the Major, but it was better than being sacrificed himself.

"To the guardhouse with him!" thundered the Major, acting his part in the conspiracy with well-simulated indignation.

Kinky was led away in disgrace, while Bowlegs listened blandly and sympathetically to old man Worley's bitter cr t-icism of the thieving Confederate soldiers. Handled in this diplomatic manner, the old man talked himself into a good humor, convinced himself that the Major was the soul of honor, and went home satisfied.

Kinky was released from the guardhouse in due time—that is, when old man Whorley was out of sight of the camp. Having interpreted the look that had passed between himself and Bowlegs when farmer Worley demanded his pig as meaning that he would receive a share of the beast if he came to the rescue with a lie, he sauntered down near the tent of Billy Bowlegs, confidently expecting to be invited to partake of the luscious shoat. But the treacherous Major gave no sign that he had ever intended to reward his faithful soldier in any such manner. He merely looked at the expectant Kinky and turned indifferently away.

"The infernal hog," growled Kinky in disgust. "He won't even give me a bite of that pig after I took all the blame on myself and kept old man Worley from suspecting him. I never saw such rank ingratitude in my life."

After this incident Billy Bowlegs watched Kinky with the vigilance of a hawk in the hope of obtaining other dainties. Kinky, however, was too shy for him and took no chances whatever that he could avoid. He even took a pride in avoiding the Major. He gloated over each chicken or shoat that he brought into camp undetected, as though it were a personal victory over Bowlegs. And though he could not operate as boldly as formerly, he kept us fairly well supplied with tidbits. And his resentment against the Major grew in volume as it smoldered and piled up against the day of reckoning.

Just before we broke winter camp some officers came over to visit Bowlegs, and the Major put forth his most strenuous efforts to give them a royal welcome. Among other things, he drilled us until we were blue in the face just to show what a drillmaster he could be when he wanted to. Kinky, as usual, evaded this drill and took advantage of Billy Bowlegs's preoccupation as host to do more foraging than usual. We had hardly begun cooking mess after the drill when he came swaggering up with as plump and fat a carcass as was ever concealed under the ragged coat of a half-starved Confederate.

"It is Mary's little lamb and none other," he explained in reply to our eager inquiries. "I slew it as it gamboled o'er the harvest fields and by the water brook. Our luck has changed now, boys. No more empty bellies for us. Let this day be henceforth a day of feast"—

"And why a day of feast?" interrupted a big voice.

Looking up in dismay, we beheld Billy Bowlegs glowering down upon us from his horse. His forced expression of anger poorly concealed the greed with which he glanced at the lamb Kinky had brought in.

No one answered. We were too busy wondering how Bowlegs had slipped up on us unseen either by ourselves or Kinky, for the sharpshooter usually watched for the Major with the vision of a hawk. It seemed strange that he should not have noticed him on such an important occasion as this.

"Ho! ho! and what is this?" exclaimed Bowlegs, pointing to the lamb as though he had just observed it.

"It's a sheep, sir," admitted Kinky, as a guilty flush mounted his brow.

Billy Bowlegs turned and winked at his visitors, then looked at Kinky. They seemed to be in on the joke.

"I suppose," inquired the Major, choking back his laughter, "that this ferocious creature also sprang upon you from its covert with a roar of rage and forced you to kill it in self-defense, did it not?"

"No, sir," replied Kinky gravely. "It did not happen that way. I cannot tell you a lie about it, sir."

"Well, then," wondered the Major, "how on earth did the beast come to its death? Surely you did not kill it intentionally, did you?"

"No, sir, O no."

"How did it happen then?"

"It committed suicide, sir," was the grave reply.

The visitors shook with mirth. The Major had told them of the incident of the pig, and they were primed to enjoy Kinky's grilling to the utmost.

"How could such a thing be?" persisted the Major.

"Well, sir, you see I stopped over there in the meadow to rest, my rifle at my side. As I sat there this sheep came up and nosed around me in a friendly way like he was lonesome. I patted him on the back and rubbed his nose to show him that I appreciated him. I like to sort of commune with a sheep that way sometimes, sir, Somehow, sir, it makes me have a higher opinion of my commanders, and"—

"None of that, sir," thundered Billy Bowlegs, turning red.

"Well, sir," resumed Kinky, "after awhile I grew tired of petting the sheep and left it to its own devices. Unfortunately for it, poor thing, its gaze fell upon my rifle. Seizing the muzzle in its mouth, it shook the thing as a playful puppy would shake a stick. The gun went off and blew most of that sheep's head with it. I am heart-broken over the catastrophe, sir."

"You are heart-broken because I have caught you red-handed, sir," corrected the Major. "I shall punish you severely for this, Smith, you and your accomplices," sweeping us with a ferocious glance. "Let me see," he reflected with his chin in his hand, "what would be the most effective punishment I could mete out to you vandals? O, yes, I have it now." His eyes gleamed with a wicked light. "You shall cook this mutton at once and then serve it to myself and guests. But as a punishment you shall not have as much as a bite of it to eat. And," he concluded, chuckling, "as I am expecting a visit from an elderly farmer in an hour or so, you had better proceed at once to your task."

The Major and his visitors, who were as mean as himself, supervised the preparation of the food with eager eyes, to

make sure that we didn't get a bite of the savory feast. When the delicious morsels were placed before them smoking hot, they ate hungrily, smacking their lips in a manner peculiarly aggravating to the rest of us. I never had an empty belly feel so forlorn in all my life.

"It is delicious," commented Bowlegs.

"The best mutton I ever tasted," added a visitor.

Poor Lanigan was frantic with the fragrance of the feast in his nostrils, while his insides whined with hunger.

"Major, sir, if you please, would ye mind giving me a sufficiency to take the crooks out of me guts, sir," he pleaded. "They're beginning to shrivel, sir."

The Major was severe and unrelenting. "Buckle your belt up a little," he retorted, "and cheat your belly awhile. I am determined to enforce discipline in this regiment; and, by Jehovah, the odor of mutton is all you shall have."

They tortured us poor, innocent orphans for more than an hour in this cruel and inhuman fashion. They seemed to enjoy our hunger more than their own feast. When they had finished the last bite of the mutton, they lit their pipes and smoked, while we cleaned up the litter thay had left from their mess.

"I rather expect," Bowlegs laughingly told his guests, "that before long old man Worley will come charging in here to inquire about a lost sheep. And I suspect that it will be difficult for me to convince him that the creature committed suicide while playing too carelessly with the musket of one of its soldier friends."

"I suppose that is the old gent now," smiled a visitor as an old man came, panting and blowing, toward them.

Rushing up to the Major all out of breath, he gasped forth his indignation. "That curly-headed rascal," he shrilled, "it is an outrage. I demand that he be shot at once."

"Bring Smith here," commanded Bowlegs. "sit down, Mr. Worley."

Kinky came forward, the picture of guilt. He glanced almost fearfully at the Major as though expecting the most condign punishment.

For the first time in his life Billy Bowlegs felt sorry for a soldier in distress. Without relaxing his exterior appearance of sternness, he determined to relieve Kinky from his embarrassing situation, He turned to the farmer.

"After all, Mr. Worley," he argued, "where is your proof that Private Smith, or any one else for that matter, has destroyed any of your property? You know the old fable about the boy who cried wolf until no one believed him? And you know that you have complained before. Now, where is your proof?"

We were dumfounded to behold the Major come to Kinky's rescue in this splendid manner. The visiting officers exchanged significant glances. You could tell that the Major had made a distinct hit with them.

"Proof!" yelled old man Worley angrily. "Come with me and I'll show you all the proof you want to see."

"Bring Private Smith along," directed the Major.

We followed old man Worley to the outer limits of the camp. The visiting officers were in high glee and shook with mirth. Every few moments the Major winked at them with immense joviality. At length the old man paused by a fresh-dug hole, which he in his impatience had reached some paces in advance of us.

"There is your evidence," he exclaimed bitterly, pointing into the hole. "Nothing but the head and hide left. Cut all to pieces like a butchered calf."

As the Major and the officers crowded around and gasped, he added softly: "Poor old Shep, the best dog I ever owned in my life."

## *CAPTURE OF THE MAPLE LEAF.*

BY CAPT. JOHN B. WOLF, HOUSTON, TEX.

When the Federals captured Port Hudson in 1863, they paroled the private soldiers, but retained the commissioned officers with the intention of sending them North to be put in prison. I was one of this number. We were put aboard a gunboat at Port Hudson and sent down to New Orleans, where we were transferred to the steamer Catawba, guarded by "Billy" Wilson's New York Zouaves, and taken to Fortress Monroe. At this place we were transferred to another steamer, the Maple Leaf, in charge of a captain with a crew of fifty men and a guard of twenty-four Federal soldiers under the command of a lieutenant.

Under this escort we put to sea, the intention being, I suppose, to take us to Johnson's Island, near New York City. But we had no desire to go to prison and were not long in making up our mind to effect an escape if possible. As to numbers, we were about equal, seventy-five of each, though the Federals had the advantage in having arms and ammunition, and they were masters of the situation. But the Confederates, being officers and in a certain sense picked men, were not lacking in courage. A fairly vigilant watch was kept up by the Federals while we were in port and until we got out to sea; but once safely away from shore, they relaxed their vigilance, trusting to the water and our submission to fate. It was then our chance. The guards served in relays of eight, and we knew we could easily overcome eight if they were armed. At a given signal we rushed on the guards and for the pilots and engineers, whom we soon disarmed and made prisoners. We kept them closely confined, so they would not give annoyance. We placed a sufficient number of our men over the pilot and engineers to make them do our bidding and then pulled for the shore.

It happened to fall to my lot to be one of those assigned to duty over the pilot. From the advantageous position of the pilot house I surveyed the operations below. The capture took place about ten o'clock in the morning, and it was not long before we were heading for land. The Feds did not give us much trouble after we got possession of the boat, for they knew we were determined to escape. A fusilade of jokes and banterings was kept up most of the day. Several attempts of the pilot to run us back to Fortress Monroe was prevented. Finally, about sundown, we reached shore and landed safely off Cape Henry, Princess Anne County, Va. We paroled the Federal guard and crew, and, leaving eight or ten of our sick aboard the boat, we set out to Richmond. We were in the Federal lines, though we did not know it. We soon began to encounter obstacles, and these grew worse as we proceeded. We had to seek safety in the swamps of North Carolina and lay concealed in those swamps for ten days, being fed by families of Confederates who were at the front. Here we fell in with an old guerrilla captain, W. B. Sandlin, to whom we were indebted for many kindnesses and assistance. Captain Sandlin and his boys secured some small boats in which to take us to Albemarle Sound, and he piloted us through the enemy's line, landing us at a point from which, after a few hours' march, we were beyond the reach of the enemy and safe on our way to Richmond. Before we reached Richmond we were met by Gen. D. H. Hill's cavalry, sent by President Davis to find us. The news of the capture of the Maple Leaf was published in Northern papers, through which channels it reached the authorities at Richmond, and we received a royal welcome at the seat of the Confederate government.

## *THE BATTLE OF THE ALAMANCE.*

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

No State in the Union has a brighter record for patriotism, for genuine devotion to liberty, and for high courage in defense of her rights than has North Carolina, "The Old North State." Her boast is not vain. "First at Bethel, farthest at Gettysburg, last at Appomattox," and in the great World War she was not lacking.

In the series of events that prepared the way for the Revolution and the independence of the colonies her citizens took a leading part, as she did in the war that followed, fighting and suffering for a righteous cause. Among the preliminaries of the final revolt of the colonies was the battle of the Alamance, fought for the same general principles that moved the other colonies to resist unjust taxation and to insist on the right to determine their own laws and government.

Yet in history scant justice is done to the character or the motives of the people who resisted unto blood the tyranny of an unjust, corrupt, and oppressive government. Their efforts are either ignored or misrepresented as an episode, a riot instigated by lawless and rebellious men. The Boston Massacre, really an insignificant riot, is glorified as an important preparation of public sentiment for the coming Revolution. This is part and parcel of the propaganda by which New England would claim the glory of having wrought everything distinctive and of value in American institutions.

Even the older North Carolina historians, natives of the State, seem to have been influenced by devotion to an established order, even when it was unjust and oppressive; and so they were often unfair in their criticisms of what was largely a popular movement.

I have for several years wished to see some vindication of that early revolt against the tyranny of autocratic government; and while I have heard of some carefully prepared articles that seek to discover and set forth the truth, I have not been able to see them.

In writing this article I am moved by two considerations: one, devotion to the principles, traditions, and achievements of my section; the other, devotion to the memory of my ancestors, who were active in that movement and were afterwards intense patriots in the Revolution, suffering heavy losses at the hands of the British and Tories. I have recently read the life of the Rev. Dr. David Caldwell, pastor of the Presbyterian Churches of Alamance and Buffalo, a prominent patriot, very obnoxious to the British for his efforts in behalf of liberty. He was a great preacher, a noted teacher, and an eminent physician. He lived to within a few months of a hundred years. His biography was written by his successor in the pastorate, Rev. E. W. Carothers, and published in 1846.

This writer sought with painstaking care and impartial judgment to find and state the actual facts that culminated in the battle. He searched all the histories that had been written to that time, either local or general. He had in addition the personal statements given to him by men thoroughly trustworthy, who had been identified with the organization, and who had taken part in the battle. While he does not hesitate to condemn many of the lawless deeds of the Regulators, at the same time he sympathized with their sufferings, approved of their principles, and justified in a measure their activities, which were also approved by some of the best men in the province.

The organization was known as the Regulation and its members as Regulators. It was a revolt against the systematic injustice and oppression of the constituted authorities, who were upheld by the British authorities.

The province originally consisted of all the territory south of the State of Virginia and included in the royal grant to that colony. These lands were set apart to certain leading men or corporations as proprietors, each of whom ruled his portion by appointing a governor to administer affairs in conjunction with councils; this was called proprietary government. After many years, great abuse having arisen and the people being thoroughly dissatsified, the proprietors in 1743 surrendered their rights to govern, and it passed to the home government. A governor was appointed by the king to rule the whole territory. This was afterwards divided into North and South Carolina.

The proprietors sought settlers for their lands and offered certain privileges and advantages, which attracted various classes, first from Virginia, then from other American colonies, and from lands beyond the sea. There were adventurers who probably sought to escape the restraints of law, then there were others devoted to the prevailing order of government. The majority of the settlers were dissenters from the doctrine and order of the Church of England. These consisted of Quakers, Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, French Huguenots, and German Lutherans who sought liberty to worship God according to their own convictions, free from State control, who formed a body of intelligent, conscientious, and liberty-loving patriots.

The troubles in the province were largely due to the efforts of the proprietors and the royal governors to force upon the people the Church of England as the State religion. To this end the territory was divided into parishes, in each of which vestrymen were to be chosen by the people. Taxes were laid for the building of churches and for the support of the clergy; dissenting ministers were forbidden to exercise their ministry, marriages solemnized by them being declared void; they were subject to military duty and to various pains and penalties in case of disobedience. All offices of trust were in the hands of adherents of the State religion. As it was difficult to procure ministers of the Established Church, the colony was for a long time without the stated ordinances of religion except as occasionally exercised in secret. Taxes and fees were set by law, yet the officers of the law exacted exorbitant fees and collected taxes greatly beyond the legal requirement. As an example, one Colonel Fanning, a lawyer, colonel of the militia and clerk of the superior court, is said to have exacted on one occasion fifteen dollars for a marriage license, and that he often exacted fees in like proportion. Once when he was tried for extortion and embezzlement of taxes and was convicted by a jury, he was fined one cent and costs, the costs, of course, being nominal, as he was clerk of the court. He was a prime favorite with the governors. As a consequence of this extortion and corruption the people felt that they could not resort to the courts for justice. Numbers who could not pay marriage fees stood before their neighbors and friends and assumed the marriage obligations, pledging themselves to live together faithfully as husband and wife. The protests and remonstrances of the people had little effect except to obtain some mitigation of ecclesiastical pains and penalties, but no relief from taxes and extortions. Finally the people determined to organize for resistance.

About the same time, by royal appointment, William Tryon became Governor. He had been trained to military life, was a devoted adherent of the Established Church, dictatorial in his temper, autocratic in the exercise of his authority, vain, and fond of show. This appointment was in 1764, and for several years the complaints of the people were met with fair

promises, never fulfilled, or by proclamations denouncing them and threatening force.

It is one of the ironies of history that the bitterest persecutions and the fiercest wars have been in the name and for the sake of Christianity, the religion of love, and that the Church has been the most intolerant of religious liberty in thought or form. This country was originally settled by two distinct classes, Cavalier and Puritan, one seeking larger political liberty, the other seeking religious freedom. Yet both Cavalier in Virginia and Puritan in New England were equally intolerant of religious opinions or practices differing from their own established order.

When numbers went from Virginia into North Carolina to escape this oppression, they were denounced as "runaways, rogues, and rebels," and the province of North Carolina was called "Rogues' Harbor," a reproach that has been again and again blotted out in the blood of her sons and refuted by the splendid record of her statesmen and orators, "men of light and leading."

So when the new "Regulation" was organized it won the sympathy and confidence of numbers of the best men, who also engaged in the activities of the Regulators. It was no secret body; the members held their meetings openly and announced their plans and purposes to secure justice and enforce righteousness.

The time may come in the life of a community when the power of criminal classes or the corruption of officials makes it necessary for the people to take the law in their own hands. Such were the days of the Vigilance Committees in the West and of the Ku-Klux Klan in the South. Such a condition seems to have existed in certain portions of North Carolina in the time of the Regulators; their methods can be justified only when force is the only remedy.

There seem to have been three classes identified with the Regulators: 1. Men of prudence and foresight, who realized the strength and resources of the government, and who deprecated any resort to violence, advising resistance until the last extremity. 2. Men of impulsive temperaments, whose spirits were fired with such a sense of their wrongs and such devotion to liberty that they were for immediate war against their oppressors, and war to the knife. 3. There was a third class always to be found in such movements, adventurers who cared for no principle and were indifferent as to which side triumphed; they wished generally either to loot and profit by violence or to gratify a petty spirit of hatred against established order. Now, while there were outrages committed by the Regulators, it was generally under a burning sense of immediate wrong, but largely by this third class, who were ready to take advantage of any movement that promised profit or pleasure for themselves. These outrages were deplored and condemned by the body and the best element of the Regulators.

The conflict between imperious authority, forbidding the assembling of the people, and a people with a deep sense of wrong, moved by the spirit of liberty, continued from 1764 to 1771. It was largely confined to the portion of the province settled by dissenters. Their petitions for relief and redress were put off with promises or dismissed with contempt. It is true that there were good and honorable men upholding the government who yet realized the evils of which the Regulators complained, but who were restrained by subservience to authority or by a fear of the consequences of violence.

It was in 1770-71 that the conflict culminated in actual battle. In the fall of 1771, while conservative men, like Dr. Caldwell, were striving to effect a peaceful settlement, the Governor secured the passage of a legislative enactment authorizing him to use military force against the insurgents for the collection of the unjust taxes and the exorbitant fees demanded by the officials of the administration. In the following spring the Governor called out the militia and started his campaign into the disaffected districts. He got together a force of 1,000 or 1,200 men, well armed and supported by artillery. On the other hand, the Regulators gathered probably a larger force to meet the militia, but so little did they expect actual fighting that a great many of them left their guns at home.

It seemed as if their leader, Horace Husband, had intended only to make a show of force to impress and intimidate the Governor. When he saw that a fight was inevitable, he rode away and was seen no more in North Carolina. He was of Quaker blood and may have had conscientious scruples against war.

On the 14th of May, 1771, the Governor's forces camped on the banks of the Alamance; on the 15th the Regulators camped a little distance away, asking only a redress of their grievances as the way to peace. To this message an answer was returned on the 16th, an hour before the battle began, saying that the Governor had nothing to offer, but demanding absolute and unconditional submission.

Most of the men of Dr. Caldwell's congregation had gone with the Regulators, and they asked him to go with them to exercise his good offices for peace. He went to Governor Tryon and received a promise that the engagement should not be opened until he had time to try what could be done by negotiation. When the two forces had come within a very short distance of each other, the Governor sent a magistrate to read his proclamation, commanding the insurgents to disperse at once, else he would fire upon them. Then the fiercer spirits of the Regulators became furious, defying the Governor and demanding to be led instantly against their enemies. Dr. Caldwell is said to have ridden in front of the insurgent force, urging them to disperse and promising to try to secure justice by peacable means.

It is doubtful which side fired the first shot, and the historians seem generally to have been the Governor's apologists. The signal for opening the engagement was to be three shots from the cannon, but the militia were loath to fire upon their neighbors and friends. It was then that Tryon, rising in his stirrups, called out: "Fire on them, or fire on me." The engagement then became general. It was short, but decisive. The Regulators fought with courage, but they were no match for trained and well-equipped troops. The losses as represented by both sides differ materially. The British report nine killed and seventy wounded and claim that the Regulators lost over twenty killed and a large number wounded; but the account given by the Regulators just reverses these figures. It was evidently a bloody battle. The results were that the Regulators returned to their homes, and the Governor's forces, marching through the disaffected territory, forced the people to take the oath that they would not again take up arms against the king. Several of the leaders, tried by drumhead court-martial, were executed with brutal haste.

In the next year Governor Tryon was transferred to New York, and his successor, Governor Martin, a just and kindly man, set himself to rectify the abuses that had brought on the war. His efforts were hampered and hindered by the partisans of the former government.

The influence of this battle of the Alamance is to be estimated by its results as affecting the principles and lives of its main actors in the subsequent great war of the colonies for independence, in which North Carolina took a prominent part. It has been said that this battle made more Tories than

anything else, but there were two kinds of Tories. One kind, known as good Tories, felt that their oath bound them not to take up arms against the king; and while they took no part in the war, they were kind to the patriots, often protecting and defending them. So in the War between the States many strong Union men were kind to the Confederates.

The other class of Tories were they who felt that the fight against the British government was hopeless and who sympathized with that government and so took sides against the patriots. Probably the meanest class of Tories were those who had nothing to lose and joined the Regulators only for loot and personal gain. These were the burners of homes, insulters of women, authors of outrages on helpless families.

The bone and sinew of the Regulators became devoted, self-sacrificing adherents of the cause of the colonies. All the members of Dr. Caldwell's congregations, with him at their head, sympathized with the Regulators and entered with ardent enthusiasm into the war for independence.

The effect of the battle of the Alamance on this last class was positive and distinct. Not to judge too harshly the Governor and his followers and condemning the outrages of the Regulators, there was involved in this contest the same principle for which the colonies contended in their revolt against the mother country.

Defeat, as is so often the case, confirmed them in their principles and strengthened their purpose to stand for civil and religious liberties as something worth dying for; their cause was consecrated by the blood that was shed for it. Then again this battle gave them confidence to defeat and overcome their enemies if adequately equipped. It also showed them the value of organization and discipline. So when the war became a reality in 1775-76 these men were the first to advocate separation from Great Brittain, and in the Mecklenburg Declaration pledged themselves to the cause of independence.

From that day forward to the present time whenever men were needed to stand for righteousness, truth, and liberty the "Old North State" has always sent her quota to the front; while in the halls of Congress her leading men have been among the foremost defenders of the rights of the people against monoply, graft, and oppression.

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## *GENERAL LEE AT SHARPSBURG, 1862.*

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee was one of the most successful generals of the Confederate army and an educated soldier. He commanded the artillery in the engagement at Sharpsburg, Md., and in an article on this battle which he wrote a few years before he died he declared this to have been the worst of the whole war. His opinion coincides with what my comrades who took part in it told me. The aggregate loss on both sides was greater than that sustained in any single day's fighting in the entire course of the war. Gen. R. E. Lee, with a very weak force, had a broad river at his back to cross, and in case his line should be broken it meant the complete destruction of his army. He did not want to fight at this place and under such unfavorable conditions against an army more than twice as large as his own with superior artillery, but it was not a question of his choice. Accordingly he selected the line of Antietam Creek as far as he could utilize that stream to protect his front. Some distance beyond his right was a bridge across the creek which had to be held or the enemy would cross over and cut his communications with the ford of the river at Shepherdstown and force him to surrender. This had to be guarded against by a small brigade, now reduced to only two hundred and fifty men, while the enemy was endeavoring to force the crossing with many thousands. The ground on the left bank occupied by McClellan was much higher than that held by the Confederates and afforded them excellent location for their numerous batteries of artillery. But the creek did not bend so as to protect Lee's whole front, and his lines on the left were formed in the open country from the creek across the road leading north from Sharpsburg.

As the line of the Confederates was somewhat circular, the Federal batteries on the higher ground on the other side of the creek could enfilade them on the left. The extreme left of the Confederate line was held by General Stuart with his cavalry back to the Potomac River. His light artillery, served with the most consummate skill, had no small part in saving Jackson's left, held by our division (Ewell's), from complete destruction, since they were in position to enfilade the lines of the charging Federals.

Jackson arrived on the scene after a forced night march from Harper's Ferry. I have heard that it was his intention to throw the weight of his little force on the enemy's right, but when he arrived he found that McClellan had guarded against this by extending his line to the Potomac. There was nothing left to him then but to arrange his line to conform to that of his foe. The Louisiana Brigade, under General Hays, was drawn up on the extreme left of the infantry, and our brigade, now commanded by Col. Marcellus Douglass, of the 13th Georgia, was formed next to them. In the rear of them, at some distance and in front of the oak grove around the little brick Dunkard church, Walker's Virginia Brigade was formed as a reserve line. Hays's Louisianians were about five hundred in number, our brigade about fifteen hundred, and Walker's about eleven hundred, in all about thirty-one hundred in the division.

Our brigade was stretched out in a very thin line, with wide intervals between the regiments, so as to occupy as much space as possible. They were formed in open fields to the west of the road mentioned above, running north from Sharpsburg, and in front of them not more than a hundred feet was a low rail fence. From this fence to a forest to the north was a field of high corn standing very thick on the land. Lieutenant Colonel Crowder, a man destitute of fear, was in command of our (31st) regiment. He was ordered to deploy the regiment along the edge of the woods and hold his position as long as he had a man alive to defend it. This was at daybreak. He strung out his men about fifty feet apart wherever he could find protection behind a tree or other object; but these did not afford any shelter from the shells and solid shot coming from the other side of the creek. The artillery fire opened with great fury and must have been the signal for the infantry to advance. They moved forward at the same time in the woods, with several lines supporting one another, fringed in front by skirmishers to develop our position. As these came up the fire of our pickets drove them back on their advance line. So accurate was the aim of our men that they, too, were halted until the second line came up and opened on them. Colonel Crowder was shot and disabled, and so many of the regiment killed or wounded by the artillery and infantry fire that the rest were forced to flee through the corn to their friends in the main line. When they reached the fence and were getting over it—in more haste than dignity—they were guyed for coming over it in so great a hurry. Many of our men were laughing and saying, "What's the matter? What are you running for?" to which came the reply: "You'll soon see."

Then a grand sight met their eyes. The number of regimental standards floating in the morning air indicated the immense numbers of the advancing enemy. It was a wonderful sight. The remnant of our regiment formed in an apple orchard on the right of the brigade to assist in holding back the hosts of the enemy. Colonel Douglass, fearing the result of an attack by so large a force on his weak brigade, ran from regiment to regiment exhorting the men not to fire until the enemy reached the fence and began to get over it—to shoot low and make every bullet count.

On they came, crashing down the rank growth of corn, while Hardaway's Battery in rear of our line on a little hill mowed them down with grape and canister, and Stuart's light battery enfiladed their ranks. Wide gaps were torn in the blue lines, but they continued to come on until they reached the fence and began to get over in great disorder. This was the signal for the Confederates to open. The volley made them stagger and hesitate, but the second line came up, and, despite the fire of the Confederates, they came over and advanced slowly, step by step, and finally halted only a few feet in front of the Confederates, where they kept up the fight for a short while and began gradually to fall back to the fence. When they reached this, they broke in a disorderly mass toward the woods, while the Confederates helped them on by cheering and yelling.

But Colonel Douglass is badly wounded, many of his men killed or disabled, and his line is very much weakened. Though wounded in several places and feeble from the loss of blood, he still rushes from regiment to regiment exhorting the men to hold their position, to shoot low, and make every cartridge count, for he knew that this was only the beginning of the struggle.

It was McClellan's plan to throw the weight of his superior numbers on this, the weakest part of Lee's line, and cut him off from any means of escape to the Potomac by seizing the only road to the south. When the fugitives reached the woods they were met by fresh troops, and their ranks were reformed and beaten into shape for a new effort. And then, after some delay, they came into the open field again with their "huzzas," and the Confederate batteries began their deadly work, while every man in our thin ranks lay low with his gun ready to do or die; and as the enemy approached the fence they opened on them with a fire so destructive that they broke immediately to the protection of the woods. Once more the brave Douglass is wounded, but he managed to keep on foot to encourage his men; and in spite of his wounds and the entreaties of his men, he insists on remaining with them.

There is only a man every ten feet or more to resist the last and greatest effort of the enemy. Heavy reënforcements have been sent into the woods. These come forward in such numbers that the few Confederates defending the position are beaten back step by step to the reserve line held by General Walker and his Virginians. The eighth ball pierces the body of Colonel Douglass, and he falls helpless in the arms of his soldiers. He begs them to let him die on the battle field with his men, declaring he would rather die there than in the arms of his wife at home. The brigade, now without a commander, rallied with the reserves and helped to maintain the unequal contest for a time, but these were beaten back into the grove around the church, where they held for a time, but were finally driven out.

It seems that the enemy has won, and the army will be cut off from any avenue of escape. An officer rides in a great hurry toward the river, tears running down his cheeks, to find General Lee and tell him the bad news. When he meets him coming on old Traveler, he tells him that all is lost. But the General calmly points back and says: "See, Colonel, there comes Jackson with reënforcements."

There were only fifteen hundred of these. Who they were I do not know, but Jackson deployed them and moved forward, driving the victorious enemy, who were holding the grove, but without any order and in great confusion, out into the open field, across the cornfield, and into the woods beyond, where the fight first began in the morning. After so many brave officers and men had lost their lives in these three mighty efforts, they had at last been beaten back and entirely dispersed. But McClellan sends Hooker with fresh troops to renew the engagement, and General Lee at the same time sends an order to Jackson to push the offensive to weaken the pressure on Longstreet, whose line is broken. But Jackson felt too weak to obey and deemed it best to stand on the defensive, while Hooker, seeing General Mansfield and other generals lying dead and the complete demoralization of those who had been engaged, decided not to attack. He afterwards said he did not find any troops there; that they were entirely dispersed. Jackson was in no condition to renew the fight or resist Hooker if he had renewed the battle. Hooker was a good fighter, but not a very wise commander.

Our brigade took no part on this day's fight after this and that evening at sundown could muster only forty eight men who could stand in line. The next morning they were deployed one hundred yards apart, facing the enemy, who showed no disposition to fight. Each side had had enough, and they stood there all day long watching each other like gladiators too weak from loss of blood to renew the fight. As soon as night came General Lee began to withdraw to the ford of the Potomac. Our brigade was the last of the army to cross at sunrise the next morning. After this the brigade was under first one colonel and then another, none of whom had the capacity to command in battle or the love and confidence of the soldiers that Colonel Douglass enjoyed. It is said that the War Department at Richmond had made him a brigadier general the very day he was killed, but he never knew it. If he had survived the war and returned to his native State, he would have taken a prominent part in the affairs of his country, I am sure, for the people of Georgia would have honored him with the highest offices in their gift. General Lawton was wounded in this battle and never returned to us afterwards. He had commanded the division ever since General Ewell was wounded at Manassas.

The mismanagement of these colonels was so evident that the Confederate government promoted a man whose heroic conduct in this battle was as conspicuous as that of Colonel Douglass and who, like him, had been wounded eight times and left for dead on the battle field of Sharpsburg. This was Gen. John B. Gordon, a native son of Georgia, but at the time colonel of the 6th Alabama. He was blessed with a commanding voice and a natural grace and dignity that attracted the admiration of his soldiers, a leader born to command. There was but one other officer in the whole brigade whose voice could be distinctly heard in battle from one end of the line to the other, and that was Colonel Jones, of the 60th Georgia Infantry. On one occasion when we were in winter quarters General Gordon took the brigade out into a field to maneuver. When the line was formed, he and his staff were sitting on their horses at the right of the line, which extended a half mile or more. The General called out in a voice loud enough to be distinctly heard by every regimental commander, "At-ten-tion!" then, "For-ward, march!" Some regiments moved forward promptly, but others hesitated, waiting for the colonel to repeat the command, and general disorder ensued. At this Gordon became angry and called in a loud voice

that could be heard three-fourths of a mile away to know why Colonel Jones did not repeat the order. The line being once more formed, the order was repeated, and this time Colonel Jones, though at the extreme left, could be heard distinctly by every man in the ranks. So loud and clear was his voice that the whole command was convulsed with laughter. Colonel Jones was one of the bravest and coolest of our officers, and though often wounded, he survived the war and came home to assist in the restoration of our ruined country.

When our brigade crossed the Potomac at the ford at Shepherdstown, a few of our men were left along the high bluff of the river as a decoy to induce the enemy to come over and pursue our army. General Lee had a trap set for them and was anxious to get even with them for what they had done for him two days before at Sharpsburg. The bluff overlooking the river at this place is very high and perpendicular, with many rocks at the bottom. The road down to the river was graded out about thirty feet wide and afforded a very good approach for ordinary travel, but for a routed army struggling to escape in a great mix-up of teams and men in a mad rush for safety, with a hostile force at their backs urging them on, it was too narrow and became choked up, leaving no avenue of escape but to leap down fifty or more feet over the bluff on the rocks below. When the Yankees came to the ford they placed their batteries on the hills on the north side and shelled the few Confederate pickets away. Their infantry and ordnance train now came across without any resistance being offered and formed their battle line with their backs to the river. In front of them was a wide open field for half a mile or more to a body of woods. No sign of the Confederates could be seen, and they moved forward in fine style toward the woods, where a line of Confederates lay concealed. When they got within a few yards of the hidden enemy, they arose as one man and fired a volley into the enemy's ranks so suddenly that all broke immediately in the greatest disorder and fled toward the river, closely pursued by the Confederates. Men, wagons, and officers on horseback rushed madly toward the ford, only to find the approach to it jammed. In their headlong flight to escape their relentless pursuers, they went over the bluff and were crushed by the rocks. Those who reached the water had a wide river with a swift current to wade under fire, while they could offer no resistance. Only a few made their escape to the other side. One year afterwards I saw the broken remains of their wagons still there.

I suppose General Lee now considered that he was even with McClellan and quietly withdrew to the vicinity of Winchester. It was a cruel revenge to inflict on his enemy, but General Lee was evidently in no good humor at this time and wanted to pay his respects to the foe before leaving him or perhaps wanted to impress him with what might be expected if there was further effort to harass his movements.

And it had the desired effect; for although it was not too late in the season for active military operations, no new offensive was begun until winter had set in. Thousands of the wounded and sick were returning now to the army, and when I got back to my command in November I found there were more men in the ranks than had been since the Seven Days' Battles about Richmond. The ground was white with snow, and the brigade had constructed temporary quarters and was once more ready for whatever General Lee or General Jackson had for it to do.

Lincoln and McClellan could never agree about how the war ought to be conducted and the object to be attained. Lincoln was an abolitionist at heart and wholly under the influence of the radical element in his political party; while McClellan was a Union man, in favor of the restoration of the seceded States to the Union with no curtailment of the rights and privileges of the citizens of those States. With him the restoration of the Union was first; with Lincoln party expediency came first. McClellan was extremely popular with the soldiers and the moderate element at the North, and at this time was a dangerous political rival for Lincoln. Something had to be done to down him, and now was the time to do it, since he had let slip this opportunity to destroy Lee's army. The Confederates were glad to know that he had been relieved of the command of the army; for while he was overcautious, he always hurt them more than any of the other Union generals when he did fight.

Lincoln put Burnsides in McClellan's place, a man more in accord with his own ideas. He was a good fighter, but he did not have the talent to command so great an army and did not enjoy the confidence of his soldiers as had their former leader. There was nothing about him to inspire enthusiasm in the army or among the people at large.

NOTE.—The soldiers who knew Colonel Douglass before the war told us this story about him, which showed his grit and unconquerable spirit. He was a lawyer in a small town in Southwest Georgia and became mixed up in a free fight between some of his clients on one side and their enemies on the other. In the beginning of the affair Douglass was shot down and in the activities that followed was supposed to be out of the fighting. Remembering where there was a loaded double-barreled shotgun, he managed to crawl on his hands and knees, and, returning with it unobserved, although desperately wounded, he opened on his enemies so effectively that he cleaned out the opposite party in short order.

Colonel Douglass was a small, fair-skinned man with light blue eyes and blonde curly hair; a man no one would suppose from his personal appearance to be the heroic soul he was. He ran for Congress on the Whig, or Union, ticket in the great campaign in 1860 against Colonel Slaughter, Democrat, who was elected and, like Colonel Douglass, was killed in battle.

Hard marching, sickness, wounds, and death had so thinned the ranks of our company (I, 31st Georgia) from the time we had joined Stonewall in the Valley three months before that out of seventy-five men and boys we could muster only six for this engagement. These were: Lieut. Judson Butts, Ben Averett (18), Ben Barfield (18), John Cooper (50), Tom Jones (18), and Nat Sutton (18). Averett, Cooper, and Jones were killed. Barfield was slightly wounded.

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*AUTUMN.*

Autumn again is here. Its nodding fields
Of grain, the "yellow leaf" which now assumes
Its loveliest hue, and leaves reluctantly
The parent tree, the sportive rustling wind
Breathing its soft and melancholy tune
Through the decaying foliage—are each and all
Its attributes. And truly they attest,
With magic eloquence, the varied change
Of things below. Man's destiny is writ
In the huge tome of nature; he may go
Abroad, and read it with attentive soul
Until, with inspiration deeply fraught,
He feels his heart is purified anew.
Yet Autumn wakens many mournful thoughts,
And frequently, when musing on the theme—
My spirit all subdued by sad restraints—
I've wished, with some fine poet I have read,
"I with green summer like a leaf might die."

—*John R. Thompson.*

### *IN THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.*

[From "A Book of Memories," by W. B. Crumpton, of Montgomery, Ala., who served in Company H, 37th Mississippi Infantry, Shelby's Brigade, Walthall's Division.]

As we crossed the Chattahoochee River the boys said, as they had said many times before: "Old Joe is going to cross this river and then make his stand." But on we went until we were in the suburbs of Atlanta. Then rumors began to reach us that Johnston had informed the War Department that Atlanta could not be defended and after a little, if the army was saved, it must be evacuated. However, plans had been made to attack the enemy; but before the fighting Johnston was relieved.

On the 20th of July the battle of Peachtree Creek was fought. I have forgotten the military terms, but the plan of attack was for our regiment to halfway overlap the one in front. We took the Yanks in our front seemingly by surprise. They were mostly foreigners who couldn't speak English. They threw down their guns and surrendered in droves, and that was our undoing. Too many of our fellows were willing to carry prisoners to the rear. There was no reserve to carry on the victory.

Stone's Brigade, on our right, had to come up through an old field facing a battery and had been unsuccessful. Lieut. Pierce English, gun in hand, and three of us found ourselves on a hill rather behind the battery on our right. We had used up all our ammunition. So we picked up Yankee cartridge boxes, which strewed the ground. Their guns carried a ball about two calibers smaller than ours. So we abandoned the slow method of drawing the rammer to load. We tore the cartridge, placed it in the muzzle, stamped the breech on the ground; the weight of the bullet carried the cartridge home, so we had only to cap and fire. It was almost like a repeating rifle. There seemed to be no danger in our front. The Yanks had continued their flight, we thought, to the river. We fired on the battery so fast that it almost ceased firing. They turned a gun on us, but fired only once. Probably they were short of ammunition; for the caissons were being rushed forward as fast as the horses could drag them, but we had shot them down. We saw far in the distance a group of horsemen which we took to be a general and his staff. We all loaded, elevated our sights, dropped behind a log, and took deliberate aim. In a moment we saw them scampering away. Old Bill Nicholson, one of our party, had been a Texas Ranger. Returning to Mississippi, his native State, he enlisted, though he had a leg stiff from rheumatism, but that was no bar to service in those days. He brought with him from Texas an old six-shooter, which he buckled around him. It was the joke of the company when Nick every few weeks went out into the bushes and tried his pistol at a tree; then for a couple of hours he cleaned and reloaded it. He had never found use for it, but he said the time would come. He was the only man in the company who had a revolver.

On this occasion Bill said to the lieutenant: "Pierce, kill that Yankee." It so happened that not a gun was loaded, and Bill had forgotten his pistol. Maybe the Yauk's gun was empty too, for we saw him twenty steps away dodge into the bushes. A hasty counsel was held, and we decided they were returning and we'd better get out. What had become of the balance of our forces we never did know. We supposed many had gone to the rear with the prisoners and had forgotten to return. With our guns all loaded, we started out the way we came in. On rising a very steep hill in the woods we saw fifty yards away the woods black with Yankees. They had dropped in behind us, but with no idea that there was danger from that direction; they were looking to their front. We all fired into the thickest bunch of them and fairly rolled down the steep hillside. Three of us rushed down a ravine and, after passing a spur went up another ravine. Poor old Bill Nick went across the spur, and we gave him up as lost. Approaching a road down which General Walthall, our division commander, and staff were riding leisurely, I shouted to him, telling him of his danger. One of his party came galloping, saying: "Go back to the front, you stragglers." With that our lieutenant walked away, demanding that we should go back. I remarked that I'd speak to the General. In a few words I told him that Stone's Brigade hadn't come up, that the Yanks were only a little way down the road. On his expressing great doubt, saying, "We certainly have carried everything," his smart Alec of an aid shouted out as he galloped off: "I'll see." A short distance away he wheeled his horse, and a hundred bullets flew through the woods in his direction.

In the middle of the road there was a brass cannon left by some one. The General said:" You two men remain right here by this gun and when I send you a force pilot them to that hill you were on." My companion was "Chunky" Thompson, called that because he was not chunky. He was as slim as a match and probably six feet and eight inches in height. We looked at the gun and found it loaded, but how to shoot it we did not know. Finally, however, we thought we knew and were determined that we'd fire it if the Yanks came. After a while the 45th Arkansas came with a very small number of men. Later another bunch, until probably five hundred at last had gathered. Then came a senior colonel drunk as could be. I'll not mention his name because of subsequent history. He called for the men General Walthall had left and wanted to know where the hill was. I pointed the direction and suggested modestly that my companion and I, with a few others, should act as skirmishers, for there was no telling what changes had occurred. He cursed me, and said he was capable of running that business. After a time in the wildest confusion we were at the bottom of the hill. I said: "There's the hill, Colonel; I can't tell you what's on top." He ordered the charge. When within twenty or thirty steps of the top a solid blue line of Yanks rose up, and I am sure half of our men fell at the first fire. I fired my gun, then attempted to load it lying down. It had been fired so much that it had gotten clogged, and the bullet hung halfway down the barrel. Standing half bent, trying to ram the bullet home. the gun was shot out of my hand, the stock literally torn into splinters. Fortunately, some of us escaped, because the Yanks, firing down the hill, as is most generally the case, overshot us. As I started down the hill I picked up a Yankee gun. Just then the colonel, capless, rode by as fast as his horse could carry him. His drunkeness and foolhardiness had lost the day and fully half his men. Getting back to camp that night, the lieutenant said: "Wash, General Walthall ought to promote you. But for you he would have been killed or captured to-day."

How we talked of poor old Bill Nick! We mourned him as dead, when about ten o'clock he limped into camp with his empty pistol strapped around him. When asked about it, he said: "They tried to kill me by shooting at me, and I don't see how they missed me. Then they undertook to run me down, and I got five of then with my revolver." Think of the weary marches for two years and how, loaded down though he was, he clung to the old Texas weapon, saying: "Some day I'll need it." And that day had come.

Of course the common soldier didn't hear much except by "grapevine," and that was never trustworthy; but it was

talked that the Peachtree battle had been planned by Joe Johnston. The attack was to be made in double column, but the plan was changed, hence the disaster. Certain we were that with a fresh column to have followed up the drive the results would have been a complete victory, for there was little fight in the enemy. I am sure many of them did not stop until the Chattahoochee was reached. Our men were cast down because of the removal of Joe Johnston, their loved commander.

On the 22d of July, to our right, another battle was fought when General McPherson, of the Federal army, was killed, but my command was not in it. On the morning of the 28th John Knox and I—we were chums and messmates—started out to find some vegetables, for we were burned out on bacon and corn bread. In some of the deserted gardens in Atlanta where army horses had been corraled we found a few small Irish potatoes, some collard sprouts, and peas, and I filled my haversack. We were happy over the prospect of vegetable soup for dinner, but just as we reached camp the bugle sounded. We fell in and were marched rapidly to the left, formed in line of battle, and were ordered to advance. We heard no firing in front, we saw no skirmishers, but, descending a hill, we were fired upon by infantry scarcely sixty yards away behind barricades of rails and old buildings. It was a slaughter pen, bullets coming from several directions. I fell behind a log, but before I fired a shot I was struck on the hip bone, the bullet's force being much weakened by going between the log and the rail that lay on the top. We retired, not in good order; fact is, when I found that I had the full use of my leg I made good time getting away. Bullets from three directions plowed up the ground like great worms in the earth. Getting out, I was sent to the field hospital, but didn't report to the surgeons, as my wound was only a great bruise, which passed away in about a week.

That night I got a fellow who had a piece of meat to make us some vegetable soup. It was a sad meal, for poor John Knox was killed in the first fire, a bullet passing through his head. My old haversack, so full of vegetables that it bulged, had a half dozen bullet holes through it. For ten days my body was not safe from the passage of bullets, some through my clothing and some that barely made my clothes threadbare as they passed, but leaving a sore place on the flesh as if scorched by fire. My case knife in the bottom of my haversack turned two bullets off of me, and my tube wrench and screw driver in my cartridge box was broken by another. I have the knife and screw driver now, and I had the bullet too, which I found in the inside pocket of a second pair of pants, but I lost it in the changes of the years.

In telling this I am always reminded of Pat at Bull Run. Some one protested: "Pat, you didn't run, did you?" The reply was: "Faith, and them as didn't run are there yit."

I never have known what to call this battle, for I have read but little of our history; but from somewhere the name of the "Poorhouse" is associated with it.

Three battles within a week was making things interesting. I take it that Sherman began again the tactics so effectually carried out for two months of flanking us out.

In a day or two I took dysentery fever and was sent to a hospital in the southern part of the city. I was desperately ill, delirious at night and mind flighty in daytime. One afternoon a physician and nurse came. An examination was made, and the doctor would give some word to the nurse, who would write it down. I thought I heard him say: "He must stay.' I wasn't certain, but gave good heed when he spoke the word at the next cot. The words got on my nerves. I began to think of a retreat. I raised up in my cot, and out through the door I could see troops and wagons going South. Until near dark I kept observing and became assured that the retreat was on, and I was marked to remain. My mind was hazy, but I got my clothes on. They were not much, only two pairs of pants and two shirts; we had discarded knapsacks long ago. Then with my canteen and empty haversack in hand I walked out hesitatingly, for I doubted that I could get down to the road. Just then a bright light lit up the heavens, and explosions occurred that shook the earth. Then I knew the government proprety was being burned. That put ginger in my bones, and I lit out. I drank liberally at a stream and passed on. I was sure I was lost, for nobody passed me. The truth was, the whole army was ahead of me. I kept noticing something white in the road. Presently I reached for it, when lo! it was Yankee hard-tack. I was ravenously fond of them and began to eat as I walked. During the night I filled my haversack, and I suspect I ate as many more. I broke out in a profuse perspiration and was sure my fever was going. My surmise was that we had captured stores from the Yanks up the State somewhere and one of the wagons had a box which jolted the crackers out through a hole. It was another case of the raven ministering to God's old servant, only I wasn't much of a servant; but as sure as you live God was my friend and was saving me for a purpose. I found after many trials that dry crackers were *one of the best remedies for disordered bowels.*

To their great surprise and my great joy I reached my command next morning at breakfast. The battle of Jonesboro had been fought just the day before a little south of where we were. In a very few days the word passed along: "We are going to Tennessee." The words were like magic. Hood was forgiven, Johnston was forgotten, and a memorable march began. The idea was to drop in behind Sherman and destroy the railroad, cutting him off from his store of supplies at Nashville. I can't begin to tell all we thought the movement meant to him. Little did we think he had left an army behind competent to handle us, and he'd make a break through the pine forests of Georgia for Savannah. But so it turned out. However, we had a high old time destroying the railroad north of Atlanta, right along where we had retreated a few weeks before. Our plan was to tear up the crossties, make them in pens, lay the rails across them, fire them, and see them bend in the middle. Some of the rails we buried, some were thrown into the creeks. It was rapid work we did. We learned later that the Yankees repaired the road almost as rapidly as we had torn it up. We passed through Rome, Gadsden, Attalla, and up Sand Mountain. My recollection is that we saw but one house all the day long on the desolate mountain road. Little did any of us believe that it would ever become thickly settled and a most prosperous part of Alabama, but so it has.

In a day or two we approached Decatur. We were told that it was strongly fortified, and found it true. I suppose a demonstration was to have been made there while the army was marching west to cross the Tennessee River at Florence. One of the densest fogs I ever saw prevailed on the morning after we arrived at what is now called East Decatur. I was put in charge of three men, and fifteen or twenty feet away was another squad. One man was to go in front of his squad, and when he had approached as near the breastworks as he dared he was to give the signal and the three men, armed with pick and spade besides their guns, were to go to digging for their lives. When I got near enough to easily distinguish voices, I gave the signal and then the dirt flew. The Yanks

had no pickets out; I am sure they were eating their breakfast. All of a sudden the fog lifted, and there we were in twenty steps of a splendid line of breastworks with head logs. Then began a fast race across an open field for the woods, a mile away. We left a line of tools probably a mile long. It seemed to me that I never ran as slowly in my life and, strange to say, the Yanks were not firing on us. The truth was, they hadn't seen us. We had gone maybe half the distance when the whiz and zip of bullets made it interesting. There must have been a thousand shots fired, but not a man was hit. Our generals were always doing foolish things. The man who gave that order ought to have been in the lunatic asylum; but the other side had some fools too. With a regiment or two we could have captured the whole force that foggy morning almost without firing a gun. No sentinels or pickets were out, everybody feeling safe behind their magnificent breastworks.

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*THE CAUSE OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.*

[Address by Robert G. Higdon before a joint session of Veterans, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederacy at Owensboro, Ky., on September 3, 1921.]

I thank the W. T. Ellis Camp for the honor of membership in it. Both the Camp and its name appeal to me. When I was at an impressionable age Captain Ellis was my exemplar. He was my first real friend and has been an inspiration to effort and achievement. My respectful homage to him.

I am glad to have the pleasure of meeting you and feel flattered by the presence of the Daughters of the John C. Breckinridge Chapter. With the Sons they constitute a connecting link with a glorious past.

I want to talk to you upon what I believe to be the cause or causes that led to the War between the States.

Some one more a philosopher than a cynic has said that the way to train a child is to begin with its grandparents, and by analogy it may be said that great events have their beginnings in a remote past.

The two periods in this country that profoundly affected its opinion and its destiny were the coming of the Puritan to New England and the Cavalier to Virginia. These must not be confused with the Pilgrims at Plymouth and the colony at Jamestown, though both of these fill their niches in history.

The Puritan left England because of opposition to the form of worship of the English Church, and the Cavalier left because Cromwell and the Parliamentary party then in control of the government sought to regulate his thought and conduct. The Puritan in his zeal attempted to control religious belief; the Cavalier in his independence would not brook interference with his personal habits and conduct. From the Puritan came the Winthrops, the Cabots, the Adamses, and the Quincys; from the Cavalier the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, the Madisons, the Randolphs, the Marshalls, and others. The one wanted to regulate other peoples' conduct; the other wanted only to regulate his own. The two groups were irreconcilable. From their differences of opinion finally came the War between the States.

The colonial system followed, but because of its weaknesses a plan of government adapted to all the people was necessary. There was sharp conflict of opinion, but in the formation of the government the controlling principle was self-determination, or, as it was popularly called, local self-government.

When the Constitution was submitted to the colonies, the argument that was mainly directed against its ratification was that too much power was lodged in the general government. One of the objections of George Mason, a delegate from Virginia, was that under it the men of Georgia might be called to Maine to quell an insurrection, and this view was shared by others, among whom was DeWitt Clinton, of New York.

But it was insisted by the friends of the instrument that it was but a compact by which the parties to it were bound only as long as it served the purpose for which it was formed and as long as it did not result in oppression to the people of the States. New York and Virginia were the last to accept it necessary to complete its ratification. Virginia did so with the proviso that it might withdraw from the United States should its government become oppressive or perverted, and New York accompanied its ratification with a similar proviso.

The government was formed on a general consent to these principles which were maintained by States and groups of States until the close of the War between the States.

After its ratification there was such distrust of the Constitution that in the first two years ten amendments to it were adopted. The first nine were intended to further secure personal and religious freedom, while the tenth reserved all the powers to the States that were not expressly delegated to the general government.

But it was reserved for Kentucky to exercise a leading part in the interpretation of the Constitution in the relation of the several States to the Union.

The sentiment of Kentucky was expressed in what are historically known as the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798. These were a series of resolutions designed to set forth the view of the people of Kentucky toward the powers attempted to be exercised by Congress. They presented the doctrine of nullification, or the right of a State to determine whether an act of Congress deemed objectionable was within the powers delegated by the States to the general government.

The influence of these resolutions was far-reaching. They crystallized in expression what was a ruling principle among the people of the States, which was that their sovereignty was unimpaired in entering the Union. They constituted the sum of the view that the right of local self-government must be preserved.

Bottomed upon the principle announced in these resolutions was the nullification resolution of South Carolina, which was the refusal to pay what it regarded as excessive tariff duties, the refusal of the State of New York to pay unreasonable canal tolls, and Georgia's defiance of the attitude of the United States toward the Cherokee Indian question.

I refer to the Kentucky Resolutions to show the influence that Kentucky exercised upon the thought of the country in the development of the principle inborn in the English-speaking race that the people should have the right to govern themselves. This has always been true. It was true in the Hundred Court, it was true at Runnymede, it was true at Yorktown, and it was true at Fort Sumter.

It should be a matter of pride to every descendant of every Kentucky Confederate soldier that Kentucky Confederates fought for the principles embodied in the Kentucky Resolutions which, until negatived by force of arms, were held by those who believed in them to rank in principles with the essentials of liberty announced in the Declaration of Independence and in Magna Charta.

The idea of the sovereignty of the States, including the right of a State to withdraw from the Union, was practically of general acceptance, and in 1803 the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory was so objectionable to a group of New

England statesmen, who saw in it a possible balance of power in the South, that such men as George Cabot, Timothy Pickring, and Josiah Quincy expressed the view that a State might withdraw from the Union when a condition arose that made it expedient to do so and when the causes complained of were radical and permanent.

Prior to the War between the States there were few statesmen, either in the North or South, careful of their opinion, who would have denied the right of a State to withdraw from the Union when the reasons appeared to it sufficient to authorize it. This is a rule that runs through all the law from its alpha to its omega. Courts dissolve contracts when there exist reasons for their dissolution, and governments annul treaties, which are but larger forms of contracts.

In 1814 the Hartford Convention, composed of delegates selected by the legislatures of certain New England States, considered withdrawal from the Union because of grievances against the government growing out of the War of 1812. This convention recognized the right of secession. And in 1845, because of its opposition to the annexation of Texas, the legislature of Massachustets adopted a resolution declaring its determination not to submit to undelegated powers and that the admission of foreign territory would have no binding effect upon the people of Massachusetts.

Both sections of the country believed in the doctrine of local self-government, but it is not unfair to say that the North and East wanted to exempt that doctrine from certain conditions. There remained the spirit of the Puritan seeking to impose his will upon others.

If I were asked to name the causes that led to the War between the States, I would describe in sequence the things that resulted from the diametrically opposing views of the Puritan and the Cavalier. The one wanted to regulate its own section and impose its own will upon the people of the other section; the other wanted only to be let alone. The slavery question was but an incident. Had it not been for the Missouri Compromise, the war might have come from the extension of slavery. Had it not been for Mr. Clay's horizontal tariff bill, it might have come from an oppressive fiscal policy.

The war was indirectly caused by inherent conflict in opinion between the people of the two sections, by harassing and vexatious antislavery propaganda on the part of Eastern and Northern abolitionists, and directly by the election of a sectional President.

War brings cataclysms in its train. The stronger power enforces its will. It may nullify an act of Congress, as it did with the Missouri Compromise, or override a decision of the Supreme Court, as it did in the Dred Scott case. In some instances it changes beliefs. In others it deprives those who hold certain beliefs of the power to give them effect.

The Hundred Years' War took away the right of English kings to the French throne, the Thirty Years' War brought about the political disintegration of Germany, the Wars of the Roses brought victory to a doubtful line of kings and established the succession of the House of Lancaster, the Revolution of 1688 changed the course of the English government and altered the existing form of religion, and our War between the States qualified the right of self-determination and gave us a government of more or less centralized powers. Its powers are as great as a governmental exigency in the hands of a President with a purpose to impose his will will make them. It was not long ago that a President of the United States seized a part of a Central American State in furtherance of a governmental enterprise.

An Athenian general who found it necessary to do something that he regarded as expedient for the State sought the counsel of Aristides, who when the matter was presented to him said that it was expedient, but not just.

### Conditions in Kentucky at the Beginning of the War.

In Kentucky in the early part of the war Southern sentiment had much with which to contend. Though he had been dead nearly ten years, Mr. Clay's influence survived.

Union propagandists influenced many a slave-holder to remain in the Union on the idea that if the negroes were freed owners of them who had remained loyal would be paid for them. Further, Federal military occupation overawed the timid, and in the election of the legislature that assembled in January, 1862, Confederates and their friends were excluded from participation. Expatriation of Confederates by an act of the legislature followed, and an era of Federal military tyranny ensued, not to the extent, but in kind, as cruel and brutal as that of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands or the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden Moor. It appalled all but the stoutest Southern hearts.

Because of Federal occupation Confederate soldiers had no place of enlistment except at the thin line of forts at Columbus, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, and Bowling Green. These forts formed the outer defenses of the Confederacy. Yet about forty thousand Kentuckians became a part of the South's armies. They were the very flower of the State. Among them were no negroes nor forced enlistments nor home guards. They were the rose and expectancy of the State. Many of them fell with Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh, with Hanson at Stone River, with Ben Hardin Helm at Chickamauga, at Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, and in the frightful carnage at Franklin.

The survivors, buttoning their paroles in their gray and faded coats, returned with the end of the war. In war they were the foremost soldiers. In peace they have been the best of citizens. They have been leaders in thought, leaders in business, and leaders in the professions. They have maintained the South's traditions and preserved its glory. You are their descendants.

When Paul entered Jerusalem from his ministry in the region round about, he was apprehended by the Pharisees upon the charge of being a stirrer-up of the people. He was brought before the chief captain, and on being permitted to speak in his defense he said: "I am a man which am a Jew, born in Tarsus, brought up in Jerusalem, and taught at the feet of Gamaliel after the perfect manner of the law of the fathers."

I counsel you to sit at the feet of these surviving men who honored themselves and honored you and me by their service in the Confederate army. Sit at their feet as Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel, for their valor and heroism in war and the honorable and successful lives they have led in peace constitute the finest lessons in fidelity to principle and patriotic devotion to country that are recorded in human annals. All honor to those who are living and to the memory of those who are dead!

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Some light from sunlight may our sadness borrow,
  Some strength from bright young wings,
Some hope from brightening seasons, when each morrow
  A lovelier verdure brings;
Some softened shadow of remembered sorrow
  From the calm depths of spring.

—*F. O. Ticknor.*

## *A GHOST STORY.*

CHARLES H. GOFFE, IN SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS.

An old Confederate scout of those days with whom I had occasion some years ago to ride through a neighborhood near a certain town narrated a funny story that never recurs that it does not require a hearty laugh. Jim Warden (that was the old scout's name) said as we were passing an ancient cemetery: "Do you believe in ghosts?"

"No, indeed," I answered; "do you?"

"Well, not since the incident I am going to narrate transpired," he answered.

"You see that old graveyard yonder? Well, it was during the first part of the War between the States, now about twenty years ago. I had been on scout duty, and my command was operating in the vicinity where the town of Stafford is now located. My father's home was about ten miles west of Stafford, and I took occasion to visit the family one night and get a good square meal, though it was risky business. I hitched my horse back of the house in a thicket, and when the family retired for the night mother gave me a large white cotton blanket, as the nights were kind of frosty, you know, and I came down to this old graveyard as a safe place to sleep. Well, I found a nice grassy bed right between two graves, whose large flat marble slabs had toppled over, and I lay down and had just gone into a dreamy snooze when I heard the clatter of horse's hoofs, and, looking toward the entrance, where once there had been an old gate, what was my terror when I distinguished the outline of a horseman riding directly toward where I lay. Great Scott! Man, I pulled my revolver and quietly watched the intruder on my dreams. Then as he approached to about twenty feet he bent over and seemed to be looking for me, and there he sat on his horse, bending this way and that. I was confident he was trying to find my hiding place, for it was very dark.

"Then an idea seized me, and, wrapping the ample white blanket about me, I sat up. The horse gave a snort. I raised up with the white blanket fluttering about me and stepped up on one of the mounds. The stranger saw it. He gave one wild, despairing yell and out of the cemetery he rushed in a mad gallop, and I lay down convulsed. That's my story, Charley. But listen: there is more. About ten years ago I was riding where we are now, past this same old graveyard, in company with a man who was reared not a thousand miles from this spot, when this companion said: 'Warden, do you believe in ghosts?'

"'No,' said I. 'Do you?'

"'You bet I do, Warden, and so would you if you had been with me once during the times of the war.'

"'Why,' said I, 'what about it?'

"He stopped right along about here, filled his pipe, and said in a deep, solemn voice: 'Warden, I always feel skeery when I come by this old graveyard, and I feel like something was crawling up my spine, and I kind of hate to tell it, but you and I were old scouts in 1861 and 1862. Well, sir, listen: One night I was out on scout duty near here and I lost my spur, and the lazy old nag I was mounted on was so slow that when I came to the gate yonder I rode in to get me a good sprout that I knew was growing out of the old neglected stumps. Well, Warden, I was trying to break one off at the root and didn't want to dismount, when suddenly my old horse gave an unearthly snort, and as I turned to look, Holy Moses! there arose out of one of those long graves a ghost ten feet high, flapping his wings and starting for me. Great heavens, Warden! I'm scared when I think of it, and the sight of that ghost has haunted me all these years ever since.'

"And then I laughed and laughed until my sides fairly ached, and then I laughed some more. It was just too funny, and you are the very man I wanted to hear it. I told my companion all about it and detailed every incident until he was thoroughly convinced, and then he laughed. But the evil spell that had haunted him for all these long years had been broken and the 'hoodoo' of his dreams had been relegated to the bowwows."

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## *A TRIBUTE.*

Died near Chancellorsville on the 6th of May, 1863, James Hudson, of the Mobile Cadets, 3d Alabama Regiment, of wounds received in the battle of Chancellorsville. Thus has passed away from earth by the bloody hand of battle one of nature's noblemen.

No purer, nobler spirit has shed his blood during this dreadful strife than James Hudson. Gifted by nature with intelligence in the highest degree, possessed of a most amiable disposition, none knew him but to love him. The high hopes of future usefulness and honor which so filled his heart are now gone forever, and the bearer of that noble heart now sleeps in a bloody grave. Modest and retired, his circle of acquaintances was not large; but those who knew him will bear testimony with me to the noble qualities of his nature. The idol of his parents and the pride of his sisters, he knew naught but happiness at home; but brave and enthusiastic by nature, when the tocsin of war sounded he bade farewell to the pleasures of home and sprung forward to do battle in his country's cause. He joined the 3d Alabama Regiment, and from the day of his enlistment to the day of his death he was distinguished as one of its most efficient members. Wounded in the battle of Malvern Hill, he returned to the home he loved so well and remained for a few weeks; but the battle became again imminent, and with his wounds scarcely healed he returned to his company, and during the long, toilsome marches which his regiment performed during the fall of 1862 he was uncomplaining, his brave spirit never flagged, and his noble example inspired his comrades with his own enthusiasm.

"Brave and stern on the battle field, with the fire of liberty in his eyes and the rose of heaven on his cheek," he was a joyful, genial companion in the bivouac. In the late battles on the Rappahannock he belonged to a corps of sharpshooters; and although a humble private, he was so distinguished by his coolness and bravery that when his commanding officer fell, mortally wounded, his companions in arms unanimously petitioned that James Hudson should command them—a fit tribute to his gallantry. Advancing with his skirmishers, the fatal shot struck him down. He knew the wound was mortal, and yet unselfish still his grave spirit did not falter, and while being borne away, weltering in his blood, he cheered his men on to the fight. In him his afflicted parents have lost a noble son, his sisters a devoted brother, his friends a loved companion, and his country one of her best soldiers. Weep not, father and mother! Weep not, sisters! Thy joy has gone from thee, yet has left thee a noble heritage in his name. Sleep on, brave soldier! Thou art not forgot. Thy friends will bedew thy grave with tears, thy gallant deeds will live long in the memory of your comrades, and thy name will be ever honored as one of their most distinguished dead.

Noble sacrifice on the altar of liberty. T. N. Mc.

Buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va. The grave is in the Masonic plot, near Mr. Davis's monument, a most beautiful spot overlooking the James River.

# THE LAST ROLL

Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, $3.00 each.

"Ye winds! Keep every storm aloof,
And kiss away the tears they weep!
Ye skies, that make their only roof,
Look gently on their houseless sleep!"

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### Col. S. Emanuel.

Col. Sol Emanuel died in New York City on August 27, 1921. He was born in Charleston, S. C., but his parents moved to Georgetown, S. C., and he there spent his boyhood and was just blooming into manhood when the war began. He promptly joined the Georgetown Rifle Guards, which became Company A of the 10th South Carolina Regiment. Three brothers were in that company, but Sol alone survived. He was in every battle and skirmish in which his regiment or company took part, but escaped unscathed. He was a brave and devoted soldier of the Confederacy, winning the love and admiration of his officers and comrades. He suffered intensely from exhaustion and lacerated feet on Hood's Tennessee campaign in the winter of 1864-65. As we were going into the tragic battle of Franklin he was so weak that it was necessary that his gun be taken from him and given to a strong, healthy man just returned from wounded furlough, and I excused Sol from the fight. But that did not keep him out. Sick, emaciated, barefooted, unarmed, he went in with his company and faced the dangers of that hell upon earth. When we subsequently retreated to the Tennessee River and the bridge was thrown across, he came to me and asked to be sent to a hospital. I thought I saw death stamped on him and never expected to see him again. But when the regiment passed the hospital in Northern Mississippi, he hobbled out and took his place in the ranks. Noble and patriotic devotion! The height of human fortitude!

He was ardently interested in preserving not the animosities, but the precious memories of the Confederate struggle for constitutional liberty. He was a member of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans and historian of the Children of the Confederacy Chapter in New York. He served as my aid when I was Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

He is survived by a daughter and grandson and a host of friends. He was buried in Sumter, S. C., by the side of his wife and with the Masonic ritual. So closed nearly eighty years of useful life, largely devoted to the service of his fellow man and graced by untold acts of generosity and good. He surely reaps in the mansion of his Lord the rich reward of duty well done.

[C. Irvine Walker, late Lieutenant Colonel commanding 10th South Carolina Regiment.]

### Henry Hollyday.

The death of Henry Hollyday on September 9 at his home, in Easton, Md., removed one of the oldest and most esteemed citizens of his county. He was born in Baltimore on June 29, 1836, and had thus passed into his eighty-sixth year. His father was Henry Hollyday, of Readbourne, Queen Anne County, Md., and his mother was Anna Maria, daughter of Henry Hollyday, of Ratcliffe Manor, in Talbot County. He completed his education in St. James College, near Hagerstown, and in 1852 entered the mercantile business in Philadelphia; but he returned to Maryland in 1861 and was in business at Centerville until September, 1862, when he went South and joined the Confederate army at Richmond, enlisting in Company A, 2d Maryland Infantry, Capt. William Murray commanding, and served until the surrender at Appomattox. He was at Winchester, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, Hatcher's Run, and other big battles.

Returning to Maryland, he managed his father's estate and also that of his uncle until 1869, when he again went into business. In 1874 he entered the Easton National Bank, where he remained in different official capacities until his retirement in January, 1920, on account of ill health.

In 1869 Comrade Hollyday was married to Miss Sarah Hughlett, daughter of Col. Thomas Hughlett, and of their children two daughters and two sons survive him. His second marriage was to Miss Margaretta Maxwell Chilton, of Baltimore County, and she survives him with two daughters and a son.

For over fifty years he had given the best part of his life to his community, known in his daily life as an affable and courteous gentleman, with a high appreciation of wit, good literature, and music. He never lost his youth and never forgot those with whom he was associated in early years. He loved to recount his experiences in the great struggle of the sixties and had contributed some interesting articles to the Veteran and other papers. He was a lifelong member of St. Peter's Parish, where he had served as treasurer and as vestryman for many years. He was known by every one in his home town and esteemed for his sterling worth.

### Sam Box.

The last of four brothers who served in Gen, Joe Shelby's Iron Brigade of Missouri Cavalry passed to the great beyond in the death of Judge Sam Box at his home, in Muskogee, Okla., on July 16, 1921, aged seventy-six years.

He was a member of Company C, 3d Regiment of Shelby's old brigade, and was with that command from its organization to the close of the war. He marched and fought when they marched and fought, and participated in many engagements and skirmishes. He witnessed the burial of Shelby's flag in the Rio Grande River on July 4, 1865, the last Confederate flag to float over the proud and imperial South.

He accompanied Shelby's expedition into Old Mexico, which expedition has become a part of the common history of the country. He was with Shelby on every raid to the Missouri River, enduring all the perils and hardships of those bold adventurers without a murmur. With a determination never to surrender, he made his way to Old Mexico, thence to Oregon, remaining there for some time before returning to his home and native State, Missouri.

Judge Box carried with him to his grave this determination never to surrender. His devotion to the cause of the Confederacy was profound and life-long. He was always interested and active in political affairs. He was for two years superintendent of the Confederate Home at Ardmore, Okla.,

which position he filled with pride and efficiency. He attended almost every State and national Reunion, the last of which being the general Reunion at Houston, Tex., in 1920.

Such is a part of the record of a well-spent life; but it tells so little of the real man, of his kindly, courteous nature, of his utter unselfishness, and of a generosity so marked that it was frequently unwise, but which no doubt to him seemed to be an obvious duty.

He leaves a wife and six children, three sons and three daughters.

### Rev. John Lynn Bachman, D.D.

It has been granted to few men to live the happy and well-rounded life that closed when Rev. Lynn Bachman ended his earthly pilgrimage at Sweetwater, Tenn., December 15, 1919.

Many memorials have been written of a man who attained distinction as a minister, educator, orator, and Grand Master in Masonry in Tennessee, but none can be complete without reference to his military service for his country.

Born June 23, 1841, at his father's home, Roseland, near Kingsport, Tenn., he was one of the well-known Bachman brothers, four of whom were Confederate soldiers, one dying in the hospital; and of the two who survive him, one, Rev. Jonathan Waverly Bachman, D.D., is chaplain general, U. C. V.

As a young schoolmaster Lynn Bachman volunteered at the age of twenty at Estillville, Va., entering Company D, 37th Virginia Regiment of Infantry, Stonewall Jackson's Division, and participated in the arduous service of that noted regiment until, incapacitated by wounds and wasted by fever, he was laid aside. Although scarcely more than a lad, he was first appointed color sergeant, then, after six months, promoted to orderly sergeant, and, on account of the disability of his captain, acted as captain for six or seven months.

He endured the rigors and privations of the Romney campaign in midwinter, swimming across the Potomac River when it was slush ice, and slept on the ground many nights with only snow for a covering.

His illness succeeding these exposures was so severe that his youngest brother, Robert (a Confederate soldier at seventeen years), went to Winchester and brought him home.

REV. JOHN L. BACHMAN, D.D.

After the war closed he entered Hamilton College, New York, where he was graduated with honors in 1870, and resumed the occupation of teaching, which had been interrupted by his military career.

In 1873 he founded the Sweetwater Military College, now the Tennessee Military Institute, which has attained high rank and which claimed him for president for twenty-four years. Later he gave his entire time to the ministry and became a noted pulpit orator, and his services were sought by many States; but he chose to live among his own people in the peaceful valley of Sweetwater, which will always be noted as the scene of his labors. As an orator he was rarely surpassed, as his gift of imagery was great and he possessed a voice which was music itself.

I have seen an audience of several thousand swayed as the wind sways the tree tops when he closed a reunion address with an appeal to his old comrades to walk in the way which led to a better land, and, suddenly breaking into some melodious old hymn, he would lead all whose voices were not choked with tears.

Everybody loved him, and no one was ever jealous of him, for his heart was so kind he ever preferred others to himself. After he was seventy years of age his old "boys" whom he had taught years before made up a generous purse and sent him on a trip to the Holy Land; and he who had helped every human being with whom he had ever come in contact wondered, with the simplicity of a child, why they had been so kind to him.

His beautiful wife, who was Miss Fannie Rogan, of Rogersville, died in 1915, and he was ready to go, for he was lonely without her, his only grief being the leaving of the seven splendid children they had reared in an old-fashioned Christian home.

All business of the town was suspended while he was being laid to rest, and mourners went about the streets grieving that he would walk no more with them, but realizing that "he had allured to brighter worlds and led the way." [A. B. H.]

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### Col. John W. Hinsdale.

One of the most prominent men of North Carolina has passed with the death of Col. John W. Hinsdale at his home, in Raleigh, on the 15th of September, in his seventy-ninth year. He was born at Buffalo, N. Y., on February 4, 1843, the son of Samuel Johnston Hinsdale, and a descendant of Deacon Robert Hinsdale, who came from England to Dedham, Mass., before 1637 and was the founder of the Hinsdale family in America.

John Wetmore Hinsdale was educated at Fayetteville, N. C., and studied three years at the University of North Carolina. In 1861 he joined the Confederate army, serving on the staff of his uncle, Lieut. Gen. T. H. Holmes; he was afterwards adjutant on the staff of Gen. J. J. Pettigrew and as such served in the battle of Seven Pines in 1862. He was also adjutant to Gen. W. D. Pender in the Seven Days' fighting around Richmond and to General Holmes in the Trans-Mississippi Department, distinguishing himself for coolness and bravery in the battle of Helena in 1863. In a letter to President Davis on October 20, 1864, recommending him for promotion, General Holmes said: "He is an officer of great merit both in the field and in the office. In the field he is full of energy and enterprise, with coolness and discretion. In the office few men are more capable."

Later he was made colonel of the 32d North Carolina Regi-

ment of the Junior Reserves, which he commanded in the battles of Kinston and Bentonville, N. C., surrendering with Johnston's army April 26, 1965. He was one of the youngest colonels in the Confederate service, and his death removes the last of the colonels of North Carolina.

After the war Colonel Hinsdale studied law at Columbia College, New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1866. He removed to Raleigh in 1875 and was actively engaged in practice up to the time of his last illness. Although prominent in politics, he never sought public office, but he served one term as President of the State Bar Association. He was a member of L. O. B. Branch Camp of Confederate Veterans and one of the oldest members of Christ Episcopal Church of Raleigh.

Colonel Hinsdale was married in 1869 to Miss Ellen Devereux, daughter of Maj. John Devereux, who survives him with their six children, two sons and four daughters.

### Milton McNair.

Milton McNair was born in Smith County in 1839, and entered the Confederate service in 1861 with his three brothers, Neil, Thompson, and Reuben. Thompson was killed in the battle of Franklin, Milton was wounded in the battle of Atlanta, having his right hand partially shot away, Neil crossed over the river several years ago, and Reuben returned to his home in Smith County after the war and is still an active and energetic farmer.

Milton was eighty-two years old when he died. He had never married, but lived with his brother Reuben. He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church and a member of Bob Lowery Camp, No. 1325. He was a faithful and courageous soldier, making a record of fidelity, courage, and devotion equal to any who had the honor to serve in the Confederate cause. He leaves a host of friends and relatives to mourn their loss.

[Committee: A. H. Powers, H. A. D. McNeil, Archy Fairly.)

### Dr. Thomas W. Wall.

The remains of Dr. Thomas W. Wall, who was one of the staff surgeons attending Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson from the time the celebrated Confederate strategist was wounded at Chancellorsville until he died, were interred on September 3 in Mount Hebron Cemetery, at Winchester, Va. He and his wife died some years ago at Carthage, Mo., and their remains were taken back to Virginia and laid to rest among kindred and friends. Dr. Wall was a graduate of the old Winchester Medical College and later took a two-year surgical course at the University of Pennsylvania. He was a member of the faculty of the old Medical College at Winchester when the war broke out and was selected by Jackson as one of the surgeons of his staff, which was in charge of Dr. Hunter H. McGuire, who later became an eminent physician and surgeon in Richmond.

### Comrades at Greenville, Tex.

The following comrades of Camp Joseph E. Johnston, No. 267, U. C. V., at Greenville, Tex., have died during the year, July, 1920, to July, 1921, as reported by Adjt. T. J. Miller: John L. Ballenger, Company F, Stephen's Texas Regulars; W. P. Coon, Company B, 46th North Carolina Infantry (Camp Treasurer); S. M. Hawkins, Company H, Crump's Texas Cavalry; A. G. Morton, Company D, 9th Tennessee Cavalry (Camp Chaplain); T. Z. Tabor, Company B, 12th Louisiana Infantry; J. A. Willoughby, Company C, 5th Mississippi Infantry; J. M. McElroy, Company A, 50th Virginia Infantry; J. C. Thomason, Company C, 31st Georgia Infantry; T. J. Waldrop, Company B, 3d Tennessee Infantry.

### William Warden Patteson.

William W. Patteson was the oldest son of Col. Richard Lee and Scotta Warden Patteson, of Buckingham and Culpeper Counties, Va., and a lineal descendant of Elizabeth Lee, who was an aunt of Gen. Robert E. Lee. He was of Revolutionary stock on both sides, several of his Patteson ancestors having been distinguished for their conspicuous services in that period of our country that resulted in severing the ties which bound us as subjects of Great Britain. His maternal grandfather, Dr. Jacob Warden, of Scotch descent, was for many years a prominent physician in Staunton, Va.

Comrade Patteson was born in Staunton, Va., on the 25th of January, 1845, and when seventeen years of age volunteered in the army of the Confederacy, fighting for the cause he loved until the end. He was of that gallant band who served under Colonel Mosby, and from the time of his enlistment he fought with him in nearly all of the struggles that famous commander had with the enemy. His loyalty and fealty to the cause in which he was engaged, his steadfastness, his winning ways, and his attractive personality made him one of the most lovable of men among his comrades, with whom he shared all of the hardships, trials, and privations that ever accompanied the soldiers of that incomparable army of which it can and always will be truthfully said that no tribute paid can ever be too great.

He passed away at the home of his brother, Dr. A. Lee Patteson, of Madison Run, Orange County, Va., on the 12th of April, 1921, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and now sleeps his last sleep in beautiful Thornrose Cemetery, Staunton, in company with many of his loved ones gone before.

And so this faithful soldier of the cross and of the Confederacy has gone to his reward, a crown of glory, to be in everlasting companionship with the spirits of that immortal assembly of heroes who in the flesh stood shoulder to shoulder through four long years of struggle and suffering in defense of the cause they knew to be right.

[A friend and comrade.]

### A. L. Eargle.

The following comes from the grandson of a loyal Confederate veteran:

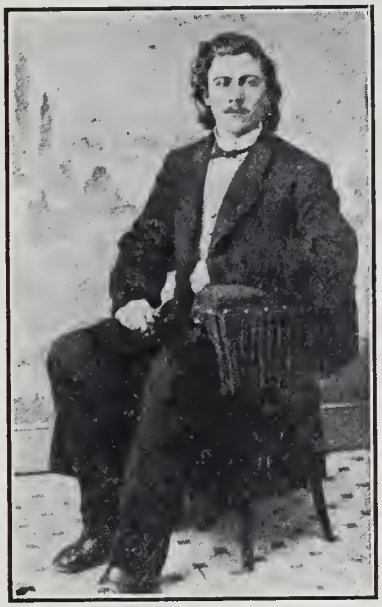
"A. L. Eargle was my grandfather, For him taps has sounded, and he has passed 'over the river to rest under the shade of the trees.' He served as a private in Company K, 20th South Carolina Infantry, throughout the war and was twice wounded in battle. He was with Jubal A. Early's command when that general made his historic demonstration against Washington, and he received one of his wounds in the battle of Cedar Creek. During the terrible and trying days of the winter and early spring of 1865 my grandfather served in Lee's thinning ranks around Petersburg, Va., and his regiment narrowly escaped being blown up by the mine explosion in front of Petersburg. On one occasion he had a Bible in his vest pocket over his heart when a bullet pierced the book, but did not quite go through. Since the close of the war he had ever been loyal to the government of the reunited country, and in his last days it was a source of great pleasure to him to know that many of his descendants were serving faithfully in America's army in the hour of need.

"Until a short time before his death my grandfather had been farmer, merchant, and postmaster at different periods, and he had done much for the upbuilding of the towns of Leeville and Batesburg, S. C. He was born near the former place about 1840 and was united in marriage in 1866 to Miss Nancy Hare, who is still living. My grandfather had ever been a faithful Church worker."

COL. J. E. HIBBLER.

James Edmund Hibbler, son of James L. and Mary A. Hibbler, of Sumter County, Ala., was born on September 20, 1847. His parents, who were people of wealth and culture, removed prior to the War between the States to Noxubee County, Miss., where he was reared.

In the spring of 1863, when scarcely sixteen years of age, he left college to answer his country's call to arms. He joined the 1st Mississippi Cavalry and was a member of Company G, which, with Company F, was known as the Noxubee Squadron, of which Col. R. A. Pinson, their commander, was so justly proud.



COL. J. E. HIBBLER.

There are two survivors of Company G, Mr. A. D. Binion, of Macon, Miss., and Mr. M. J. Clark, of Mobile, Ala. The only survivor of Company F of whom the writer knows is Mr. W. G. White, of West Point, Miss. This gentleman, in writing of Colonel Hibbler, says: "A soldier who was in the 1st Mississippi Cavalry and followed such men as General Ross, of Texas, General Armstrong, of Missouri, Van Dorn, of Louisiana, Gen. Stephen D. Lee through the campaign of Georgia, and Gen. N. B. Forrest in the last campaign in Mississippi and Tennessee were men who were doing their whole duty. Ed Hibbler and I were right together, marched, fought, and camped together, and we had no better soldier in our regiment than he."

In 1864 Ed Hibbler, in company with three recruits for the 1st Mississippi Cavalry, rode across Alabama and into Georgia just after Hood's army evacuated Atlanta. They were with General Wheeler at first, but after going into Tennessee joined Forrest's Cavalry and were with him until the close of the war.

M. J. Clark pays tribute to his comrade: "Ed was as brave and fearless a soldier as ever served in the army. He was ready to go where duty called him, always at his post, always anxious to go on scouts where he might be able to capture the enemy. He was always full of fun and had a kind word for the boys as he passed them on the march."

The last service he rendered the "boys" was in 1920, when he made arrangements with all of the banks in the county in which he lived to pay the old veterans their pensions, so they could have it before the new year.

Colonel Hibbler's optimism was a great asset. He said he did not mind the reverses of fortune, because his life had been happy.

We copy from the *Commercial Appeal* of April, 1916, which gives a wartime picture of General Vance's assistant, Adjt. Gen. Col. J. E. Hibbler, McLeod, Miss.: "Photograph shows Colonel Hibbler as he appeared in 1863 when he joined the 1st Mississippi Regiment of Cavalry. He was in the ever-to-be-remembered charge at Franklin, Tenn., where his horse was killed from under him. For faithful and valued services Colonel Hibbler was well known. In recounting the thrilling experiences of the sixties he said: 'I only did my duty.' The wife and children of this brave man are proud of his record."

He was in the battle of Selma, Ala., where our soldiers were killed after they surrendered. His brother Robert and Cousin Tom were with him. The latter narrowly escaped death when he quickly discharged the last cartridge in his pistol at his assailant, thereby saving his own life. Colonel Hibbler assisted General Armstrong in making his escape from the besieged city.

He was very conspicuous in the Association of Confederate Veterans. The writer recalls the cheers he received at Chattanooga in 1913 as he rode next to Gen. Pat Henry, looking grand in his regimentals.

From a communication to the Columbus *Commercial* referring to the grand Reunion of Confederate Veterans in Washington, D. C., we quote the following: "The advance guard was commanded by Maj. James Longstreet, of the regular army. On his right was J. E. Hibbler, of Macon, Miss., carrying the Confederate States colors, and on his left was W. J. Brown, of Jackson, carrying the United States colors—both Mississippians. All passed on and were reviewed by President Woodrow Wilson and feeling no doubt that the poet's question, 'O why should the spirit of mortals be proud?' was answered."

At his death he was Chief of Staff and Adjutant General on the staff of Gen. W. R. Wroten, Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V.

At the recent State reunion of Confederate veterans at Tupelo, Miss., resolutions were passed, from which we copy the following:

"Without any attempt at invidious distinction, we may be pardoned for personalizing our lamented Assistant Adjutant General Hibbler. His zeal, his efficiency, and his lovable characteristics as a comrade taken from our ranks when so much needed entitles the merit. We mournfully contribute to that memory; the living are due so noble a man as Edmund Hibbler.

"His genial nature and noble spirit remain with us, but

LEADING THE PARADE, WASHINGTON REUNION, 1917.
COLONEL HIBBLER WITH THE STARS AND BARS.

the activities of mortality have ascended to a greater and grander sphere in the robes of the immortal.

"Let us, comrades, prepare to meet him over there.

"Respectfully, John L. Collins, John A. Webb, Committee."

Colonel Hibbler was a soldier to the manner born and would probably have been overseas with Uncle Sam's army in 1917 had he not been nearing the allotted threescore and ten years. He rendered service to his country, however, in the employ of the government at Camp Shelby, where he enjoyed camp life with the "boys," as he called the soldiers.

Colonel Hibbler had been failing in health for years, and in 1920 he realized that the end was near and gave to his wife Frank L. Stanton's poem, "The Last Vision." The sentiment of the poem and the scenes depicted are so true that it seemed indeed a premonition. His faith was unwavering, and Jesus was precious to him. He passed away peacefully on the evening of February 25, 1921.

The minister, Rev. J. Lundy Sykes, of the Episcopal Church, who conducted the funeral services, said: "He fell asleep like a tired child."

We quote from a tribute to Colonel Hibbler written by one of Mrs. Hibbler's sisters: "As he lay in his flower-covered casket clad in the Confederate gray colonel's uniform, which he had so honored in life, he was a real type of matured manhood, a soldier taking his rest after a hard-won victory."

His patience, forbearance, and gentleness were unequaled. He was magnanimous, and if he had any trouble he was the aggrieved. Ill health had not injured his mental faculties, and he was perfectly conscious to the end. Conversing with his wife, he said: "I will not be here on the 2d of March," which was their golden wedding anniversary and a few days' distant.

Colonel Hibbler was the last of his family. He survived his brother less than six months. His elder sister, the widow of Senator W. G. Little, of Alabama, and his younger sister, the wife of ex-Senator W. D. Windham, recently deceased, died some years ago. Colonel Hibbler is survived by his wife, two sons, and five daughters.

In the death of Colonel Hibbler Noxubee County loses a capable, useful citizen, his neighbors a genial, hospitable friend, his family a devoted husband and father. He was laid to rest in the village churchyard near his home by the side of his sainted mother beneath a mound of beautiful floral designs. There was a large attendance of friends and relatives from Noxubee, his home county, and from the neighboring counties of Alabama and members of the greatly bereaved family, who feel that

"He is not dead.
Although he lies so white and cold and still
And does not hear us as we vainly weep,
We seem to know that angel hands have drawn
The curtain close and he is just asleep."

[I. H.]

### Comrades at Pittsburg, Tex.

The following members of Horace Randall Camp, No. 1367, U. C. V., of Pittsburg, Tex , died during the past twelve months:

A. M. Johnson, Company H, 18th Texas Infantry.
F. A. Lockhart, Waddell's Alabama Battalion.
S. H. Lane, Company F, 14th Texas Infantry.
J. W. Edmonds, 30th Georgia Infantry.
[R. F. Lewis, Adjutant.]

### George W. Price.

Gen. George W. Price died at his beautiful home in Water Valley, Miss., on the 6th of July, 1921. He was seventy-nine years of age, having been born in Pontotoc County, Miss., in 1842. He enlisted on the 15th of April, 1861, in Company K, 17th Regiment Mississippi Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Featherstone. At the reorganization of his company in January, 1862, he was elected second lieutenant. He was in the battle of First Manassas, July 21, 1861, also in the battles of Balls Bluff, the Yorktown campaign, the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, the battle of Second Manassas with Longstreet's command, in the Maryland campaign at South Mountain and Harper's Ferry, in the bloody battle of Sharpsburg in September, 1862, and was finally in the severe campaign that ended at Fredericksburg in December, 1862, losing his leg defending that city. As soon as his wound healed after the amputation of his leg, he had a cork leg adjusted and, until the close of the war, he did valuable service as a scout in Forrest's Cavalry in North Mississippi.

Returning home at the close of the war without any financial resources, he at once went to work to make his way in the world. He won the confidence of the business world, and for many years was a successful merchant. He removed to Water Valley many years ago and was afterwards elected sheriff of Yalobusha County; was also treasurer of his county for four years. He and his friends were proud of the record he made in both offices, and the county never had a more faithful and efficient officer. He was elected Brigadier General of the Third Brigade of United Confederate Veterans in North Mississippi and filled the office for two terms; was afterwards elected for two terms as Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., filling both positions with great efficiency.

His life was as stainless as that of a pure woman. He was cast in a heroic mold, and from the lofty heights where such spirits are at home he looked down with scorn upon all that was base and mean. He was one of the bravest and truest soldiers that ever served the Confederate cause, always ready, willing, and anxious to do his full duty. The passing of such a splendid soldier and citizen is a loss to the world, and especially to the community in which he lived.

I was his close comrade during his service in the Virginia Army and was his schoolmate from my very earliest remembrance; was with him in the operating room when his leg was amputated, was with him in the dreadful Peninsula campaign and battles around Yorktown, and amid all the trials and difficulties of a Confederate soldier's life he never lost his nerve or gave way to despondency.

He left surviving him his wife, Mrs. Virginia Price, and several children. His body was laid to rest in the cemetery at Water Valley, Miss., in the evening of July 6, 1921, amid the sorrow and tears of a large number of citizens and friends.

With sincere appreciation of the friendship that existed between us from our earliest schoolboy days and through the days of bloodshed and carnage of war when we slept under the same blanket and shared the same trials and hardships it is with sadness and sorrow that I pay this humble tribute to his memory.

All's well with my friend. Peace to his soul!

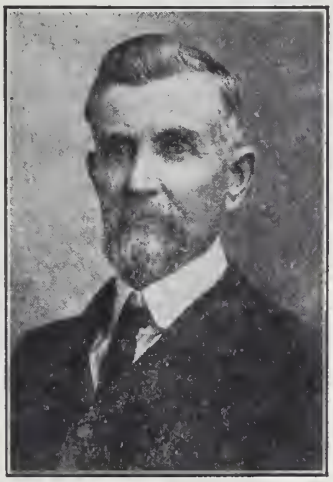
[Archibald T. Roane, Grenada, Miss.]

### Ben T. Embry Camp, No. 977, U. C. V.

Ben T. Embry Camp, No. 977, U. C. V., of Pope County, Ark., has lost by death since our last reunion the following members: J. A. Bast, A. S. Caison, F. M. Hudson, J. A. McClain, J. M. Gray, A. C. Thompson.

### Samuel Barker.

Samuel Barker, member of Camp No. 80, U. C. V., of Kansas City, Mo., died on July 26 at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Charles Myers, at Bethel, Kans. He was born on February 1, 1843, in Mercer County, W. Va., and enlisted on May 1, 1861, as a member of Company B, 36th Virginia Volunteer Regiment, C. S. A.



SAMUEL BARKER.

On April 13, 1865, Samuel Barker was married to Miss Mary Ann Meador, of Concord, W. Va. Removing to Kansas some thirty-six years ago, he remained a loyal defender of Democracy, a true type of Southern chivalry, ever ready to uphold the cause of justice to the South and to defend that cause for which he had fought and considered right. A daughter, Mrs. Jack Cooper, is a member of the McLure Chapter, U. D. C., of St. Louis, Mo.

In his passing a large family mourns the loss of a beloved father. As his six grandsons carried him from the home of sadness the sweet low strains of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" followed the silent cortege. Comrades in gray closed the last chapter of his earthly career as they laid him to rest by his companion, gone so many years before.

### David Hubbard Chapman.

H. D. Chapman, of Richmond, Va., reports the death of his father, David Hubbard Chapman, on the 1st of August, lacking but four days of completing his eighty-eighth year. He had been ill for about two months.

Mr. Chapman writes of having a photograph of his father's first company mess, members of Company B, 1st Regiment of Louisiana Infantry. In this group of "Red River Rebels" are Charles K. Oakes, James R. Miller, H. C. Hill, Spratley Williams, and Zack Spikes; his father was not in the group. A note on the back of the photo states that it was taken at Camp Moore, near New Orleans, in July, 1861. It may be that some of these comrades are still alive and will be interested to learn of the passing of Comrade Chapman.

### Judge J. A. Buchanan.

Judge J. A. Buchanan, prominent through the State and South as a lawyer and jurist, died at his home on a farm near Emory, Va., on September 2, at the age of seventy-eight years.

Judge Buchanan was born in Smyth County, October 7, 1843. He served in the Stonewall Brigade throughout the War between the States, nearly two years of the time being in a Federal prison, having been captured at Gettysburg.

He entered Emory and Henry College at the close of the war and received his bachelor's degree in 1870, following his academic education with the study of law at the University of Virginia. From 1885 to 1887 he was a member of the Virginia House of Delegates. In 1889 he began a term in the House of Representatives, being reëlected two years later and serving until 1893, from the Ninth Virginia District. After his retirement from Congress, he was elected to the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, serving until his retirement two years ago.

### W. A. O'Neal.

W. A. O'Neal was born in Chattahoochee County, Ga., on May 20, 1844, and there grew to young manhood. He entered the Confederate army on May 17, 1862, with Capt Walter Knight's company, G, 54th Georgia Infantry, Cleburne's Division. After the battle at Franklin, Tenn., where Cleburne was killed, O'Neal served throughout the remainder of the war under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, surrendering with him in North Carolins on April 26, 1865. He was in many hard-fought battles and was slightly wounded three times All Confederates know that the men who followed Joseph E. Johnston underwent the hardships of war.

Politically this comrade was a Jeffersonian Democrat and true to the end; religiously, a Methodist of the Southern type. His funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. George P. French, assisted by Rev. A. W. Gibson, another comrade, and he was laid to rest in East Mound Cemetery at Commerce, Tex., where the esteem of relatives and friends was fully attested by the many costly floral contributions placed upon his grave.

On October 12, 1867, Comrade O'Neal was united in marriage with Miss Mary J. Cobb, of Chattahoochee, Ga., a noble Christian woman, loved and highly esteemed by those who knew her. She preceded him to the great beyond, her death occurring on June 9, 1918. Four children were born to this union: John B., now deceased; George W., Mrs. Anna Smith, of Commerce; Emmett C., of Beaumont, Tex. These three survive him and mourn the loss of a devoted father.

With his two brothers, Benjamin F. and George W., Comrade O'Neal came to Texas in 1867 and settled in Hunt County, where they all bought valuable black land and became prosperous farmers and highly honored citizens. In 1882 he was elected justice of the peace in Wolfe City Precinct, was reëlected, and served three terms. In 1896 he came to Commerce, where he had since lived. He served two terms as mayor of the town to the satisfaction of all. He fell on sleep on July 16, 1921, and thus his long and useful life has passed out in his seventy-eighth year. He was a member of the R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Commerce, for many years and served as its Adjutant until his health gave way.

[His comrade and friend, W. E. Mangum.]

### Capt. R. T. Bean.

Robert T. Bean was born in Montgomery County, Ky., on June 15, 1842, and he joined the Confederate army at Mount Sterling, Ky., in September, 1862, as a member of Company I, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, which was a part of Gen. John H. Morgan's command. He was then with Morgan in all the rest of his campaigns, including the raid into Indiana and Ohio, and was captured the same day that Morgan was captured, July 26, 1863. He was confined in prison for eighteen months and after being exchanged returned to his command and was mustered out of the army in April, 1865, at Macon, Ga.

Coming to Kansas in the eighties, Captain Bean settled in Wichita and remained here until his death, on July 14, 1921. He was stricken with heart trouble on his way home from his office and died within eight hours.

Captain Bean was Commander of Camp No. 1350, U. C. V., from its organization to his death. He was a Christian gentleman, beloved by all who knew him. He was laid to rest by the side of his wife, who died some years xgo.

[E. L. Snodgrass, Wichita, Kans.]

# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn.....*Second Vice President General*
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNES, Charleston, W. Va.....*Cor. Secretary General*
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MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

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*FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.*

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* The Convention draws near, making it necessary for us to use the few weeks left of our year to gather up the loose ends and be ready to render the account of our stewardship.

Among the things being pushed with greatest energy at this time is the work of Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash and her committee for the Jefferson Davis monument. The sale of the souvenir receipts for the benefit of this fund will be a success if the signs fail not. A few days ago the following letter from a Confederate veteran came to me: "I feel so encouraged and inspired over your (the U. D. C.) taking hold of this monument business, which will put new life and new hope into the memorial, which I would like to see completed and dedicated before my time comes to answer the 'last roll call.' You know me well enough, I hope, to know that I do not care to be charged with giving idle compliments, but my hope and my confidence in and my affections as a Confederate veteran for the Daughters of the Confederacy is so great that I know anything they undertake to do they will complete, especially if it is in the nature of a tribute to one whose great character and great ability and great service entitle him to that honor and distinction. So do your best, and I am sure all will come out right."

This is a challenge to us; it is indeed a demand of a soldier on sentry. We must measure up to the opportunity to prove ourselves equal to such expectations. Should you have any receipts still unsold, dear readers, won't you lend every effort toward immediate disposition of them and by so doing assist in making this sale the success our friends the veterans anticipate? For information and assistance write Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash, Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Monument Committee, U. D. C., Tarboro, N. C., or to your President General.

The railroad rate for the St. Louis Convention is a subject due careful attention. Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Chairman of the Transportation Committee, reports the successful work of her committee in an effort to secure rates. All rules governing same may be found on page 310 of the August CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Do not overlook the necessity of asking for a certificate when you purchase your ticket. This is most important. Now is the time for Chapters in small towns to ask their railroad agents to secure the certificates. These will not be sent to small towns except upon request. Mrs. Merchant will assist any Chapter needing further information, and your President General will gladly do anything needful to make the plan for rates work out to the advantage of the delegates. The Convention call and credentials are in the hands of the Chapter officers. Immediate attention to these papers will greatly assist the committee. Please fill, properly sign, and send as directed thereon without delay. This will insure your representation and will give time for the correction of any errors that may arise.

The success or failure of our efforts to finish the Hero Fund is a subject of great moment to me. I can only commend it to your attention anew and earnestly ask you to assist in every way toward reaching the goal—$50,000.

The Confederate Reunion will be held in Chattanooga, Tenn., October 25, 26, 27. In this annual event I bespeak your interest and hope to meet many of our members there. The Reunion holds for us the opportunity to serve the veterans, and it should be our pleasure to attend and devote these three days to their entertainment and happiness.

One of the pleasant experiences I have to record is my visit to the U. D. C. in West Virginia. Going first to Charleston, where I was the house guest of Mrs. William E. R. Byrne, our Corresponding Secretary General, I had the pleasure of going with her to Keyser to attend the State convention, over which she presided. At Parkersburg we were met by members of the Chapter, who extended every courtesy and hospitality. The convention was one of great interest. The reports show a forward step in the U. D. C. work and real interest in the plans for the future. After adjournment the convention was entertained by the Stonewall Jackson Chapter at Rowley, and *en route* home it was my privilege to stop in Huntington, the house guest of Judge and Mrs. Thomas Harvey. Wherever your representative goes she is met with a cordial welcome. That the U. D. C. has now a place in the hearts of the people is proved on occasions like this.

Three distinguished members of our organization have died since my last letter to you. Mrs. Charles P. Weaver, of Kentucky, a woman of rare gift and ability, was the victim of an automobile accident while attending to her duties as State Parole Officer, in charge of delinquent girls. "Going about doing good," she was on duty when the end came. On August 25 Mrs. Augustus H. Jones died at her home in New York City. Mrs. Jones had been a faithful member of the New York Chapter and, with her daughter, Mrs. James Henry Parker, has attended many General Conventions. Few women with the weight of her years have followed the business meetings with her interest and zeal. Beloved and appreciated by her host of friends in the organization, her memory will inspire others to "keep the faith." Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, of Louisiana, died on Sunday, August 28, following and automobile accident a few days before. Mrs. Vaught was one of the makers of the U. D. C. and served her Division in every capacity. At San Francisco in 1905 she was elected Second Vice President General and was reëlected at Gulfport in 1906. She was director of war work for the Louisiana Division and helped to place the U. D. C. in the forefront of patriotic activities during the World War. She was at the time of her death a member of the Confederate Woman's Relief Committee and the World War Record Com-

mittee of the General Organization. The death of Mrs. Vaught removes from our ranks one of our strongest advocates, one of our most loyal workers, and one of our most beloved members.

With the hope of having a large delegation at St. Louis and that the Convention will accomplish much good work,

Cordially, MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

*THE HERO FUND.*

This is to remind you that we are expecting to finish the Hero Fund this fall. Many of the States have paid their $1.15 per member, and some have gone over the amount. Several of the States have promised to pay their *per capita* in full this fall, and if these promises are kept we will have the full amount by the time for our convention in November.

I have no report, as collections have been so slow coming in during the summer, and most of the States are collecting and expect to pay in full just before or at the convention in St. Louis.

We have only about $11,000 to raise, so please, dear sister States, do what you can for this great cause.

Very sincerely, MRS. J. T. BEAL.

*U. D. C. NOTES.*

*To Division Chairmen of Education:* Reports of education work in the Divisions and in Chapters outside of Divisions were requested to be submitted before October 1. If you have not sent your report to the Chairman of the General Education Committee, please do so at once. Education circulars issued last March gave full details as to where and when and how these reports should be compiled. It also stated that at the St. Louis Convention "Divisions will be credited only with those scholarships named, valued, and reported as requested above." In former years chairmen have been submitting reports in the last week before the convention or even handing them in after arriving at the convention city, although notice of final date had been given months before. This necessitated having the report retyped and all totals changed. This year these late reports will positively not be accepted. After October 1, the date set, the chairman will compile the General U. D. C. Committee report and send it to her members, and when that goes out no changes or additions will be made. That will probably be the middle of October, so if you have not sent in your report lose no time in doing so or use this extension to file additional information about your work. Make your reports full, tell everything you are doing for education, give numbers and values so that your work may be known.

Division Presidents are advised to inquire if the education work of their Divisions have been reported and in such form it may be used.

Faithfully, ARMIDA MOSES,
*Chairman Education Committee, U. D. C.*

Sumter, S. C., August 30, 1921.

*DIVISION NOTES.*

*Louisiana.*—This Division has lost one of its most valuable and best-known members in the death of Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, of New Orleans. Her death leaves a vacancy which will be hard to fill, as she knew the work so well and was called upon so often for advice.

*Missouri.*—The Independence Chapter recently presented to Miss Virginia Wilkinson a U. D. C. pin as a token of appreciation for faithful and efficient work as Secretary of the Chapter for the past five years. Miss Wilkinson has filled the office of Missouri Division Recording Secretary in a most satisfactory manner for the past three years.

The John S. Marmaduke Chapter, of Columbia, Mrs B. C. Hunt, President, has offered a scholarship in the Missouri State University to a lineal descendant of a Boone County Confederate.

The Missouri Division, U. C. V., held its annual reunion at Sedalia September 12, 13.

*South Carolina.*—The twelfth annual conference of Piedmont District was held in Union on April 19, with William Wallace Chapter hostess, and good historical and financial reports were made. Nineteen Chapters were represented by thirty-one members. Mrs. St. John Lawton, State President, made a helpful talk.

Edisto District Conference was held on April 29 in the historic town of Edgefield, Edgefield County furnishing six generals in the War between the States.

Besides a helpful address from Mrs. Lawton, State President, a fine address was made by Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, ex-President General, who told of the Chapter U. D. C. she organized in Paris, France, last year and which is composed almost entirely of descendants of General (Count) Polignac, of the Confederate army. A number of State officers attended the Conference, which was the most worth-while Conference Edisto has had in many years.

*Tennessee.*—Chattanooga will entertain the Confederate Veterans in Reunion October 25-27, and the officers and members of Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, of Chattanooga, and of the Gen. Francis Walker Chapter, of St. Elmo, a suburb of Chattanooga, are taking a keen and active part in the plans and arrangements for the Reunion.

*Virginia.*—The twenty-sixth annual convention of the Virginia Division will be held in Richmond October 11-14, 1921. The opening reception will take place in the Jefferson Hotel on Tuesday night, October 11, at eight o'clock. All meetings will be held in the Jefferson Hotel.

Maj. William M. Ellis, the beloved Commander of James F. Preston Camp, U. C. V., lies critically ill at a hospital in Richmond. Major Ellis married Miss Pearl Tyler, daughter of the tenth President of the United States, who is at the bedside of her husband.

*"FALLEN ON SLEEP."*

While it is not the rule to record in this department the passing of members into the great beyond, the editor feels it appropriate to mention especially the recent loss of three active and zealous Daughters of the Confederacy beloved by their associates and loyal workers to the last.

Of these was the venerable Mrs. Julia Ann Jones, mother of Mrs. James H. Parker, President of the New York Chapter, whose death occurred on the early morning of August 24 in her ninety-fourth year. Mrs. Jones was a member of that Chapter and many times was a delegate to the U. D. C. Conventions, and there are many who will feel the loss of this beloved member. She was a native of South Carolina, born in Columbia on September 30, 1827, the daughter of Dr. Augustus and Abigail Putnam Fitch. After marriage her home was in Charleston until the death of her husband in 1889, after which she made her home with a son in that State and since 1910 in New York City with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Glentworth Geary. Of eight children, there are five surviving her. She was a woman of singularly pure and noble character, magnetic and sympathetic, arousing the tender love of all who came in contact with her. Her nature was

eminently domestic, and she found complete happiness in the home. She was a devoted member of the Episcopal Church and an active worker in its interest throughout her long life.

The Louisiana Division has sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, ex-President of the New Orleans Chapter and ex-Vice President U. D. C., on August 28. She helped to organize the New Orleans Chapter twenty-five years ago and had held every office in it as well as in the State Division. At her funeral the general order and the State Division were represented, and various other organizations participated in the farewell tribute. During the late war Mrs. Vaught did much Red Cross work, and in other ways contributed to the welfare of the men overseas. In peace she was ever active in developing the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy, contending for the truth of history, raising memorials, and sustaining the Confederate veterans. She was one of the five women on the Board of the Confederate Home of Louisiana. She was State Director of War Records at the time of her death and was Registrar of the New Orleans Chapter, one of the largest Chapters of the organization. She is survived by three daughters.

The Mississippi Division pays tribute to Mrs. Monroe McClurg, ex-President of the Division, of whom Mrs Nettie Story Miller writes: "The angel of death came gently to this gifted woman as she slept, and not only we of the Mississippi Division feel keenly her passing, but the general organization too will miss her cheery smile and friendly handclasp. Her life was one of service to humanity, and her days were numbered with good deeds. Mrs. McClurg was a most intense Mississippian, and when she was elected to the Presidency of the Mississippi Division she turned every effort toward our recognition as a part of the great U. D. C. working force. It was during her administration that the Home for our veterans was established, and she gave most valuable assistance in the accomplishment of this object. Her work for the Division was at all times wise, full-hearted, and unselfish. She served three terms as President. The response made by Mrs. McClurg to President Taft's address of welcome to the U. D. C. at the laying of the corner stone of the Arlington monument was her most noted address. Reverently the Mississippi Division lays this garland of love and appreciation o'er her closing grave."

# Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

*U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1921.*

NEW ORLEANS, THE QUEEN CITY.

Describe its monuments, its two great battles, one on land and one on sea, and give incidents of its interesting history.

*C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1921.*

WADE HAMPTON, GENERAL, GOVERNOR, AND SENATOR.

Tell of his campaigns, and the battles in which he took part.

*OLDEST SOLDIER IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.*

In a late letter to the VETERAN J. A. Pate, of Rogersville, Ala., refers to the article in the April number on Gen. Alexander Galt Taliaferro, who felt that he had the distinction of being the oldest man in the Confederate army. Mr. Pate says: "There lies buried within a hundred yards of my residence the remains of Richard J. Andrews, who was born on the 24th of May, 1793, and entered the Confederate service in 1862; consequently he was sixty-nine years old when he volunteered as a private in Company E, 7th Alabama Cavalry. His captain was John H. Lester, now living in Baton Rouge, La., and a more gallant soldier never wore spurs or did battle for the South. Mr. Andrews fought in the War of 1812, for which service he was a pensioner at the time of his death, June 13, 1887, at the ripe age of ninety-four years."

Captain Lester calls attention to an article he wrote for the VETERAN in regard to this aged soldier (October, 1908), of whom he said: "Richard J. Andrews was born in Lunenburg County, Va., on May 24, 1793, and enlisted in Company E, 7th Alabama Regiment of Cavalry, in the fall of 1862 at Rogersville, Ala. He was discharged in 1863, in his seventy-first year, on account of old age, against his very earnest protest; in fact, he was very angry when informed that I had an order to discharge him. I appointed him fifth sergeant of my company and favored him while in the army in every way consistent with my duty. He was a neighbor and friend of my great-grandfather, Henry Lester, in Virginia, and also a soldier from 1812 to 1815 and a pensioner at the time of his death for services in that war. On his tomb is this: 'Richard J. Andrews, born May 24, 1793; died June 6, 1887.'"

Captain Lester also writes: "My uncle, James Cunningham, who was born in 1808 (the same year as General Taliaferro), enlisted in March, 1861, at Holly Springs, Miss., and served twelve months as a private in the ranks and did the duties as other younger men. He was a friend of General Chalmers, in fact, a chum, is why he enlisted. Chalmers raised the first company and asked my uncle to go with him, as it would be only a three months' job to whip the Yankees, and they would have lots of fun. My uncle could have had a commission, but preferred serving as a private. His picture appeared in the VETERAN about twenty years ago, the picture having been taken while his regiment, the 9th Mississippi Infantry, was encamped at or near the navy yard on Pensacola Bay."

R. A. Bradford writes from LeGrande, Oregon, in sending subscription order: "The July issue was especially interesting but they are always fine, and I read them with a great deal of interest. I am a typical Southerner, having been reared in Perry County, Miss., so of course I am always interested in anything pertaining to the South and am always ready to defend the cause of the Confederacy. I love the South and its people, and I am very proud to be a Southerner. My father, Capt. John J. Bradford, of Meridian, Miss., served as captain of Company G, 3d Mississippi Infantry, and is now eighty-three years old. He and I are 'pals,' and I am proud that he was a Confederate soldier. I have been in the West five years, but expect some day to return to the South."

W. E. Gilliland writes from Baird, Tex., in renewing: "I am the son of a soldier who died in the Confederate army, which I missed entering by only ten days at the close of the war, and naturally my sympathies are with all that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN stands for, and expect to take it as long as I live. Long life to the VETERAN!"

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

*STATE PRESIDENTS*

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

## *LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.*

*My Dear Coworkers:* That Chattanooga will entertain our hero warriors of the sixties is a source of deep gratification to every loyal Southern heart, which also responds into warmest admiration and gratitude to this plucky city willing to undertake on such short notice the great responsibility which the occasion involves, yet brings its harvest of compensation in the great joy and happiness which brightens the gathering together of these devoted comrades. There has been no previous convention more fraught with deep and abiding consequences, and every Association is most earnestly urged to send strong delegations.

The perpetuity of our Memorial Day must be strengthened and planned for, vital changes in the constitution and by-laws need your earnest consideration, and the election of new officers for the coming three years is in order. Strong, capable women who are willing to give time, strength, and earnest consideration to your work are needed to "carry on." Stagnation means death to any enterprise, and if we are to live and hold aloft the banner of the oldest woman's patriotic organization and fulfill our obligations to the dear Confederate mothers who lived and loved and worked night and day to supply the needs of the loved ones in the trenches, we must sacredly keep and be able to pass on to other lands this banner committed to us as the most sacred trust—this test of loyalty to those gone before.

All contributions to the Jefferson Davis monument should go to Mrs. William A. Wright, East Fifteenth Street, Atlanta, Ga., who has been appointed General Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund. Please have your Association send delegates to convention prepared to pledge for this work.

Each Association is urged to seek out any graves of Confederate veterans in their locality not properly marked and to report same at convention.

This is the year for election of officers, and it is hoped that every Association will be well represented. Let us each strive to bring the best report possible and to enthuse others while we gain for ourselves fresh inspiration.

A wonderfully low railroad rate will be given, and a wonderful time is promised. Plan now to attend and make your reservations immediately.

Looking forward with special pleasure to again meeting the old friends and hoping to see many new faces to bring inspiration and coöperation in the blessed work which it is our privilege to represent and with best wishes for each and cordial greetings,

Sincerely yours, MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
*President General C. S. M. A.*

## *ASSOCIATION NOTES.*

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

Another Confederate mother was made happy in August when she was presented with a gold bar of honor. The recipient was Mrs. Martha Carolina Barton, of Derma, Miss. The ceremony was attended with many pleasing features and took place at the home of Mrs. Barton's grandson, R. E. Barton, who resides several miles out from Derma.

Over a hundred relatives and friends were present and shared in the joyous occasion. Mrs. Barton has the distinction of having been the mother of thirteen children, and she has eighty-four grandchildren, fifty-seven great-grandchildren, and seven great-great-grandchildren. Most of these children were present at the presentation of the bar of honor.

A religious service was held, and afterwards refreshments were served in the spacious house. Mrs. Barton, the honoree, and her two Confederate sons, R. F. and W. S. Barton, with the pastor of Mrs. Barton's Church, were seated out under the big oak trees and served by the great-granddaughters of Mrs. Barton.

Mrs. Barton is ninety-two years old and has two living Confederate veteran sons.

* * *

There has never been a time when the Memorial women so greatly needed to be active in stimulating the young people to organize into Junior Memorial Associations. Recently there has been so much propaganda, subtle, insidious, sent abroad to instill in the developing minds of the youth of this country a feeling of ridicule for the South and its sacred traditions. It must surely be prejudice and a latent hatred on the part of the propagandists who cannot forgive the Southern folk for having been in those dear dead days the most truly representative and aristocratic people of the United States.

In a letter to my mother from England and still another from Scotland several years ago the authors of each letter said that they knew more of the Southern people than of any other part of the United States. That the South represented in their minds more of the chivalry and aristocracy, and yet there seems to be an effort on some one's part to portray on the moving picture screens the old Confederate colonel as a ridiculous or shabby person, when in fact there was no character more charming, cultured, or gracious than was the old Confederate colonel. And in the modern story of some of the so-called popular magazines you will find our Southern women portrayed by Northern writers as using the crudest and most illiterate language. I could go on forever telling of the queer negro dialect the Northern writer puts in the mouth of his "colored" characters, but why should I? Let

it suffice that our children and grandchildren should be taught the truth about the South and its people who may have slurred their "R's," but expressed themselves far more delightfully than if they had rolled their "R's" or flattened them until it would be impossible to understand what was being driven at.

There should be no delay in teaching the young that the men and women of the South had a charm, a grace, and attractiveness that the other sections of the United States can never, never have or have ever had.

* * *

More elaborate plans have never been made for any Reunion than Chattanooga is making for the entertainment of the Veterans and the C. S. M. A., which will meet there in October. Chattanoogs is a city filled with wonderful attractions, and it holds many memories of a time when the bravest battle that ever was fought was fought by the men who wore the gray. This will be an important Reunion for both the Veterans and for the Memorial women.

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### *AFTER FIFTY YEARS OF SERVICE.*

BY MISS MARY BALL, WAYNESBORO, VA.

At the one hundred and thirty-third annual meeting of the Synod of Virginia, which convened in Waynesboro in the latter part of 1920, there occurred an event full of dramatic interest for all lovers of Southern history and tradition. Rev. James Power Smith, D.D., sole surviving member of Stonewall Jackson's staff and a dear personal friend of the General's, resigned his position as Stated Clerk of the Synod after years of service. It is almost superfluous to remind the readers of the VETERAN that Dr. Smith was the man who protected the wounded General by interposing his own body between General Jackson and the fast-flying missiles that night at Chancellorsville. It was Dr. Smith, too, who remained with Jackson during the night, using his own soldier blanket to cover the wounded chieftain.

The memory of these facts and of Dr. Smith's further record as a gallant soldier of the Confederacy and in the Church militant seemed to be in the minds of the entire congregation at the Presbyterian church on the evening of his resignation as Stated Clerk. After the resignation was accepted, Dr. Emmett McCorkle voiced the deep feelings of the Synod in most appropriate resolutions, part of which read as follows:

"The Synod accedes to Dr. Smith's request with a feeling of real sorrow, because his loss to the body is peculiar and profound. Dr. Smith belongs to the heroic age of the Synod and the commonwealth. He is the sole surviving officer of General Jackson's staff in the immortal Stonewall Brigade. This links him with the most glorious, as it does with the most trying, periods of the Church's career and associates him with those giant men who in trials and in tears laid the foundations of the Synod's later vigorous life. Like the gallant knight in the brave days of old, he has kept the lamp of chivalry alight in his heart of gold. While the frost has been in his hair, the sunshine has always been in his heart. Universally beloved, he is one whom men, women, and little children delight to call their friend.

"With joy we hail our brother who stands at the crown of his noble career and congratulate him on his long and useful service. We thank God who has spared his valuable life so long as a gracious benediction to the Church and to us."

After the resolutions were accepted, Dr. W. W. Moore, of the Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, gave a talk in which he sketched the service of that "soldier, scholar, editor, author, ecclesiastic, a man notable everywhere for his bravery and as modest as he is brave." Dr. Moore told one anecdote characterizing both the nature of the hero and the manner in which he had impressed even the humblest of his friends. The old cook in Dr. Smith's family in Richmond was overheard telling of her master's going to visit the inmates of the State penitentiary. Her summing up was in this wise: "His stars cy'ant all go in one crown. He gonah haf to carry his in a basket."

As these loving tributes were being given to him Dr. Smith sat at his clerk's desk, much of the time with his head bowed and his hand covering his eyes. When Dr. Moore finished, he presented a purse made up by the friends who felt that in some simple way they must needs express the feelings of love and appreciation that crowded their hearts. Dr. Smith rose and accepted the present, then stood there, the beloved hero, waiting to answer in kind the words of his friends. Unable to say a word, he stood there before us, a slight and somewhat bent figure, but soldierly still. Then, turning to his desk, with bowed head he stood in prayer, while there swept through the audience a deep feeling of dramatic pathos and of rare spiritual perception.

When he recovered his voice and began to speak, his words were a veritable treasure house of interesting personal and Synodical reminiscences, while one could see in the background the great facts of Southern history. In conclusion he told this incident: "At a Synod some years ago a session was held in the basement of the church. When the time for adjournment came, a minister rose and said: 'I move we adjourn to meet in the church above.' Another man was immediately on his feet: 'Mr. Moderator, are we prepared just now to meet in the church above?'".

"And may we then," said Dr. Smith in closing, "be privileged at last to meet again in the Church above!"

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### *KEEPING THE CAMP ALIVE.*

Capt. P. A. Blakey, commanding Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., of Mount Vernon, Tex., is now living at Alto, Tex., but he was so anxious to keep the Camp alive that he went back to Mount Vernon, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, for the election of officers on July 9. The Camp was entertained by Judge Matinson, who delivered an address of welcome, and refreshments were then served by Miss Annie Leftwich, the host and hostess being a Son and Daughter of the Confederacy.

The officers elected are: Commander, P. A. Blakey; Lieutenants, T. W. Jordan, H. H. Weaver; Adjutant, T. L. Bryant; Chaplain, S. R. Smith; Surgeon, Dr. John Stevens; Color Bearer, Jim Williams.

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Matthew Page Andrews writes from Baltimore in cordial spirit: "You do well to call upon the sons and daughters of the South to support this official publication. As far as I am concerned, I do not make a subscription to the VETERAN a matter of duty. I feel that I am paying a very small price for exceptional value received. One rarely reads everything in any magazine, but I want to say that there is something in every issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN which is perhaps worth the price of the year's subscription. For example, in the May issue I note two articles which I not only have read with interest, but purpose cutting out and keeping in my scrapbook, in view of the fact that both of them develop points of historical interest which I have not seen dwelt upon in such detail anywhere elese, even though two or three volumes have been written on both the subjects treated."

# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

*OFFICERS, 1919-20.*

**Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest**
**Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton**
**Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.**

**[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]**

## *CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.*

At the annual meeting of the Black Horse Camp, S. C. V., Warrenton, Va., held August 25 the following officers were elected: J. Edward Beale, Commandant; T. J. Hoffman, Lieutenant Commander; F. D. Gaskins, Adjutant; J. B. Grayson, Treasurer; Rev. Stockton Cole, Chaplain.

Thirty-one veterans were guests of the Camp on this occasion. Hon, W. McDonald Lee, member of the Executive Council, S. C V., was the principal speaker. Music and a number of old Confederate songs concluded the exercises.

* * *

Jesse Anthony, Jr., formerly of Georgia, was elected Commandant of Washington Camp, No. 305 at the annual election of officers held on September 13. Other officers elected were: J. Earnest Dulin, First Lieutenant; Rufus W Pearson, Second Lieutenant; Steven E. Morgan, Adjutant; Frank F. Conway, Treasurer; Warner L. Wilkerson, Quartermaster; William D. Upshaw, Chaplain· Dr. W. Cabell Moore, Surgeon; E. P. Mansfield, Color Bearer; Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Historian.

### TWENTY-SIXTH REUNION ORDERED.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans will hold their twenty-sixth annual Reunion convention at Chattanooga, Tenn., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, October 24, 25. 26. and 27, 1921. The Reunion convention will be composed of delegates from Camps and also the Commander in Chief, Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders and their adjutants as *ex officio* members. Visiting comrades who are not delegates, as well as all Veterans and Daughters, are privileged to attend all sessions, and an earnest invitation is extended to them to do so.

All Camps are urged to make prompt payment of their *per capita* tax, which is now due. Attention is called to the fact that the *per capita* tax is now $1. Initiation fee of $1 must be paid on all new members.

The muster rolls and *per capita* tax must be sent to the Adjutant in Chief, Carl Hinton, 1205 Shoshone Street, Denver, Colo., on or before October 15. The practive which heretofore obtained whereby muster rolls have not been forwarded to headquarters at all or have not been handed in until the Reunion, and, further, the practice of delaying the payments of the *per capita* tax until the Reunion are contrary to both the letter and spirit of the constitution. (General Orders No. 1.)

It has been officially announced that the various railroads in the Southeastern Passenger Association will give a rate of one cent a mile for the Reunion. The certificate plan will remain in force for these tickets. This rate will apply to members of the United Confederate Veterans' Association and members of their families, members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and their families, members of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and their families. Certificates of identification may be obtained from all Adjutants of Departments, Divisions, Brigades, and Camps.

A Reunion program has been tentatively agreed upon by the Executive Committee. This, however, is subject to some change. It includes the opening exercises at the Billy Sunday Tabernacle, informal dances at night, receptions and breakfasts to Commanders and their staffs, social functions for the official ladies of the Reunion, annual balls for sponsors, Veterans, and Sons of Veterans, parades, theater parties, band concerts, and numerous other events of a social and musical nature. One of the best numbers of the program of entertainment will be an illuminated parade on the night of October 27 on the principal streets of the city in which members of the local organization of the American Legion, military organizations of the preparatory and public schools, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and sponsors and maids will be an outstanding feature. Arrangements will be made along the route of the parade for the veterans to be seated to view the spectacle. Negotiations are also under way to get Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" film for the three days of the Reunion. If this effort succeeds, and the indications are that it will, the film will be shown in a large moving picture house each morning of the Reunion, and all the veterans will be admitted free, together with their ladies.

## *THE WORK OF THE RUTHERFORD COMMITTEE.*

REPORT BY GEN. C. I. WALKER, CHAIRMAN.

The Rutherford Committee, composed of representatives of the Veterans, Sons, and Daughters, which was established at the Atlanta Reunion "to disseminate the truths of Confederate history," has already accomplished vast good work. The headquarters of the committee is at Mount Pleasant (near Charleston), S. C., the home of the chairman. The principal line of work has been to see that only histories fair to the South should be adopted for use in the schools of the once Confederate States. So far since the establishment of the committee State adoptions have been made in Mississippi and Texas, and in both these States the Rutherford Committee put forth its efforts, and histories true to the South have been adopted. North Carolina will be the next State to adopt, and the Rutherford Committee will present this matter to the Textbook Commission of the State, so that the right books will doubtless be adopted.

It is gratifying to know that in Texas the histories adopted were written by Southern authors and published by Southern houses, and that the publishers before putting out their revised edition wanted the criticism of the Rutherford Committee. North Carolina has at least two histories written and published within the State, so there will be no reason for even considering any others.

This committee was named in honor of that patriotic and noble historian, Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., who really inaugurated the movement by her eloquent and convincing appeal to the Veterans and Sons at the Atlanta Reunion. She has contributed many publications of great intrinsic worth, conspicuously her "Measuring Rod," by which any school board can test the value of any history submitted. Of this she had printed and presented 2,000 copies to the Veterans and Sons. She further elaborated this in her "Truths of History."

The Sons, not content with having representation on the Rutherford Committee, have contributed the labor of their Commander in Chief and other Sons to the work of the committee, and particularly in preventing the adoption of the

objectionable Beard & Bagley history in Atlanta, New Orleans, and elsewhere.

It is most gratifying to see the growth of school histories written by Southern authors and published by Southern houses. which must be true to the South and which are being used in the Southern schools. Thank God we have this financial and literary independence. Now the true story of the magnificent struggle for the right of self and constitutional government will be inscribed on the pages of history. It is going to take some time to refute the historical falsehoods which have been taught our children. The Southern people should support all these efforts and never allow in any school in the South any history that is not written in an impartial spirit, so the upgrowing young will know that their forbears were noble patriots, not vile traitors.

MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE.

U. D. C.: Mrs. Mary W. Johnson, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Wytheville, Va.; Miss Annie Belle Fogg, Frankfort, Ky.; Mrs. J. H. West, Newberry, S. C.; Mrs. H. W. Merkle, San Diego, Cal.; Miss Mary Carter, Upperville, Va.

U. C. V.: Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Honorary Commander in Chief U. C. V., Chairman, Mount Pleasant, S. C.; Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander Army of Northern Virginia, U. C. V., Durham, N. C.; Gen. Calvin B. Vance, Commander Army of Tennessee, U. C. V., Batesville, Miss.; Gen. Virgil Y. Cook, Commander Trans-Mississippi, U. C. V., Batesville, Ark.; Gen. A. J. Twiggs, Commander East Georgia Brigade, U. C. V., Augusta, Ga.

S. C. V.: Rev. Albert Sidney Johnston, D.D., Charlotte, N. C.; Dr. John W. Hooper, Roanoke, Ala.; W. C. Chandler, Memphis, Tenn.; W. S. Lemly, Temple, Tex.; J. J. Slaughter, Muskogee, Okla.

## *"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."*

At present writing, early in September, the managing editor is pleased to report signs of renewed activities in the distribution of "The Women of the South in War Times." These signs have come chiefly from the South Carolina, North Carolina, and Arkansas Divisions. A few Chapters have already discovered the possibility of making money for their work on the sale of the book based on the new plan proposed for the second printing, and the largest recent order has come in from the Drayton Rutherford Chapter at Newberry, S. C.

One dollar for the publicity fund has come from the Robert E. Lee Chapter at Seattle, Wash., $1 from the John S. Marmaduke Chapter at Columbia, Mo., and $1 from the Nashville Chapter, Tennessee, with promise of more shortly.

With the approval of the President General, announcement is hereby made that an exceptionally handsome grand prize book will be given to the Division doing the best work on the distribution or circulation of "The Women of the South in War Times" by November 1, 1921. The inscription to be placed in this volume reads:

"Through the President General U. D. C. this special copy of 'The Women of the South in War Times' is awarded ——, of ——, representing the Division most successful in the work of distribution of the first and second printings from November, 1920, to November, 1921.

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General.*

"St. Louis, November —, 1921."

No pains are being spared by the Norman, Remington Company to make this volume the most attractive prize book which has ever been presented in any organization, and it will be presented by the President General to the distributor whose State has secured the greatest success in handling this volume published under the auspices of the U. D. C.

## *"HISTORIC FREDERICKSBURG."*

The book now in preparation on the historic old town of Fredericksburg, Va., by Judge John T. Goolrick, one of its most prominent citizens, will be a record of general interest not only for the subject-matter presented, but by the promise of a historic narrative written in thrilling style. Judge Goolrick has made a great reputation as an orator by his speech on "The Confederate Soldier," an eloquent tribute to his comrades of the sixties. He has been a Commander of the Confederate Camp at Fredericksburg and is now on the staffs of General Van Zandt, Commander in Chief U. C. V., and Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V. He is of Irish descent, and his father, born in Ireland, was mayor of Fredericksburg for many years.

His oldest son, Hon. Charles O'Connor Goolrick, is a State Senator in the legislature of Virginia. His youngest son, Maj. Robert Emmett Mason Goolrick, of the regular United States army, was cited for conspicuous bravery and distinguished service and was decorated by France with the medal of the croix de guerre. His other two sons are editors and engaged in literary work.

## *A CORRECTION.*

T. B. Jackson, Adjutant Pickett-Buchanan Camp, U. C. V., Norfolk, Va., writes: "For the sake of accuracy I call attention to an article in the VETERAN for September, page 348, concerning the death of W. F. Hopkins, said to be the youngest Confederate soldier—having enlisted at the age of twelve years—and further that at one time he was Commander of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Norfolk, Va. A careful search of the Camp's roster, of which I have been Adjutant since December 3, 1884, the date of its formation, fails to find the name of W. F. Hopkins, and, further, the fact that knowing personally every member of the Camp, I do not recall this gentleman and am thereby convinced that some error has been made in the report given your paper of his death, etc. Will you kindly publish this in order that the matter may be righted."

[The sketch published in the VETERAN was copied from a newspaper clipping sent to this office, evidently some correspondent's error in reporting it.—EDITOR.]

## *SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.*

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by the company.

TEXAS HOME FOR EX-SLAVES.—The article on page 118 of the March VETERAN referring to the bill before the Texas Legislature making provision for a home for ex-slaves of the State was incorrect as to the "old Ex-Slave Home in Uvalde County." There has never been such a home in Texas or elsewhere and doubtless never will be. This bill "died on the calendar" with numerous other bills in the report.

*REUNION RATES.*

The chairman of the Southeastern Passenger Association, Mr. W. H. Howard, Atlanta, Ga., has advised General Van Zandt, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, that reduced fares to Chattanooga would be authorized by carriers in the Southeast on basis of one cent per mile in each direction, tickets to be sold October 22-26, inclusive, and for all trains scheduled to reach Chattanooga before noon October 27, with final return limit to reach home points not later than November 17. Stop-overs will be allowed on application to conductors at all agency points within final limit of ticket on both going and return trip. The reduced fares and arrangements will be available only to members of the United Confederate Veterans, members of their families, and also to members of Sons of Confederate Veterans, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and United Daughters of the Confederacy, and members of the families of these organizations, including sponsors, matrons, and maids of honor. Round trip tickets will be sold at this fare only on presentation of identification certificates to ticket agents.

Mr. Carl Hinton, Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff, will maintain headquarters in the Patten Hotel, Chattanooga, Tenn., and will attend to the distribution of identification certificates to all concerned, and a supply of identification certificates for that purpose will be forwarded Mr. Hinton at Chattanooga within the next few days.

Lines in the Southwestern Passenger Association, including Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and Oklahoma, announced similar rates for the reunion.

---

Mrs. Charles A. Dinkins, of Austin, Tex., 805 West Twenty-Third Street, wishes to secure the war record of her uncle, Capt. Jerome N. Martin, born on Boone's Creek near Jonesboro, Tenn., who served under Gen. John B. Gordon and Gen. Frank Cheatham. His widow needs this information in order to get a pension.

---

Mrs. Rachel Frasier, widow of Ransom A. Frasier, of Company C, 25th Tennessee Infantry, wishes to locate some member of her husband's company so she may procure proof to enable her to draw a pension.

Please address Commissioner of Pensions, Capitol Building, Oklahoma City, Okla.

*THE SOLDIER'S HYMNAL.*

Reveille—Christians, Awake!

Prisoners call—When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder I'll Be There.

Assembly—Art Thou Weary?

Inspection—When He Cometh.

Setting up—Here We Suffer Grief and Pain.

Route march—Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Mess—Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

Fatigue detail—Go, Labor On.

Lecture by officer—Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Retreat—O Lord, How Happy We Should Be.

Lights out—Peace, Perfect Peace.

Taps—Sleep On, Beloved.—*American Legion Weekly.*

---

B. H. Mills, of Enloe, Tex., wishes to secure some information of his stepfather, Jim Jackson, who served in the Confederate Army from Missouri. The inquiry is made in behalf of the widow, who is trying to get a pension.

---

An interested patron writes: "I subscribed to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN during the reunion at Houston last October and enjoy reading it so much that I really feel that I can't do without it." His renewal accompanied this letter.

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Replying to an inquiry for some survivor of Moorman's Battery, William J. Black, a member of Garland-Rhodes Camp, of Lynchburg, Va., writes that he served with that battery and will be glad to give any information of it that may be desired.

---

W. M. Wright, of Trussville, Ala., R. R. No. 2, writes that he served in the 41st Alabama Infantry and knew D. F. Field, in Company K of that regiment, and will be glad to give all the information he can about him; says he can testify to his record as a soldier.

---

Mrs. M. Melvin Willis, of Remington, Va., wants information of her uncle, George Allison, who enlisted from Alexandria, Va., in the 67th Virginia Regiment, but she doesn't know the company nor the battles in which he fought. He was honorably discharged. She says he was not related to George Allison of Company E, 17th Virginia Regiment.


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Mrs. Jennie E. Tribbett, of Pana, Ill., offers volumes of the VETERAN for the past twenty-five years to any organization or individual wishing to make up a file. Write to her about them.

---

Members of the naval board were examining young applicants for appointment to a naval college. "Well," said an old admiral to one of the youths, "what must an officer be before he can have a funeral with full naval honors." "Dead," answered the bright youth.

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QUITE NATURAL.—"Strange," murmured the magazine editor, "that this anecdote about Lincoln in his early days has never been in print before."

"It isn't strange at all," returned the contributor with some indignation. "I just thought it up last night."—*America Legion Weekly.*

And there are others originating in fertile imaginations.

---

Charles Andree, of Emmett, Ark., (Route No. 3), inquires for the following books: "History of the Civil War in the United States," by Vernon Blythe; "Story of a Confederate Boy in the Civil War," by David E. Johnson, 7th Virginia Infantry; "Recollections of a Maryland Confederate Soldier and Staff Officer," by McHenry Howard, Baltimore. Any one knowing of these books will please write to him.

# *Historic Fredericksburg*

***BY JUDGE JOHN T. GOOLRICK***

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Will be told in thrilling style the story of Barksdale's Mississippians defending and holding Fredericksburg against the Union armies until Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia could come up during the bombardment of December 11, 1862. Also the narrative of the Washington Louisiana Artillery, on Marye's Heights, which, in part, repulsed the brilliant, heroic assault made by Meagher's Irish Brigade, an assault which won the applause and the admiration of all the soldiers, North and South. It was then that Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb, on the sunken road at the famous stone wall, received the wound which caused his death. Brief sketches of the battle of Salem Church, May, 1863, where the Alabama boys in gray made their name and fame immortal; and of Chancellorsville, May, 1863, where Jackson, the beloved of the South, fighting, fell. And then this work will tell, in a splendid graphic picture, of "Lee to the rear" in the battle of the Wilderness, May, 1864; also of the battle of the "Bloody Angle," with John B. Gordon in the forefront; and of Spottsylvania Courthouse. All of these occurred in Spotsylvania County, and Fredericksburg is in that county. And this book will also give the story of the National Cemetery, the most beautiful in all the land, and of the Confederate Cemetery, in both of which are buried more soldiers killed on the battle front than in all other cemeteries of the country.

The author of this book, Judge John T. Goolrick, was a Confederate soldier, a member of Braxton's Battery, was wounded in front of Richmond; he was commander for several years of the Confederate Veteran Camp at Fredericksburg. Judge Goolrick has written several books, also contributed to magazines and newspapers.

Subscribe now for this book, "Historic Fredericksburg," beautifully printed and bound, with 24 illustrations. Price, $3.80 and postage, to be paid when the book is delivered.

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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIX. NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1921 NOS. 11-12

LEADERS OF THREE CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATIONS

GEN. JULIAN S. CARR, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, President General Confederated Southern Memorial Association

JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY, Commander in Chief Sons of Confederate Veterans

## OLD BOOKS FOR SALE

THE following books are of old editions, now out of print, and only one copy of each is offered in this collection, which was placed with the VETERAN for sale. Some of the books are quite rare:

| | |
|---|---|
| Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi (rare). By Baldwin | $ 2 00 |
| Books by John Esten Cooke: Mohun, Hammer and Rapier (each) | 1 00 |
| Pollard's Southern History of the War. Two volumes | 3 00 |
| Long's Life of Gen. R. E. Lee (without covers) | 2 00 |
| Stephens's War Between the States (without covers) | 5 00 |
| Southern Historical Society Papers, Volume I | 2 00 |
| Johnston's Narrative | 3 00 |
| Union, Disunion, Reunion. By S. S. Cox | 3 00 |
| Three Decades of Federal Legislation. By S. S. Cox | 3 50 |
| Military Annals of Tennessee. By Lindsley | 5 00 |
| Women of the South (old) | 2 00 |
| The Valley Campaigns. By Thomas A. Ashby | 1 25 |
| Confederate War Papers (scarce). By Gustavus W. Smith | 1 25 |
| Official Reports of Battles Published by Order of the Confederate Congress (good condition) | 3 00 |
| Davis Memorial Volume. By Dr. J. William Jones | 2 00 |
| The Southern States (considered in their relation to the Constitution, etc.). By J. L. M. Curry | 75 |
| The South, Constitution and Resulting Union. By J. L. M. Curry | 75 |
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| Thorns in the Flesh | 1 50 |
| France and the Confederate Navy. By John Bigelow | 1 00 |
| Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. By Richardson. Two volumes. | 6 00 |
| The Century War Books. Four volumes | 7 50 |
| Photographic History of the War. Ten volumes (new) | 20 00 |
| The Leopard's Spots. By Dixon | 3 50 |

### *TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.*

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
4. A Sketch compiled from authentic sources by Mrs. E. E. Moffitt.

All four sent for $1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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### *LIFE'S CREED.*

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;
I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless.
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.


Confederate Pamphlets

**Living Confederate Principles:** A Heritage for All Time. 50c; 2 copies, 75c.

**Davis, Lincoln, and the Kaiser:** Some Comparisons Compared. 35c; 2 copies, 50c.

**Was It Anti-Slavery?** Economic Causes of the War of 1861 (Prize Essay). 25c; 2 copies, 40c.

All three pamphlets, $1; 2 copies, $1.75. Money order or stamps. Special rates, 10 or more pamphlets to clubs or history classes.

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# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.
Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.
Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

*OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:*
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. | VOL. XXIX. NASHVILLE, TENN., NOV.-DEC., 1921. Nos. 11-12. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

## *THE VETERANS AND THE VETERAN.*

At the reunion in Chattanooga our veterans resolved to continue their annual meetings as long as there was a sufficient number left to get together, even as few as four being considered enough to warrant a meeting. Thus the continued existence of our patriotic organization is assured, and they will meet in reunion as long as there are any able to travel. So this action should effectually quiet the repeated references to the "last reunion."

The reading of a long, long roll of comrades who had "passed over" within the last year brought sad thoughts of the thinning ranks. Every year there are dear familiar faces missing from these gatherings, and the vacant places left by these loved ones can never be filled. To the remnant left of that once great army of the Confederacy every honor should be rendered ere it be too late, for there never was before and never will be again such a soldiery and never a greater citizenship in any country.

In its great work for Southern history the VETERAN has had the loyal support of these veterans of the Confederacy, many of whom had been patrons from the time of its establishment and have contributed to its columns, giving their experiences as soldiers or their observations on the questions at issue that will aid the future historians in getting a true light on that period in our country's existence. In the passing of these friends the VETERAN must look to the younger generation to fill the gaps, and it is extremely gratifying when a son or daughter writes that the subscription will be continued in memory of the beloved father. What greater tribute could be paid than to help keep up the work which to him was a sacred duty?

But there are still many of our veterans left, and there is strength with their united support. Their interest should not abate nor their zeal grow less. No other organization of the country has a publication of such interest and value as the VETERAN, and their pride should be in keeping it as a light for those who have stumbled through the mazes of historical misinformation. Let us keep it a guide for the uninformed on the history of the South in the sixties and direct to it the children of the present generation who have wandered into the paths so skillfully set with misrepresentation. It is a duty to them, and duty was the watchword of the immortal leaders of the Southern army.

Comrades, attention!

## *A COMBINATION NUMBER.*

In combining the November and December numbers of the VETERAN, the plan is to thus set forward the date of issue to the first of the month beginning with the January number. Owing to congestion in its work caused by a change in the typesetting machinery, the Publishing House was getting out the VETERAN later each month. This combining of two numbers, it is believed, will relieve the trouble and enable the VETERAN to be ready for mailing by the first of each month. Patrons will enjoy getting their copies so early and regularly—if the plan works out all right.

## *COST OF THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.*

The cost of the monument erected to the memory of the late editor of the VETERAN was $4,112.00 while the contributions and interest on the fund, less some expense, amounted to only $3,879.74. Some of this excess was for the cost of the extra inscriptions on each side of the monument.

If any friends not heretofore contributing would like to give their contributions now, this assistance in meeting the deficit will be appreciated, and the names and amounts will be published in the VETERAN as before.

Contributions received since last report are $10.00 additional from Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga., who has subscribed several times; $5.00 from H. U. Wakefield, of Dark's Mill, Tenn., and $2.00 from Mrs. John J. Horner, Helena, Ark.

*The Veteran Corrected.*—C. W. Trice, of Lexington, N. C., who served in Company A, 7th Texas Infantry, suggests that we keep dates as well as history straight, and calls attention to an error in the VETERAN for October, page 368, where Mrs. Dargan quotes from her journal: November 8, 1861, presidential election. November 14—great excitement—Lincoln has been elected," all of which occurred in 1860. Readers of the VETERAN are requested to call attention to any error or inaccuracy in its columns, so it may be corrected at once. While the above was a typographical error, it needed correcting.

*THE REUNION AT CHATTANOOGA.*

"Southern heroes, Southern heroes,
Brave and true, brave and true,
Chattanooga, Chattanooga,
Welcomes you, welcomes you."

Thus they sang at Chattanooga, emphasizing that great-hearted welcome which opened the doors of the city and turned it over to the veterans in gray for three days of reunion cheer. And the veterans took possession by the thousands and made themselves at home thoroughly.

Chattanooga made a record unsurpassed in getting ready for this great gathering within the short period of six weeks or less. It was a herculean task, and the Reunion Committees under Chairman Will N. Hudiburg accomplished almost the miraculous in what was done within the time. All the committees worked hard, and the individual members were worn almost to a frazzle, Chairman Hudiburg collapsing before the reunion was over; but the appreciation of the visitors was compensation in large part for this extra effort, and the gallant Chairman, the son of a Union veteran, assured Commander VanZandt that Chattanooga was ready to entertain his comrades again whenever other invitations were lacking. All honor to this Mountain City and its enterprising and hospitable citizens!

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The Convention opened as usual on the morning of Tuesday, October 25, Commander in Chief VanZandt presiding, and with several thousand delegates and visitors in attendance. The invocation was by Chaplain General J. W. Bachman, and welcome addresses were given by city and State representatives, which were interspersed with music by the band and songs by the Chattanooga Choral Association and the U. C. V. Choir No. 1.

The Convention was called to order by Commissioner E. D. Bass in behalf of the Reunion Committee, for which he voiced a feeling welcome, in which he said:

"Among the inspiring memories and traditions that have come down from the past, none appeal to us more than the recollections of your achievements, your loyalty to your sacred cause, your sacrifices and deeds of heroism that mark you the greatest soldiers the world ever knew. As a son of a Confederate soldier, born of a rebel mother, I am most happy to congratulate you that in the evening of your life, when history has passed her stern sentence upon your deeds and your motives, an entire people honor you and hold you and your achievements in affectionate memory.

"We honor you for the cause for which you fought—a cause inspired by the great principle of constitutional liberty. God never planted in the breast of man a higher principle than that which prompted the soldiers of the Confederacy. That cause was lost, but it lives to-day a sweet memory, and should we forget it we would deserve no respect or place in the minds of men who have manhood. We say with that son of Georgia, Charles Colcock Jones: 'Palsied be the tongue that would speak lightly of a Confederate past, and withered be the arm that refuses to lift itself in praise of the virtue and valor which characterized the actors from highest to lowest, not in a war of rebellion, but for the conservation of home, the maintenance of constitutional government, the supremacy of the law, and the vindication of the natural rights of men.'

"Some one said: 'It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' It is better to have been brave and beaten than never to have been brave at all.

"We honor you in the memory of that great Mississippi soldier and statesman, the immortal Jefferson Davis, of whom Benjamin Hill said: 'He was the truest, greatest, bravest, tenderest, manliest man I ever knew.'

"We honor you in the memory of that Christian soldier, Stonewall Jackson, the greatest military genius the world has ever known.

"We honor you in the memory of that thoughtful, dignified, intellectual warrior, Joseph E. Johnston.

"We honor you in the memory of the great Robert E. Lee, who left us a legacy that time cannot touch—the fragrant memory of a brave, tender heart; the spotless integrity and stainless honor of a great soldier, a Christian life, and a duty done.

"We honor you in the memory of that splendid body of leaders whose wonderful generalship has never been equaled, and who won for the Confederate army a place that stands to-day unsurpassed in the war history of the world.

"We honor you in the memory of your dead comrades. In God's own day no greater souls will rise than those sons of the South who fell in the service of their country under the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy.

"We honor you living soldiers of the Confederacy in the capacity of your noble brotherhood, which adversity has bound together so closely. We offer you the hospitality of a gracious people. For your entertainment our unsurpassed scenic surroundings, our majestic mountains, banked with hemlock and laurel and teeming with historic interest; our miles of automobile highways leading to and through the great battle fields made famous by your heroic deeds and bathed with the blood of your fallen comrades. We welcome you to our city of opportunity and ask that you enjoy with us the broad sunlight of our prosperity. We proffer you our friendship and our love."

In his welcome for the city, Mayor W. A. Chambliss referred to the efforts of the Confederates to capture Chattanooga in the sixties without success, "But you have captured it this time," he said; and in concluding his remarks he told them: "In truth, you who fought on these historic fields need no invitation to return, and no welcome. You won forever the open door; the magic of your matchless valor lifts high our gates. Let the kings of glory come in!"

Governor A. A. Taylor not only spoke in welcome, but he staged an entertainment beforehand which put the crowd thoroughly in accord with him. Calling for Johnny Bass, a veteran from the Tennessee Confederate Home, nearly eighty years of age, to play the piano, he led the trio of himself and two Texas fiddlers, starting the program with Dixie, which set the crowd wild and started the Rebel yell resounding throughout the hall. A second number was the "Arkansas Traveler," after which Governor Taylor gave his welcome for the State, which he closed with the following:

"I now take especial delight, regarding it as the greatest honor of my life, to welcome you with open arms to the home State of the boys who constituted fifty-two per cent of the 30th Division—a division of the American army which will go down in history as the first to break through the Hindenburg line at its strongest point—a point which the Germans heralded as absolutely impregnable.

"With all my heart and with all the earnestness of my soul, I extend to you a most cordial welcome to the home State of Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, and Andrew Johnson; with the same warmth and the same earnestness, I greet you and bid you thrice welcome to the native State of Nathan Bedford Forrest."

Ex-Senator James B. Frazier followed in his welcome from the Confederate veterans of the State, in which he said:

"It is too late, except for historical accuracy, to discuss the origin of that great war or the causes which led up to its terrible consummation. It will not profit us now to inquire whether the North fought the war to free the slaves or the South to repel invasion of its sacred soil, nor whether the North fought the war to save the Union or the South to establish the right of a sovereign State which had voluntarily entered the compact of union to voluntarily withdraw from it. But if you take the Constitution as it was written, and as it was understood by those who ratified it, and as it was interpreted by contemporaneous history, the men of the South had strong constitutional ground upon which to stand.

"The men of the South, not only fought that war to assert the right of a sovereign State to withdraw from the Union, but underlying that and deeper than that, they fought to vindicate that fundamental principle of constitutional liberty, home rule, and local self-government; the right of the people of a sovereign State to order and control their local and domestic affairs in accordance with their will and judgment; and, sirs, in the preservation of that great principle rests the hope of the perpetuity and security of our liberties. Whatever may have been the weakness of the Federals a century ago, too much centralization is our danger to-day.

"And permit me in this presence to sound a note of warning of the tendency in these later days to rob the States of their sovereignty and to take from them the power to preserve the peace and order and the health and morals and welfare of their people and to concentrate all power in a great centralized and bureaucratic government at Washington; and, if not checked, the day is coming when we will cease to be a free people.

"But, whatever the issues involved in that mighty struggle, it is enough to know and to teach it to our children and write it in our histories that the men in gray who fought that war were honest, sincere, and patriotic, and believed that they were right, and, thus believing, they freely sacrificed their fortunes, their hopes, and their lives for what was to them a high and patriotic purpose."

The response to these addresses was made by Col. McDonald Lee, of Richmond, Va., the son of a veteran, who voiced the appreciation of the assembled veterans for the hospitality extended.

The poem, "Chickamauga," by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, poet laureate of the association, was read to the Convention by Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, eliciting much applause.

At the afternoon session of Tuesday the special reunion address was made by the Hon. Boyd Sears, of Mathews Courthouse, Va., who touched on the great principles for which the South contended in the sixties, repudiating the idea that the perpetuation of slavery was the animating cause of the war.

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Committee reports were the feature of the sessions of Wednesday, which closed with the election of officers and the selection of the next place of meeting. Four invitations were given for the 1922 reunion—Richmond, Va., Nashville, Tenn., Savannah, Ga., and Sulphur, Okla. Richmond led in favor by a large majority, and the United Confederate Veterans will once more meet in the capital of the Confederacy.

The election of officers to command the organization and its departments resulted as follows: Commander in Chief, Julian S. Carr, North Carolina; Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department, Charles B. Howry, Washington, D. C.; Commander Army of Tennessee Department, James A. Thomas, Georgia; Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, E. W. Kirkpatrick, Texas.

This convention honored the former Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, Calvin B. Vance, of Mississippi, by making him Honorary Commander in Chief for life. The association now has two Honorary Commanders, Gen. C. I. Walker, of South Carolina, having previously been so honored.

### Resolutions.

The first resolution presented to the convention was by Judge Charles B. Howry, of Washington, D. C., who asked that a committee be appointed to take up the matter of keeping the organization alive, this suggestion being made on account of the general sentiment that there would be no more reunions. This was acted upon later and the committee appointed, headed by Judge Howry, who reported as the unanimous sentiment of the committee that so long as there may be sufficient veterans alive to make their gatherings acceptable to Southern communities, and so long as invitations are available for them and acceptable entertainment provided, then so long will these annual reunions continue. And it was further resolved that the association would not disband as long as there are as many as four veterans left able to travel to the chosen place of reunion. All of which disposes of this annual expression regarding the "last reunion" of Confederate veterans.

It was also resolved enthusiastically that the business of the association shall forever remain exclusively that of the Confederate veterans, and all preparations and arrangements connected with the annual meeting should be through the executive officers of the organization working with the citizens' committees of the reunion city. However, while retaining exclusive control of such matters, through the Commander in Chief and Adjutant General, with the advisory board of two from each department, the association will receive suggestions from the kindred and supporting organizations, the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Memorial Association, and the Sons of Veterans, all working to make these meeting pleasant and profitable.

Another resolution passed was to limit the Adjutant General in the matter of incurring financial obligations beyond the amount of available funds at the time, being a provision designed to prevent the making of debts against the association which might outlive the veterans themselves and stand unpaid at a time that would make such a policy a serious reflection upon the standards of all the veterans. In order to increase the exchequer of the association while the membership is gradually dwindling, resolutions were adopted to increase the per capita dues from ten cents to twenty-five cents. Later this was rescinded, and the amount was left at ten cents, with a minimum for any one camp of $1.

The burial service used by the veterans of Tennessee was adopted as the standard of service for the association, and Camps will receive the text of the new ritual through the published minutes of the convention.

The convention voted its support to the movement started by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Mississippi to have a statue of Jefferson Davis placed in statuary hall of the capitol at Washington.

Another resolution gave approval to the project to remove the remains of the first wife of President Davis from Louisiana to the Davis plot in Hollywood Cemetery.

The report of the committee on resolutions was very long, and many of them were passed on at the last without being

read, so much that was adopted will not be known until the minutes are printed some time next year.

The resolution expressing thanks and the appreciation of the veterans to Chattanooga carried a special acknowledgment of the effort to make the reunion a success with flattering expression as to the result, and the people were accorded heartfelt thanks for opening their homes to the men in gray. Thanks were also extended for the kind attentions of committees for the labor of all kindred organizations that contributed to the success of the reunion, and especially to the good women for their kind attentions within their own homes; and additional thanks were extended to the press of the city for its liberality in reporting the news of the convention, and to the railroads and other transportation companies for the favorable rates, without which the convention could not have been held. "Finally," concludes the resolution, "we desire to thank all who contributed to the support of this reunion, which has been one of the most successful in our history, and in parting, we say: 'God bless the good people of Chattanooga.'"

The report of Adjutant General Booth brought out the fact that some 385 Camps had not been heard from for three years, leaving only 635 Camps on the roll, of which 74 had not reported this year. In view of this rapid dying of Camps, he urged that all left should adopt the slogan: "To keep the Camp alive so long as two veterans survive." His financial statement showed a balance of $1,524.29 in the treasury out of a total revenue of $5,117.51 for the year.

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The reunion was notable for its splendid parades, although that of the veterans had to be abandoned on account of the rain. But they enjoyed looking on while the military made its showing on Tuesday, when World War veterans, with the 6th United States Cavalry from Fort Oglethorpe, near Chattanooga, and a battery of artillery paraded in the up-town section; five tanks and a number of the large army trucks brought up the train.

The illuminated parade of Wednesday evening was a pageant of striking beauty and a revelation of the youthful strength of the country. The American Legionaires of the city and vicinity were in the lead, and the school children of the city and county followed in countless numbers, all in military formation, each school having a float depicting some incident of history. "Washington Crossing the Delaware" was shown realistically and carried off the highest honor; but the two floats representing the first ironclads, the Monitor and Virginia (Merrimac), were also especially fine and gave an exhibition of gunnery that was quite thrilling—in sound, at least.

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The social features of this reunion were numerous and enjoyable. Receptions, luncheons, dances, and sight-seeing filled the time between sessions and provided entertainment for young and old. The U. D. C. kept open house in the new home of the A. P. Stewart Chapter, dispensing coffee and cake to all visitors. Three balls were given at the Tabernacle, beginning with the military ball of Tuesday evening, when the local army men and the Legionaires were the hosts. On Wednesday evening the veterans had their ball, the grand march being led by Gen. J. F. Shipp, of Chattanooga, representing the Commander in Chief, with Miss Martha Bachman, Sponsor for the South. The floor was crowded, and it seemed that thousands participated in the march and dancing following. The Sons of Veterans gave their annual ball on Thursday evening in compliment to their official ladies.

The Boy Scouts of Chattanooga lived up to the reputation made at previous reunions for their helpfulness, never seeming to tire in their efforts to serve the veterans, guarding them in crossing the streets, escorting them to their quarters, and carrying their baggage for them. One of the few old negro veterans at the reunion was being shown about by a Scout and had the time of his life seeing the attractions of Chattanooga. Some of the Scouts slept in the registration headquarters in order to be able to care for any veterans who came in late or had to be escorted to the train. They did a man's part in making the reunion a success. May they be with us always!

### Memorial Hour.

The joint exercises in tribute to those who will never more meet in reunion here were held at noon on Wednesday, under special direction of the Confederated Memorial Association, the following program being given:

Assembly call.

Song, "How Firm a Foundation," vested choir.

Invocation, the Rev. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain U. C. V.

Reading Honor Roll of Confederate Veterans, Gen. A. B. Booth, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V.

Reading Honor Roll of Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary General, C. S. M. A.

Reading Honor Roll of Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Hon. Carl Hinton, Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.

Song, "Lead Kindly Light," the Rev. Giles B. Cooke, Chaplain General, C. S. M. A.

Address, "Our Duty," the Rev. B. A. Owen, Eagle Pass, Tex., Chaplain in Chief, S. C. V.

Song, "God Be with You Till We Meet Again."

Benediction, the Rev. Battle McLester, chaplain J. W. Bachman Camp, S. C. V.

Taps.

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A letter from Gen. Calvin B. Vance, commanding the Army of Tennessee Department, telling of his serious illness and consequent inability to attend the reunion, though his heart was with his comrades, was read to the convention, and a resolution was passed directing that a telegram of sympathy and cheer be sent to him. He was later made Honorary Commander in Chief for life.

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The Immortal Six Hundred were represented by just a few survivors at this reunion, one of whom is Col. D. C. Grayson, of Chattanooga, now commanding the organization. Two prominent members have recently been lost in the deaths of Maj. J. Ogden Murray, of Virginia, and Maj. Lamar Fontaine, of Mississippi.

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The Confederate Naval veterans are another small band of heroes now, and Admiral A. O. Wright is making strong effort to collect records of what they did for the Confederacy. The wonderful accomplishment of the Confederate Navy should not be lost sight of, and any survivors who can add to these historic records should do so at once

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The convention broke up in a rolicking celebration after the invitation of Richmond carried by a large majority, which was then made unanimous, and many thronged to the dancing floor and indulged in the Virginia reel to the tune of Dixie.

The invitation extended by General Freeman, commanding the Virginia Division, was further made most alluring when Mrs. Hampden Osborne, leader of the U. C. V. Choir, sang a verse of "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny." That settled it.

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*THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.*

With simple, appropriate exercises, the monument to the late editor of the VETERAN was dedicated on October 28 in the presence of a large gathering in Willow Mount Cemetery, at Shelbyville, Tenn. The day was ideal in this Indian summer of Tennessee, passing clouds tempering the glow of the autumn sunlight, and the presence of many who had known and loved the man who was thus being honored gave the sympathetic spirit for the occasion. Veteran comrades of the Frierson Bivouac, of Shelbyville, were there, members of the Agnes L. Whiteside Chapter, U. D. C., Junior Daughters of the community, and a large number of school children, friends from Nashville and neighboring towns—all intent on honoring by their presence one whom they had known and honored in life.

On the green mound just in front of the monument was spread the old battle flag of the 41st Tennessee Regiment, tattered and faded—the flag under which he had fought for the South, now paying him tribute for faithfulness in war and loyalty in peace.

The exercises were directed by Chairman John P. Hickman, of the Cunningham Memorial Committee, who is also Commander of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V. The invocation was by Dr. Tappey, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Shelbyville, and the song, "Tenting To-Night," was given by a local choir. The principal address was by Dr. James I. Vance, of Nashville, a close friend of Mr. Cunningham's for many years, who spoke feelingly of the unselfish patriotism and rare kindness of heart of the man as he had known him. His address is given in full with this report.

Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Chattanooga, former Historian General, U. D. C., expressed the tribute of the Daughters of the Confederacy in appreciation of the interest and coöperation which had ever been manifested by the VETERAN'S editor toward their work. She brought a message from another former historian general, Miss Mildred Rutherford, who could not be present, but who has shown her appreciation by repeated contributions to the monument fund; and Mrs. Hyde added her tribute to the friend of a lifetime, whose sorrows she had shared and whose burdens she had lightened by the cheer of her sympathy and understanding. The inscription on the front of the monument, "He gathered the history of his people, written in tears, but radiant with glory," was composed by Mrs. Hyde to express in a few words the greatness of his work.

Another friend of the old days, Dr. S. T. Hardison, of Lewisburg, Tenn., spoke briefly in splendid tribute to his friend and comrade.

The monument was unveiled by Miss Kate Frierson, the young daughter of Mrs. Albert Frierson, of Shelbyville, a relative of Mr. Cunningham.

Signor Guiseppe Moretti, who designed and executed the monument, was introduced and told of the interest with which he undertook the memorial after reading of the work of the man to be thus honored, which was an inspiration for his best effort.

The Cunningham memorial is an expression of the love and admiration of friends all over the country, from whom came voluntary contributions through the VETERAN and among whom were many Chapters and individual members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The cost of the monument was $4,112, not including the cement foundation, which was the contribution of friends and Daughters of the Confederacy of Shelbyville. This Chapter also entertained at lunch all those who came from a distance to attend the exercises. To Mr. James A. Woods, of Shelbyville, a member of the memorial committee, is due great credit for his zeal and interest in preparing the foundation and helping to get the monument in place, without which it could not have been ready at the time set.

To all the friends who have shared in erecting this memorial to the VETERAN'S founder and editor the thanks and appreciation of the memorial committee are extended in greatest measure.

ADDRESS BY DR. VANCE.

We are met to make this grave a shrine for those who in the coming years shall nurse in their hearts a love for the Southern cause and who will want their children and their children's children to know the kind of men the South grew during the stormy hours of its history. The man who sleeps here in his own life and character finally embodied the valiant and chivalrous spirit of the old South. He has done more, perhaps, than any other man to preserve and hand on the true records of Dixie and of her sons and daughters during that period when her history, though written in tears, was radiant with glory.

Sumner Cunningham had all the measures of a man. To know him was to love him, and to love him was to trust him. He needed no guaranty company to validate his integrity. His bond was his personal honor.

He was one of the most human men I have ever known, with a heart as gentle as a woman's, with eyes that were not strangers to tears, with a sympathy that was wide and swift to respond to the slightest appeal of need. He moved among us as a great-hearted man.

He was as unselfish as he was human. He not only never seemed to think of himself, but he seemed scarcely conscious of his personal needs. He was the kind of man to take the coat off of his back to clothe someone in need. I have known him on the street of a rainy day to take off his overshoes and thrust them on someone whom he thought needed to be shielded from the sloppy pavement. Literally hundreds of times he has carried down the street the baggage of some tired woman. Often he had never seen her before; but she was a woman, and he was of the old South. That was enough. He was Sumner Cunningham, and that made it impossible for him to pass anybody without extending a helping hand. All this he did, not to be seen of men, but because it was his life.

He was the incarnation of the ideals of service. As much as any one I have ever known, he had a right to say, in the words of the Master: "I am among you as one that serveth." This was his standard. He was not trying to get something out of the world, but to see what he could put into it. His business was not earning a living, but living a life. And so when he went away his friends were lonely and the world poorer.

Loyalty with him was a passion. He loved the South with an ardor that approached adoration. When he thought of the men who wore the gray his eyes would swim in a mist of tears, and when he spoke of the Confederacy his heart was on his lips. Any reflection on the good name of his people or section aroused his anger to white heat and revealed in that tender-hearted and always chivalrous gentleman the power

to hate as well as to love, the ability to smite as well as to succor.

This was the man who set himself to the task of securing and preserving the true annals of Southern soldiers in the War between the States. Future historians will find in the files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, of which he was the founder and editor until his death, the facts on which to base a true record of those stormy times.

He has made it impossible to manufacture a fictitious history of that war or to discredit the exploits of Southern arms. Patiently, zealously, jealously, accurately, sparing no expense, setting himself to the undertaking with the fervor of one who regarded it as a call from God, he collected the testimony of eyewitnesses to the events captioned in the rise and fall of the Confederacy.

This memorial stone, so chaste and beautiful, so eloquent in its appeal, and so satisfying in the simplicity and grace with which genius has chiseled out of granite a shaft to match a life, will stand for years to come to mark the spot where sleeps the dust of a man the whole South loved.

This will satisfy him, just to have Dixie think of him with love; to have the old soldiers and their sons and daughters come on pilgrimages to his grave and look upon the stone and read the inscription and go away saying, "We have a heritage"; to have the people of the South, in the lanes of time which stretch down into the far future, turn the pages of the journal to which he gave his life and say: "These are our traditions. Here is our ancient glory. Thus our fathers believed. For this faith they fought, counting not life dear. In this creed we will live and build, and for these ideals of the old South we pledge our homes, our children, and our sacred honor."

There was one word which cast a resistless spell on the life of the man whose body sleeps beneath this stone. It was duty. He felt that he owed a duty to the South and to the soldiers who had died fighting for the Stars and Bars. He knew nothing greater than this. It was enough for him to know that duty called, and all he was and had stood up to answer. Grandly he did his duty. As we think of the kind of man he was and of the work he did we may say: "Well done!" Around this shaft raised to his memory we gather to-day to sing the praise and bless the memory of a man who was faithful to duty.

Of him the South may say in those immortal lines which Tennyson wrote of his hero:

"Not once or twice in our fair island's story
The path of duty has been found the path to glory;
He who ever following her commands,
On with toil of head and heart and hands,
Through the deep gorge to the far light has won
His way upward, and prevailed.
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled,
Are close upon the shining table-land
To which our God himself is sun and shield."

### SIGNOR GUISEPPE MORETTI.

It is fitting here to mention that the designer of the monument, Signor G. Moretti, now a resident of Pittsburgh, Pa., is a native of Italy, but he is an American in sentiment, and in this country he has found high appreciation, which is attested by the many handsome specimens of his work in different cities. His first work in this country was a commission from Richard Hunt, an architect, for the friezes and statuary in the Vanderbilt mansions at Newport, and he later executed a statue of Commodore Vanderbilt, the patron of Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tenn., where the statue was placed. Of his later work may be mentioned the memorial to Stephen C. Foster, composer of "Suwanee River" and other old melodies; the Endicott-Johnson memorial to the employees of that great manufacturing establishment who went into the World War, which memorial symbolizes "The Spirit of War and Peace" and cost $50,000; and another very recent work is the handsome memorial tablet for a church in Pittsburgh, Pa., representing "Democracy."

Signor Moretti has close connection with the South, for he was many years a resident of Alabama, and to him is due credit for the discovery of the beautiful Alabama marble which is now so highly appreciated both in art and commerce. A head of Christ executed by him in this marble for the St. Louis Exposition attracted great attention and opened up the interest in the development of the great quarries of this stone, which he values above the Carrara marble of Italy. During his residence in Alabama Signor Moretti made the large statue of Vulcan, symbolizing the iron industry, for the city of Birmingham, and this was also exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition. This is the largest statue ever cast in iron (sixty feet high) and now stands at the Alabama State Fair Grounds.

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### *A CORRECTION.*

Adjt. Frank Brame, of Camp Sam H. Dill, No. 444, U. C. V., of Lewisville, Ark., calls attention to some errors in the article on "Chasing Guerillas in Arkansas," which appeared in the VETERAN for June, page 220. He says:

"Allow me to correct the writer's statement that the men were Wilson D. Hart and Fox Hart, of Greene County, Tex., as it was Martin D. Hart and Fox Hart (who were executed), of Hunt County, Tex. This family of Harts lived at or near Greeneville, Hunt County, Tex. Hardin D. Hart, a brother of the above, was appointed district judge in that district by the Federal authorities and while being escorted by a troop of United States soldiers had his arm shot off. Reference for verification of all this is made to Dr. J. H. Millner, now adjutant of the local Camp of Veterans at Greeneville, Tex."

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From J. W. Sockwell, of Covington, Ga.: "In renewing my subscription to the VETERAN, I want to express my appreciation of the work you are doing for the South in preserving the record of that period which is dear to our hearts. I read and reread each copy with interest. All communications from comrades are very interesting. I am sorry our Georgia boys do not write more for the VETERAN. I also enjoy anything written by the 'boys in blue.' All my association with them since the war has been pleasant. I have met some that I faced on the battle field, and we enjoyed our second meeting more than we did the first."

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B. Y. Coopwood, of Watson, Ark., says to keep on sending the VETERAN to him; he can't do without it. He also says: "I celebrated my ninety-third birthday September 12. Am still traveling, but slow; the elastic step is gone, but I can keep step to the music of Dixie's band. I would like to hear from W. W. Durant, who is somewhere in Texas, and W. M. Minnich, old Rock Island prisoners."

## *CARING FOR THE SOLDIERS IN THE SIXTIES.*

BY MRS. J. K. M'WHORTER, HAMPDEN SIDNEY, VA.

My sister and I had a great time all the summer of 1861. The crossroad, a few hundred yards from "Avon," the home of my aunt, Mrs. Richard Cockerille, was an important army post; the road leading from Centerville by Fryingpan and on to Drainsville on the Potomac crossed the Little River turnpike at that point, the turnpike leading to Alexandria, twenty-four miles distant, *via* Chantilly, Ox Hill, Germantown, and Fairfax Courthouse. The crossroad referred to was an important outpost at that time for our army.

How did we enjoy it? Well, we were patriotic, and the Confederates stationed at this strategic point had to be looked after. I suppose there were from fifteen to twenty-five cavalrymen from Captain Blackford's company sent out each day and relieved every other day from the company, which was camped in a grove midway between us and Centerville. The captain, officers, and most of the men were from Lynchburg, and we were, of course, carried away with their new uniforms and the havelocks they wore over their caps to keep their necks from sunburning. Just think of soldiers trying to keep the sun off!

"The Hermitage," the home of my grandmother, Mrs. Thomas Lee, and "Avon" were adjoining plantations. Accordingly, Judge Cockerille and "Grandma Lee" had the soldiers take it turn about for guard duty, the others coming for breakfast, to both places. In that way they had hot breakfast every morning for weeks, and it may have been for months. My sister and I would be first at one place and then at the other, but those of the soldiers whom we came especially to know generally managed to find out where we were and got themselves sent to the same place for breakfast.

And we did not forget them at dinner! Grandma Lee would send them a large basket or two of hot dinner—lamb, chicken, ham, early vegetables, macaroni, and whatever else we happened to have. Two servants would also call at Avon every day for another supply and then carry the whole lot on to the picket post. We sent a cake and a freezer of ice cream out to the post one hot evening for "our dear soldiers," by which we made some *warm* friends, you may be sure.

During those days everything was quiet and uneventful, and the friends we made on the post would get leave of absence to visit us between times. We learned to shoot pistols and had a fine time generally, as we were both young and knew none of the hardships of life.

A little later in the summer of 1861 our pickets, under Captain Blackford, of the Wise Troop, were moved to Fairfax Courthouse, but late in the fall we had a picket line extending through Avon and the Hermitage and several other plantations all the way from Centerville, where Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had his headquarters. This picket line was made up from the 8th, 9th, and 11th Georgia, the 7th North Carolina, and the 1st Kentucky.

We were in the Confederate lines then until the spring of 1862, and thus the winter of 1861 passed very pleasantly for us, and we made many pleasant acquaintances. We were four miles from Centerville, and I well remember how we would stand out in the starlight and listen to the bands at that distance playing "Dixie" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." But one night in the spring of 1862 we heard a tremendous explosion, which turned out to be the blowing up of the Stone Bridge near the old Henry House on the Manassas battle field. Our army was falling back and had blown up the bridge after crossing. Then we were left in the Yankee lines! O, the horrors we now looked forward to: our houses searched and plundered and threats of burning! We had many adventures in the next twelve months, and I recall one in which I especially figured. I was staying with my aunt, Mrs. Cockerille, who was an invalid and could eat only certain kinds of bread. One day her mother, Mrs. Thomas Lee, had made a loaf of salt-rising bread for her and had just taken it out of the oven when five or six great stalwart Yankees marched in and demanded something to eat. She was in the dining room alone and told them that she had nothing, but they saw the bread and wanted to know 'what about that.' She replied that they could not have it, and when they made a movement as if to take it, she called upstairs to me to come down and bring the pistol. I said: "All right; now let one of them put his head out here and he gets a bullet through it!" I was not as brave as that sounded—in fact, I was dreadfully frightened—but by the time I reached the dining room the last man had gone out the back door!

At another time a regiment of Yankees was stationed a few hundred yards from the house at Avon to guard that point just for one night. They had an alarm in the night and prepared for a charge. Next morning about breakfast time some of them came prowling around, and one of the first places visited was the chicken house. With one of the girls, I sallied forth to defend the chickens. I had said pistol, but was careful not to let enough of it be seen to disclose its worthlessness. They got out in a hurry and left. A little later their colonel came down to get his breakfast, and we told him we had just driven some of his men out of the hen house with a pistol that had neither lock, stock, nor barrel.

We were anxious to visit Manassas to see the fortifications that had been thrown up by Beauregard's army, which was encamped there in the early summer of 1861 while waiting for the Federals, and we were also anxious to see General Beauregard and several friends in the army, so one bright day we arrayed ourselves in gray suits, got in the family carriage with its pair of fine matched horses, and rode away to Manassas, escorted by Uncle Philip DeCatesby Jones Lee, one of Mosby's rangers, and Cousin Philip DeCatesby Jones, a veteran of the War of 1812 and a brother of the late Commodore DeCatesby Jones of the United States navy.

We reached our destination near noon and were fortunate enough to see several of the friends whom we had gone to visit. One was on duty near the General's headquarters, but we were no sooner seen than Colonel Chestnut, of South Carolina, who was on the General's staff, came with an invitation from the General to dine with him. Being very young then and rather modest, we thanked him and declined; but that did not end the matter, for the General came himself and insisted upon our dining with him. Of course, we had to accept then, and I was escorted to the table by General Beauregard, while my sister was escorted by one of his young staff officers, and our uncle and cousin were seated on the opposite side of the table, which was spread under a long arbor at one side of the house. The service was bright tin. The menu, in part consisted of lamb, friend chicken, rice, pickled cherries, and cake, which some lady had sent; and I suspect that most of the other things had been sent by the citizens of the place, as every one at that time had an abundance.

Every attention was shown us and inducements were held out for us to stay and see the dress parade of the army that evening. We were to have a special escort to the field, and the General said he would send an escort with us as far as his lines extended when the parade was over. Of course we felt very much honored, but as we were twelve miles from home I knew it was best for us to turn our backs on the pleasant

things held out to tempt us. In leaving we had to show our passes as we went through Colonel Kershaw's regiment, and several of the soldiers threw into the carriage a lot of palmetto worked up into different shapes. One of the pieces I have preserved all these years.

Our next trip was to Colonel Orr's regiment, encamped a mile below Centerville, and we had the same escorts, Uncle Philip Lee and Cousin DeCatesby Jones. We had no special object in view except that a regiment of South Carolinians was encamped there and must be needing something good to eat so far from home. Our patriotism was on fire then to be doing something for the soldiers. Grandmother Lee and Mrs. Cockerille contributed the things, and we helped in getting them ready. I can recall that we had a large turkey, roasted, ante-bellum salt-rising bread, quantities of pies and custards, a large jar of pickles, several gallon jugs of milk, and much else. Our old carriage driver, Dick, took the provisions in the two-horse spring wagon, while we went in the family carriage to see that they were properly delivered. Our visit was a welcome one, you may be sure, and we were very courteously received by some of the leading officers. As we drove out of the camp many of the young soldiers, in new uniforms, took off their plumed hats and waved to us. That was the beginning; they had not then felt the hardships of war.

One of the stirring events in which we participated was the flight from home just a few days before the first Manassas battle on July 21, 1861. We learned that the Yankees were advancing from Washington toward Manassas and became almost panic-stricken, for we supposed our homes would be in their path and that everything would be stolen, and, like the Widow Bedotte, "Our houses might conflagerate, and we be left forlorn." So we decided there was no time to lose in getting inside the Confederate lines, as if the Confederacy could have any permanent lines!

The farm teams were hitched up and wagons packed with provisions and servants, some of the negroes being left at home to take care of things. The carriages and horses of the two families, with as many of our valuables as we could carry, brought up the rear of our procession. We moved off with no objective point that I can remember except getting inside the Confederate lines. Fortunately, we had some means in hand and supposed that would answer until better times dawned upon us.

We took the back roads leading from our neighborhood, hoping to keep clear of the Yankees. We had not gone more than seven or eight miles from home, I suppose, when, as we were going up a hill, the horses to the Cockerille carriage became unruly and commenced backing down hill. The occupants got out in a hurry, but the carriage was broken so that we could not go farther that day than Sudley Springs. Already a number of refugees were there. The house was occupied by a private family, but, as it had formerly been a hotel, it was large enough to accommodate a number of people. Mrs. Weir very kindly agreed to board us until we could get fixed up again and could see what best to do. Little did we suppose when we left home to get away from the Yankees that we would find ourselves encamped on what was to be a part of the famous first Manassas battle field.

We had been at Sudley Springs several days, waiting to see which way the Yankees were coming. Sunday morning, July 21, 1861, dawned on us clear, a typical July day. Most of the crowd had gathered about the long piazzas and front windows. We numbered about twenty ladies, several refugees from Washington among the number. Not long did we have to wait. We soon saw skirmishers scattered broadcast over the fields in front of us. One of these was a wheat field, full of shocks, each of which received special notice from a Yankee, who ran his bayonet through it in order to be sure it did not contain a hiding "Rebel." Before long, however, these Yankees discovered that this was not the way they would find the Rebels. There we sat or stood with feelings that would be hard to describe now. Those were the first Yankees we had seen. A few moments more, a dark line of blue, with glittering bayonets, came slowly winding down the road in front of us. It was McDowell's Corps, crossing Sudley Ford to flank Beauregard's left. We were in the Yankee lines! Then some of them called at the house and told us of the "On to Richmond" program, of their great numbers, and how they had "Long Tom" in McDowell's Corps and anticipated a small job in surrounding the little Confederate Army and capturing and killing the whole. Others told us they had our men in a hollow and were mowing them down.

We had all of our silver buried that morning and, strange to say, we got it all again. My sister and I, with a number of the other ladies, a day or too before had helped tear up a bolt of red flannel, and a strip was tied around the arm of each soldier in a Virginia regiment to distinguish them from the enemy. Then we were all day holding up for our cause the best we could in our bearing toward the "Yanks."

Late in the afternoon, as a fresh supply of stragglers were recounting their glorious deeds, we saw a dingy, dusty-looking body of cavalry dash over a distant hill in pursuit of some dark-looking objects. A lively little widow, who was discussing the battle with some of the Yanks, who were boasting of what they were doing, looked up and said: "What does that mean?" It was hard for them at first to think it was "Rebel" cavalry pursuing some of their panic-stricken, well-equipped men. You may be sure it did not take them long to think and say they had better be going. With that the little widow commenced singing and beating time with her hands to a quick step for them.

The fields spoken of soon presented a different appearance from what they did in the morning. Running Yanks were scattered all over them again, throwing down arms and everything that would hinder their speed. No time to run bayonets through wheat shocks! The "Rebs" were dashing after them and they were running for their lives. Soon we were in a glorious state of excitement. Our men were all about us, some bringing up prisoners and wounded Yanks.

Some of the cavalry paused at the doors long enough for us to hand them a cup of coffee or something to eat in hand. It was our supper time, and every one gladly gave up what was cooked to refresh the poor soldiers who had been in the fight all day with nothing to eat. My grandmother and Aunt Martha contributed some provisions they had taken from home, and we had some of our best servants go to the kitchen and help cook. I remember handing coffee to some of our men who were on their horses at the back door; they had only time to swallow it down in a hurry, as they had to go on in the pursuit, and some looked after the wounded Yanks too.

We did not see a great deal of the fighting, as there was a hill between us and a part of the field where there was some heavy fighting. About dusk, when the crowd had passed on, we all went out on the field to see what we could capture in the way of arms. I picked up one of those valuable rifles; it was still cocked, and as I had not learned to handle fire arms I was afraid of it, and you can imagine how I looked when taking it to the house.

That night some of our badly wounded men were brought to the house, and we had plenty to do caring for them. Some

of us sat up all night with them. It was dreadful to see them suffering so! Sudley church, a few hundred yards from us, used as a temporary hospital, was filled with the dead and dying, and they were scattered all about.

A few days later, when things were quiet again, we went back home, and later we visited Uncle George Lee, who lived near the Bull Run Bridge and not far from the Henry House. We walked over that part of the battle field, stood on the ground where Bee and Bartow fell, and saw the bullet holes in the old Henry House. The elderly woman who lived in this house was sick in bed during the battle and was wounded. Dead horses were lying thick around the house, and we could see blue coats sticking out of the shallow graves, while bones and skulls lying about made a horrible sight. I saw enough of the horrors of war to last me.

THE FOLLOWING IS ADDED BY A SON OF MRS. MCWHORTER.

Mrs. James Kyle McWhorter, who was Virginia Lee Millan, was the wife of Dr. James Kyle McWhorter and niece of Philip DeCatesby Jones Lee.

Dr. McWhorter enlisted as private in Company C, Capt. P. W. Goodwyn, 6th South Carolina Cavalry, Col. H. K. Aiken, Dunovant's Brigade, M. C. Butler's Division, Wade Hampton's Corps, A. N. V., in August, 1862, and served to the end of the war, being with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at the time of the surrender at Hillsboro, N. C., in May, 1865.

Of his service, C. M. Calhoun, in his book entitled "Liberty Dethroned," page 137, says: "A truer soldier never lived than McWhorter." And in a personal letter from Greenwood, S. C., June 25, 1912, he wrote: "We can testify you were the last man in Johnston's Army to give up the ship." His comrade, E. Calhoun, Company C, 6th South Carolina Cavalry, writing from Abbeville, S. C., under date of June 29, 1912, said of "Private Kyle McWhorter" that "A braver, better soldier could not have been found in the Confederate Army."

Philip DeCatesby Jones Lee, late of Chantilly, Fairfax County, Va., was a member of Mosby's Rangers, 43rd Virginia Battalion of Cavalry, A. N. V. Colonel Mosby said of him that "he was a good soldier, a good fighter." He relates as an instance of Lee's dash and bravery that on one occasion, in a squad of seven or eight men, he made a charge on a large body of Yankees and drove them back.

Virginia Lee Millan, of the Hermitage, Chantilly, Fairfax County, Va., cared for Confederate soldiers, fed them, and looked after sick and wounded. She learned how to spin, spun the yarn, and knitted a "whole lot of socks" for Confederate soldiers. She rendered hospital service to the Southern cause at Sudley Springs (First Battle of Manassas), having refugeed at Sudley Springs near Stone Bridge on Bull Run battle field.

After the battle of Ox Hill in 1863, the Hermitage and the adjoining place, Avon, were both turned into improvised hospitals, and at both places she helped to nurse and care for the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers brought there from the battle field. At Avon the surgeon in charge was Dr. W. D. McWhorter, of Orr's Rifles, a brother of Dr. J. K. McWhorter, and it was here that he first met in the person of one of the hospital nurses the lady he afterwards married, Mary Jones Millan, the only sister of Virginia Lee Millan.

During the last two years of the war Colonel Mosby came often to the Hermitage in the course of his famous "raids" to spend a social evening and to hear his favorite songs, especially Moore's Melodies, from the lips of "Miss Virginia" and others; sometimes to get a cup of "good old government Java" coffee, if there was not time for the entire meal. On one occasion he turned up at the Hermitage after an all-night raid with the Yankees so close behind that he did not have time to enter the house; accordingly the two sisters brought him a saucer of strawberries fresh from the garden, which he ate, reclining on his elbow in the back yard by the wood pile, while they stood guard to warn him of the coming of the Yankees. Finishing his repast, he hastily mounted his horse at the rear of the house and galloped away over the fields to safety.

At the close of the war Colonel Mosby spent the night at the Hermitage on his way to offer his surrender the next day to General Grant. Mosby was a terror to that part of the country (Fairfax, etc.). The Yankees, on occasion, had their videttes in sight of the Avon house with a large force at Chantilly to reënforce and keep Mosby from going into their lines. We saw him dash up with a few men—not more than six, I suppose—and capture the videttes in broad daylight.

LETTER FROM COLONEL MOSBY.

"WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 5, 1914.

Professor A. W. McWhorter.

"*My Dear Sir:* I have just received the address of Hugh Blair Grigsby, which you sent me, and also the Hampden-Sidney bulletin. Many thanks. I take an interest in Hampden-Sidney because my father was a student there; and I shall read Grigsby's address with great interest, as I do everything from him. I believe I spoke to you of a relation of mine, Ben Mosby Smith, who was there forty years ago, was professor at Hampden-Sidney. I suppose he has crossed the great river. I have a pleasing recollection of your mother, Virginia Millan, and of her sister Mary. A long time ago they used to sing and play on the piano for me. Please give her my best love.

"Very truly yours, JOHN S. MOSBY."

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## *DEFENSE OF FORT WALKER.*

[In response to a request by the VETERAN, the following account of the battle between the United States fleet and the garrison of Fort Walker, on the South Carolina coast, was contributed by Maj. W. A. Boyle, who participated in the engagement. He is now a resident of Charleston, S. C., and in his eighty-third year.]

On the morning of November 7, 1861, a battle took place between the United States fleet, armed with about three hundred and seventy guns, and Fort Walker, on Hilton Head, Port Royal, S. C. About ten o'clock that morning Dupont's entire fleet, with its armament of three hundred and seventy guns, approached and opened fire on Fort Walker. The armament of the fort consisted of one ten-inch Columbiad, one eight-inch Columbiad, and other guns—*viz.*, forty-two pounders, thirty-two pounders, smoothbore—and two four-inch rifle guns. The ammunition for the rifle guns did not fit, which we did not previously know, as we had not been allowed to practice; and in those guns we had to use a munition that had been made for thirty-two pounders, smoothbore guns.

Fort Walker was manned by the German Artillery, Companies A and B and Company C (Summerville Guard), Eleventh Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, Capt. Josiah Bedon. Of that company I was a lieutenant, and Col. John A. Wagener was in command of all.

The engagement lasted five hours. Volley after volley was discharged, literally raking the battery, but the garrison intrepidly stood in the post of danger and duty, and the fort was

(Continued on page 442)

## *IN THE SIEGE OF RICHMOND AND AFTER.*

BY W. L. TIMBERLAKE, IN RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH.

A siege has a most demoralizing effect upon an army. This was fully demonstrated during the last months of the fighting around Richmond and Petersburg in the War between the States. It was noticeable among our soldiers even on the retreat from Richmond and Petersburg that the men were more cheerful after being foot loose from their long, dreary confinement in the works. After the suspense was broken, there seemed to be a general feeling of relief, and they were ready for fight.

My company, D, 2d Virginia battalion, held a part of the Richmond lines immediately in front of Fort Harrison. We were placed in this position after the fights at Fort Harrison and Fort Gilmore, September 29, 30, 1864, where we killed a lot of negro soldiers. Bushrod Johnson's brigade was on our right, next to the James River, and Field's division and the Texas brigade on our left. We picketed close up to Fort Harrison nearly all the winter of 1864 and 1865, where the ground was low and wet, in all kinds of weather, many a night soaking wet and hungry—we were always hungry. I was on picket here one evening, and our artillerymen commenced to shell the fort with mortars placed under a hill in our rear. The Yankees replied immediately and shelled all up and down our lines, but, receiving no reply from our light artillery in the works, they trained their guns on us and shelled us on the picket line. I was in the rifle pit with a man named Shepherd. Several shells burst over us, and I remarked to Shepherd that I thought it would be safer outside, so, taking my gun, I crawled out and laid down on the ground about ten feet away.

The next shell struck directly in the spot that I had vacated less than a minute before, striking Shepherd's gun, breaking it, and covering him with dirt, but doing him no harm. If I had remained in the pit one minute longer I would have been cut in two. I asked Shepherd if he was hurt, and after he had taken the dirt out of his eyes and mouth he said, "No," and we laughed over the matter.

The Yankees gave us very little rest that winter, as we were often drawn out from our works and rushed to the right or left to repel flanking attacks.

We had a hard fight on the Charles City Road and in front of New Market, where I saw the brave General Gregg, of the Texas brigade, lying cold and dead with a bullet through his neck. We were drawn out from the lines during February and sent above Richmond on the Three Chopt Road. I had charge of a picket on that road the Sunday evening before the evacuation of Richmond. We were ordered into Richmond that night, and our first stop was at the provost marshal's office on Broad Street, where we burned a lot of government papers. We then moved down to the Shockoe Warehouse on Cary Street and burned the warehouse, filled with tobacco, said to be about ten thousand hogsheads. We also took about fifteen barrels of whisky out of a cellar on Cary Street and knocked the heads of the barrels in and let the whisky run down the gutter. I remember helping to get some women out of the Columbian Hotel, opposite the burning warehouse. The hotel was burned. We were kept busy all that night.

I have often read contentions as to who were the last troops to leave Richmond, so I will take this opportunity to put the public right. After finishing our work of destruction, the sun being well up, we fell in on Cary Street and hurried down to Mayo's bridge. Gary's brigade of cavalry had gone over, and Col. Clement Sulivane, of Gen. Custis Lee's staff, was waiting at the approach to the bridge. The materials for burning the bridge were on hand and distributed all across the bridge. We were hurried on the bridge, and the torch was immediately applied to the piles of kindling, tar, and turpentine. I contend that we were the last troops to cross Mayo's bridge, and if any crossed after we did they need have no fear of the other world, because they were surely fireproof.

Our first stop was at Chesterfield Courthouse, when I saw some of my friends of the Surrey Light Artillery. We remained here for a very short rest and were off again on a march such as we had not seen before in all our experience.

Sunday night before leaving Richmond we had issued to us one-third of a pound of bacon and one pound of coarse corn meal. This my comrade, Marshall, and I tried to cook when we were stopped at Chesterfield. We had our bread in the frying pan about half done when the bugle blew, and I said to Marshall: "I am going to throw this away." He said, "No, don't; we will eat the d— thing anyway." I thought this a peculiar blessing to ask on the last rations we had. This was the morning of April 3, and we never tasted food again, except an ear of parched corn and the buds of sassafras trees, until a Yankee cavalryman divided his rations with me on the battlefield of Sailor's Creek the night of April 6.

Troops from the Richmond lines united with those from the Petersburg lines at Amelia Courthouse, where we expected to find a supply of provisions, but we were sadly disappointed. There had been an order issued for a concentration of supplies at this point, but on our arrival we found not a thing for the men or horses. General Lee, in his report, says: "Not finding the supplies ordered to be placed there, nearly twenty-four hours were lost in endeavoring to collect subsistence for men and horses." This delay was fatal.

We had trouble in crossing the Appomattox, and the courier whom Lee sent to Ewell rode all night, but could not find him, and on regaining headquarters the General made this postscript on the communication and started it on its way again: "April 4, 7:30 A.M. The courier has returned with this note, having been able to hear nothing from you. I am about to cross the river. Get to Amelia Courthouse as soon as possible and report to me. R. E. L."

From the heavy rains that had recently fallen, the Appomattox River was a raging torrent. The position of the troops not yet in the vicinity of the courthouse and the progress of his army had made in concentrating there are indicated by a letter dated at 9 o'clock at night which General Lee wrote to Ewell, saying that he was much gratified to learn of his favorable prospect of crossing the river on the railroad bridge at Mattox, and he hoped that he was safely over at that time. The last of the column, however, did not cross until after midnight. Gordon, who brought up the rear of the Petersburg forces, was at Scott's Shop, and Mahone was between Gordon and the bridge.

In the forenoon of Wednesday all the surplus artillery was concentrated under command of General Walker and, after a number of caissons were destroyed, struck off on the road to Farmville. It was not until 1 o'clock that Lee, with Longstreet at his side, put himself at the head of infantry (Ewell's and Custis Lee's columns had not yet arrived) and started for Petersville, some eight or ten miles beyond Amelia. The troops were preceded by W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry, which had found itself close up against Sheridan, who, as early as half-past five on the day before, had thrown Cook's division of cavalry across the line of retreat at that point and by dark had reënforced it with the 5th Corps.

During the night these forces had built a strong line of works, and Lee's cavalry was not strong enough to fully de-

velop Sheridan's position. Sheridan wrote to Meade: "The Rebel army is in my front, with all its trains. If the 6th Corps can hurry up, we will have sufficient strength. I will hold my ground unless I am driven from it. My men are out of rations, and some should follow quickly. Please notify General Grant." No one whom General Lee sent to reconnoiter these lines brought back a single hope of carrying them; they were too grimly strong.

Notwithstanding, however, had Lee had all his army there, I have no doubt he would have assaulted, but Ewell was not up. Longstreet drew the command off and filed to the right to cross Flat Run to march to Farmville. The infantry trains and artillery followed and kept the march up until a late hour. The road from Amelia Springs, by which the weary, sleep-longing, hungry, yet dauntless Confederate army moved toward Rice's Station and Farmville is narrow, winding, and lonely, one that never before that fatal day had seen a battle flag, heard the clattering march of cavalry, or felt the heavy tread and jar of thundering guns, nor had it ever dreamed of the sound it was to hear before the sun went down: the shriek of disemboweled horses, the piercing cries of the wounded, and the faint intermittent mutterings, delirious speech of the dying. The main road changes a little to the southward and goes by Captain Hillsman's plantation, which slopes into the narrow valley of Sailor's Creek. Such is the general character of the road Lee's army took, hoping to pass around Grant's left on Thursday, April 6.

Longstreet got back to it from Sheridan's and Meade's fronts toward midnight. Anderson fell in behind Longstreet with the forces he had brought up on the south side of the Appomattox, Mahone, in the lead, followed by Pickett, and he by Bushrod Johnson. Ewell came next with Custis Lee, then Kershaw, who had been on the move all night. Bringing up the rear was heroic Gordon, and it was after 9 o'clock as he rose above the hill west of Amelia Springs. Toil on, veteran heroes of so many fields; a few more days and it will be over. Those are Gordon's guns you hear.

The Army of the Potomac, strangely enough, did not know of Lee's retreat until they moved in battle array at 6 o'clock to engage him; Griffin on the right, Humphreys on the left, and the 6th Corps under Wright in reserve. They soon found out, however, that he had gone, and they then broke from line into columns; and, on reaching Flat Creek, near Amelia Springs, Humphrey's advance spied across the open country a mile or more away the rear of Gordon's troops. Sheridan, about noon, gained a position not far from Sandy Creek, west of Deatonsville, where he saw the retreating column and threw Crook against it, but Ewell and Anderson faced their divisions to the left and flung him back viciously, while the trains filed by.

Sheridan, seeing Crook's repulse, brought up Merritt, but soon made up his mind not to try again for the trains at that point and sent him and Crook farther along to the left to look for a weaker spot. Keeping with him a brigade of cavalry, he then went to the top of a hill and scanned the uplifted, silent country. Off on a ridge his eye fell on Gordon's skirmishers slowly falling back before Humphreys. Accompanied by Miller's battery and Stagg's brigade of cavalry, he then followed the path of Merritt and Crook until it reached another overlooking ridge. Below him he saw the Confederate trains in full view, hurrying with all speed and flanked by infantry and cavalry. Miller at once opened on them, and Stagg was ordered to charge them, Sheridan's aim being to check their forces till Crook, Custer, and Merritt had reached a position to strike the road ahead of them.

Stagg's men charged, but were signally repulsed, and, just as they were reforming, up came the head of the 6th Corps. While the 6th Corps was forming to do what Stagg had tried so gallantly and failed to achieve, Sheridan wrote to Grant, his dispatch dated 12:10 P.M.: "The trains and army (Confederate) were moving all last night and are very short of provisions and very tired indeed. I think now is the time to attack them with all your infantry. They are reported to have begged provisions from the people of the country along the road as they passed. I am working around farther to the left." As a matter of fact, they had only a few grains of parched corn, and one officer in his diary recorded that he that day traded his necktie with a poor family for a bit of cornbread.

Before Wright's troops were ready, Gordon came and, thinking that the troops in advance had gone that way, followed the trains northward, Humphreys at his heels. Meanwhile, Anderson had kept moving and was across Sailor's Creek, and Ewell, with Custis Lee's division behind him, was over too, Kershaw standing the 6th Corps off as well as he could. Kershaw had barely gained the hill when Anderson sent word back to Ewell to come to his aid, for Custer and the rest of the cavalry had broken in ahead of him. Loyally Ewell, the maimed, venerable old soldier, started with Custis Lee's division to help Anderson, but he was hardly well under way before the 6th Corps came out upon the Hillsman farm and began to form line of battle, which made it necessary for Ewell to halt and look after his own rear.

He faced Custis Lee about and formed along the open brow of the sassafras and pine tufted hill, Kershaw on the right and Lee on the left. There, with flags over them, they lay, from the road down into the ravine and up its northern bank, and every man in that line knew that a crisis was coming, for Anderson, behind them to the west, was engaged, and in full view of the valley's eastern brink the 6th Corps was massing into the fields double quick, the battle lines blooming with colors, growing longer and deeper with every moment, the batteries at a gallop coming into action front. We knew what it all meant.

The sun was more than half way down, the oak and pine woods behind them crowning the hill and laying evening's peaceful shadows on Ewell's line, and on Sheridan's its long afternoon beams glinted warmly and sparkled on the steel barrels of the shouldered arms of the moving infantry, for they were getting under way. Seymour's and Wheaton's men were approaching the creek—but let us hurry over to Custis Lee's lines to a spot on the open, rounded eastward knoll, where Major Stiles's battalion lay.

We shall remember that when we saw them last they were listening to him as he read the soldiers' psalm, and that then they knelt with him as he led them in prayer in the dimly lighted little chapel on the banks of the James, and we will not forget that there was one boy as he read who met his look with swimming eyes. They are all lying down, loaded guns in their hands, and the Major, that rare gentleman, is walking behind them, talking softly, familiarly, and encouragingly, warning them not to expose themselves, for Cowan's batteries have opened and the fire is accurate and frightfully deadly.

The Major says that a good many had been wounded and several killed when a twenty-pounder Parrott shell struck immediately in front of the line, nearly severing a man in twain and hurling him bodily over my head, his arms hanging down and his hands almost slapping my face as they passed. In that awful moment I distinctly recognized young Blount, who had gazed into my face so intently Sunday night.

Sing on, valley of Sailor's Creek, sing on to the memory of

that tender-hearted hero, and O, peace, blessed peace, come and save the world from the sacrifice of youths like this! And now to go on: Until the Federal infantry had reached the creek the artillery fire had been fast and dreadfully fatal; then it stopped, and all was still as the grave as the men made their way through the thickety banks and formed on the farther side. I'll not try to give all the details of that bloody engagement, but our men, under orders, reserved their fire until their lines were close up, then they let go a crashing volley. The execution was frightful, and at once they charged their center with fury and drove it back in confusion across the creek.

But meanwhile the enemy's troops on the left and right have been successfully crowding our flanks into the bowllike hollow of the ravine's head and the 37th Massachusetts had the fiercest, most hand-to-hand, and literally savage encounter of the war with the remnant of Stiles's battalion and the marines from the ships that had lain in the James River. I was next to these marines and saw them fight. They clubbed their muskets, fired pistols into each other's faces, and used the bayonets savagely. Pretty soon a flag of truce came in sight, the officer bearing it coming bravely up to our line under fire.

I shot at him before I learned the object of his mission. I have always been thankful that I did not hit him; there must have been a protecting hand, for I was a dead shot. Of course this kind of fighting could not last long. The officer's message was to inform us that we were completely surrounded and that further resistence was useless, and right here I want to relate a little personal incident which I will never forget.

After we were captured I had thrown down my gun, which I had shot until it was so hot that it burned my hand, and started to the rear. I was very thirsty and got down in a ditch to get a drink, but the water was bloody, and I could not drink it. Custer's cavalry was gathering up the prisoners, and just as I jumped up from the ditch I scared a Yankee cavalryman's horse and he cursed me. The next one that came along at a gallop reined up his horse and said to me: "Johnny, are you hungry?"

I said, "That's a pretty question to ask a rebel."

His reply was, "Never mind, that's all right. Have you a knife?"

I said, "Yes."

He turned his horse around, and I saw that he had a small ham strapped to the ring of his saddle. He said: "Cut a piece of this meat quick, because I am in a hurry." I cut off a good slice, and he gave me a handful of hard-tack and said, "Good-by, Johnny."

God bless that Yankee! He saved my life, for I was nearly famished.

Keifer, who commanded one of Wright's brigades of the 6th Corps, says: "One week after the battle I revisited the field (he was on his way back from Appomattox) and could have walked on Confederate dead for many successive rods along the face of heights held by the enemy, where the battle opened." These men were put in a trench, and a mother of unmistakable breeding who lived in Savannah shortly after the battle came to look after her son. A deluging rain had swept the shallow covering of earth away and, among the festering bodies she found that of her boy by a ring still circling his ashen, shrunken finger.

Gen. H. C. Wright, who commanded the 6th Corps of the Federal Army, in his official report of this battle, says: "The 1st and 3rd Divisions of this Corps charged the enemy's position, carrying it handsomely, except at a point on our right of the road crossing the creek, where a column, said to be composed exclusively of the Marine Brigade and other troops which had held the lines of Richmond previous to the evacuation, made a counter charge upon that part of our lines in their front. I was never more astonished. These troops were surrounded. The 1st and 3rd Divisions of this Corps were on either flank, my artillery and a fresh division in their front, and some three divisions of Major General Sheridan's cavalry in their rear. Looking upon them as already our prisoners, I had ordered the artillery to cease firing as a dictate of humanity. My surprise, therefore, was extreme when this force charged upon our front; but the fire of our infantry, although they gallantly gained their thicket and captured one of their superior officers already in our hands, the concentrated and murderous fire of six batteries of our artillery, within effective range, brought them promptly to a surrender."

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## *WITH THE HAMPTON LEGION IN THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.*

BY JOHN COXE, LILLIAS LAKELET, CAL.

(The following is a continuation of the narrative of experiences published in the VETERAN for April, 1915.)

On March 8, 1862, the Hampton Legion was still in snug winter quarters at the junction of the Potomac and Occoquan, but on that day we broke camp and began to fall back toward Fredericksburg. Our hearts were sad already from the recent news of the loss of Fort Donelson and Nashville, and this retrograde movement but added to our grief. The weather was cold and snowy and the roads in a horrid condition. The wagons were loaded to the full, yet much public property was destroyed or left behind. Our progress the first day was slow. Before getting out of sight of our delectable winter quarters several of our wagons got stuck in the mud, and we had to lighten them by throwing off and burning part of the load. This happened frequently during the day, so frequently indeed that it became a sort of joke among us as we struggled along in the snow and slush. Our march lay by the somewhat famous (?) Cole's Store, in which the fall before our trunks had been stored only to be systematically looted. We halted a half hour to allow any of the men to go in and hunt for their lost goods. I had hunted for mine before, so I paid no attention to this last chance to hunt again.

We camped that first night in a thick woods and built up good fires, had plenty to eat, and got a good rest. The next morning the weather cleared up and remained so for several days. We reached Fredericksburg on the afternoon of the third day out from the Potomac. Crossing the Rappahannock a little above the city at old Falmouth, we went on and camped on the lovely wooded heights some two miles beyond the city. Here we remained till April 7, and in the meantime the whole left wing of Johnston's army, now about faced, was assembled there under Gen. Gustavus W. Smith. We drilled much, but had a good time at Fredericksburg, as we were allowed to go into the city quite often and greatly enjoyed the plays at the theater, then known as Citizen's Hall. We visited all the interesting places, including the former home of George Washington's mother.

While at this camp our spirits were made stronger by the news of two events: our naval victory in Hampton Roads and that of our army at Shiloh. A few days before leaving Fredericksburg, the whole division of all arms was paraded on the entrancing green slopes of the heights and reviewed by General Smith. The bright uniforms of the officers and men, the perfect drilling, and the music of the bands made a scene of great beauty not soon to be forgotten. Great numbers of the

people of the city and surrounding country came out and enjoyed the occasion with us. On April 7 we hurriedly struck tents in a heavy and cold rain storm, which continued all day. We marched toward Richmond, sometimes wading small streams. At night we stopped in woods on both sides of the road. Though still raining, we managed to have good fires, using fence rails for fuel. That night we lay on the ground under our blankets with plenty of water both under and above us. Strangely, as we thought, we slept warm and otherwise comfortably. I always had a penchant for getting up early and walking about, and so next morning I was up before any of my company comrades and, to my great surprise, found the weather clear but the ground covered with a mantle of snow about an inch deep. It was a little amusing to see the little white mounds scattered in all directions, each indicating where a soldier was quietly and snugly sleeping under his blankets and the beautiful snow.

As I was hungry and none of my mess yet up, I started forward to do a little private foraging. I soon found we had camped near the little but fine old town of Bowling Green. I got into a back street, because I found that some of our officers had put up at houses on the main street. Coming soon to an open back door, I looked in and found a negro woman cooking breakfast. She smiled, and then I made some very pertinent inquiries. Without replying, she darted into an adjoining room, from which she soon returned, still smiling, and said: "Master say to go to the side door." I found an elderly man already coming down the steps of that side door. He was smiling and, taking me by the arm, led me into the house, where I found also a very kindly countenanced elderly woman. They set me by a roaring fire and otherwise treated me with the greatest kindness and consideration. They themselves had a son in the army, and I imagined that, as well on that account as true patriotism, they felt they could not do too much for me. Till I appeared, they had not heard that our army was so near. They gave me a great breakfast and loaded me with enough cooked provisions to keep me several days, but I divided with my mess. O, how we soldiers hated to fall back and leave those fine old Virginians of all that northern part of the State to the tender mercies of the Federal marauders! Such, however, was the pressing necessity, because McClellan had moved his great army to the peninsula of Virginia and was approaching Richmond from that base. To our agreeable surprise, we marched only one mile that day, just through Bowling Green and to a point in sight of Milford Station on the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad. Here we lay at will all day in the sunshine. About dark the Legion was marched over to the station, got on flat cars, and, during the very cold night that followed, were transported to Ashland, some fifteen or twenty miles. We got some sleep and, after a hot breakfast, took up the line of march toward the peninsula along the Old Church Road. After a hard day's march, we camped near the Pamunkey. The next morning Colonel Hampton got a dispatch from Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then at Yorktown, to hurry along as fast as possible. The weather was clear and, in order to save time, some of our cavalrymen were sent on ahead to have placed at different farm houses on the road tubs of water for our accommodation as we rushed along. At noon we reached the small but fine old town of New Kent Courthouse and the intersection of the Richmond and Williamsburg roads. We rested an hour in the old town. Late in the day we got to the confines of Williamsburg and camped.

This city is on a flat plain, so from our camp not much of the city, other than the dome of William and Mary College, could be seen. We marched through the city at an early hour the next morning. The city was clean and very pretty, and the streets were lined with citizens, who heartily welcomed us. From this we marched to Yorktown, twelve miles, reaching there at one o'clock. We marched by General Johnston's headquarters in the suburbs at a time when the General and his staff were returning from a ride along the lines. We sent up a great cheer, which the General acknowledged with a gracious smile. This was the first time I had seen him since First Manassas. We went on and camped in a lovely wood, the same ground occupied by the French army during the siege of Yorktown in the Revolution. The old earthworks and entrenchments of the French were still well preserved, and our thoughts went back and took in with reverence the stirring times of the old days.

The heights of Yorktown were opposite our camp, with only a small stream intervening. Our army occupied Yorktown and all the adjacent country covered by Washington and Cornwallis during the Revolutionary siege. The whole place was strongly fortified. In a field to the southeast was a marker on the spot where the British surrendered to the allied armies. During the Confederate occupation Federal naval vessels occupied the lower part of York River, and these occasionally but ineffectually shelled the old town and part of our fortifications. From Yorktown our lines stretched away toward the James River several miles. The country was low, swampy, and intersected by several sluggish streams.

Soon after our arrival a severe fight took place at a dam across one of these streams about two miles below Yorktown. It was a surprise attack by the Federals, and at one point they broke our line. But this was quickly restored, and the Federals were driven back with considerable loss. I got permission and went down there next day. Considerable skirmishing was still going on, and at one point I saw about a dozen dead Federals in the water.

The Legion was not called on to do any other than routine camp duty during our whole stay at Yorktown. We enjoyed our nice camp ground and particularly the good spring water all about us. From what we privates saw going on, such as building additional fortifications, mounting new guns, and getting up great quantities of supplies of all kinds, we naturally inferred that our army was permanently settled down there and would fight McCellan to a finish on that line. But we didn't know that McClellan was slowly but surely feeling his way up both sides of the York River to flank our left at Yorktown and at the same time surround and capture Gloucester Point on the opposite side of the river in our rear. But General Johnston knew all these things. And so in the latter days of April the whole of our heavy artillery on our outer line opened a slow but unceasing fire on the Federal lines. This we privates supposed meant that Johnston would attack McClellan at the proper time, and I doubt not that McClellan thought so too, because at no time did the Federals reply to our guns. But Johnston was, in fact, preparing to slip away in retreat to Richmond; and perhaps this would have been successful without the firing of a gun but for an inexcusable, glaring blunder. Late in the afternoon of May 1 the Legion broke camp and, with Riley's North Carolina battery, quietly withdrew a mile to the rear on the Williamsburg road. We formed line of battle and masked the battery. The great magazine of the army was located on the Williamsburg road just inside Yorktown. The retreat of the whole army began at dusk. Strict orders had been issued that when the whole army got out of town and well on the road to Williamsburg, the officers in charge of affairs at the magazine

were to set a slow match so timed as to cause the explosion of the magazine to begin about daylight the next morning. But by some blunder of some one at the magazine the explosion began at an early hour in the night and before all of the army got past. The reports of bursting shells and big charges of various ammunition were most tremendous and kept up all the rest of the night. We soldiers had never heard such a noise before. This unfortunate event created much confusion in our army, causing part of it to make long and tiresome detours, the abandonment of some artillery, and the loss of much other public property. At the same time some of our men were captured. Of course, this premature explosion completely gave away to McClellan the whole plan of retreat, and the former lost no time in taking advantage of the situation by putting his whole army in motion in hot pursuit of us.

I never heard any satisfactory explanation of the blunder of this premature explosion. At the time there were many theories advanced, among them the suggestion that it was the work of a spy. But whatever the true reason, the direct result was the spilling of much blood between Yorktown and the Chickahominy. Many of our officers thought that if the magazine had been exploded according to orders, Johnston would have carried his army back to and across the Chickahominy without the necessity of firing a gun. But as it was, McClellan pushed us long before the explosion was over, first rushing Franklin's corps up the York River on war vessels and transports to West Point, in an effort to get in our rear or rather our marching front, and thus cut us off from the roads to Richmond, while his main army pressed our rear from Yorktown to Williamsburg. The Legion remained in line of battle at the same place till after midnight and then took up the line of march through the woods by the roadside toward Williamsburg. We could not use the great old road because it was full of artillery, wagons, and men, all struggling along as fast as possible. The next day was pretty and we got to point about a mile above Williamsburg at two o'clock, halted, and went into bivouac. We lay in the shade and watched our troops and trains go by. From this point there were two roads going toward Richmond, and our troops took both and thus, to some extent, lightened the congestion.

While lying there resting, I was pleasantly surprised by a visit from my young uncle, George Washington Coxe, a member of the 23rd Georgia Regiment, then in bivouac some two miles in the rear. We had not seen each other since we were small boy playmates. I found that he had grown greatly and was so handsome and manly. As I was the first child of his older brother, he being the youngest or baby brother, it so happened that I was nearly two years older than George. How glad he was to see me! We were the same as brothers. But, alas! our meeting was destined to be very brief and our parting that day to be forever in this life. Before George had been with me half an hour a most furious cannonade of heavy guns struck our ears from up about West Point, almost in our marching front. Immediately our bivouac became a noisy place and orders came to "fall in." It was and always has been one of the greatest regrets of my life that I had to dismiss "Uncle George" so suddenly that day. The next day the poor boy was captured in the battle of Williamsburg and was taken to Washington, where almost immediately he was paroled and spent the time in that city and Baltimore with friends till August, 1862, when he was exchanged. He got back to Lee's army while it was on the march to Second Manassas and was in the battles of South Mountain and Sharpsburg. In the latter battle he was mortally wounded, dying two days later on the Lyon farm near the battle field. His Baltimore friends went up to the Lyon farm and took the remains to Baltimore, where he was buried in one of the city cemeteries in the plot of his friend, a Mr. Furlong. Neither I nor his family in Georgia knew of this till in October, 1862, when George was under the sod.

Soon after breaking bivouac and getting started up the Williamsburg road, the heavy artillery fire about West Point ceased. Though we didn't know it then, the gun fire before mentioned was the noise of Franklin's landing at West Point under the guns of war vessels in the York River. It was evident that many of our officers were studious and deliberate, but all were alert. After marching a short distance, we stopped on the side of the road in the woods. Meanwhile the main army kept tramping by headed toward Richmond. It was now dark, but the weather was clear. We were told to eat anything we had, but were forbidden to build fires, and then to lie down and rest as well as we could under arms. Despite the continued noise in the road, it was no trouble to find blessed sleep. At two o'clock in the morning we were waked and commanded to fall into line of march. The road was still full of struggling men, artillery, and wagons. We started on in the woods by the side of the road and almost immediately it began to rain. At first it was light, but soon turned into one of those heavy and chilly spring storms so often experienced in that country at that season. It was no considerable time till the road became a mass of muck and water and then there was much stalling and miring down of the military vehicles in the road. At daylight we became aware that General Hood was in active command, but I think General Whiting was in general command of that part of the line. We were ordered to slacken our pace and keep abreast of the vehicles in the road, and to help them out when they got stuck in the mud, and we did so quite often during that awful day. It was nearly night when we got up to the junction of the Williamsburg and West Point roads. It was on a sort of hill, and there the three Texas and 18th Georgia Regiments and we of the Legion, all under Hood, stopped, while the main army kept paddling up along the Williamsburg road.

The Legion stopped exactly at the junction of these roads, but Hood moved his four regiments to the edge of a wood a short distance forward on the West Point road. We all bivouacked as well as we could in the heavy rain. There was no attempt to build fires. We slept fairly well despite our soggy condition. That night the rain ceased and the next morning we found bright sunshine. We made a tolerable breakfast on wet hard-tack and a little ham. About eight o'clock we saw Hood form his four regiments in line of march and then march down through the woods on the West Point road. Then the Legion fell in and marched to Hood's recent bivouac and halted.

Up to this time we neither saw nor heard anything of the Federals, who were then supposed to be marching up the West Point road to cut our main line of march. We had cavalry pickets on this West Point road, but we didn't know how far ahead they were or whether they were in close contact with the enemy. From our position we saw that from the edge of the woods the West Point road ran down a long hill through very thick and very heavy timber. We could also see the top of the masts of a few vessels over to the right in the York River. We stood there a little while and listened, and while we were doing this an officer from the main column on the Williamsburg road dashed up and asked Colonel Hampton if he knew that during the big rain storm of the day before a bloody battle had been fought at Williamsburg? All of us

(Continued on page 442)

## *THE BOY BRIGADE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.*

BY SAMUEL W. RAVENEL, NEW FRANKLIN, MO.

Some incidents and experiences of this brigade of boys and old men—the "cradle and the grave" of the army—by one who had the honor of serving in it as among the cradle element may be of interest to the Sons of Veterans, or tend to show the future historian the spirit and the temper of the men of the South in the war period of the sixties.

It will be remembered that in the summer of 1864 the State of South Carolina called upon her men between fifty-five and sixty-five and her boys of sixteen years of age to enlist for the protection of our State, which was about to be invaded by Sherman's army. In July of that summer, my cousin, H. St. Julien Ravenel, now of Jacksonville, Fla., and I were at Wellington Academy, in Abbeville district, and, together with the principal of the school and all his pupils of that age, were mustered into service at a little place called Calhoun Falls, or near it. Our captain and first lieutenant were, respectively, Robinson and O. T. Porcher, the latter afterwards an Episcopal minister, and our second lieutenant was Lewis C. Haskell, until his death, two years ago, president of the Southern Cotton Oil Company and a resident of Savannah, Ga.

As I look back now I see a motley crew as to size, age, and uniform, but I see too the vitalizing activity and spirit of the boy in his care free, dare-devil way, giving vigor to his older and more experienced seniors, who, while not possessing nor showing the vivacity of youth, set an example of earnestness that was a much needed lump of leaven to the boys of sixteen, without concern or care for the morrow.

On December 1, 1864, this brigade was mustered into active service at Hamburg, S. C., and was loaded at once on box and cattle cars for the coast, going direct to Grahamville, N. C., where the battle of Henry Hill had just been fought. On Sunday many of the boys were in the churches in Grahamville and were called out and had their first experience in the trenches. The next day we had our first sight of a battle field, as the enemy, knowing reënforcement had come, made their attack at Tullifinny along the old Charleston and Savannah Railroad.

On the next night they were again loaded on the cars and taken to where an attack had been made in the vicinity of Pocataligo Station, near the Tullifinny River. This was on a densely dark night, and, as we reached this point, the boys were dropped one at a time at regular deploy distances and warned to be on the lookout for the Yankees about daylight. These boys didn't need any warning, however, for they had been looking for the Yankees for four years and had not seen any. They slept not on their arms; in fact, they scarcely winked. Those boys were awake to the occasion, but alas! the Yanks had again heard of these formidable reënforcements, and daylight came but "nary a Yank."

As I recall it, that was one of the lonesomest moments of my life as we were dropped off along that railroad dike.

This recalls two pieces of advice I was given in my army experience—the one by an impromptu soldier, the other by a "bred and born" military man. Just before reaching this place, the boys were cutting up and boasting about what they would do, when one of the officers kindly rebuked them and suggested that they knew not what the morrow would bring, and that they should be thinking of their souls and salvation. With all due respect for his good intentions, it was poor advice to soldier boys on the eve of battle; but it quieted the boys. The other was by Gen. Stephen Elliott. He was a boyhood playmate of my mother and knew me, then a boy connected with the staff of Major General Taliaferro. He knew what an intensely hot place General Taliaferro and his staff were in at the battle of Bentonville, N. C., so near a battery of artillery that we could see the flash of each gun as it was fired at dusk. It was such close range that the General ordered the second line of men to lie down, then had the colors lowered until all that showed above ground were General Taliaferro, Capt. Fraser Mathews, Capt. William Perrin Kemp, and one boy, all still mounted, while the tree tops were actually falling around us. The next day I was riding along side of General Elliott, talking to him as only a green boy would do, when he said: "Sam, how did you feel before that battery last night?" Without thinking of the force of my innocent answer, I said: "Why, General, I just felt that if I was going to be killed, all the trees could not save me; and if I was not, there was no need of one." The General gave that quiet laugh that all knew so well and, tapping me on the shoulder, said: "My boy, as long as you are a soldier, that is the best belief in the world."

At Cheraw, S. C., I was detailed for courier duty in General Taliaferro's division, so I lost sight of the Boy Brigade, which was not allowed to leave the State, and I went on through the North Carolina campaign, surrendering under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

While the life of a soldier should be a serious matter, there are many amusing incidents in even the most sacred moments and many funny things happen to a soldier boy. The Boy Brigade was in camp at the Tullifinny River about two or three weeks, and as I took the measles there and was sent to Charleston I never saw my company again until I joined them at St. Stephens Depot in the early part of February, 1865. Incidentally, the old-time physicians held to the theory that a patient with measles was to be denied water, both inside and outside. Yet I took measles on a picket post in a swamp so wet that we had to throw up little mounds to stand on and could roll into the water on any side we fell; and when the officer of the day came along, breaking through the thin ice and "cuss words," my blanket and gun were white with frost and my face so red he ordered me to start for camp if I could walk it. I suspect he thought I had smallpox. That night—Christmas Eve of 1864—I slept in a little A-tent, and it rained all night, and any old soldier who knows a Confederate A-tent will tell you that I might as well have been out of doors. Why, my one blanket was soaking wet the next morning! But I am here at nearly seventy-four to tell it and apparently refute the no-water theory.

We were camped on one side of a large field at this place. To the east was the railroad track, now the Atlantic Coast Line. We were on the west side, and the battalion of cadets from the Citadel at Charleston was on the south side. I am telling this to show to the soldiers of the World War, who developed such wonderful facilities for locating the enemy, that even over fifty years ago our signal corps and artillerymen did some close figuring. It was the habit of the Yankees, for pastime, to shell our camp on and off all day. They knew the location of this so well that it was not an uncommon thing for shells to be dropped on the track. It became so common that the engines would go by as slowly and noiselessly as possible, with the engineer and fireman hanging on the off side of the engine.

The Boy Brigade was drilled daily by cadets from the Citadel Battalion, and the very first day we were assembled in squads of eight in this field we were shelled so closely that we were ordered in. My squad was drilled by Cadet W. H.

Snowden, and the first time a shell came near us, "we boys" dodged and were rebuked by the dapper cadet; but in a few minutes a shell passed so close to his head that he dodged, and wisely gave us permission to dodge when it came that near. One afternoon I was walking camp guard on our line, adjacent to the cadet camp, when I saw a grapeshot take off the hand of Cadet W. D. Palmer at the wrist as smooth as a knife could cut it. His brother-in-law, Dr. Peter Gourdin, happened to be the surgeon of our regiment and got to him in time to prevent any more serious effects.

A very humiliating thing happened to the two Ravenel boys, who looked more like twelve than sixteen years old. One day orders came for these young soldiers to appear before Colonel Graham in full accouterments. We thought, of course, that we were being detailed to go and capture General Sherman and were very proud of the distinction about to be paid us. So we promptly marched to regimental headquarters, where the Colonel and a bevy of officers were sitting, presented ourselves in our most Napoleonic aspect, and proudly saluted. The Colonel came forward and made us a most pleasing address, ending up with, "On account of your very small stature, I am authorized to offer you an honorable discharge." Well, sir! We Ravenels were sure enough indignant. If the Colonel had given the command, "About face, march!" it could not have been more simultaneously executed by two diminutive amateur soldiers, who marched off to the music of peals of laughter from those officers.

Another day an order came for a detail of six men to report at the railroad bridge, without arms or accouterments. This detail took the two little Ravenel boys at the foot of the company and the four tallest at the extreme right. The only one I can remember was a boy by the name of Giles, who was as large as any fully matured man and nearly six feet tall. When we got to the bridge there was an immense pile of two-by-twelve-inch yellow pine plank, about fifteen or twenty feet long, with which we were ordered to lay a floor on the bridge for our troops to cross over. That was some job for the two miniature soldiers, but, stimulated by the jibes and jeers of the four big boys, we managed to do as near our share of the job as strength would permit. Such was the irony of fate that the heaviest manual labor job we had should have fallen to the lot of the baby boys of the regiment.

But this takes me back to the North Carolina campaign, where I represented the Boy Brigade, which, being State troops, was not allowed to cross into North Carolina, but was stopped just before reaching Rockingham, N. C. Having been detailed by General Taliaferro at Cheraw, S. C., I elected to go on with him instead of returning to the brigade, which choice he very considerately gave me.

I witnessed an incident of soldierly coolness and loyalty at the battle of Averysboro that I think merits mention. General Taliaferro and staff rode up to where Gardeau's Battery, of Louisiana, had made a determined stand. As we rode up we were attracted by the sergeant of the piece standing with his elbow on the muzzle of the gun. General Taliaferro accosted him as to what was the matter. He just pointed to his carriage and caisson, with every man and every mule lying dead. A shell had burst on the cannon, killing everything but him, and alone he was manning the gun. General Taliaferro complimented him, furnished him a horse, and gave him our headquarters flag to carry. I regret very much not learning the sergeant's name, but he was spare built, with light wiry moustache, and about five feet eight inches tall. If any one can recall him from this incident, I would like to know.

Speaking of this battle, our troops on the extreme left of our line were most unfortunately flanked and found themselves actually being shot in the back. The 2nd Artillery and Lucas's Battalion I remember as having suffered especially on that occasion, being fearfully cut to pieces. Lieut. T. J. Heyward told me the next morning of how his captain, W. W. Richardson, was shot down while his men were cutting their way through, and that they went into the battle ninety strong, and the next morning only nineteen, including his orderly sergeant and himself, answered to the roll call.

Two days later at the battle of Bentonville I helped to rally this same 2d Artillery in a rout. I was told that as they entered a breastwork which they had captured some one cried out, "Flanked!" The memory of the two days before made them panic stricken, and they began a retreat. I had been carrying orders, and, in looking for General Taliaferro, I entered a large field where it seemed that the land was being plowed up with cannon balls. Suddenly I saw men coming pell-mell into the field from the opposite side. For a minute I, too, was panic stricken, but I then recognized our troops. Wheeler's Cavalry had, earlier that day, made a stand along a fence across this field and had left the rails piled like separate fence corners, as cavalrymen do for protection of man and horse. I made for that place and began riding up and down between the men, begging them to stop. Very soon Taliaferro's couriers and signal corps joined me in the rally. Just then I saw Maj. John Whaley, who was in command, come running up with drawn sword over head, commanding them to stop, and, turning to an old regular, whom he called by name, said to him: "Shoot the first damned man who crosses that line." It had its effect. The boys stopped. The old 2d Artillery was a gallant set of men, hard fighters, and as soon as that feeling of panic passed off they were easily stopped and would have fought a pen of wild-cats the next minute. They were built that way, and Major Whaley, red in uniform, red in temper, and red in face, knew it. After their experience at Averysboro, no man could justly blame them. The wonder is that they ever stopped. To be flanked and shot from front and rear is something to be remembered.

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## *EFFORTS OF CONFEDERACY FOR PEACE.*

BY REV. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

From the beginning of the War between the States to the present day there has been a persistent effort by Northern writers and speakers on the platform, in the pulpit, and by the press to fix on the South the responsibility for bringing on that war and forcing the United States to take up arms against the Southern Confederacy. The conflict of the South for her inalienable rights is characterized as the foolish and reckless revolt of a minority of our people instigated and led by ambitious political demagogues. Its object has been denounced as an attempt to perpetuate and extend human slavery, as an effort to overthrow the United States government and destroy the Union, and the clergy with peculiar bitterness have spoken of it as "a wicked and causeless rebellion" against "the best government the world ever saw."

These statements are not only repeated with endless iteration in lectures, addresses, essays, editorials, but they are emphasized in published school histories and taught to the coming generations. Surely it is the duty of those who know the facts as to the origin, principles, and conduct of that war to expose the falsehood of this persistent propaganda and let it be known that the Confederate States were contending for sacred rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution and denied and assailed by the North; that it was a conflict

between a federated republic of sovereign States and a centralized nation with imperial powers concentrated in certain individuals or classes. And to-day the strife of contending interests, the conflict of the various classes, the restless discontent of the masses, all threatening anarchy, are very largely the result of the destruction of State rights and the removal of limitations on the power of the central government.

The fact is that no people were ever more thoroughly united in their purpose to maintain their rights and principles at any cost, and their leaders strove with a deep sense of the issues at stake to settle all matters in controversy without resort to war. But all their efforts were thwarted by the determination of a sectional party in control of the government to hold the South in subjection and by their tariffs, their local appropriations, and their legislation against our institutions to lay on the South an unfair burden of the expense, while giving to her an unfair portion of the benefits of government. We are seeing the fruit of the triumph of this policy in that the general government is invoked as the nurse of every special interest; individuals are enabled to accumulate vast fortunes through graft and greed and oppression.

We should insist that the War between the States was the conflict of two antagonistic theories of government—one that the government is paternal, to promote material interests; the other that the government is an institute of righteousness, to see to it that justice is done between all the varying interests of men. One would make government a kind of universal helper; the other would make it a protector and defender against all forms of oppression or abuse of power. The one stood for privilege; the other for justice. To the one the Constitution was an indissoluble bond; to the other a sacred compact. The determination to withdraw from the Union was no sudden impulse of passion, but the deliberate attempt of a people to free themselves from the dominance of a section that was using the general government to promote its own interests at the expense of the Southern section, and also to escape the fanatical interference in our domestic institutions contrary to the expressed stipulations of the Constitution. The Southern States, by their representatives in Congress and by conventions assembled, as in 1850 at Nashville, protested against these wrongs and warned of the inevitable consequences of these aggressions. When a sectional party was organized in 1854 distinctly adverse to the South and her principles and interests, when the decisions of the Supreme Court, which was organized to protect the rights of the States, were contemptuously set aside by the personal liberty bills of a majority of the Northern States; when the attempt of a mad fanatic to stir the slaves to insurrection was approved by a large section of the North; and when at length a President was elected by a sectional vote and pledged to carry out the policy of his party, then secession became a living question in all of the Southern States. While a great majority of our people believed in the right of secession, there were three distinct views as to the course to be pursued: (1) There was a small minority opposed to secession under any circumstances, who claimed that we ought to stay in the Union and fight for our rights by political methods. (2) There was a very large element who believed that we should use every possible effort at compromise before resorting to secession. These were known as the border States, comprising Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. The two border States of Maryland and Delaware were in the grasp of the Federal power. (3) The farther Southern States felt that immediate action was necessary to protect themselves. So South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas withdrew without waiting for Mr. Lincoln to take office, and they organized the Confederate States of America. The question then became vital whether the United States should by force coerce the seceding States to resume their places in the Union. The retiring President, Mr. Buchanan, while rejecting the doctrine of secession as a right, yet denied the right to coerce a State. He recognized the right of revolution, and in this he was upheld by a great body of public opinion in the North, both Democratic and Republican, who deprecated war.

There were two plans suggested to Congress for restoration of the Union in its integrity. One was by the venerable John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, which Mr. Davis was willing to accept. The other was a plan suggested by a convention of States called by Virginia and largely embodying the Crittenden plan. Both were contemptuously rejected by the Republican majority in Congress, some of whom professed to believe that "a little blood letting would be a good thing for the country."

Finally Fort Sumter became the central point of interest in the discussions. The fort, commanding the entrance to Charleston Harbor and also threatening the city of Charleston, S. C., was occupied by a Federal garrison under command of Major Anderson, of the regular army. If the fort were evacuated and surrendered to the Confederates, it would mean peace; but if the attempt were made to rëenforce and hold it, then it meant coercion and war. General Beauregard, of the Confederate forces, had his guns trained on the fort.

The Confederate government sent a commission of three able men to Washington to negotiate with the Federal government. Then followed on the part of Mr. Lincoln and his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, the most shameful course of falsehood and fraud that ever disgraced the records of diplomacy. Delaying for two or three weeks any reply to the Confederate commissioners, Mr. Seward, through Hon. John A. Campbell, a justice of the United States Supreme Court, claimed that a prudent regard for public opinion so excited was the cause for the delay. But he authorized Judge Campbell to assure the commissioners that Fort Sumter would be evacuated very soon, and when they became impatient that assurance was repeated to the last moment. It was declared that there was no intention of reënforcing or provisioning the fort. Mr. Lincoln notified Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, that no such attempt should be made without giving the Governor due notice. With this understanding, two representatives of Mr. Lincoln were permitted to visit Major Anderson under the solemn pledge that their mission was not a military one. The impression made on the Governor was that they came to arrange for the evacuation. Yet one, Captain Fox, had a plan to reënforce the fort and went back to put that plan into effect. The other, Colonel Lamon, was on Mr. Lincoln's staff and his closest friend. He returned secretly to Washington without passing through Charleston.

Meanwhile a committee of Northern Governors favoring coercion visited Mr. Lincoln to urge him not to yield; also a commission from the Virginia Convention, then in session, came to him to assure him that if he would refrain from warlike action Virginia and the border States would guarantee a settlement that would bring back the seceded States into the Union. One secret agent of Virginia was received by Mr. Lincoln and plead so earnestly for peace as apparently to shake the President's resolution. Yet all this while a strong expedition was being fitted out under the direction of Cap-

tain Fox to sail from New York for the relief of Fort Sumter. When that expedition sailed and was supposed to be near its destination, Mr. Lincoln's messenger notified Governor Pickens of his purpose. But a storm at sea had delayed the expedition, and as it reached the outer harbor General Beauregard, by order of the Confederate government, had fired on the fort and received its surrender, according to its little garrison the honors of war.

At once the cry was raised that the Rebels had fired on the flag, and the Northern heart was fired, as was intended, to fanatical and unreasoning fury. It was the same policy by which in Reconstruction days now and then a riot was planned, and the killing of a few negroes "fired the Northern heart" to condone the outrages of carpetbaggers and scalawags. At once Mr. Lincoln called out seventy-five thousand troops to restore his authority in the seceded States, and the Southern heart was fired to resist to the uttermost the invasion which threatened its very existence. When the question was asked, "What will the Union men of Virginia do now?" the answer was: "There are no Union men in Virginia now." The train that bore the Virginia commission back to Richmond with assurance of Mr. Lincoln's peaceful intentions bore the call for troops to subdue the South. The firing on Fort Sumter was a justifiable resistance to an anticipated attack. As if an enemy has his gun drawn on you ready to shoot, you are justified in shooting first if you can.

Thus began the war that was to end in the complete overthrow of the government originated and founded by the fathers of the republic. The Southern leaders recognized the difficulty of the task undertaken by the South in a contest of 5,000,000 of people poorly equipped against 31,000,000 with boundless resources and the world to draw from. But they felt that the highest duty to their own and coming generations demanded this testimony for righteousness at cost of life itself. And through four bloody years that testimony was borne, recorded in splendid victories and dreadful sacrifices until, overwhelmed by fearful odds, their armies were literally exterminated and their land ruined, their homes desolated, their fields ravaged, houses looted and burned, and their former slaves placed over them as rulers under the direction of Northern adventurers. Yet their wonderful recuperation and final victory over these terrible conditions shows that their cause was worthy of their sacrifices, and their testimony will be an inspiration to their children to stand for right at any cost.

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## *REPRISALS.*

"Sister," he said, "this mercy talk sounds well
Until a man has known what I have known.
Give me a chance, I'll hand them back their own
And make them feel a little of the hell
They've been so generous with."

His eyes were grim
With long arrears of suffering and hate,
Eyes that had looked on comrades crucified.
At her next sight of him
He staggered, sweating under the limp weight
Of a huge wounded prisoner, and he cried:
"O sister, come, come quick! Here's a poor lad
That's got it bad!" —*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

## *LEE'S HIGH ESTIMATE OF GENERAL IMBODEN.*

[The death of General Imboden in 1895 brought out this editorial tribute in a paper of Staunton, Va., his home town. It was sent to the VETERAN by H. T. Shank, of North River, Va., who served in McClanahan's Battery of Horse Artillery under Imboden and fired the first shot in the capture of Charlestown, W. Va. He was also in all the movements referred to in this tribute.]

In the flight of thirty years, this generation has lost much of the distinguished service rendered by Brigadier General John D. Imboden to the Army of Northern Virginia. He was a born fighter, and his movements on the field were marked by the ability of an experienced commander, though their author was reared to the pursuits of a civilian. There were few officers in that army to whom General Lee trusted more critical duties or to whom and of whom he more frequently expressed his approval. His recent death recalls those deeds, and the fact that he was an Augusta County man and that a large body of the men who so gallantly served under him were from our county, makes it a pleasant duty to recall that approval. The following two letters, which we take from the Confederate Records, are instances of it:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VA.,
October 23, 1863.

"*Brig. Gen. J. D. Imboden, Commanding, Etc.—General:* Your letter of the 19th inst., reporting the capture of the enemy's force at Charlestown, has been received. The movement was well conceived and executed in a manner that reflects great credit upon yourself and the officers and men of your command, to whom I desire to express my appreciation of the brave and valuable service they have rendered. Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant, R. E. LEE, *General.*"

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VA.,
October 23, 1863.

"*Gen. S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector-General, Richmond, Va.,*

. . . . . .

"When the movement of the army from the Rapidan commenced, General Imboden was instructed to advance down the Valley and guard the gaps of the mountains on our left. This duty was well performed by that officer and on the 18th inst., he marched upon Charlestown and succeeded, by a well concerted plan, in surrounding all their stores and transportation. Only a few escaped to Harper's Ferry. The enemy advanced from that place in superior numbers to attack General Imboden, who retired, bringing off his prisoners and captured property, his command suffering very little loss and inflicting some damage upon the pursuing columns.

"In the course of the operations 2,436 prisoners were captured, including 41 commissioned officers. Of the above number, 434 were taken by General Imboden.

"A more complete account, with a statement of our loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, will be forwarded as soon as the necessary official reports shall have been received.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

But perhaps no higher tribute was paid to General Imboden's courage and skill than that involved in the fact that after the disaster at Gettysburg, General Lee assigned him an important part in protecting the Confederate rear on the retreat of the army into Virginia. The following is an extract from General Lee's official report, showing how that trust was executed:

"Headquarters Army of Northern Va.,
July 31, 1863.

"*Gen. S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, Richmond, Va.:*

. . . . . .

"General Imboden, in pursuance of the instructions previously referred to, had been actively engaged on the left of General Ewell during the progress of the latter into Maryland. He had driven off the forces guarding the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, destroying all the important bridges on that route from Cumberland to Martinsburg, and seriously damaged the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. He subsequently took position at Hancock, and, after the arrival of Longstreet and Hill at Chambersburg, was directed to march by way of McConnellsburg to that place.

. . . . . .

"Part of our train moved by the road through Fairfield, and the rest by way of Cashtown, guarded by General Imboden. In passing through the mountains in advance of the column, the great length of the trains exposed them to attack by the enemy's cavalry, which captured a number of wagons and ambulances, but they succeeded in reaching Williamsport without serious loss.

"They were attacked at that place on the 6th by the enemy's cavalry, which was gallantly repulsed by General Imboden. The attacking force was subsequently encountered and driven off by General Stuart and pursued for several miles in the direction of Boonsborough."

Those who are familiar with the history of General Imboden's command during the long years of the war can safely say that the work it did so well could have been intrusted to no braver men and no better commander.

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## *IN AND OUT OF PRISON.*

BY TAM BROOKS, HILLSBORO, TEX.

Fired by the spirit of war and adventure, when about seventeen years old, I joined Company E, of the 3rd Confederate Cavalry, at that time Tom Harrison's Brigade, Wharton's Division and Wheeler's Corps, serving in Tennessee and Kentucky. Later, when the army fell back out of Tennessee across Tennessee River, preparatory to fighting the battle of Chickamauga, the 3rd Confederate Regiment was assigned to duty on Chickamauga Creek, twenty-five miles south of Chattanooga, where Colonel Estis, of the regiment, was killed and my brother, D. C. (Clint) Brooks and I were captured. With many others we were picked up from the skirmish lines, taken north of the Tennessee River opposite Chattanooga, thence marched down the river to Bridgeport, Ala., where, with about five hundred others, we were entrained for Camp Morton, situated in the suburbs of Indianapolis, arriving there in September or October.

The prison was an old fair ground, covering perhaps forty acres of ground. It was walled in with a plank fence fourteen feet high, with a parapet on the outside about four feet from the top, on which was placed a sentinel every ten steps, who walked their heats continually and cried out the time each half hour. Besides this safety, there was a ditch eight or ten feet deep between the barracks and the wall. Also at night there was a patrol guard on the inside of the prison. Thus they were safely kept from any outside intrusion except when it was raining or snowing. The barracks was fitted up with bunks or shelves about four or five feet wide by six and a half feet long, and three stories high, with a narrow alley between the two tiers, so a man could spread down one blanket (if he had one) and cover with the other (if he had it); thus, by keeping on their clothing, the men could pass away the night from 8 P.M. until 8 A.M. in silence.

Their eats were the very best. The ten-ounce loaf of bread per day was the best ever eaten before or since, so they said, and was devoured as soon as issued. The beef, which came later, was one-third of a pound per day and was sweet and juicy and well tasting. It was also devoured on arrival.

Thus five thousand men were housed, bedded, and boarded, and literally eaten up with graybacks, cast off from the outside world and without hope or consolation. One good soldier from Alabama consoled himself by looking at the clear, full moon and saying: "I can look at it and think of my dear, good wife and know she is looking at it also and is now thinking of me."

At reveille in the morning we were lined up in the main campus in divisions of about five hundred men, there being ten separate divisions, and held in line two hours for roll call and inspection, this being superintended by a Federal officer and the roll was called by a Rebel sergeant who made out the report to give to the officer. Then we were released to loiter about and entertain ourselves as best we could. Some witty fellow would entertain a group of comrades by telling funny anecdotes. Occasionally two pugnacious fellows would have a "knock-down-and-drag-out" encounter; while in some locality there was a contest for the championship at foot racing and, in the meantime one Columbus Botts, who had both hands shot off and possessed a stentorian voice, would make the rounds of the prison, waving the stub of his right arm and crying out: "The latest grapevine telegram just received: There has been a general cartel of exchanges agreed on, and we are to be moved out as fast as the trains can carry us." This they, of course, knew was Botts's grapevine message, but it had its effect just the same, like that of weeping over some pathetic story in a novel or picture show.

Bill Mason, a big sportsman, got up a keno head, where all of the sportsmen and a great throng who had nothing to gamble with would assemble and pool their little keepsakes and little change and win, or mostly lose, all they had, when the winner would cry out "Keno."

This being the most popular resort in prison, Julius Jones took his well-worn Testament and went to Mason and told him that he wanted to have the use of his keno head to stand on, as he wanted to preach to the boys. To which Mason replied: "Hell, yes, Jones, that's a d—— good idea, go to um." And Jones did and always had a large audience. He was not a preacher, but he told the boys such things as they needed to hear.

One evening in August or September, 1864, the bugle rang out the assembly call, and the divisions lined up quickly, and the roll call officer, with his orderly, advanced ten paces to the front. Then followed the announcement that there was to be a transfer of five hundred prisoners from there to Fort Delaware on account of being overcrowded. So many were to go from each division, the names having been previously listed at headquarters.

The sergeant began calling the roll of those listed to go on transfer, and they began forming a line in the rear of the officers. Very soon it developed that they were separating the brothers, sending one on transfer and leaving the other at Camp Morton. This idea was quickly caught by Tam Brooks, who was standing beside John Pace, whose brother had already been called. Then followed the call of Tam Brooks, who exchanged glances with John Pace, who answered the usual "here" and stepped across and took position in the transfer line with his brother, leaving Tam Brooks with

his brother, Clint. Soon the roll was completed and the transfers were marched out of sight forever.

When the line was disbanded Tam Brooks, full of egotism, slept closer to his big brother that night than ever before, resting assured that he had played a fine trick that would never be found out. But alas, reveille and roll call for him in the morning had a surprise for him! The unexpected to him came when the orderly called the name of John C. Pace. The young rooster responded "here." The heavy brow and piercing eyes of the commanding officer were turned upon him, and he spoke in an aggravated tone: "What the h—— did you answer to that name for? Come up here, you d—d young scoundrel." When he came the officer continued: "Now there is something wrong about this matter, and you tell it and tell it d—d straight." Then Brooks was impressed that the truth would answer the best purpose, so he told the officer all about swapping places with John C. Pace, who went on transfer in the name of Tam Brooks the day before. To which the officer replied: "Well, that beats h——. I'll let it go at that, but if ever you make a crooked step in this prison again, I'll have you shot." That charge still holds good, and his legs are as straight as hoe handles yet.

Now, the query is. If John C. Pace, went to Fort Delaware in the name of Tam Brooks and died there (it is supposed he died), who is this fellow here who calls himself Tam Brooks of the 3rd Confederate Regiment? Is this legally true, or is he John C. Pace of the 4th Mississippi Cavalry Regiment?

November 14, 1864, conditions in the prison had grown from bad to worse. The prisoners' tattered garments were more ragged and dirty and the graybacks still ravaging them worse than ever. These and many other unpleasant conditions prevailed to such an extent that some of the master minds, with short range, agreed to take their lives in their own hands. Prominent among them were G. T. Willis, of South Carolina, Clint Brooks, Cy Means, Isaac Hammons, of Corsicana, Tex., McAllister, and one of the Healy boys, and others equally prominent. They agreed to organize—forty-six men in all—to escape or die in the effort. The plan was to scale the wall at the end of barracks No. 6, which was near a shallow ravine called the "Potomac." They were to use some ladders, made from strips taken from bunks in the barracks and concealed until night. The time appointed for the assembly was at twilight, just before the patrol guard was put on duty in the prison. Tam Brooks was boxing with one Bill Mason, of Chattanooga, when the low announcement was made, "Attention!" He struck Mason a heavy blow and said, "Good-by, Bill; I'm going for good," and fell into the moving line. This good-by was final, as they never met again.

Every one provided himself with rocks, which were plentiful on the surface. Thus equipped, they turned the end of the barracks and opened a fusilade with the rocks at the sentries on the wall, every man being his own commander. Then they jumped into the ditch between them and the wall. The guards, who were in gunshot distance on the wall, had exhausted their shot the first round. The prisoners then ran up their ladders out of the ditch and set them against the wall and went over like cattle out of a corral. In the meantime, H. G. Damon, of Corsicana, Tex., a late arrival in the prison house, who knew nothing of the plot, but knew nothing of fear, rushed to the scene of action and gallantly went over the top. One of the ladders was placed against the wall by an Irishman named McGuire, who was first on the ladder to reach the parapet and was confronted by one of the guards with a fixed bayonet and was slightly wounded in the knee. He was followed by Cy Means, who struck the guard with a heavy bottle and knocked him down. This cleared the way for Tam Brooks, who arrived on top just in time to hear his brother Clint call him from outside, having gone over on another ladder. So they were safe together and on the outside never to return.

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## *THE SOUTHERN PROTEUS.*

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

### Part I.

The chief beamed on the pleasant little assistant, who had become a great favorite with him during his three short months in the service.

"I am sorry, Pemberton," he declared as he shook hands, "but it seems that all of your strenuous efforts to capture Omahundry have been set at naught."

"In what way, Chief?" asked the favorite, his lips parted in an interested smile.

"Blake and Elliott succeeded in locating him yesterday."

"Is that true?"

"Yes, it seems to be quite authentic; and while, of course, I am sorry that you don't get the credit for capturing him, I am, nevertheless, very glad to lay hands on him. He has given us a world of trouble and is a dangerous man to have at large."

The favorite smiled. "I can readily believe that," he agreed, "especially after having tried to follow his trail myself. Where did they finally locate him?"

"It seems that, as we had divined, he is only one of a gang who operate here in Washington. He comes, disguised as a countryman selling his wares, to the house of a widow by the name of Mrs. John Howser, on Plunket Street, several times each week. In some way Blake learned from a negro boy who works for Mrs. Howser that this man frequently gave her small packages and parcels and as often received others from her. Blake at once suspected that they were agents of the Confederacy, and, learning that it was then about time for the countryman to make one of his visits, he eluded the unsuspecting negro and hid himself under a sofa in the parlor."

The favorite started, then shrugged his shoulders: "Pretty daring in him, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but Blake is as gritty as they make them. As he lay under the sofa he heard the countryman enter the rear of the house. In a few minutes Mrs. Howser brought him into the parlor, and they talked over some matters plainly implicating them both as agents of the government at Richmond."

"Why didn't he arrest them then?"

"He would have done so had he not learned that certain important documents, presumably from Richmond, were to be left with Mrs. Howser, who was in turn to deliver them to Omahundry. These documents are really instructions to the Rebel agents to procure certain information regarding the disposition of the forces of McClellan and of the army in the Shenandoah under Banks, so they can strike a blow that will relieve the pressure on Richmond. In order to get possession of these instructions and to catch the chief spy who procures them, Blake decided to remain concealed and effect the capture of the two with the papers in their possession when Omahundry returned next day. I have detailed him, with several assistants, to watch the house to-morrow and make the arrest at the proper time."

"That is clever, very clever. But how did Blake know that the countryman was Omahundry?"

"Because Mrs. Howser so addressed him in the parlor."

"I see. Well, there is no denying that Blake is a very clever fellow. He is bound to rise in the service."

"Yes," agreed the chief, "Blake is a very daring man. Still, this particular achievement was as much the result of luck as anything else."

"Luck always plays a big part in human achievements, though," reflected Pemberton, mentally recalling some of his own experiences.

"Yes, that is true. I wish, though, that this particular piece of luck should have occurred to you."

"O, I expect I have my full share of the luck. I never did have my heart set much on getting the credit for Omahundry's capture, anyhow."

"No. That's the trouble with you, Pemberton. You are always doing great things, but you never seem to care for the glory of it after you have done them."

"Glory isn't what we need, Chief," replied Pemberton. "Let the politicians vie with the soldiers in seeking glory. Secrecy is what we need. We can't work with a brass band. I could do better work if no one knew me at all."

"You are right about that. The trouble has been with our service that our men have wanted to gain applause and popularity rather than to give service to the country. The Rebels are very much ahead of us in this respect."

"I believe they are myself, Chief."

"Unquestionably they are. Why, they know the record of every man in their service. They are taking nothing on faith. But look at our side. Every time I make a move a thousand politicians have to be placated, and my men are hired for me by influence rather than because of their merits. It's a wonder I have any good ones at all. We know absolutely nothing of three-fourths of our men."

"That is true," acquiesced Pemberton gravely. "And in this connection don't you think it would be a good idea to instruct Blake to bring Omahundry here without searching him?"

The Chief smiled. It was the first spark of jealousy that had revealed itself in the favorite.

"Why such a precaution?" he asked.

"You remember how the evidence was lost in the Folsom affair because of the bungling search?" reminded Pemberton.

"True, I had forgotten that. I will instruct them to bind him securely and bring him here without searching. They will have quite enough to do ransacking the house for evidence, anyhow."

. . . . . .

According to arrangements, the house of Mrs. Howser was placed under close surveillance at nine o'clock the next morning. At the half hour Blake and an assistant walked around to the rear of the house and found the colored boy sitting upon the kitchen steps.

"Where is your mistress?" asked Blake.

"Ah doan' know," answered the boy. "She done lef' the house an' gone out somewhahs."

Blake looked at his companion significantly. Had the lady of the house sensed a trap? Had anything occurrred to change her plans?

"When did she leave?" he asked the boy.

The boy was confused. "Ah doan' know what to tell yo', massa."

Blake seized him roughly by the throat. "None of your foolishness now. Speak up, or I'll choke you until your tongue hangs out, you black rascal."

"Ah 'spects yo's de man she meant," gasped the negro, thoroughly frightened.

"Well, out with it then."

"She tole me that if a country feller come to de house Ah mus' tell him she be back at ten."

Blake smiled in evident relief. "Well, why didn't you tell me that at first? I'm the man she was expecting all the time."

"Yas, suh, massa," grinned the boy. "Come in de parlor."

While waiting in the parlor for the return of Mrs. Howser they heard the boy arguing in the kitchen with some one who was demanding to see Mrs. Howser.

"She told me to come at ten," said the voice, "and I can't wait, I tell you. I've got enough to attend to as it is."

Blake peeped through the doors. "It's him," he whispered. "Let's get him now. We'll then grab Mrs. Howser when she comes in."

It was not at all difficult to arrest the countryman. They took him into the parlor after handcuffing him and sat him down in a chair.

"What is this about, men?" he aked. "What are you arresting me for?"

"We have the goods on you, Omahundry. You can't fool us," answered Blake.

"Hell, man," he shouted, "my name is not Omahundry. I am Earnest Jones."

"He had no idea we knew him," exclaimed Blake, looking triumphantly toward his companion. "Did you notice how he started when I called him Omahundry?"

"I guess he's Omahundry all right," agreed his companion; "but if you want to catch the woman you'll have to gag him. He's making altogether too much fuss."

They waited in vain for Mrs. Howser to retutn. She had given them the slip.

After awhile Blake arose. "It is no use waiting any longer. She will not show up now. You call in the men and search the premises thoroughly while I take the prisoner to the Chief."

"What shall I do with the boy?"

"Let him go. He doesn't know anything."

Blake took his prisoner to the office of the Chief, whom he found chatting with Pemberton.

"Come in, Blake," invited the Chief as the officer paused in the doorway. "You know Mr. Pemberton, do you not? This is Mr. Blake, Mr. Pemberton."

The two men shook hands. Then Blake pointed to his prisoner. "Here is Omahundry, sir," he said exultingly.

The Chief and Pemberton looked over the prisoner curiously as they listened to Blake's story of what had occurred at the house.

"Did you find any papers?" asked the Chief as Blake concluded his story.

"My men are searching the house now. I brought Omahundry here without searching him, as you ordered."

"Well," commanded the Chief, "get busy now and we'll search him at once."

In one of the prisoner's pockets Blake found an envelope which he handed to the Chief. "I suppose this is what you want, Chief," he remarked as he handed it over.

The Chief eagerly tore open the envelope and drew forth the single sheet of paper it contained. His face became crimson as he read. Tossing the paper upon the floor, he glared at Blake. "What do you mean by this farce?" he asked angrily.

"Why, what are you talking about?" asked the astonished Blake.

The Chief picked up the letter and handed it to Pemberton. "He wants to know what is the matter," he said fiercely. "Read that to him and see if he can tell."

Pemberton glanced quickly at the sheet, then read aloud the quaint letters inscribed thereon in imitation of printed characters with the evident intention of disguising the handwriting.

"Dear Chief," read the note, "I appreciate your kind invitation to call in company with your man Blake. But a slight indisposition of my throat, which is in too delicate a condition to withstand the probable strain of such a visit, precludes me from enjoying your hospitality at present. I am, however, sending you a gentleman who is in all outward respects my exact double. I hope that he may be able to serve you quite as well as I could. With kindest regards, sir, I am your humble and obedient servant, OMAHUNDRY."

As Pemberton read the Chief removed the gag from the prisoner's mouth. "Who are you?" he asked threateningly.

"My name is Earnest Jones," answered the prisoner. "I tried to tell the officer that when he arrested me, but he wouldn't let me have a word."

"What were you doing in the house on Plunket Street?"

"A gentleman called at my house last night and left word with me to bring in some vegetables. He told me to be sure to get there at ten o'clock and the lady of the house would pay me in gold for my stuff."

"Did you know who that person was?"

"No, sir; I never saw him before."

"It seems that you have been tricked, Blake."

Blake was angry and unconvinced. "I would swear it is the same man I saw there yesterday," he contended. "If he is not Omahundry and lives around here, he can easily identify himself."

"He probably chose this man as a model to disguise himself by," twitted the Chief.

"Senator Fessenden knows me personally," interrupted the prisoner. "I have been selling him stuff for a long time. He knew me before the war began."

"Take charge of him until he can be properly identified," commanded the Chief wearily.

As Blake closed the door behind himself and the prisoner the Chief turned to Pemberton: "This Omahundry is uncatchable. Sometimes I doubt if there is such a man. I wonder how the woman learned we were after them?"

"Through the negro boy probably."

"Blake let him go too," fretted the Chief. "And now we must catch them someway. Omahundry and his gang have valuable information to carry to Lee and Jackson. What do you think of this, Pemberton?"

"I hardly know what to think, Chief," he answered with a puzzled air. But he was thinking: "Omahundry is beginning to take too many risks of late. He ought to lay low and bask in the sunshine of the enemy's confidence awhile, as I do. Still, there are many rôles to be played in the great game of war. He is playing his nobly, too, but it is a dangerous part."

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## *COURTESY OF THE TRULY GREAT.*

BY J. N. CARPENTER, NATCHEZ, MISS.

In the VETERAN for April, 1920, is an article, "In Winter Quarters at Dalton, Ga.," by James H. McNeilly, D.D., chaplain of Quarles's Brigade, C. S. A., from which I quote: "One day I was witness of an act of genuine kindness and politeness by Gen. John C. Breckinridge, which increased my already great admiration for the man. Everything was in confusion, men going hither and thither seeking their regiments, wagons and teams going from one place to another, some loaded, some empty. Couriers were rushing about with orders to various officers. The center of activity was a very long building at the railroad depot. It was a freight house, and it was packed with supplies which the quartermasters and their assistants were sending out. The platform, at least a hundred yards long, was crowded with busy men. I saw a man, a private, and a rather dilapidated specimen at that, who was inquiring for General Bragg's headquarters, to which he had been ordered to report. All his inquiries seemed unavailing. He was either ignored or answered gruffly. He came to me and asked me to direct him, but I did not know. Just then an officer, splendidly mounted, rode up. He wore a heavy overcoat that concealed any mark of rank, but I recognized him as General Breckinrigde. He dismounted, throwing his bridle to an orderly who attended him. The poor soldier, utterly discouraged, came up to him and timidly asked if he would direct him to General Bragg's headquarters. The General replied at once that he could and would be glad to do so, and, taking the private by the arm, he walked with him clear to the end of that long platform through the seething mass of people until, at the far end, he could point out the exact location; and as the private thanked him and saluted, the salute was returned with as much grace and courtesy as if it had been to General Bragg himself."

The incident narrated is genuinely typical of the innate thoughtfulness and courtesy of that splendid soldier and gentleman, who could forget his high rank to show kindness to a mere private, "and a rather dilapidated specimen at that," and it recalled to me an experience of my own on the evening of that very same day, which is among my cherished memories of the time when I also was a Confederate soldier.

As soon as I was seventeen I ran away from my home at Natchez to go into the army and joined the Breckinridge Guards shortly before the battle of Missionary Ridge. This was an escort company for General Breckinridge, the members of which were his bodyguard, while also doing scout and courier service. On the day of this battle General Breckinridge was commanding the left wing of our army, and Finley's Brigade of Floridians, under the command of Colonel Bullock, a part of that left wing, was coming up out of the valley to take position on the Ridge. After this brigade reached the Ridge, General Breckinridge sent me as a courier with a message to Colonel Bullock to proceed on up the Ridge toward General Bragg's headquarters till he should send further orders where to take up position, which message I promptly delivered. As soon as I rode back General Breckinridge asked me what orders I had delivered, and I told him, using the exact language in which they had been given me for transmission. He at once became very angry and told me to send him another courier, which I did. I then heard him tell this second courier to overtake Colonel Bullock as quickly as possible and direct him to proceed toward General Bragg's headquarters and stop behind the first big knoll.

After the disaster of that day we began our disorderly retreat, during the course of which General Breckinridge was bringing up the rear. The route taken by him led over Pigeon Mountain, and, after reaching its top and getting well down the further side, he was notified by Lieut. "Tip" Stanton, who was returning from carrying orders to General Gist, that the Federal troops had cut his line of retreat. The General at once turned back up the mountain, avoiding the roads and going through the woods. On reaching the top he put out pickets to avoid being surprised. It was then after dark and

very chilly. I had started a fire, when the General came up to where I was and spoke to me. He first asked if I was not from Natchez, next if I had not only recently joined the company, and then if I was not the young man by whom he had sent his first orders to Colonel Bullock the day before and to whom he had spoken rather sharply. On my answering all these questions in the affirmative, he said (referring to the orders) that after thinking the matter over he had come to the conclusion that I had been right and he had been wrong. He then remained by our fire quite awhile, talking about various matters and things.

To me at the time it seemed a most remarkable occurrence, and such it still seems. Here was a major general, commanding the left wing and bringing up the rear of a defeated army, carrying all the load of responsibility and anxiety incident to such a military situation, with his own retreat apparently cut off, and yet he found time to think of the injustice done by him to a stripling the day before and found in his heart prompt willingness to make full reparation for that injustice. And so a major general commanding apologized to a mere private and did so openly in the presence of other privates. I have never read or heard of such a case; I believe it stands alone in all military history. But whether it does or not, the incident bears eloquent tribute to the high, chivalrous nature of General Breckinridge, to his strict sense of justice, to his big-hearted nobility of character. We write and speak and think of Chevalier Bayard as the highest type of a man, *sans puer et sans reproche.* I gladly lay upon the grave of John C. Breckinridge the tribute of my own estimation of him, that in all things he was fully Bayard's peer.

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## *BATTLE AND CAPTURE OF FORT GREGG.*

BY A. E. STROTHER, IRWIN ARTILLERY, CUTT'S GEORGIA BATTALION.

In the summer of 1864 General Lee, in order to meet Grant's extension of his lines south of Petersburg, erected a big dam across Hatcher's Run, along the line of the Weldon Plank Road, which dam made a large pond of water along the extension of his lines south to meet Grant's extenson.

Now, just in the rear of this pond, which was about two miles long, Fort Gregg was built to command the pond by putting a battery of artillery and a few soldiers in the fort to prevent the laying of pontoon bridges by the enemy; thus a very small force could hold two or three miles of line along this pond and enable General Lee to use the soldiers necessary to hold these two or three miles of line at other points south. Also, another idea of General Lee's was that it would enable him to furlough more of his hard-fought soldiers during the winter of 1864, as it might be their last opportunity to see their folks at home. (This was whispered through the army.)

So early in the fall of 1864 General Lee called for volunteers from the artillery companies of his army to man Fort Gregg during the winter, with the promise that they would be returned to their several companies when the next spring campaign opened. In response to this call about one hundred artillerist volunteered and reported to Lieutenant Billizolly, of Suffolk, Va., detailed to drill and command them at the fort. The Lieutenant was an infantry officer, and he was to drill the boys in the use of small arms. A good many States were represented among the volunteers of this little force. There were eight from my company (Irwin Artillery) of Colonel Cutt's Georgia Battalion.

When we arrived at Fort Gregg we found Captain Chew in command of the fort, with two twelve-pound Napolean brass guns of his battery, the 4th Maryland. This was about December 1,1864.

In organizing the artillerymen, I was made second sergeant of the company and required to drill the company in infantry tactics twice a day. I had a copy of Hardee's "Tactics" to go by. It was something new, and the boys took great interest in the manual of arms and drill evolutions. As the winter on that bleak hill was quite cold and wood scarce, we divided up into mess squads of from four to eight men and dug square pits in the ground that our tents would stretch over, about four feet deep, digging a small chimney fireplace in one end of our pits and finishing our chimneys by building a funnel above the ground with mud and sticks. And we thought we were pretty well fixed up for winter. And while we found new associates, we missed the daily association with our old friends back in the old companies, and the stay at Fort Gregg would sometimes grow monotonous. But on April 2, 1865, we had diversion a plenty, about which I will now write briefly.

A few days before the battle of April 2, our two Napoleon guns were taken from Fort Gregg and sent down on our lines south, and two little six-pound 3-inch rifle cannon were left us instead; and we had to man them, but this was our arm of service. We regretted losing the Napoleon guns, they were so much better for canister and grape shot in close action. Captain Chew was still left in command.

Very early on April 2 the enemy made an attack on our entire front. They did not try to cross our pond, but made a heavy attack just at the head of the pond, beat back, and scattered our weak lines. Many of our troops ran by Fort Gregg in disorder, throwing away their guns. We begged them to stop with us, but they would not, so we picked up all the guns we could and carried them into the fort, and they served us well a little later.

At this stage of the battle, about sun-up, Lieutenant Billizolly was ordered out to the south about two miles with our artillerymen (about one hundred men with muskets) for open field fighting. We got into some skirmish fighting with a company of Yankees in a very large two-story dwelling house, which we were finally ordered by Colonel Walker, who had just ridden up, to charge and drive them out. This we did and I thought in fine style, being our first fight with muskets. From the dwelling across a deep ravine we could plainly see the Yankee army or troops, covering a hundred-acre field. They had swept our lines south for several miles, and we seemed to have no troops to oppose them.

Soon this great mass of troops began to deploy in lines facing Fort Gregg and Petersburg, north. After this great tangled mass of troops was formed in one heavy picket line and three heavy battle lines and began their advance, it was a great sight. It proved to be Gibbon's Division, armed with Spencer rifles (8-shot repeaters).

We soon began to take long shots at the picket line, but they did not return our weak fire. We were soon out of ammunition; as we had no cartridge boxes, we just filled our pockets when we left Fort Gregg.

On our run back to Fort Gregg for ammunition, we passed the 12th Mississippi Regiment (Harris's Brigade) in line of battle in a cut in the Weldon Plank Road, awaiting Gibbon's advance, which was only a few minutes. They fired upon the advancing hosts, but to escape capture by overlapping lines, the regiment broke and ran and followed us back to Fort Gregg.

We had time only to reach the fort and take position when the Federals showed up a little way off. Just at this time General A. P. Hill dashed into Fort Gregg, and I heard him

tell Captain Chew to hold the fort as long as possible, that it was the only organized force between the enemy and Petersburg, and it might be two hours before General Longstreet would arrive, as the train had broken down and his troops would have to march about eight miles.

Now the battle commenced. They stormed the fort, and, when less than fifty yards away, they stopped and emptied their Spencer rifles from three sides of us. We had held our fire until they emptied their guns, when, with a well-directed fire, we sent them reeling back down the hill, but a line of dead Yankees showed where they had stood.

They rallied and came the second time, with the same result. Again the third time they enveloped our fort, but the third time we beat them back with heavy loss. The fourth time they rallied and came, but in double-quick time and never stopped until they jumped into the big ditch around the fort and into water two feet deep They then dug steps from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the fort and attempted to scale the fort by charging up the steps. We fought for an hour or longer just across the top of the fort. We had the advantage of being able to shoot them in the top of the head as they climbed up the fort before they could see to shoot us, and the dead falling down the steps knocked others down and confused them.

But at last our little band of about 160 men (100 artillerymen and 60 men of the 12th Mississippi Regiment) had to surrender. This was a fine regiment, with every big battle of the Army of North Virginia printed on their colors, but had been decimated to about sixty men; but they showed us how to fight. The Yankees admitted a loss of 600 killed, and we had only 32 out of 160 left to surrender. This tells the tale.

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## *AN ADVENTURE WITHIN GRANT'S LINES.*

BY CHANNING M. SMITH, DELAPLANE, VA.

On the night of May 8, 1864, with Marcus B. Chewning, the guide given me by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, of the cavalry corps, I entered the enemy's lines near Massaponax Church and lay down in a grove close to the telegraph road from Fredericksburg to Richmond. About 6 A.M. we were awakened by the tramp of horses and the rattle of sabers, and, creeping close to the road, we ascertained it to be Sheridan's cavalry on a raid, which resulted in disaster to the Southern cause through the loss of our gallant chieftain and the brave men who died with him.

"They were slain for us,
And their blood flowed in rain for us,
Red, rich, and pure, on the plain for us;
And years may go,
But our tears will flow
O'er the dead who have died in vain for us."

This immense force of troopers, estimated to number 10,000, including artillery, was hours in passing and raised clouds of dust, so much so that as a regiment or even company passed, riding by twos, leaving an interval sometimes of thirty or forty yards, the succeeding column was as completely hidden as in a London fog. Taking advantage of this, Chewning and I dashed out of the woods and captured an officer riding ahead of the column and were back in the woods before his men emerged from the dust clouds. Paroling our prisoner, after taking his arms and horse, we rode in the direction of Fredericksburg.

By this time, about 11 A.M., we were both hungry, not having had either supper or breakfast. When we got close to the town, we stopped at a large brick house on or near Marye's Hill. I called, and a young lady came to the door, whom I told that we were Confederate scouts and very hungry and asked for something to eat. She said that she and her mother were alone and the Yankese had taken everything to eat except a little corn, and they didn't know whether to parch or boil that. I never felt sorrier for any one in my life. As it happened, I had a piece of raw middling and four hard-tack crackers in my saddle pockets, which I gave her (the meat to season her corn with), and, bidding her good-by and expressing a sincere wish that a kind providence would soon send friends to her relief, we rode off. We hadn't gone very far when we saw three horses, with cavalry equipments, hitched to a farm yard fence, where the old plank road from Fredericksburg to Orange Courthouse intersects with the telegraph road. As we rode up three Yankees came out of the house, each carrying a good-sized basket. Relieving them of their arms, we made them mount, with their baskets on their arms, and rode down a short distance from the road, where we all dismounted and sat down on the grass under the shade of a royal old oak, then proceeded to unpack the baskets. I remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday instead of fifty-seven years the contents of the basket I unpacked. In a yellow delft dish was baked potatoes, a roast chicken, a loaf of bread, and a jar of strawberry preserves. In the bottom of the basket was a quart bottle, which I supposed was filled with catsup, but, "ye gods and little fishes!" when I pulled out the stopper—guess what it was! Fine old rye whisky! Think of it—two tired, hungry soldiers and, above all, with a thirst equal to the occasion. Jove on Mt. Olympus, with his ambrosia, couldn't equal it. For a moment the birds in our leafy canopy sang sweeter, the grass looked greener, and the sky above looked bluer than ever before. Chewning and I took a long, steady pull of its contents, and we stood treat to each of our prisoners. In the baskets were silver forks and cups and spoons, engraved with the monograms of Generals Alcott and Upton, who commanded brigades or divisions in Grant's army.

One of the prisoners just then told me that I ought to turn him loose. I asked him why. He said: "Because I am a bounty jumper." "You miserable Yankee," I replied. "I am a great mind to kill you. You are worse than a deserter; for then Grant loses only a worthless soldier; but you rob the government besides." I ordered him to hand me his pocketbook, and in it was a hundred dollar greenback bill, the first I had ever seen, and I have not seen very many since. Chewning and I then proceeded to divide the spoils, which reminded me in a small way, of Robin Hood and his "merrie men" sitting under an old English oak in Sherwood forest dividing the spoils of Brian de Beauf's Torquilstone Castle. I gave Chewning the silver and two of the horses, and I took the other horse, which I gave to a farmer in the neighborhood, also the bridle and saddle, with the understanding that if I called for it at any time I was to have it. To this he readily agreed, as the Yankees had taken all his horses, and this was more suitable for work than for cavalry. I have never been back there since.

Some thirty years ago I was in the neighborhood of where Chewning lived and learned that he had died, but the family still had the silver. Chewning was cool, brave, and trusty, the best guide furnished me by either General Lee or Stuart. Some one has told me since that on one occasion he met nine Yankees and, alone, killed, wounded, and captured all of them; and I don't doubt it.

I reported to General Lee the next day and told him that if he would give me a hundred men I could burn a wagon train loaded with supplies for Grant's army. He replied: "Channing, I haven't a man to spare. All of the cavalry have gone with Stuart after Sheridan, and I have only Rooney's (his son) to guard my front." So I had to abandon my contemplated raid upon the enemy's transportation.

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## *LOST IN EARLY'S VALLEY CAMPAIGN, 1864.*

BY ROBERT YOUNG, EATONTON, GA.

In the Shenandoah Valley, near Charlestown, Va., that part of Early's Corps that was on the Smithfield Road driving the enemy, the 12th Georgia Regiment of Infantry took a very active part. About sundown August 21, 1864, John C. Adams and Henry H. Marshall, of Company G, were severely wounded—Adams in the forehead just below the hair, where a minie ball seemed to have entered lengthwise; Marshall was shot through the fleshy part of one arm.

I was a member of the same company and also of the sharpshooters' corps of the same regiment, acting as skirmishers under command of Lieut. I. G. Scott, of the same company and regiment, and saw from a hill a half mile to the left of the road what we thought was our brigade advancing in a charge. After night men of the sharpshooters saw them and others as they lay near a spring and reported to us. We rested on the field that night, guns in hand, Next morning as we advanced toward Charlestown we overtook enemy cavalry. I received a ball from a Henry rifle, which, though small, went through the fleshy part of the left leg below the knee and laid me up for five months.

I made my way alone back toward where I supposed the brigade had camped the night previous, fainting on the way from loss of blood. The army had gone forward. When I arrived at the field hospital, which was perhaps three miles south of Charlestown, Adams and Marshall were there—Adams walking about, and Marshall on the straw with fever. After the surgeons had treated the wounded, most of them went on toward Harper's Ferry. Adams and Young were moved in ambulances to Winchester on August 23. Adams had heard as he moved about that he would not be moved on account of danger of brain fever, and he gave us the news.

As the ambulance train passed through Smithfield the ladies of that town—noble Virginia ladies that they were—begged us, saying: "Stay here with us; we'll take care of you." And as we rolled on from front to rear, we heard that insistent call of the Virginia ladies. God bless them! It is one of the brightest spots in my soldier's life. Arriving at the tent hospital, Winchester, Dr. Black personally assisted in unloading us and took our names, company, and regiment. On the next morning, the 24th, neither Marshall nor Young could move about, but Marshall's negro servant, who had walked along with the ambulances, found that Adams had come in the same train. Adams came to us, sat at the root of a tree, and talked to us several times that day, saying: "Boys, you will be moved to Mt. Jackson, forty miles south, but I will not, because of danger of brain fever." Sure enough, we were moved next day, and Marshall started from there on his journey home, *via* Staunton. After a week's stay I was moved to Staunton—in all about 120 miles in ambulances. After two weeks I was allowed to leave, was given a furlough, and was on my way home, stopping overnight in Richmond, Va., and Columbia, S. C., and all day at Gordon, Ga., arriving at Eatonton at 9 P.M., and was met by loved ones about a week after leaving Staunton, four weeks after being wounded.

We left Adams at the tent hospital in Winchester and never saw or heard of him again. His uncle, who was commissary, inquired for him as he, with the army, was passing through in defeat September 19, 1864. He could learn nothing of him, and neither his comrades nor his relatives have ever gotten any trace. It is strange that Dr. Black, who was a principal surgeon of Early's Corps and who made a record of the arrival of Marshall and Young, even helped us out of the ambulance, did not make a record of Adams that could be found anywhere in diligent search.

The President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Winchester was very kind and helpful. Having heard that a lady of this town had said a few years ago that she had seen the grave of J. C. Adams in the cemetery at Winchester, I wrote to her, and she replied that there is a grave with the name J. C. Adams, but not of Company G, 12th Georgia Regiment. I traced up that and found it was a soldier of Georgia from one of the western counties of Georgia.

I write again, this time to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, hoping yet that some one may see this, which I have written mainly to lead up to an earnest request for information as to how and where my comrade and friend passed out of sight.

For myself, I had a dread of being shot and perhaps killed when not in the presence of my comrades. I suppose there were many who had the same dread. John C. Adams, of Eatonton, Putnam County, Ga., in Company G, 12th Georgia Regiment, Infantry, was wounded in the head near Charlestown, Va., August 21, 1864, and was last seen by comrades at a tent hospital in Winchester, Va., August 25, 1864. If living, he is eighty-one years old. Many inquiries have been made at times during these fifty-seven years. Major Murray, of Charlestown, Va., told me that if John C. Adams was buried in the Valley he would find his grave, but he failed after search. If anyone anywhere knows or has ever heard anything of him, please write me or his brother, George W. Adams, at once.

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## *BATTLE OF HARTSVILLE, MO.*

BY CAPT. W. S. GULLETT, COMPANY F, 3RD MISSOURI CAVALRY.

The account of the battle of Hartsville, Mo., by W. J. Courtney in the September VETERAN, reminded me that I was in that battle, which took place the 11th day of January 1863, under Generals Marmaduke and Shelby, with Marmaduke in chief command. Colonel Porter was located, as I understood, at Hartsville, while General Blunt's command was some ten miles north of Hartsville. Hearing that Porter was at Hartsville with a few men, Blunt took two pieces of artillery and his infantry and marched down to Hartsville to capture Porter, not knowing that Marmaduke and Shelby were in striking distance as relief; so Blunt made his attack on Porter in the town of Hartsville. Colonel Porter fought his way back until he met Shelby's brigade, then reformed, and he and Shelby made a feint attack to see how Blunt was situated. They found him behind a rail fence and in houses too well located for a direct attack, so they fell back a short distance while Ganeral Marmaduke was marching to the right of the town. Shelby and Porter kept threatening Blunt so Marmaduke could get around. When south of the town, Marmaduke got where he wanted to attack, so he ordered Shelby and Porter to fall back and come where he was. Then the real Hartsville battle took place, which did not last long after Marmaduke got his forces in shape. I remember there was a very high, steep bluff southeast and joining Hartsville, so Marmaduke ordered Lieutenant Wills to go with me and take two nine- pound parrot guns to shell the town, which we did in good style. After we got in position, the Federals com-

menced running, and it was after the Federals were actually whipped that Colonel Weimer was killed and Colonel Emmett McDonald mortally wounded, all done through rashness after we had won the battle. The Federal loss was very heavy most of it after they began retreating, for I ordered shot and shell poured into them for a mile, as there was nothing in the way.

McDonald's body was sent to St. Louis, and I don't remember what was done with Colonel Weimer. As to burying men all night, I saw nothing of it, as our loss was small.

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## *HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP.*

BY J. N. W.

The Little Boy was happy, and so was his Uncle Bob. That is enough to start any story, especially one that has only two people in it. What more auspicious way to start a story than to have every one of the *dramatis personæ* happy? Therefore this should be a good, happy story. Maybe it is; maybe it isn't. Wait a minute.

The Little Boy was happy because he was getting (and earning) five cents an hour by running a comb through his Uncle Bob's hair, and his Uncle Bob was happy because his hair was being thus gratified. Which surely is enough atmosphere to start any story on.

The Little Boy worked on with vigor, humming unmelodiously "Casey Jones" the while, as one who finds his work pleasant as well as remunerative. From time to time he dropped the comb and substituted his fingers therefor, and every time he did this his Uncle Bob rolled over and grunted, as one who finds the fleeting moment too sweet for articulate sound. On one of these digital explorations the Little Boy suddenly left "Casey" plunging head on to certain destruction and looked closer at what he was doing. Then he whistled a long whistle. "Gee, Uncle Bob," he queried eagerly, "where did you get that long scar across your head? It's a whale! Did a Yankee do that?" He was an inquisitive little devil, was the Little Boy.

Uncle Bob reflected sleepily a moment. "Yes, a Yankee did that. Want to hear about it?"

"Do I? Gee! You bet I do! Come on, Uncle Bob, quick!"

"I got that scar at Gettysburg, when Pickett's Division charged Cemetery Hill," said Uncle Bob, and the Little Boy straightened up quickly and stopped operations. "Hey! Keep on there!" said Uncle Bob.

"You have heard about the charge, haven't you? All right then. Well, I was in Armistead's 55th Virginia. No, I wasn't 'ur officer,' I was just a private, but you know its the private that does the fighting, so when the news got around on the night of July 2 that Mars Bob had said we must go up Cemetery Hill early next morning, we privates knew that we were in for something bad. Didn't any of us like the looks of the place, but Mars Bob had said go, and Mars Bob usually had his way.

"We didn't start early next morning, like he had ordered, and it was along in the day when we got the order to move, and then we certainly *did* get into something bad.

"We came up from behind a little ridge and made a slight turn to the left, then went down the other side and started across the level ground. I could hear somebody way up on the hill yell, 'Here they come! Here comes the infantry!' and then the Yankee artillery opened up. We were over half a mile away from the top of the hill then, and they hadn't gotten our range very well, so they weren't doing much damage, but I said to myself, 'Look here, Bob, something is going to drop in a minute or so.' The solid shot was singing, 'Where is-s-s you? Where is-s-s you?' and I knew that it wasn't going to be any time before they began finding where we were.

"Some distance up the slope we struck their picket line and walked over it without losing step, and then things began to warm up. The shells had been doing more and more damage the closer we got, and whenever one of them exploded the boys would drop all around me in clusters, and I kept on saying to myself, 'Your turn next; your turn next,' and my knees were weak and my teeth chattered. I was cold all over, I don't care if it was 2 o'clock of the hottest day the Lord ever made.

"Well, we kept on going, and first thing we knew we were in rifle range and things began to boil. All the Yankees had to do was to hide behind breastworks and shoot us down, and they certainly did that. But we kept on going all the same —those that were left of us—and we had gotten about fifty yards from a low stone wall, when all of a sudden it looked like the whole world had blown up. It seemed to me that every cannon in the world had gone off at the same time. Why, just the concussion almost shook me to pieces, but somehow I wasn't touched. It was too late to run, so I just kept on. Just then a bullet hit the man who was carrying what was left of the flag, and he crumpled up with a big hole right between his eyes. As he fell I grabbed the flag, and just as I did it a big, tall Yankee officer jumped out from behind the wall and yelled, 'Surrender that flag, you damned rebel!' and cut at me with his sword. I dodged and shifted the staff to my left hand, so I could use my pistol with my right, and as I did this he cut at me again. I ducked my head to one side and fired, and he stood still a second and then fell right over against me.

"What else happened on top of the hill that afternoon, I don't know, except by hearsay. Mister Man had put me to sleep with that last cut.

"It was dark when I came to, and Mister Yankee was still lying across me. My head ached like fury, and I was stiff all over, but I wasn't too stiff to think about getting back to our lines. There were lots of ambulances everywhere, but I didn't want any ambulances. I didn't yearn after any Yankee prison, so I had to be careful. It took me to nearly daybreak before I could get where I could stand up without being seen, and about nine I got back to what had been my company. And that's how that scar got there."

"Gee!" said the Little Boy. "Gee, Uncle Bob! Gee!" Words failed him.

Next week the Little Boy went back home, and the next day after that he said to his father: "Dad, wasn't Uncle Bob brave the time he killed that Yankee officer?"

"What Yankee officer, son?"

"The one that hit him across the head with a sword and made that big scar."

"What scar?"

The Little Boy told the story eagerly. It lost nothing in the telling. When he had finished his father said dryly, "Did your Uncle Bob tell you all that, sure enough, son?"

"Sure, he did. Gee! ain't he brave?"

"The older your Uncle Bob gets," said the Little Boy's father, calmly ignoring the question, "the more shameless he becomes. By this time his last shred of conscience seems to have perished from the earth. Your Uncle Charley was in Pickett's charge—that's where he lost his leg—and, of course, your Uncle Bob has heard him tell about it so many times that he knows it by heart. But your Uncle Bob, son, was with Jeb Stuart all through the war. Where Stuart was that

day is a matter of dispute to this moment, but he certainly wasn't there. Thirty miles was the nearest your Uncle Bob ever got to Gettysburg until he went there on an excursion forty years after and stormed Cemetery Hill in a hack with an umbrella raised over him. I gave him that scar myself. We got to fussing over a setter pup, and I lammed him over the head with a fence paling."

---

"1865."

Look on me! I am dying;
My sands are almost run;
The desolate track in direful clouds begun,
Ending in tears and sighing;
My work is done.
And what, O trembling mortals, have I wrought?
What more could I have brought
Of woe and crime and measureless misery?
The wailing cadence of the wintry blast
Is but the echo of my anguished past,
The struggling utterance of its wild lament,
Its moaning agony
Too deep, too piteous to be in silence spent.

Upon me fall
The gathered curses of a people's heart;
My iron hand
Brought ruin upon all
And crushed each trembling hope that yet could start
Along my blood-red pathway. Ah! the cries
Of widows and orphans haunt mine ears;
The dying eyes
That I have seen to God in anguish turned
So full of saddest tears,
The riotous flames that burned
The last poor shelter from some aged head
And wrapped in maddening coil around the spires
Of God's own temples. All the ghastly dead
On battle fields unwept save by the dews of heaven,
The fierce desires
That, still defiant, against fate have striven,
The scathing tokens of o'erwhelming grief,
The pleading for relief
Which night and day have risen
From writhing hearts beneath oppression's rod,
The prayers of exiles, captives in their prison—
All hast thou seen and heard,
Yet given to me not one restraining word,
Still keeping awful silence, O most mighty God!

Ah, how the wild winds rave
And bitterly moan around my open grave!
I shall be buried in the past,
But O, ye people, ye cannot forget
While life shall last
The horror and the darkness of my reign!
My hands are red
With precious blood of your dear, noble slain,
And on my head
I carry down
To death the glorious unsullied crown
Of your fair liberty
Rich with the trophies of four garnered years.
My garments trail in dust,
Heavy with groans and sighs, with sobs and tears
Wrung from your bleeding hearts in agony.
Exulting visions and the steadfast trust
That clung around your shattering bark so long,
Your brave endurance strong—
All shall be swept in the relentless tomb,
Waiting to shroud me in its black engulfing gloom.

Ye will be glad to lose
My sad and weary presence from your earth;
Ye all will leave
My cold dead form to greet the New Year's birth;
Your hearts cannot but choose
Some new faint buds of timid hope to weave
For his young brow, and you will seek to read
The dim, mysterious future in his eyes
Wherein are shadowy gleams of prophesies.
I murmur not.
God's fathomless wisdom portioned out my lot,
So dark, so thankless; I did but fulfill
In awful guise
The inscrutable purpose of Almighty will.
Why should you curse me then? Remember, he
Created good and evil, both to be
The ministers of his glory, and he laid on me
His rod of ire that I might scourge in wrath
The sinful dust along his dread, resistless path.

Yet have I brought to none
A rag of comfort or of peace? Is there not one
To turn a grateful look on me and say,
"Old Year, I thank thee for some blessings given,
Some teaching that has brought me nearer heaven?"
Are there no eyes can look through contrite tears,
Owning in darkest hours a Father's sway?
Are there no lips to kiss affliction's rod
And say, "It made me cling the closer to my God"?
Are there no hands outstretched in faith to hold
By the sure anchor of a Saviour's cross?
Are there no hearts grown bold
To suffer for Christ's sake all worldly loss?
O, answer this, ye people, unto God!

I know of some who trod
Earth's painful road
And entered joyfully the saints' abode.
I heard the Shepherd's voice
Call many tender lambs into his fold,
So safe from storm and cold;
Some weary spirits I have hushed to rest
And the victorious palm
Laid upon many an unknown martyr's breast
In death's deep calm.
O'er these I can rejoice,
Joy gleams that lightened my dread destiny.
Mournful pass I through the shuddering gloom
Into the obloquy that makes my doom,
But in the court on high
The Judge of earth and heaven my deeds shall justify.

—*Mary P. Jervey.*

[Written December 31, 1865, Charleston, S. C.]

# THE LAST ROLL

Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, $3.00 each.

"He knows each hallowed soul, and at His pleasure
Marshals the sentinels of earh and sky;
O'er their repose kind Nature heaps her treasure,
Fanned by soft winds which 'round them gently sigh.

### Clarence H. White.

Clarence H. White was born in Russellville, Ala., on November 5, 1845, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. J. Moore, in Bonham, Tex., on the 17th of July, 1921.

He was attending the military college at Lagrange, Ga., in 1861 when war became imminent and promptly ran away from school and joined the 16th Alabama Infantry, which soon became a part of the brigade commanded by the gallant Felix K. Zollicoffer. He remained with this famous regiment in all of its hardships and dangers until he was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga. After due detention in the hospital, he rejoined his command as soon as he was able and remained with it until the surrender at Appomattox.

Soon after the close of the war Comrade White started to Texas, landing at Jefferson in 1865. Being unable to pay for a conveyance of any kind, he boldly set out on foot and walked at least one hundred and fifty miles to Fannin County, where he "grew up with the country" and where he continued to live during the remainder of his long and useful life. Though only twenty years old when he went to Texas, he went bravely to work in this new country, winning the undying friendship of his associates, and a few years of frugality and untiring industry placed him on the road to prosperity.

He was married in 1868 to Miss Susan Jones, with whom he lived happily until her death in 1913. This union was blessed with five children, four of whom lived to maturity and became prominent citizens.

Comrade White was a man of good physique and fine social endowments, noted for his fine intelligence and his humor. For forty years he was a faithful member of the Methodist Church, and his religious life was such as to win the love and respect of all true Christians. He was prominent and useful in the affairs of both Church and State and always interested in the advancement of his community.

[J. E. Deupree.]

### Comrades of Missouri.

T. C. Holland, commanding the Eastern Brigade of the Missouri Division, reports deaths in the Camp at Steedman, Mo., within the past year. He writes that Camp Jackson is composed of members from Callaway, Audrien, Montgomery, and now Boone Counties. In the meeting of August, 1920, there were fifty-one present; in the meeting of 1921 only twenty-five were present. Sixteen died during the year, of whom were the following: H. H. Brown, S. S. Craghead, Thomas J. Fisher, William P. Tate, W. B. Bodell, F. W. Wisdom, J. W. Ramsey, W. S. Haggard, Frank Dyer, James Covington, J. A. Hatcher, J T. Vanbaxter, J. C. Beckley, John Galbeth.

### William E. Jackson

William E. Jackson, who died at his home near Lakeview, Hall County, Tex., on August 22, 1921, was born April 30, 1845, in Carroll County, Miss.

In response to the call for volunteers, he enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, and served throughout the war as a private of Company G (Blackhawk Rifles), 22nd Mississippi Infantry, Featherston's Brigade, Loring's Division, Army of Tennessee, surrendering under General Johnston at Greensboro, N. C. He was a faithful soldier, a true citizen, a devoted husband and father.

After the close of the war he returned to his home in Mississippi, where he spent the most of his life on the farm. In March, 1870, he married Miss Cornelia Baskin, daughter of Ruben Baskin, of Carroll County, Miss. Surviving him are his wife and seven children, two sons and five daughters, twenty-four grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. He had been a member of the Christian Church for forty-nine years and of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows for twenty years, living up to his obligations always as a Christian and patriotic citizen.

### Charles Ignatius Coffin

Charles Ignatius Coffin was born in Tennessee on March 1, 1840, and died in Fort Worth, Tex., December 1, 1920. He received his collegiate education at Maryville College, Maryville, Tenn., but left a few months before graduation on the outbreak of war between the States.

He enlisted in Blount County, Tenn., in a company raised by Captain Toole and which became Company E of the 3rd Tennessee Infantry. This was the first body of troops organized in East Tennessee. He was in the first Battle of Manassas, Sharpsburg, the siege of Vicksburg, and several other engagements. When Longstreet moved up from Chickamauga into East Tennessee in November, 1863, crossing the Tennsseee River at Loudon with his main force, he sent General Wheeler up the south side of the river, through Maryville, to a point opposite Knoxville. Through that part of the country Charles I. Coffin and his cousins, Hector Coffin and Boaz Foute, were General Wheeler's guides. In 1864 Charles I. Coffin was taken prisoner, but he and several comrades escaped at Wartrace, Tenn., by cutting through a box car. He served throughout the war and was at all times a splendid soldier.

He went to Texas in 1871, and in 1884 located permanently at Itasca. In September, 1890, he was married to Miss Helen D. Watts, of Statesville, N. C. Five children were born to them, one of whom, Charles I. Coffin, Jr., was killed in action near Soissons, France, July 19, 1918. Mr. Coffin was a loyal citizen and an earnest consecrated, Christian, a member of the Presbyterian Church.

### Maj. William M. Ellis.

Maj. William Munford Ellis, a Confederate veteran, son-in-law of President John Tyler, and a former member of the Virginia Legislature, died in Richmond, Va., on the morning of September 10, at the age of seventy-five years, after an illness of several weeks. The body was taken to Shawsville, Montgomery County, Va., and there laid to rest.

Major Ellis served with gallantry in the War between the States and was a past commander of a camp of Confederate

veterans in Montgomery County. He was a popular and widely known citizen and had many friends here.

He was twice married and leaves three daughters by the first marriage. His second wife, who was Miss Pearl Tyler, daughter of President Tyler, survives him with the eight children by this marriage, four sons and four daughters.

### Robert H. Evins.

Robert Hamilton Evins, Confederate veteran and Christian gentleman, departed this life on October 25, 1919, in his seventy-fourth year. He left the University of Alabama to enter the military service of the Confederate States in June, 1863, and became a member of Capt. Charles P. Storr's Company, of the Cadet Troops, which was organized at the University and which united on July 22, 1863, as Company F, with the 7th Alabama Cavalry. This organization, first stationed at Pollard and Mobile in 1863 and 1864, was transferred in October, 1864, to the command of Gen. N. B. Forrest, in the Army of Tennessee, and was assigned to Gen. E. W. Rucker as escort, serving with that gallant officer until he was wounded in 1864. Comrade Evins was engaged with his command at Johnsonville, Heneyville, Mt. Pleasant, Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville, and rendered gallant service in practically all of its engagements, and participating at Columbus, Ga., on April 14, 1865, in one of the last engagements of the war. He laid down his arms at Gainesville, Ala., on May 14,1865.

ROBT. H. EVINS.

To designate him as "Confederate veteran and Christian gentleman" is briefly to describe him, for to honor these two estates was the dominating aim of his daily existence. That he served in the Armies of the Confederacy was his life-long pride.

In January, 1874, he was married to Miss Martha Amelia Thompson, of Marion, Ala. For some years he lived on his farm in Perry County, Ala., where two sons and a daughter were born. In 1887 he was appointed by Governor Thomas Seay as Clerk of the Circuit Court of Perry County, to which office he was repeatedly reëlected. In 1904 he retired from active business, and in 1908, after the death of his wife, he removed to Greensboro, Ala., to reside with his son until the day of his death.

For seven years he was lay reader at St. Wilfrid's Church by appointment of Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, by whom he had been confirmed.

He is greatly missed by all who knew him, for his life was passed in the service of God and man. His fellow veterans especially miss him, for he never failed to be present at any reunion possible for him to attend, and he was the favorite orator on many memorial occasions.

His universal charity and good will, which assembled every Church pastor of the town at his burial, elicited the statement: "Here is one who illustrated in his heart and in his life that Church unity so much hoped for by the Christian world."

Kindly and upright in all his relations with his fellow men, noble and generous in all his impulses, "he did justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God."

### Joseph R. Hughes.

Joseph R. Hughes died on October 14 at his home in Gadsden, Ala., where he had lived most of his seventy-nine years. He is survived by his son, Dr. M. P. Hughes, and a brother. He was one if the best loved citizens of Gadsden, always conspicuous in every movement that tended to advance the material and moral welfare of the community. His family was among the founders of the city, and he was the first male child born there. His death caused profound sorrow.

Joseph Hughes was born March 14, 1842, the son of Gabriel Hughes and Asenath D. Young, natives of Haywood, Lincoln County, N. C. He was attending school in April, 1862, when he entered the Confederate Army as a member of Company G, 48th Alabama Regiment, and with that command participated in the seven days' fighting around Richmond, at Manassas, where he was slightly wounded, and at Sharpsburg. In October, 1862, he was honorably discharged on account of failing health and went home. However, in the following November he joined Tracy's Brigade as chief clerk of the commissary department under Maj. W. P. Hollingsworth, of Gadsden. He was in the memorable siege of Vicksburg, was present at the surrender on July 4, 1863, and rejoined his command at Missionary Ridge in the following September. He was afterwards in the campaigns of Dalton and Atlanta, at the battle of Jonesboro, with Hood in his march into Tennessee, and in all of the battles from Nashville to North Carolina, where he surrendered with Johnston.

On his return from the war Comrade Hughes entered a dry goods establishment at Gadsden as a clerk, but shortly removed to Cherokee County and was deputy in the office of the circuit clerk. Returning to Gadsden, he was married to Miss Mary E. Davis in December, 1867, and had since lived there. He built the old Exchange Hotel and also erected the first steam flour mill at Gadsden and was in the milling business until 1874, when he was elected Clerk of the Circuit Court. He was reëlected in 1880 and later went into the real estate business. He was several times alderman of the city and had been adjutant of the Emma Sansom Camp, U. C. V., since its organization. He was a man of strong religions convictions, and was one of the original members of the First Methodist Church at Gadsden.

### Comrades at Bentonville, Ark.

On December 1, 1920, Corp. William L. Carden, aged eighty-four years, answered to the last roll call and left us. On February 2, 1921, Amos J. Patterson, eighty-two years of age, crossed over to the other shore. On April 22, 1921, William A. Lee, aged seventy-eight, took his departure and crossed over. On September 11, 1921, Lieut. James C. Lee went over to the great beyond, aged about eighty years. He was captured at Black River, Miss., the last of May, 1863, and was in a Northern prison until the spring of 1865. These four men were good soldiers, good citizens, and good Christian men; all belonged to Company F, Northwest 15th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, C. S. A. I served with them in the same Company from 1861 to June, 1865. On February 16, 1921, John B. Blevens departed this life, aged eighty-three years. He was a member of Company F, 34th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry. He, too, was a good soldier and citizen. All of these comrades lived within a radius of five miles on Pea

Ridge, Arkansas, and near the Pea Ridge battle ground. There are five of the old company left of one hundred men.

[R. A. Hickman, First Lieutenant, Company F.]

### Anton W. Jager.

Anton W. Jager, a member of Camp Sumter, No. 250, U. C. V., of Charleston, S. C., died November 13, 1920, having passed his eightieth year of age.

In the passing of Anton W. Jager another link has been severed in the golden chain of Confederate comradeship. He was among the first to volunteer when South Carolina seceded from the Union, and from that eventful time until the sad surrender of the remnant of Johnston's Army at Greensboro his devotion to the hallowed cause of Southern independence was illustrated by lofty courage and inflexible intrepidity.

Early in 1861 Anton W. Jager, after months of active service on the sea coast, went to Virginia with a splendid company, called the "German Volunteers," which was attached to the famous "Hampton Legion." Subsequently the company was changed into light artillery and was officially known as "Bachman's Battery," commanded by Capt. W. K. Bachman. For some time it belonged to a battalion commanded by Col. Stephen D. Lee, and took part in a number of battles. Anton W. Jager carried the guidon fearlessly throughout the war and was highly commended by his officers for bravery. When Col. Stephen D. Lee was promoted and assigned to another department, he offered Anton W. Jager an appointment on his staff. This honor he appreciated properly, but he told General Lee that he had promised, if his life was spared, to return to Charleston with the precious flag that had been graciously given him to guard.

Anton W. Jager was as highly esteemed by the officers as he was popular with his comrades in the ranks. He believed in strict discipline, and his example was beneficial to his gallant comrades.

Bachman's Battery continued to display courage and exhibit fortitude during the brilliant fights Gen. Wade Hampton's cavalry command had with the enemy, and the fame it won is closely interwoven with the unsurpassed renown of the Army of Northern Virginia.

When the battle flags were forever lowered in the gloom of defeat, Anton W. Jager took the guidon of Bachman's Battery and tenderly placed it inside his jacket of gray, next to a heart which, until it was pulseless in death, ever throbbed with fidelity to and affection for the Confederate cause. This flag he bequeathed to his daughter, Mrs. G. H. E. Sigwald, a member of Charleston Chapter U. D. C., who has kindly loaned it to this Chapter to be placed among the relics in their memorial hall.

Anton W. Jager was as patriotic and sterling a citizen as he had been a courageous soldier. He was intelligent and highly entertaining. In every relation of life he was upright and faithful.

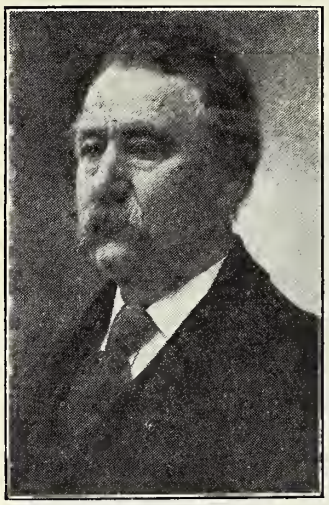
### James Sillman.

Mr. James A. Sillman, well known old resident of Fairfax, Va., died at the home of his son, Mr. V. C. Sillman, in Washington, on September 13, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. He had been ill since last April, but up to that time had been very active.

He was a gallant member of Mosby's command and took part in many battles, in one of which he received a severe wound in the shoulder, the scar of which he carried to his grave. His funeral took place from the residence of his son in Washington, and his body was brought to Fairfax and laid to rest in the cemetery there, escorted to the grave by Marr Camp, United Confederate Veterans, of which he was a member, and by a host of friends who had known and respected him in life.

### James A. Tagart.

James A. Tagart enlisted at the beginning of the war in 1861 in the State service of Missouri, and at the organization of the Confederate troops in Missouri he became a member of Company C, 2d Missouri Infantry and served through the entire war in that command.



JAMES A. TAGART.

After the battle of Elk Horn, Ark., the command to which he belonged was transferred to the army east of the Mississippi River and became part of the 1st Missouri Brigade, French's Division, Army of Mississippi, and was in all of the engagements of this command, among which were Corinth, Iuka, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, Vicksburg. He was also in the Georgia campaign, in front of Atlanta, at Franklin, Tenn., and Fort Blakely, Ala. He was several times wounded.

At the close of the war he returned to his home in Missouri and became a locomotive engineer, running on the road as such for twenty-five years. At the organization of Marmaduke Camp No. 685, U. C. V., in Moberly, Mo., in 1893, he was elected its commander and remained so for twenty-eight years.

During the last part of his life he was greatly afflicted, being confined to his room for five years. On June 29, 1921, at the age of eighty-two years, death relieved him of his suffering. He was given a Christian burial by the Church of which he was a member, participated in by his comrades in arms and the Masonic Fraternity.

Comrade Tagart was honored and respected by all who knew him. Thus are we passing; but few now remain of those who fought, starved, and suffered for the cause we believed to be right.

[G. N. Ratliff, J. W. Martin, G. E. Greene, Committee.]

### Thomas H. Neilson.

Thomas H. Neilson, who died at the Masonic Home, Elizabethtown, Pa., on October 16, 1921, was born in Richmond, Va., on March 4, 1841. He was in high standing at a private school, where he was prepared for the University of Virginia. He left college, his course but half finished, at the outbreak of the War between the States, and enlisted as a private in the 52d Virginia. At the terrible battle of New-Market five color bearers were successively shot down near him within a few minutes. As the fifth fell Thomas Neilson seized the colors and carried them through successfully. Out of the remnants of several regiments, a new regiment was formed, the 69th, and in that he remained as color bearer till the close of the war.

He took part in many hard fought battles, was twice wounded, and was one of a raid on Beverley, Va., where he was captured and court-martialed, charged with desertion

from General Averill's command. Condemned to be shot at daybreak, he was finally acquitted through the proof of a mistaken identity made by his two accusers. He was then exchanged with ninety comrades and returned to his regiment, where he served until he was captured and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was held prisoner till the close of the war.

Thomas Neilson studied law in Albany and Philadelphia and was admitted, with great honor, to the bar in 1867, and he is remembered as an orator of rare ability. He married the daughter of Judge Barton, of Philadelphia. His health having broken down, and being an enthusiastic and prominent Mason, he became a guest of the Masonic Home at Elizabethtown, Pa.

Comrade Neilson was an enthusiastic patron and friend of the VETERAN. His home was in New York City for many years before going to the Masonic Home in the evening of life.

### DR. SIMON BARUCH.

In tribute to the late Dr. Simon Baruch, as a distinguished comrade of the sixties, the Bedford Forrest Camp, U. C. V., of Arlington, Tex., passed memorial resolutions from which the following is taken:

"An all-wise Providence has called to his last home and perpetual rest our distinguished comrade, Dr. Simon Baruch, in New York City, which had been his home since 1881. . . . In 1862 he was appointed surgeon in the Confederate Army as captain by Gen. Robert E. Lee, who entertained for Dr. Baruch a warm friendship. Although his duties as surgeon permitted him to remain in the rear, he was always at the front, ministering to his wounded comrades. By subjecting himself to such dangers he was captured twice and placed in Northern prisons, where his fame as a surgeon soon became known. He was exchanged on both occasions and at once rejoined his command and served on active duty until the close of the war. He was offered honors and exalted positions in Northern medical institutions, but he returned to the South and settled in Camden, S. C., where he was married to Miss Isabelle Wolfe, of Winnsboro. He preferred to labor among his friends in the South, who had become impoverished by the unequal struggle, when he could have located and practiced his profession among people of great wealth in the North. He remained in the South throughout the dark days of reconstruction until the people of South Carolina were once more in power.

Removing to New York City in 1881, he at once rose to the head of his profession and was honored by the city and State of New York by being placed in positions of honor in the medical world. He was the father of the Free Bath System in New York City for the masses of the people, and he was soon recognized as the head of scientific medicine over the world. We honor his memory as a true friend and a faithful comrade.

[Committee: G. H. Gowan, chairman; J. T. Lyon, J. W. Morris; T. K. Collins, captain commanding; adjutant, W. H. Hart.]

### JOHN W. BARNETT.

John W. Barnett, of V. Y. Cook Camp No. 1474, United Confederate Veterans, Newark, Ark., died at the residence of his daughter at that place September 10, 1921, aged seventy-four years. He entered the Confederate Army in December, 1862, a private in Company E, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest Corps, with which he served until the end in May, 1865. He was wounded at Tupelo, Miss., July 15, 1864. He was faithful as a soldier and as a citizen and died as he had lived, in affectionate allegiance to the will of his Maker.

### WARREN G. MOBLEY.

Warren G. Mobley, who died at Alexandria, La., on September 23, was born on Fairview Plantation, Concordia Parish, October 21, 1842. He was finishing his education at Kenyon College, at Gambier, Ohio, when war became imminent, so he returned to the South and entered the Louisiana State Seminary, from which he joined the Tensas Cavalry, later attached to the 1st Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Col. Wirt Adams, this command taking part in all Tennessee, Kentucky, and Mississippi campaigns. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Shiloh, where his horse was shot from under him, and after six months at Camp Douglas he was exchanged and rejoined his command, with which he fought to the end of the war.

Comrade Mobley took an active part in the reconstruction era and was honored with political position at the time of his death, being chairman of the City Democratic Executive Committee. He was sheriff of the county for many years, and had been deputy clerk of the court, also president of the police jury and the school board. He was commander of the Jeff Davis Camp, U. C. V., and was serving on the staff of Gen. O. D. Brooks, commanding the Louisiana Division, as lieutenant colonel.

After engaging in planting for many years, Comrade Mobley established the *Catahoula Times*, but in 1892 he removed to Alexandria and bought the *Louisiana Democrat*, retiring from this work only when his health became impaired. He was a man of splendid education and natural gifts, and possessed the art of making and holding friends. A series of articles on "Reminiscences of the Tensas Cavalry" told in an interesting way of the service of that command in the War between the States.

He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and lived a Christian life. He is survived by a son and a daughter. His wife was Miss Mary Hoover, of Catahoula Parish, to whom he was married in 1865.

### CAPT. T. E. MOORE.

Capt. Thomas E. Moore, who died at his home in Lexington, Ky., in August, 1921, had reached the advanced age of ninety years. He was born February 15, 1831, in Pendleton County, Ky., the son of William and Margaret Brann Moore. His father died two years later, but his mother lived to be more than a hundred years old.

In the War between the States Thomas E. Moore enlisted for the Confederacy, and early in 1862 made up a company, which became Company D of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, and which he commanded, taking part in many engagements with the 4th Kentucky, up to that at Bull's Gap, in which he was wounded and afterwards put on detached service. Early in February, 1865, he was sent with a flag of truce into Kentucky in connection with Col. D. Howard Smith. About the first of April he returned to Kentucky with the command of Maj. O. G. Cameron for the purpose of bringing out some of the men of Morgan's command who had been scattered in his last battle at Cynthiana; but the surrender came and they surrendered with Major Cameron on April 20.

On May 1 Captain Moore reached Bourbon County, Ky., where he engaged in a general merchandise business until 1870, when he became sheriff of the county and served until 1875. He then engaged in farming and the breeding of fine stock and became prominent in the political life of his State. In 1902 he removed to Lexington to reside with his children. His wife, who was Miss Sarah Shawhan, survives him with four daughters and two sons.

### Dr. Charles Mill Norwood.

The following is taken from the tribute by Gov. Charles H. Brough, of Arkansas, to his friend and counsellor of many years:

On November 11, 1920, there passed to his great reward one of the noblest and truest men Arkansas ever produced, Dr. Charles Mill Norwood, of Stamps, Lafayette County. . . . A brave Confederate soldier, suffering a severe wound at the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and losing a leg and an eye at Chickamauga, after devoting four years of arduous toil and genuine sacrifice to the immortal principles of the Southern cause, Dr. Norwood accepted the arbitrament of war and proved himself loyal in defeat.

He was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., February 29, 1840, the son of Josiah and Sarah Ramsey Norwood, two of that noble band of southwestern pioneers who blazed a trail across the wilderness, established firesides of patriotism, and contributed to what has made our nation and our Southland truly great. When the great issues of the sixties rent our country in twain, Charles Norwood responded quickly and gallantly to the call of his beloved Dixieland and marched away with the company commanded by Capt. Sam H. Dill, of Lewisville. He was always the friend of the Confederate soldier and was a faithful member of Camp Sam H. Dill No. 444, U. C. V., from its organization.

In December, 1869, Dr. Norwood was married to Mrs. Harriet Calhoun Hollman, and to them were born two daughters and a son, all surviving him.

Dr. Norwood was identified with the public life of Arkansas for a generation, serving two terms as State Senator and at one time being a candidate for Governor, in which he made a most creditable race.

. . . Arkansas is a State of higher ideals because Dr. Norwood lived.

### Henry Franklin Locke.

Henry Franklin Locke was born at Beach Bluff, Tenn., August 17, 1843, and died March 25, 1921. Under the influence of his distinguished parentage, he was urged to enter college at an early age, but the war cloud of sectional strife was hovering, and he prepared for the inevitable. He left college and enlisted in Company B, 6th Regiment Tennessee Infantry May 15, 1861, under General Bragg in the Western Army. He served throughout the Tennessee and Kentucky campaigns and endured all the hardships and privations of that unequal contest. He was severely wounded at Shiloh and at Perryville, each time returning to duty when able to render acceptable service. He was captured and imprisoned at Camp Douglas and was not released from prison until June 28, 1865.

Soon after the war he married Miss Elizabeth Anderson, of Jackson, Tenn., and to this union was born three daughters and a son, of which two daughters have gone before him. His wife, one daughter, one son, seven grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren survive him. They all loved, honored, and respected him as a kind, affectionate husband, father, and Christian gentleman as long as he lived.

Comrade Locke came to Texas in 1888, to Dallas in 1898, and made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Nannie Styx, at Houston in 1919.

While living in Dallas he was favorably known as a member of the Methodist Church, the Masonic Lodge, the Dallas Confederate Guards, the Sterling Price Camp, and other fraternal organizations, and the last rites in laying his body away were conducted by the Masons and Ministers of Central Park, assisted by the Rev. S. H. Blair, Chaplain of Dick Dowling Camp U. C. V., in the solemn and impressive services at the grave, which was beautifully decorated with floral offerings, expressive of sympathy and love.

[R. D. Chapman, Houston, Tex.]

### Headquarters Tom Green Camp, No. 169, U. C. V., Weatherford, Tex.

Whereas, in the month of August, God, our great Commander, called to their reward our comrades, H. A. Plumlee, of Springtown, Company E, 19th Texas Cavalry, J. W. ("Uncle Wes") Graham, also of Springtown, same company, and Maj. J. B. Puryear, of Poolville, 11th Texas Cavalry; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we have lost three of our friends and comrades who were true, loyal, and brave soldiers of the Confederate States army, who, after the conflict of war had ceased, devoted themselves to the upbuilding of our devastated homes and were active in every good work as citizens. While we deplore our loss, we rejoice in the fact of their gallantry in war and their upright conduct as citizens, and commend them as examples worthy to be followed by the youth of our country. They fought for the rights of the South, the right of self-determination, and have gone to be with Jefferson Davis, our President, and all the host of generals, subordinates, and privates who, after faithful service for our Southland, were called to their reward. While our ranks are thinning here, they are recruiting over there, where we hope to join them.

Joe C. Moore, *Commander*,
J. J. Stoker, *Adjutant*.

### Capt. Charles Stevens Dwight.

Died September 6, 1921, at Winnsboro, S. C., in his eighty-eighth year, Capt Charles Stevens Dwight. He was the son of Isaac Marion and Martha Porcher Dwight, both of South Carolina, and of Huguenot lineage on his maternal side. He was a graduate of the old Charleston College, and at the time of his passing was the oldest alumnus and the only survivor of his class of 1854.

Following the secession of South Carolina, Charles Dwight volunteered as a private in the Palmetto Guard of Charleston, and during those more than four years he was at home only three days. The Palmetto Guard was sent to Virginia just in time to take part in the first battle of Manassas.

After service in Virginia, Captain Dwight was made a captain of engineers. A survey and map, made for General LaFayette McLaw, were so excellent and plain that General Lee, who had occasion to study it, promptly had him commissioned a captain of engineers on the staff of Maj. Gen. J. B. Kershaw, in which capacity he served.

On July 4, 1865, Captain Dwight reached Charleston for the first time after the battle of Fort Sumter and proceeded at once to enter upon the duties of civilian life, but he was very soon appointed deputy surveyor to the queen and went to British Honduras. Returning to the United States, he engaged in railroad construction work, at which he was recognized as an expert. Going to Missouri, he was resident engineer on the Lexington branch of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. Following some work in the Indian Nation, he was principal assistant to the chief engineer of the Missouri River Bridge at Boonville, Mo. He then returned to South Carolina and became chief engineer of the Columbia, Newberry, and Laurence Railroad and built the bridge over the Broad River at Columbia when nearly eighty years of age. After this he refused active construction work and continued enjoying a well earned holiday until he entered upon eternal rest.

### Dr. D. E. Ruff.

David Edmunson Ruff, born at Lexington, Va., April 5, 1840, died at his home in Junction City, Oregon, on October 13, 1921, having passed into his eighty-second year. He was a graduate of Washington and Lee University and Tulane University, New Orleans, and practiced medicine in Texas and afterwards in Junction City until about six years ago, when he retired on account of age.

He served in the Confederate army during the War between the States in Company I, 4th Virginia Infantry, of the Stonewall Brigade.

He was married to Miss Arvilla Mays in February, 1885, and three sons were born to them, all of whom survive him.

Dr. Ruff located in Junction City in 1885, and there had many friends. He had been one of the Junction City people, mingled with them, and ministered to their wants in sickness until he found a place in their hearts that will always remain.

He was a faithful member of the Odd Fellows and of the Lee Jackson Camp, U. C. V. He was laid to rest with the services of the Odd Fellows.

His kindly smile, the ring of his jovial laughter, and the warmth of his genial presence will long be missed.

"Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

### Hiram Harding Blackwell.

Hiram Harding Blackwell was born April 17, 1844, in Fairfield District, Northumberland County, Va., and was educated in private schools of his county. He entered the Home Guards of the Confederate States in the fall of 1861 and spent that winter at Wicomico Church, Va. In the spring of 1862 he became a member of Company D, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and was in active service until the surrender at Appomattox. He was severely wounded August 23, 1863, at Catletts Station, Fauquier County, Va., and was captured by the Federals, but his wound was so serious they did not take him away. After recovering, he returned to his company and served until the surrender.

After the war Mr. Blackwell engaged in the mercantile business for several years, and then purchased a farm near Remo, Va., where he lived until his death, June 15, 1921.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Eleanor Claughton, and two sons, William Claughton and Stuart Ashby Blackwell.

Mr. Blackwell was a distinct type of the gentleman of the Old South, a true Southerner, a class which is fast becoming only a memory. Like a sheaf of wheat fully ripened, he has been garnered into eternal life.

[Committee: Mrs. Bettie Harding, Mrs. E. E. Lewis.]

### A. H. Birdsong.

A. H. Birdsong was born April 3, 1845, in Upson County, Ga., and here his life was spent, except the years he was in Texas from 1884 to 1903, when he returned to Upson County. He died October 25, 1921, and, at his request, was buried by the side of fifty-one Confederate soldiers, who died in the hospitals in Thomasville, Ga., in 1864. At the heads of the graves are marble slabs with inscriptions showing that they were from a half dozen different Southern States: South Carolina, North Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Georgia. Some of the graves are marked "unknown."

Comrade Birdsong had been a Confederate pensioner for many years, his application for a pension stating: "At 8 o'clock A.M. April 3, 1863, my eighteenth birthday, in Thomaston, Ga., Capt. J. S. King, who was then First Lieutenant, swore me into service, and I returned with him to Bridgeport, Ala., and served in Company K, 5th Georgia Regiment." He served from April 26, 1863, to April, 1865, and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C. He was a brave soldier and a good citizen.

[J. E. F. Matthews.]

### Edward Haynes Taylor.

On Monday, October 31, 1921, there was buried in the Frankfort, Ky., cemetery one of the bravest and truest of Morgan's command, Edward H. Taylor. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, as aide to his father, Brig. Gen. Thomas H. Taylor, and was in the siege of Vicksburg, but made his escape and went to Morgan's command, joining Company E, 8th Kentucky, and served with that company and regiment until captured in Ohio, July 24, 1863.

In that company with him were two brothers, Horace and George Taylor, who were captured at the same time and sent to the same prison for twenty-one months' duration, returning home in the spring of 1865. Of that company of fifty-two men, only three survive, H. M. Taylor, of Carlisle, Ky., G. B. Taylor, of Nicholasville, and John W. Moore, of Winchester, and they were together at the late reunion at Chattanooga.

Ed H. Taylor was captain of the McCreary Guards a decade ago and was in command of the State troops who were sent to Jackson to suppress the riot.

To say he was brave—yes, to a fault—and in disposition as gentle as a woman, is not to say too much. No man in his command was more popular, because he was always ready to serve.

### Dr. W. N. Wilkerson.

At the ripe age of 93 years, Dr. W. N. Wilkerson, one of the pioneer business men of Memphis, Tenn., died at his home there on the 5th of November. He was born on a farm in Montgomery County, Tenn., Feb. 2, 1828, but when he was six years old his parents removed to Haywood county, and there he grew to manhood. He was in his uncle's drug store at Somerville, Tenn., for some years, during which time he studied medicine and later graduated with honor from the medical school of Cincinnati, Ohio. He returned to Somerville and entered upon the practice of his profession, which was interrupted by the outbreak of the War between the States. He was one of the organizers of the 30th Tennessee Regiment, and commanded one of its companies, taking part in a number of the early battles. Later he surrendered the command of his company so that he might render aid to the wounded, and he was transferred to different commands as the need for his services grew greater, serving in this way to the close of the struggle.

He again returned to Somerville and resumed his practice, but shortly removed to Memphis, where he opened a drug store and also continued to practice. His business prospered, and he continued in active charge of it until 1908, when he retired, but was associated with his sons in the large wholesale drug firm under their name, acting in an advisory position and assisting in other ways.

Shortly after going to Memphis in 1869, Dr. Wilkerson was married to Miss Frances Hunter Dixon, daughter of Judge L. R. Dixon, who survives him with three sons and a daughter. For many years he had been a member of the Masonic fraternity, and was also a Knight Templar. He was laid to rest in Elmwood Cemetery at Memphis.

# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn.....*Second Vice President General*
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNES, Charleston, W. Va.....*Cor. Secretary General*
MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va.....*Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C.....*Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## *FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.*

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy*:—My message to you this month is written en route to Chattanooga, where I will represent you at the Confederate Reunion. As Matron of Honor on the Staff of General VanZandt, I will take your greetings to the men of the sixties. This is an honor I deeply appreciate, and I am looking forward to having a part in making the occasion a happy one for the veterans. The last four weeks have been filled with preparations for the Convention, and the St. Louis Daughters are ready to welcome us. My successor will be elected there, and I bespeak for her the loyalty and support I have received at your hands.

The two years I have been your President are years filled with pleasure, and I give up my work with real regret, for it is indeed an honor to serve you.

With all good wishes for my Daughters and the cause they represent, MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## *NEW OFFICERS OF U. D. C.*

President General, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, New York City.

First Vice President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, Georgia.

Second Vice President General, Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, Tennessee.

Third Vice President General, Mrs. W. E. Massey, Arkansas.

Recording Secretary General, Mrs. R. D. Wright, South Carolina.

Corresponding Secretary General, Miss Allie Garner, Alabama.

Treasurer General, Mrs. Amos H. Norris, Florida, (reëlected).

Historian General, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Virginia (reëlected).

Registrar General, Mrs. F. M. Williams, North Carolina (reëlected).

Custodian of Crosses of Honor, Mrs. W. D. Mason, Philadelphia (reëlected).

Report of the Convention at St. Louis will appear in the VETERAN for January.

## *DIVISION NOTES.*

*Illinois.*—Mrs. Joseph Johnson, of Stonewall Jackson Chapter of Chicago, is very successful with her little card plan of stating subscription price of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, date of expiration, time paid for, etc. In two years she has sent in forty-eight new subscriptions and eighteen renewals, some renewals being sent direct to the VETERAN. A copy has been placed in the Chicago Historical Society, in the Chicago Public Library, and the Chapter pays for two copies sent monthly to the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mo. "It is a patriotic duty to subscribe for our official organ," is the slogan of every card sent out

*Louisiana.*—On September 27 Admiral Semmes's birthday was charmingly celebrated by Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of New Orleans, at the Soldiers' Home. After a very interesting program, ice cream and cake was served to the veterans, those in the infirmary, and to all guests.

*Missouri.*—The twenty-fourth annual convention of the Missouri Division was held in Mexico, October 6-8, with the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter as hostess. The opening session was held at 8 P.M. October 6, at the Elk's Home.

Preceding the program, the State officers were escorted to their places of honor by eight charming pages. Mrs. Pollock presided. The welcome extended the officers and delegates by Miss McPheeters, president of the hostess Chapter, was especially cordial. After the program a reception was held in the parlors of the Elk's Home.

The business sessions were held in the First Baptist Church. The reports of Chapter presidents, also of chairmen of committees, showed the great progress the Missouri Division has made under the guiding hand and splendid leadership of Mrs. J. P. Higgins, retiring State president.

A drive over the city Friday afternoon was followed by a beautiful reception given by Mrs. Pollock. Again the State officers were escorted to their places, this time in the dining room, by the same young lady pages. Each officer of the Division was presented an old-fashioned nosegay

One of the interesting features of historical evening was the reading of the prize essay, "Missouri Days of the Sixties," by Mrs. Elizabeth McKinney, who won first prize. Second prize was awarded Miss Katharine Bridges, of Independence, and third prize to Mrs. H. P. Mason, of Fayette. Tribute was paid to Mrs. Anna E. Patee, deceased, former Division president.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. S. C. Hunt, Columbia; first vice president, Mrs. R. R. Highleyman, Sedalia; second vice president, Mrs. C. D. McCoy, Independence; third vice president, Mrs. L. B. Houck, Cape Giradeau; recording secretary, Mrs. Adolph Meyer, St. Louis; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, Columbia; treasurer, Mrs. John P. Taylor, Keytesville; registrar, Mrs. Fred Hoffman, Sedalia; historian, Mrs. J. R. Bozarth, Hannibal; director children's Chapter, Mrs. Anita S. Bascom, St. Louis; recorder of crosses, Mrs. John Hurck, St. Louis; editress CONFEDERATE VETERAN and press, Miss Virginia Wilkinson, Kansas City; chaplain, Mrs. Sallie Thompson Craig, Kansas City.

Dixie Chapter, of Kansas City, has given another scholarship, this time at Missouri University, which is filled by Miss Vera Dillingham, a graduate of Westport High School, Kansas City, who is the granddaughter of a Confederate captain.

*North Carolina.*—On September 29 the Asheville Chapter gave a splendid entertainment at the Buncombe County courthouse to the Zeb Vance Camp, U. C. V., and visiting veterans. Sixty-five veterans were present and thoroughly enjoyed the historical program that preceded the sumptuous dinner served. Commander J. J. Mackey, of the veterans, and Mrs. E. I. Clayton, president of Asheville Chapter, divided honors. Prof. F. H. Arnold interestingly told of part in composing the music of "Dixie," thus preserving the song to the South and the world. Other prominent visitors were Gen. Clarence A. Hatton, commander of New York Camp, U. C. V., and Mrs. Lucy Landon Anderson, recording secretary of North Carolina Division, U. D. C. All present declared it a grand affair and the most enjoyable ever tendered the veterans here.

*Pennsylvania.*—On Memorial Day the Pittsburgh Chapter observed its usual custom of placing a wreath upon the monument in Alleghany Cemetery, which marks the graves of the Union soldiers who fell in the War between the States.

A feature of the program was the presentation of the wreath by little Betty Bradford, daughter of the Chapter president and granddaughter of Capt. James Brown, Forrest's Cavalry, C. S. A., and of Corp. Samuel Bradford, 175th Ohio Volunteers, who fought on opposing sides at the battles of Chickamauga and Franklin.

Mrs. F. L. Hooff, widow of Capt. John J. Hooff, 4th Maryland Artillery, and Honorary President of the Pittsburgh Chapter, recited a few appropriate lines, closing with the words of our own Grady: "No North, no South, we are all one country."

The golden-haired child, holding the beautiful wreath with its trailing ribbons of red and white, dearly loved colors of the Confederacy, said in her sweet childish voice to the old soldiers in the uniform of the '60's: "One of my grandfathers wore the gray, the other wore the blue, and I have the honor to present this wreath from the United Daughters of the Confederacy."

Then an old, old soldier and the little child, in her white dress and scarlet sash, went hand in hand out into the sunlight across the green grass, threading their way among the little white stones that mark the last resting places of the "Boys in Blue," until they came to the shaft that points like a cathedral spire up to heaven. There, softly and reverently, the old man and the little child placed the wreath with its fluttering ribbons of red and white by the side of the G. A. R. wreath with its little American flags.

Mrs. Hooff, with her sweet face crowned with snowy hair, and the child, with beautiful golden curls, formed a picture not to be easily forgotten as Mrs. Hooff softly said: "Grant them, O Lord, eternal rest, and may light perpetual shine upon them."

The Chapter has suffered a great loss in the death on September 20, 1921, of Mrs. J. Marvin Hall, formerly Mary Willoughby Smith, of Norfolk, Va. Mrs. Hall was one of the charter members, and at the time of her death held the office of registrar She leaves a void in the hearts of her many friends and a place that will be difficult to fill.

*Virginia.*—The auditorium of the Jefferson Hotel was crowded to overflowing for the opening session of the annual convention of the Virginia Division, which met in Richmond October 11-14, making adjournment to the Grace Street Baptist Church necessary.

On Tuesday evening the visitors were welcomed by the State and city officials, representatives of the R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., and Sons of the Veterans in the John Marshall High School auditorium, which was gay with palms and flags of the Confederacy mingled with the emblem of Virginia. Mrs. Cabell Smith, the retiring president of the Division, made gracious response to the many kindly words of welcome.

At Wednesday's session Mrs. Smith submitted her report covering the activities of the organization for the past year, showing much accomplished for the purposes and objects of the Division during her tenure of office.

The report of the treasurer disclosed the fact that the Division had disbursed a budget of nearly $10,000 in the past year, the largest in its history.

When the report on the Janet Randolph Confederate Relief Fund was read nearly $500 was immediately subscribed to take care of the needs of several Confederate women who were waiting to get on the relief roll of the Division.

The report of the custodian of the Lee Mausoleum showed a registration of over 8,000 visitors at the tomb of the illustrious chieftain during the past year, and special arrangements were made for the visit of General Foch to the tomb on his contemplated visit to America next month.

One of the most interesting numbers on the program was the address of Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, wife of the Senator from New Hampshire, who spoke on the restoration of Arlington. Following her brilliant presentation of the matter, enthusiastic support and coöperation were given the proposed movement. Mrs. Keyes offered to contestants in the Virginia Division a prize of $25 for the best essay on the restoration of this shrine beloved of all the South.

Mrs. E. E. Moffatt presented the work of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, showing that the Association had accumulated over $16,000, with conditional promises of $10,000 additional.

Thursday afternoon the work of the grandchildren was reported, and a delightful program was rendered by the children under the direction of Mrs. L. T. Everett and Mrs. S. G. Dew.

At the historical evening Mrs. Charles Evans presided and presented the prizes for the historical work of the Division.

Many interesting social events marked the stay of the visitors in the capital city. Plans and arrangements for the entertainment of the guests were made by Mrs. B. A. Blenner, and nothing was left undone to insure the comfort and pleasure of the delegates and visitors.

Wednesday afternoon they were the guests of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society at the Museum. Thursday afternoon they were guests of Governor and Mrs. Westmoreland Davis at a tea and reception tendered in their honor at the executive mansion; and on Friday afternoon, with the veterans from the Soldiers' Home, they were tendered a delightful reception in Randolph Hall by the three Chapters in Richmond. Music was provided by the band of the John Marshall Cadet Corps, and delicious refreshments were dispensed by a committee under the direction of Mrs. John F. Bauer.

Friday morning was given over to the election of officers, and the following will serve the Division for the ensuing year; President, Mrs. James H. Scott, Lynchburg; first vice president, Mrs. H. F. Lewis, Bristol; second vice president, Mrs. Newt. M. McVey, Richmond; third vice president, Mrs. M. E. Huddleston, Clifton Forge; fourth vice president, Mrs. Samuel G. Dew, Richmond; recording secretary, Miss Annie V. Mann, Petersburg; treasurer, Mrs. C. D. Tate, Lexington; registrar, Mrs. John S. Burks, Bedford City; historian, Mrs. L. T. Everett, Ballston; custodian, Mrs. W. A. Rand, Blackstone; recorder of crosses, Mrs. James E. Alexander, Alexandria; custodian Virginia Division badge, Mrs. R. Gwynn Shepherd, Philadelphia; custodian Lee Mausoleum, Mrs. C. B. Tate.

*West Virginia.*—On September 2, 1921, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, President General, U. D. C., was the guest of Charleston Chapter at an elaborate and well attended tea at the beautiful Edgewood Country Club. Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, corresponding Secretary General and President of West Virginia Division, gave a beautifully appointed luncheon for Mrs. McKinney at the country club. Covers were laid for twelve. Mrs. McKinney accompanied Mrs. Byrne to the State convention at Keyser, and afterwards visited Huntington Chapter.

# Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

### *U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1921.*

Discussion of the historical program with debate as to which was the most popular subject, which one the chapter carried out most thoroughly, using the parliamentary rules and procedure for the debate.

### *C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1921.*

HERO YEAR.

John Morgan, the daring cavalier. Describe his capture his escape, and his subsequent adventures.

### *THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.*

The Managing Editor is glad to report that part of the deficit incurred during the more or less idle summer months has recently been met by contributions from the Divisions of North Carolina, Tennessee, Oklahoma, Alabama, and West Virginia.

On September 3 a letter was received from Miss Mary C. Stribling, treasurer, stating that the West Virginia Division, subsequent to its annual convention at Keyser, had decided to turn over to the Publicity Fund the Division profits made from the sale of the first printing. The check sent in totaled $25 and was very timely.

Previously, on September 17, the Robert E. Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, of Asheville, N. C., sent in $1 through Mrs. A. Matthews; and it should be noted here that Mrs. Matthews has done exceptionally fine work, having disposed of over fifty copies of "The Women of the South in War Times" to the members of the Asheville Chapter and having arranged for a very successful benefit at one of the moving picture theaters of Asheville. The benefit was held in order ro raise money to supply the libraries of the high schools and colleges of Buncombe County with copies of the book. Mrs. Matthews was enabled subsequently to order twenty-six copies, presumably for this purpose. It is hoped that her success in this matter may encourage others, and it should be stated further that Mrs. Matthews supplied the local press with copies of the book so that the editors may keep the same for historical reference purposes.

On September 20 Mrs. Arthur Walcott, treasurer of the Oklahoma Division and also distributor for "The Women of the South in War Times" in that State, sent in a check for $5. In October Tennessee responded to the call for the Publicity Fund and sent in $16.

Through Mrs. E. B. Glenn and Mrs. J. S. Dudley the Chicago Chapter and the Stonewall Chapter in Chicago have contributed $1 each to the Publicity Fund. Also the Mildred Lee Chapter, at Spokane, Wash., has sent in $1 through Mrs. A. W. Ollar.

Subsequently, on October 26, Mrs. Webb Stanley, State distributor for Alabama, sent in, for the Alabama Division, $12. During October also the following Chapters in North Carolina sent in contributions to the Publicity Fund through Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Norris, treasurer general—namely, Asheville Chapter, Asheville, $5; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Charlotte, $1; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Fayetteville, $1; Gastonia Chapter, Gastonia, $10; Robeson County Chapter, Lumberton, $9; Robert Ricks Chapter, Nashville, $3; Statesville Chapter, Statesville, $1; James B. Gordon Chapter, Winston-Salem, $1; and Graham Chapter, Graham. $1.

In view of the fact that "The Women of the South in War Times" is the one "traveling memorial" sanctioned by the organization of the U. D. C., it is interesting to know that Mrs. Cabell Smith, president of the Virginia Division, reports that she was responsible for having books sent not only to distant Australia but also to New Zealand. This ought to mark the beginning of a movement to send the volume to the ends of the earth or throughout the English-speaking world, where for so many years the cause of the South has been misrepresented through biased histories of our great Republic.

### *SURVIVOR OF MOORMAN'S BATTERY.*

Replying to the inquiry for some surviving member of Moorman's Battery of Lynchburg, Va., William J. Black, a member of Garland-Rodes Camp of Lynchburg, replies that he was one of them. He says:

"Some time in 1862 Moorman's Battery was merged with others into a battalion, of which he was made major. This was heavy artillery, with duty mostly in forts. Gen. Jeb Stuart then formed a battalion of horse, or flying artillery, in which all cannoneers were mounted and equipped the same as cavalry, and this was known as Stuart's Horse Artillery. A portion of Moorman's old battery, McGregor's Battery, and some other batteries formed this battalion. Prior to Major Moorman's leaving, he had organized a battery of horse artillery and named it Shoemaker's Battery, after John J. Shoemaker, who was first lieutenant of Moorman's Battery, and he was elected captain of the new company. The officers of this battery were Capt. John J. Shoemaker, First Lieut. C. R. (Dick) Phelps, Second Lieut. E. H. (Ned) Moorman, all previously of Moorman's Battery.

"I left school at the V. M. I. early in 1863 and enlisted with Shoemaker's Battery, then in winter quarters at Gordonsville, Va."

### *WHO KNOWS THIS POEM?*

Inquiry comes for the name of the author of the following poem and a copy of it complete, the inquirer knowing only the four lines. It is told that this poem was found in manuscript form at the base of a monument erected to the memory of Confederate dead, to whom the poem was dedicated. The title of the poem and opening lines are as follows:

OUR FALLEN BRAVES.

We come, we come to the halls of the dead,
Where silence and death are reposing;
Where garlands of flowers their fragrance still shed
O'er the graves of our heroes entombing.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON....*Recording Secretary General*
7009 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.

*STATE PRESIDENTS*

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ARKANSAS—Fayetteville .....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
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WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

## *HIGH LIGHTS ON THE CHATTANOOGA CONVENTION.*

*My Dear Coworkers:* The twenty-second annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, held at Chattanooga, Tenn., will go down in history as one of the far-reaching influences in its splendid report of work accomplished along lines that mark milestones of progress in our purpose and endeavor to hold aloft the traditions of the Old South. Undying loyalty proclaimed anew the spirit of optimism for future endeavor, and enthusiastic coöperation was the keynote of the hour.

No more significant or far-reaching effort has been accomplished than the placing of a branch library of Southern literature and Southern history in Paris, France, to be incorporated with the Allen Seegar Memorial Library, dedicated to one of our young World War heroes who made the supreme sacrifice. To Mrs. Oswell Eve, of Augusta, Ga., belongs the honor of having suggested and accomplished the wonderful task of collecting, packing, and shipping more than a hundred and fifty volumns. This is the first successful attempt to put before the people of a foreign language, in library form, the works of Southern authors.

One of the happiest surprises came in the report of Mrs. William A. Wright, of Atlanta, Ga., chairman for the Jefferson Davis Monument Committee, when she announced $500 pledged and most of the amount in hand. She further stated that she hoped to make the sum total $1,000 by next spring, when it is hoped to have the monument ready for dedication. Upon the invitation of General Haldeman, president of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, your President General and Mrs. William A. Wright addressed the meeting of Confederate Veterans, urging united effort in completing this fund to honor the South's beloved chieftain, a monument that should take precedence over all others in any Southern community, and in this way accord an honor already too long delayed. Send any contributions to Mrs. Wright, for this is memorial work, and every one should be only too happy to have a part in this great undertaking.

The Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park offers another great opportunity for honoring our immortal heroes, and was most enthusiastically indorsed by the convention. Miss Mary E. Cook, of Columbus, Ga., is the able chairman who is securing contributions toward the purchase of the valuable tract of land, which has already the museum of valuable relics and the old Henry House, the scene of one of the most fateful struggles of the War between the States. This work, only undertaken during the present year, has already progressed encouragingly, and you are urged to make this also an object of your special effort.

This report would be incomplete did I not express from the fullness of my heart my great joy in having served you during the past three years, and your commendation of my efforts in the flattering reëlection accorded me. I can only say, as when first you called me to serve you, that my best efforts are yours, relying on an all-wise Providence to guide and direct us in all our doings.

The delightful hospitality of the people of Chattanooga, extended in many charming entertainments for our pleasure, has written indelibly on our hearts and in our minds loving memories of a people truly representative of the cordial spirit of the Old South and the loveliness of her daughters, a charm never to be forgotten.

To the president of the Chattanooga Memorial Association, Mrs. M. T. Armstrong, and her capable and lovely daughter, Miss Zella Armstrong, our thoughts turn with grateful remembrance of the many courtesies and kindnesses shown in their unfailing helpfulness and for many delightful social functions planned for our pleasure. The President General counts it an especial privilege to appoint Miss Zella Armstrong vice president for Tennessee, in small token of appreciation of the many courtesies extended to the members of the convention. Faithfull yours. MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,

*President General.*

## *ASSOCIATION NOTES.*

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

Several changes were made in the official staff of the C. S. M. A. at the convention at Chattanooga, one of the most important of which was the election of Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., to the office of historian general, and the promotion of Miss Mary A. Hall, of Augusta, Ga., to the office of historian general for life. Miss Hall has served many years as historian general to the C. S. M. A. and has never missed a reunion since she has been connected with the organization. Miss Rutherford is one of the foremost authorities on Southern history in the United States and is an author of distinction and personal charm.

Mrs. E. L. Merry, of Oklahoma City, was named treasurer general to succeed Mrs. John E. Maxwell, of Seale, Ala. Mrs. Merry is a woman who brings energy, enthusiasm, and interest into her work and was one of the prominent women at the convention. She was hostess at a brilliant dinner party, given in honor of the President General and Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, the corresponding secretary general, of College Park, Ga. Mrs. Belle Allen Ross, of Montgomery, Ala., was elected auditor general, an office newly created.

The Rev. Giles B. Cook was elected chaplain general of the C. S. M. A.

In every way the convention was a brilliant success, and the Confederate Memorial Association, which was hostess to the convention, did everything possible to add to the pleasure of the visitors and delegates. Mrs. M. T. Armstrong, previous to the convention, was elected president for life to that organization. The other officers who assisted in making the convention a success were Mrs. J. F. Shipp, Mrs. J. L. Divine, and Mrs. J. T. Hall, all charter members of the Memorial Association, which was organized in the sixties, following the War between the States. Mrs. E. F. Moore is secretary of the association, having been recently elected to office.

The presence of Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson added a note of inspiration to the meeting, for she has not missed a convention in twenty years and has held office in the C. S. M. A. during that time.

Mrs. Wilson was honored in many ways besides having been reelected President General, an office which she has held with dignity and a deep and abiding interest in all that the organization stands for. Her address to the members and delegates was characteristic of her and embodied many "golden words of encouragement." Mrs. Wilson has brought up the work of the C. S. M. A. to a high standard and has awakened, through her own interest, an interest that has put new life in the work.

The address of Miss Mildred Rutherford, "Lest We Forget," was one of the bright notes in the convention program. Miss Rutherford is a forceful speaker, and her subject was one with which she is familiar, having had birth in the very soul of the Confederacy where the men and women of her family had a big and useful part.

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### *CAPT. H. WEMYSS FEILDEN, C. S. A.*

As is well known, there was in the Confederate army a number of soldiers from other countries, some actuated by sympathy with the South in her struggle for independence, others serving for experience in warfare and observation of the campaigns of our generals, the latter, of course, being members of the general staff. One of the latter officers was Capt. H. W. Feilden, an Englishman, on the staff of General Beauregard, doutbless a born fighter, judging by his record before and after this service. An inquiry for information of Captain Feilden's service in the Confederate army comes in a letter from an English friend, and it is hoped that some patron can furnish to the VETERAN such record of Captain Feilden, and this record will be forwarded to England. The letter follows:

"In the London *Times* of September 10 appears an advertisement inserted by A. Trevor-Battye, of Ashford Chase, Petersfield, Hants, England, asking any person in possession of letters or documents written by or connected with Col. H. W. Feilden, C. B., to kindly communicate with the advertiser, who had been asked by the family to write his life. I at once wrote offering to send him a dozen letters which I had received from Colonel Feilden, and in accepting my offer he says: 'I wish one could learn of some contemporary of his, still alive, who could supply memories of Feilden at that time.' The period alluded to is that of the War between the States, when Capt. H. W. Feilden, as he then was, served on the staff of Gen. G. T. Beauregard, first during the siege of Charleston and afterwards with the Army of Tennessee in the capacity of A. A. G. I wonder if you or any of your readers could give any recollections of Colonel Feilden and his services in the C. S. A. If so, Mr. Trevor-Battye would be most grateful, for, as it is, he fears that all that period, which was one of the most interesting in Colonel Feilden's career, must necessarily be very sketchy in the memoirs.

"It may be of interest to you to know that Colonel Feilden's career was one of more than ordinary adventure. His first service was as a subaltern in the 42d Highlanders (the Black Watch) during the Indian mutiny, then with a Punjab Regiment in the war in China in 1860, then in the C. S. A., 1862-1865. In 1875 he went out with the British Polar Expedition 'Alert' and 'Discovery,' as naturalist, served with the National Field Force in the Boer War of 1881, and was in South Africa again in 1900 as paymaster of the Imperial Yeomanry, when he was mentioned in dispatches, awarded the Queen's medal with three clasps, and made a Companion of the Bath.

"His wife, who died last year, was a daughter of the late David McCord, of Charleston, S. C.

"Through the kindness of Dr. Phillip Alexander Bruce, I continue to receive the CONFEDERATE VETERAN each month and read it with great interest.

"Faithfully yours, H. Gerald Smythe, 7 Linton Road Hastings, England."

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### *STATE ENLISTMENTS IN THE SIXTIES.*

Referring to his article on the "Battle of Rich Mountain" (September VETERAN, page 342), in which he brought out the fact that some of the enlistments in the border States for the Union were by men coming from free States, Thomas J. Arnold writes as follows:

"I am inclosing you a letter just received from Col. J. M. Schoonmaker, president Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad, relative to my article on the battle of Rich Mountain, wherein he fully confirms all that I wrote of men coming from free States and enlisting in border States and credited to such States. Colonel Schoonmaker later in the war commanded the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry in General Averill's brigade."

Colonel Schoonmaker wrote to Mr. Arnold:

"*My Dear Comrade:* I am just in receipt of your interesting letter, 22nd instant, as also copy of CONFEDERATE VETERAN containing a better account of the battle of Rich Mountain than I have heretofore seen. It is true, as you state, that a large number of Pennsylvania boys who could not get into the service under Pennsylvania's quota of President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand enlisted in West Virginia and Maryland regiments. The company I belonged to was accepted by Governor Bradford, of Maryland, as Maryland troops, and we became Company G, 1st Maryland Cavalry. although there was not a Maryland boy in it. I knew a great many of the Pittsburg boys who were in West Virginia regiments and only recently went down to Buckhannon, W. Va., to the funeral of George R. Latham, Colonel of 2nd West Virginia Cavalry, his regiment being in my brigade under General Averill."

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C. E. Montgomery, of Locust Ridge, La., says he would not be without the VETERAN for anything and expects to take it as long as he lives. He wanted to attend the reunion in Chattanooga, and wrote: "While I cannot meet with my comrades there in person, I will be there in spirit. The old boys are now passing away so rapidly, I can now think of only six old comrades in this parish. Some years ago there were five of us in this parish of the same age—born in the same year—and now there are only two of us left."

# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

*OFFICERS, 1919-20.*

Commander in Chief.....Judge Edgar Scurry
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton
Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

## *CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.*

Report for the previous year of the Adjutant in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans:

RECEIPTS.

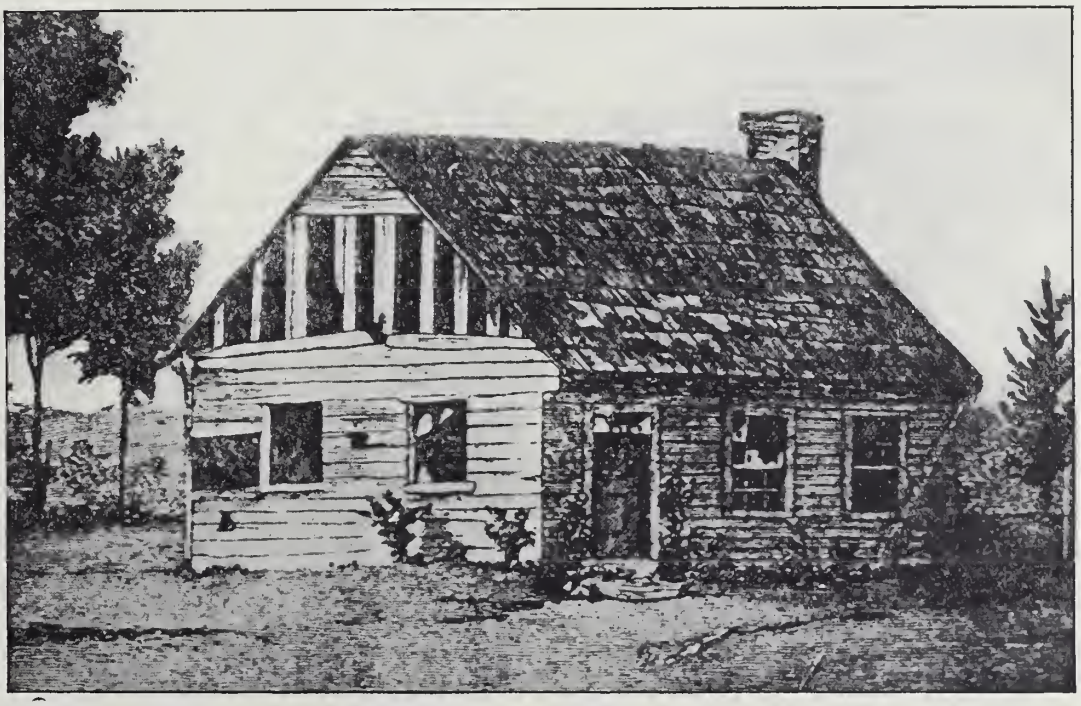
| | |
|---|---|
| Donations | $ 900 00 |
| Carl Hinton, salary donated | 1,800 00 |
| W. McDonald Lee, note | 500 00 |
| Colorado National Bank, note | 500 00 |
| W. McDonald Lee, note | 1,000 00 |
| Colorado National Bank, note | 1,000 00 |
| Initiation fees | 1,825 00 |
| Arrears | 55 20 |
| Charter fees | 48 00 |
| Per Capita Tax | 4,802 15 |
| Gray Book | 297 00 |
| Commissions | 50 00 |
| Total | $12,777 35 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Old accounts due as at beginning of year | $ 183 65 |
| Office supplies | 76 98 |
| Stenographer | $ 432 00 |
| Express | 39 36 |
| Telegrams | 64 84 |
| Postage | 20 00 |
| Printing | 270 60 |
| Traveling expenses | 1,517 35 |
| Bulletins | 102 50 |
| Gray Book | 404 50 |
| Colorado National Bank, note and interest | 510 00 |
| Rent, office, and all expenses for four months | 417 50 |
| Salary, Adjutant in Chief | 1,800 00 |
| W. McDonald Lee, note and interest | 1,510 00 |
| Colorado National Bank, note and interest | 1,011 67 |
| Adjutant in Chief, refund in salary | 500 00 |
| Commander in Chief, refund of expenses | 500 00 |
| C. E. Gilbert, commission | 171 25 |
| Sundry expenses | 127 40 |
| | $ 9,659 60 |
| Balance on hand | 3,117 75 |
| Total | $12,777 35 |

ENDOWMENT FOR MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD PARK.

The directors of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, incorporated, have enlarged the scope of the plans of this project. Persons owning land on which any of the historic events of First and Second Manassas were fought are signing written authority under which monuments and markers will be erected showing all important troop positions of both battles as well as where officers were killed or wounded. It is now proposed that these battle fields shall be more extensively marked and monumented than Gettysburg or Chickamauga.



The old Henry House, which was riddled with shot and shell at First Manassas and demolished at Second Manassas. "Grandmother" Henry, an invalid, who could not be removed in time, was wounded during the fighting as she lay in bed. The house has been rebuilt since the war.

About twenty additional acres, making one hundred and fifty acres, upon which it is proposed to erect the buildings, were recently added to the option. The builings will be upon the highest ground, and from a tower to be built in the midst an observer can see the monuments for many miles in all directions. Monuments in the foreground covering the rolling plain and ranges of the Blue Ridge far away in the distance will make a picture blending most pleasingly the historic past with the beauty and charm of the present.

These most comprehensive plans are finding much favor with the big-hearted Southern-born men who have amassed fortunes in the North.

It has also been decided to build a replica of General Lee's birthplace for the fireproof museum to be operated as a part of the memorial park.

Men of large means are planning a million-dollar endowment for this battle field park. Some are very sure of success; but even if this goal is not reached, it serves to show how this project appeals to the Southern heart. Why not an endowment? If realized, its interest will be used not only to keep the park sightly, but it will operate a summer chautauqua in the interest of history. The possibilities of this movement are quite wonderful, and few things under way promise more in vindication of secession and in memory of our Confederate fathers and mothers. Hence few other enterprises deserve greater support. Every penny goes squarely into the enterprise—no salaries, no traveling expenses. Let every patriotic Southerner contribute something. Send your contribution to the nearest committeeman or to Col. Westwood Hutchison, the park's bonded treasurer, Manassas, Va.

Among the recent subscriptions to this battle park is $500 by the R. E. Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Washington, D. C. This is a good leader. Daughters, follow in line with Mrs. W. E. Hutton, that Chapter's efficient committee woman.

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## *DEFENSE OF FORT WALKER.*

(Continued from page 411.)

not evacuated until the last gun had been dismounted. It was a hotly contested fight and unquestionably one of the greatest struggles that took place between land and sea forces during the war for Southern independence. In the engagement we lost thirteen men killed, and many were wounded. After the battle it was stated in a New York paper that the fleet lost thirty-five men while bombarding Fort Walker.

Throughout the action I was standing not far from Colonel Wagener, and while the firing was fiercest I noticed that his cheek was bleeding, it having been grazed by a small fragment of shell; but when I asked if he was hurt, he coolly answered: "No; continue to do your duty."

In the engagement my admiration was elicited at seeing a son of Colonel Wagener, Julius Wagener, a boy of about sixteen years, pick up the flag, which had been shot down, and wave it, standing on the parapet. Subsequently, the General Assembly of South Carolina, in recognition of his heroism, awarded him a cadetship in the South Carolina Military Academy; but he remained throughout the war with the German Artillery and was with that splendid command when our flags, which had never been lowered in dishonor, were furled in the gloom of defeat at Greensboro.

In justice to the members of the Summerville Guard (Company C), with proper pride I add that they also did their duty manfully. Alas, as is the case with the German Artillery of Charleston, but few of them are now alive.

## *HAMPTON'S LEGION IN THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.*

(Continued from page 416.)

were much surprised by this news; but so it was. McClellan had so severely pressed our rear that Johnston was compelled to turn and fight him at Williamsburg, where there were fortifications. McClellan was effectually checked with heavy losses, and at night Johnston continued his march to Richmond.

About 9 o'clock the sudden crack of rifles down at the bottom of the hill struck our ears, and everybody became alert. Hood's skirmishers had found the Federals coming up to cut off Johnston. For about ten minutes the cracking of rifles was quite lively, then, suddenly, there was a tremendous crash and roar of small arms, sounding like the beating of many drums. In the midst of this there was sent up through the woods a great cheer, really the rebel yell, and then the noise of battle seemed to be receding. The next moment a cavalryman dashed up the hill and handed Hampton a note. This was an order to go forward down the hill. About half way down we met another cavalryman coming up with two prisoners, one a beardless boy apparently still in his early teens. From the bottom of the hill the ground was a dead level, but a growth of very heavy trees and underbrush on both sides of the old road prevented our seeing but a short distance except along the grand old road. A few hundred yards beyond the bottom of the hill we reached the initial point of Hood's fight, which was still going on some distance to the front. Here we found some dead and wounded Federals, also some prisoners. The fighting so far appeared to be entirely on the left side of the road. Some mounted officers directed Colonel Hampton to form his line of battle in the woods on the right side of the road and hurry forward. The road ran parallel with the York River, which was not far to the right, though invisible to us on account of the heavy timber. We were ordered to press our advance, using the road as guide, till we connected with Hood's right, whose entire line was on the left side of the road. We encountered no enemy till we got to a sort of swamp with a pool of water in the midst. The swamp was about the middle of our line, so that two companies had to go through the evolution of "obstacle" in order to pass the swamp; and it was while executing this movement that we struck the Federals. There was lively fighting for about five minutes, when the Federals fell back, not through the woods, but along the road. There was no artillery used on our side during the battle, though about this time a Federal battery opened from a point on the road below us, but all its shot and shell went to a point in the woods on the left of the road, where Hood was still fighting the Federal infantry. After the Federals fell back from our front Hampton ordered my company, the Davis Guards, then under Captain Lester, to go to the left and find Hood's right, the rest of the Legion remaining at the swamp. We marched to the road and across it into the woods, guided by the popping of Hood's rifles. We found a wounded Texan going slowly to the rear who told us that we were opposite Hoods right, but that it was a quarter of a mile from the road. We went back to the road and sat down on the right of the road where the ground was a little elevated. Our orders had been to find Hood's right and remain in touch with it at the road. A few minutes after sitting down we heard the noise of a rapidly galloping horse coming up the road from the direction of the Federal battery, then still firing at Hood's position. The next minute a mounted officer hove in sight and, seeing us on the side of the road, boldly rode right up to us and inquired: "What com-

mand is this?" "A part of Hampton's Legion," answered our captain. Then quickly said the mounted officer: "Move it down the road," indicating by movement of his hand the way he had come. After giving this order he wheeled his horse and started back the way he came. Then some one said: "He's a Yankee! Fire on him!" Whereupon we all jumped up and fired a volley at him. He fell, and his body rolled nearly under his horse, which at that moment stopped still. Several of our men, headed by Private Dick Cabean, ran out to him. He lay flat in the road, riddled with bullets as we supposed, but his fine horse did not seem to be hurt much and was led away. He had a fine army pistol belted round his waist, and this Dick Cabean unbuckled and put round his own waist. Meanwhile Hampton, having heard our volley, rushed up the other companies. The Federal battery down the road fired a broadside of grape and canister up the road, realizing, no doubt, that their officer sent up the road to reconnoiter was either killed or captured.

It was now nearly night and all firing suddenly ceased. We retired a little and bivouacked in the woods. During the late afternoon the war vessels in the York River shelled the woods, but did no damage to us. In this fight the Legion lost twelve wounded, none killed. Hood's regiments lost about thirty killed and wounded, including the colonel of the 1st Texas, mortally wounded. According to their own reports, the Federals lost one hundred and fifty killed, wounded, and missing. Franklin fell back that night to the shelter of his war vessels at West Point. By the Federal official report of this battle of West Point, it appeared that the officer whom we thought we had killed was named Montgomery, assistant adjutant general of one of the Federal brigades participating in the battle, and that he was not killed at all, only wounded and fooled us by simply feigning death. After we withdrew he escaped to his own lines and got well. It certainly was a very miraculous escape, because our whole company fired point blank at him. Probably most of our bullets went over him, as we were on higher ground.

About 11 o'clock that night we were awakened and immediately started away on a rough country road, running at right angles to the West Point road, the object being to strike the Williamsburg road about the time Johnston's rear guard reached that intersection. We had fully defeated and kept Franklin in check, and McClellan had learned at Williamsburg that it wasn't safe to press our rear too hard; so Johnston's army was now safe. When at daylight the next morning the Legion got to the Williamsburg road, we found that the last man of Johnston's rear had just passed and only a small cavalry picket was on the ground. We turned into the Williamsburg road and hiked on, but after this our march to the Chickahominy was quite at our leisure. At several points on the way I think Johnston tried to encourage McClellan to attack, but "Little Mack" didn't bite. In fact, there was practically no fighting after West Point to the Chickahominy, only a few cavalry skirmishes. But "who ever saw or heard of a dead cavalryman?"

After West Point we were about a week in getting behind the Chickahominy. During the first days the weather was good, and we enjoyed the flowery dresses of the lovely springtime. We stopped a day at New Kent Courthouse. The last two days of our leisurely march, however, was in rain and mire, and than an amusing joke went through the army to the effect that in so many days and so many hours we would find plenty of "chicken and hominy," this, of course, having reference to the Chickahominy River. The Legion reached the river and crossed over on a bridge at 2 o'clock in the morning and went into bivouac. The rain was pouring down, but even so we found plenty of rest and sleep.

Thus ended the failure of the Peninsular Campaign. In addition to our late Western reverses, the withdrawal of our forces from Centerville and the Potomac and from the Peninsula, together with the entailing great losses of men and public property, all together perceptibly darkened the firmament of the Southern Confederacy, the only bright star left for our comfort being the brilliant spring victories of Stonewall Jackson in the Valley of Virginia. Johnston established his lines along the bottoms south of the Chickahominy on an average of about nine miles from the fortifications of Richmond. The land was low and in many places swampy. McClellan came up promptly and planted his lines opposite to ours. The bulk of his forces were on the north side of the river, but in order to make his line straight, he crossed one corps over to the south side at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. The latter was no place at all, but so named because seven pine trees stood in a row on the side of the nine-mile road, and Fair Oaks near by was a small station on the then Richmond and West Point Railroad. After a few days of bivouac in the bottoms, the Legion retired to higher ground at Mechanicsville and went into regular camp, being still attached to Hood's Brigade.

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## *A SONG OF HAMPTON.*

BY RICHARD KENNEDY, CHERAW, S. C.

We ride, we ride, we onward ride,
  We break the stillness of the night;
Our steeds awake the countryside
  As hoofs a ringing rhyme of might
Doth play upon the passing road
  Or cross the bridge with clanking plank
That reëchoes a vict'ry ode,
  For Hampton's on the Yankees' flank.

We charge with shout and madden rush,
  As spurs to horse and sabers drawn,
We leap into death's sudden hush
  And charge as day begins to dawn.
To carry on the charge of "Jeb"
  We fight and on we charge, and—well,
The Yanks gave us the name of "Reb,"
  And Hampton's men can fight like hell!

We fight and give our blood and all
  For that which is a righteous cause
And "carry on" until we fall
  For country's right, for country's cause.
We die upon a scarlet field
  Where clover's washed in noble blood,
While foe and friend with clash of steel
  Doth carry on the crimson flood.

We lay our sword and saber down.
  Our weary steeds that charged before
To snort upon the battle ground
  Shall lead into the fray no more
With streaming tail and wind-twined mane,
  With arching neck and frothing coat—
An army of immortal fame
  With Stuart bled, by Hampton led.

We weep, and still we find relief
  As God doth call the roll up there,
And we can hear our noble chief
  Give answer as of old: "I'm here!"

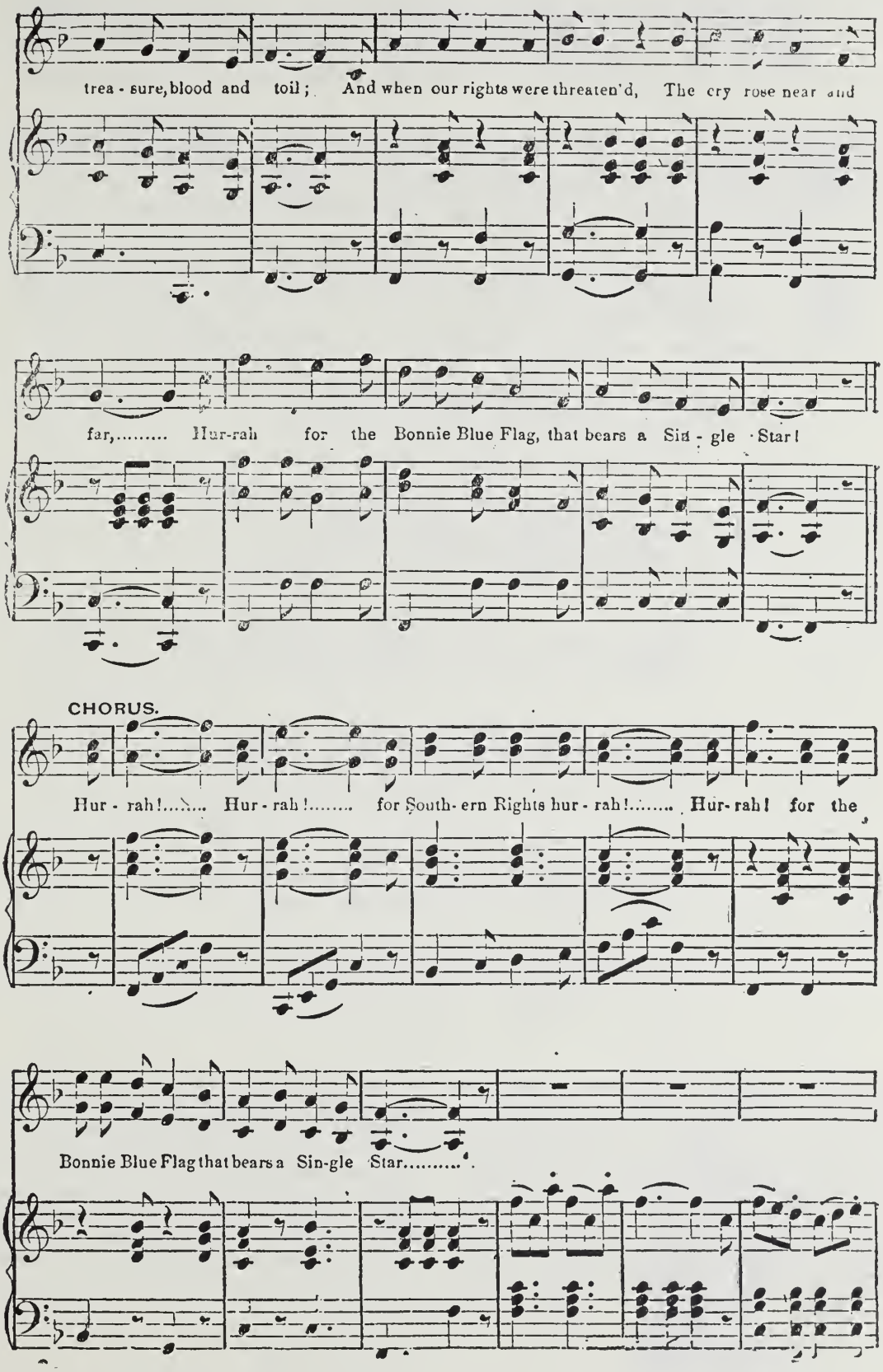
# THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

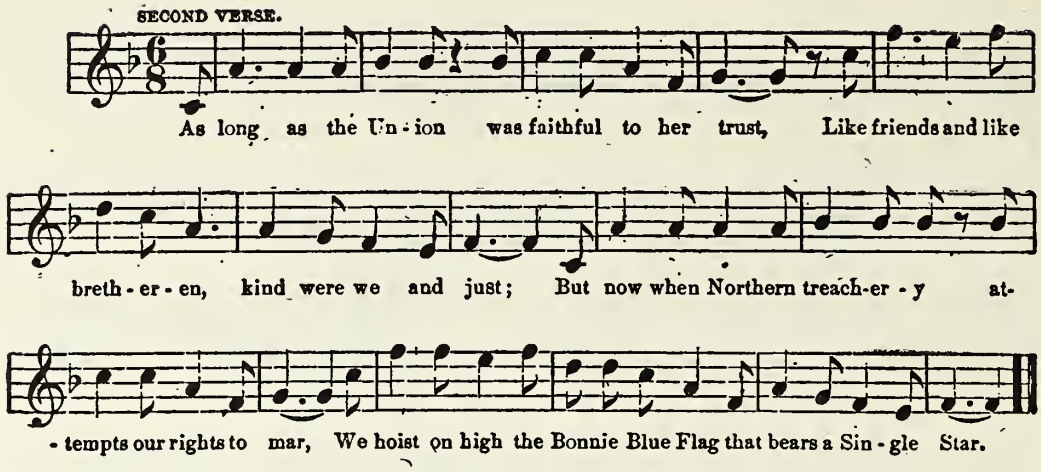
HARRY MACARTHY.

*With Spirit.*

We are a band of brothers, And na - tive to the soil,..... Fighting for our Lib - er - ty, With

(This old song is reprinted in response to requests for a copy).


trea - sure, blood and toil; And when our rights were threaten'd, The cry rose near and
far,..... Hur-rah for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle Star!
CHORUS.
Hur - rah!..... Hur - rah!..... for South- ern Rights hur - rah!..... Hur- rah! for the
Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Sin-gle Star.....




3. First gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida,
All rais'd on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

4. Ye men of valor fair, gather round the banner of the right,
Texas and Louisiana, join us in the fight.
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesmen rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

5. And here's to brave Virginia, the Old Dominion State,
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate;
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

6. Then cheer, boys, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given—
The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven.

7. Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer.
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

*Chorus.*

Hurrah! hurrah! For Southern rights hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gained the eleventh star!

---

Granddaughter of General Lee.—On September 2 Miss Anne Carter Lee, daughter of the late Capt. Robert E. and Juliet Carter Lee and granddaughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, was married to Lieut. Edward Ely, Jr., of the United States navy, the oldest son of Gen. Hanson E. Ely, United States army. The wedding was at Trinity Episcopal Church at Upperville, Va., and after the ceremony a reception was held at "Nordley Regis," the home of the bride. The navy colors of blue and gold were carried out in the decorations at church and home.

Mrs. L. M. Gasque, of Marion, S. C., writes: "I must tell you how glad I am that I spent a part of my birthday (July 14) money for the picture of the 'Three Generals.' I have it framed in mahogany, and it is wonderfully handsome. I also have Lee and Jackson on their famous horses, the picture in colors and framed in gilt. . . . I am planning to celebrate the fifty-fifth wedding anniversary of my parents on October 14, when my pictures will be second only to the honorees. . . . Tell the veterans how delighted I am with these pictures."

*LOST SWORD.*

Would like to locate the sword of Capt. A. M. Taylor, of Company G, 19th Iowa Infantry, captured at the Battle of Sterling Farm, La., September 29, 1863. Description: Quilted belt and sling strap. Name on inside of belt. Initials on hilt of sword. Address W. F. Kopp, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

W. S. Holman, Athens, Ga., asks any survivors of Company L, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, Duke's Regiment, to write to him.

Mrs. F. P. Coleman, of Dale Creek, Tenn., desires information of the service of her father, Bartholomew Rogers, who was a member of the 1st Arkansas Regiment, under Capt. Hawker Smith.

Mrs. S. C. Erwin, of the Confederate Woman's Home, Austin, Tex., makes inquiry for some information of the service of Thomas Douthit Erwin, of North Carolina, who settled in Georgia after the war.

Mrs. Laura Morris, of Collierville, Tenn., would be grateful to hear from any one who recalls the name of Theodore Morris and can give testimony of his record in the Confederate service, which she needs in order to secure a pension. He enlisted at Oxford, Miss.

Miss Mary A. Shane, Pleasant Ridge (Cincinnati), Ohio, wishes to locate some one who can give her the war record of her brother, Washington C. Shane, who was a staff officer with Bushrod Johnson, adjutant with the rank of captain. He was also with General Morgan, and on his famous raid through Ohio and with him in the Columbus penitentiary. He was sent from there to Fort Delaware and released when the war ended.

Kindly help to locate the owners of six grips, three overcoats, one lady's fur coat, two umbrellas, and three pairs of spectacles. One of the grips contains the uniform of some member of a Nashville or Memphis company. These articles were left on my desk at Reunion Headquarters after the Reunion. Any one making claim to any of them can drop me a line describing their property, and I will send it to them.

JOHN N. JOHNSON,
*Commanding 1st Division Forrest's Cavalry Corps.*
*Times Building, Chattanooga, Tenn.*

*WORSE AND WORSE.*

Two Scotchmen who, though good friends, were poles apart on politics, were discussing the doings of their local representative. Said one: "He sent me a brace of fine birds before election last year."

"Man," replied the other, "that was bribery."

"But," said the first speaker, "we couldna eat them; they were sae high we just had to throw them awa."

"Worse and worse," quoth his friend; "that was bribery and corruption."—*Boston Transcript.*

Who can furnish a copy of "The Life and Times of Yancey," by J. W. Du Bose? A good price will be paid for a copy in good condition. Address the VETERAN.

C. C. Yates, of Tupelo, Miss. (634 Main Street), wishes to get the war record of Thomas H. Scales, his company and regiment. He went out from Madisonville, Ky., and was paroled as a captain near Aberdeen, Miss., in 1865.

Mrs. M. E. Boyd, of Amarillo, Tex. (330 Auther Street), would like to hear from any comrades of her husband, M. E. Boyd, who was a member of Company F, under Captain Worthem. She needs information of his service in order to get a pension, but does not seem to know with what regiment he served.

Mrs. B. F. Calhoun, of Cobb, Ky., needs a pension and would be glad to hear from any comrade who served with her husband, B. F. Calhoun, who joined the army in Smith County, Tenn., and was under Captain Bennett for awhile. Her husband's parole having been lost, she does not know his regiment. Write to C. M. Ross, at Cobb, Ky.

Mrs. Gordon Livingston, Headland, Ala., would appreciate assistance in securing the record of her uncles as Confederate soldiers. Benjamin Harvey joined the army from Lowndes County, Ga., in 1862, under Capt. Ben Mosley; he died in 1862 and was buried near Livingston, Va. Another uncle, James Harvey, was among the first volunteers from Lowndes County, Ga., and was under Captain Patterson; he was killed near Greenbrier River, Va., in 1861. Some of the men of his company were William Nobles, Frank Stokes, and George Willard.

*AN ORDER TO BE FILLED.*

Two negroes were working in a coal bin in a Mississippi town, one down in the bin throwing out the coal and the other outside wielding a shovel. The one inside picked up a large lump and, heaving it carelessly into the air, struck the other a resounding blow on the head.

As soon as the victim had recovered from his momentary daze he walked over to the edge of the bin and, peering down at his mate, said: "Nigger, how come you don't watch where you throws dat coal? You done hit me smack on de haid."

The other one looked surprised. "Did I hit you?"

"You sho' did," came the answer. "And I jes' wants to tell you, I'se been promising the debil a man a long time, and you certainly does resemble my promise."—*Exchange.*

*A VALUABLE BOOK.*

The book on "Women of the South in War Times" adds some interesting chapters to the history of the War between the States. It should be in every library of the country. Send for a copy at once. Price, $2.50, postpaid. Orders should go to Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Any one having a copy of "The Men in Gray," by Robert L. Cave, in good condition, will oblige by writing the VETERAN, stating price wanted.

The Florence Chapter, U. D. C., of Florence, Ala., asks that any one connected with John Woolbright will kindly communicate with the Chapter. He was a young Southern soldier with the Texas troops and was killed in a skirmish during the War between the States and was buried where he fell in North Alabama, close to the Tennessee line. Address response to the Florence Chapter as above.

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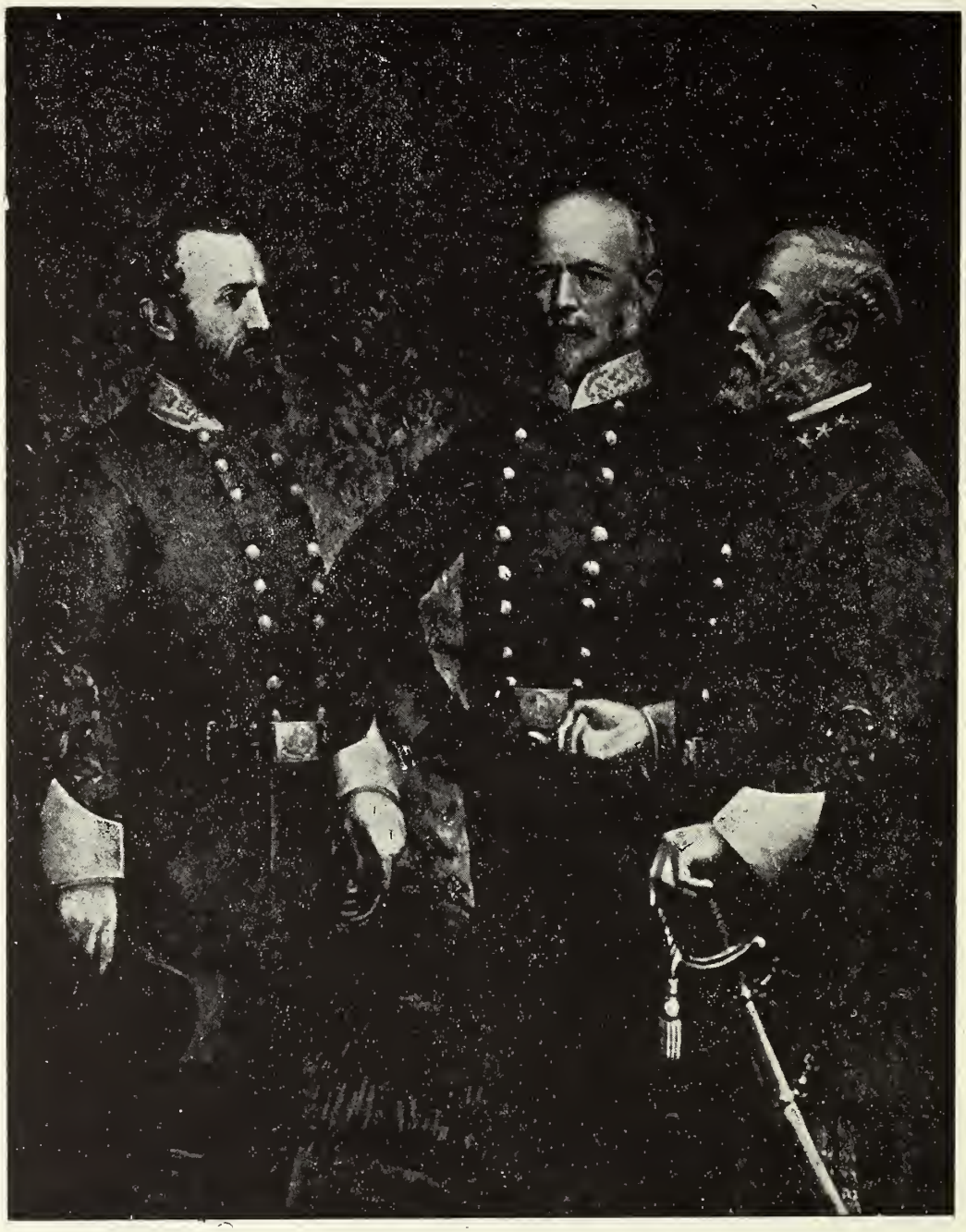
**C. E. Brooks, 239D State Street, Marshall, Mich.**

## THE THREE GENERALS



This splendid group picture of the three greatest generals this country has produced is offered as a handsome steel engraving 18x23½ inches. It is admirable in every way, and the VETERAN commends it above all others as most suitable for presentation to schools, libraries, Camps, etc.; it should also be in every home. The price is $7.50, postpaid. **An ideal gift for Christmas.** Order from the VETERAN.